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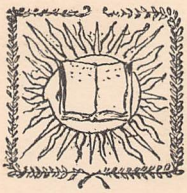

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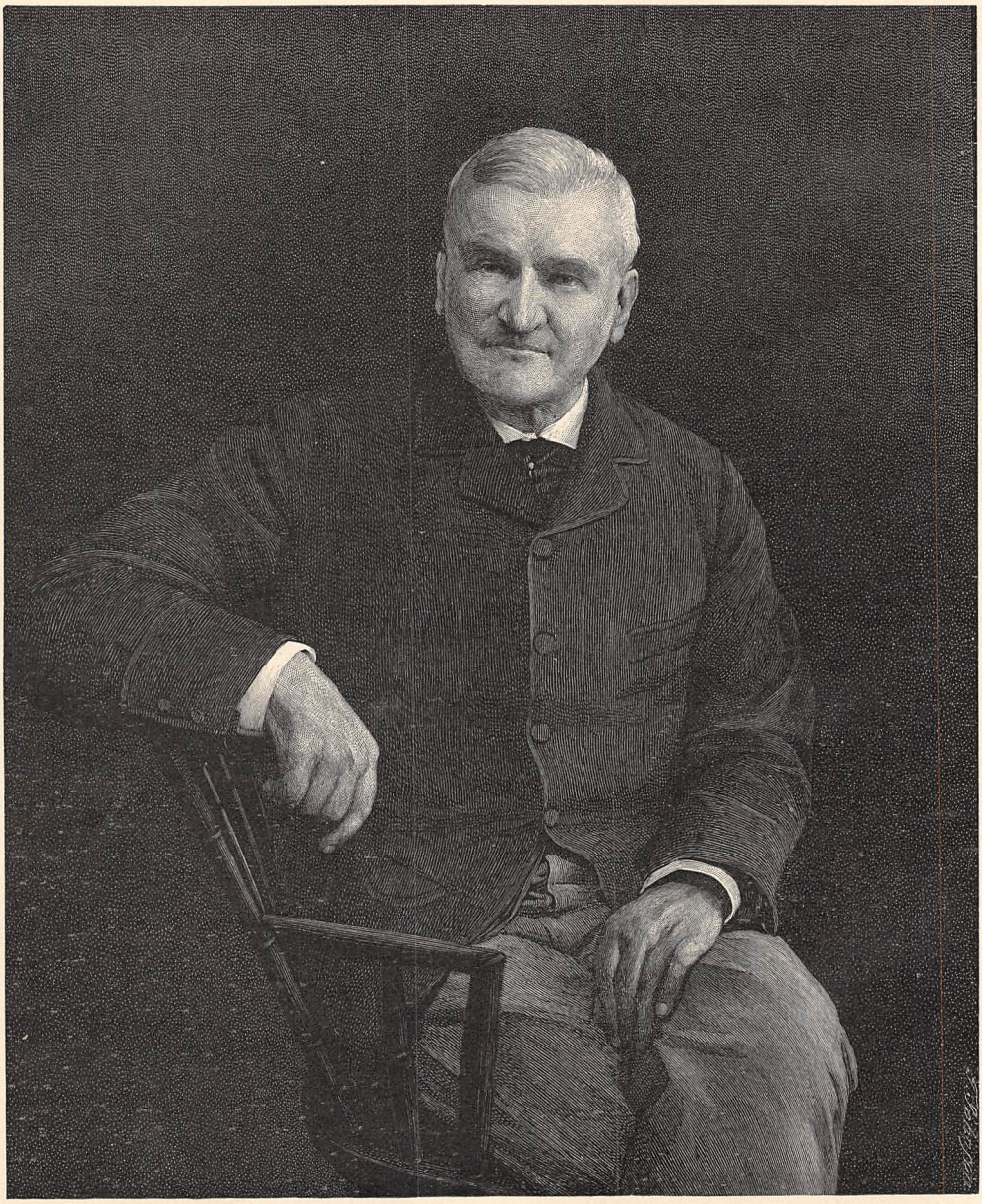

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Francis Parkman

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV. NOVEMBER, 1892. NO. 1.

A RUSSIAN NATIONAL ARTIST.

WITH PICTURES BY ÍLYA RÉPIN.

THE ATAMÁN (CHIEF) OF THE COSSACKS.

A NATIONAL artist—an artist who is equally at home in historical subjects; in scenes from modern life, ranging from the court to the peasant; in portraits, in interiors, and out-door lights, provided only that he be not asked to conform to the style of any set "school," or to seek his inspiration outside of his native land—this is a rare phenomenon at the present day, when many men first cultivate assiduously a certain school, too often foreign, and then proceed to seek their subjects in all lands except their own.

But this phenomenon we meet in the most famous of Russian painters, Ílya Evfímovitch Répin. Even Répin, however, has a predilection for certain parts of his country, and his heart and brush are chiefly dedicated to that Little Russia where he was born and where the days of his humble childhood were passed.

Little Russia is not much more than a name to those who regard St. Petersburg and Moscow as representing the vast empire of the Tzar, but its history is so full of poetry and chivalry that it may be classed with romance even for those who find facts dull and information heavy. Far from the modern center of Russia's life, from the capital of its commerce, its machine-organized army, its conventional court and officials, from the snows and the birch and fir forests of the full-fledged empire of the North, lies the ancient capital of the infant nation, in the far South, the land of poetry, of legend, and of song. Kieff, cradled in the wide steppes, amid vivid sunlight and waving plume-grass, guarded by stiff, sentinel poplars, and raised high in air upon green hills, above the broad blue Dnyépr, still remains, in the hearts and the reverent affection of Russians, the "Mother of all Russian Cities."

From the ninth century Kieff has been the heart of the steppes. For a very long time the steppes of the southwest, which bear their pedigree in their name of Little Russia, formed the chief portion of the Russian sovereign's realm, and its ownership carried with it the much-coveted, hotly contested title of Grand Prince

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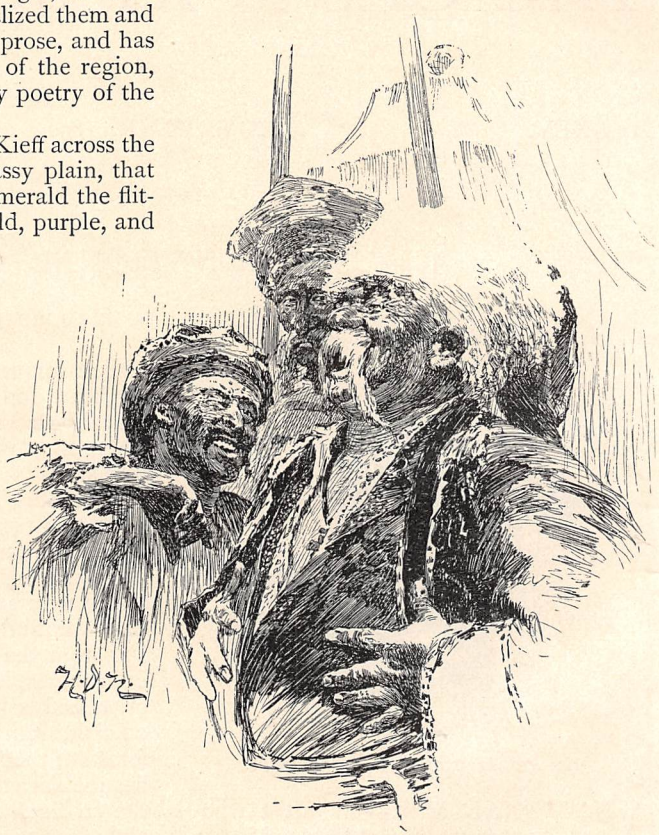
(Grand Duke, as it is usually translated), and supremacy over the myriad other warring, petty princes of the growing empire's early days. Across the steppes surged the hordes of Asia, which overran Europe in the dark ages; and, in later centuries, when Kieff, the sacred city of monasteries and churches, the goal of pilgrimages, had been set like a gleaming jewel in the Dnyépr's rare crown of wooded hills, its possession was fought for, in many a bloody battle, by Poles and Russians, by Turks from Stamboul and by Tatars from the Crimea, the Volga, and the Don. "Devil take you, steppes; how beautiful you are!" cries Gógol, the child of the steppes, who has immortalized them and their wild cavaliers in musical prose, and has given us exquisite descriptions of the region, and tales filled with the dreamy poetry of the Ukraine.

As we gaze from the cliffs of Kieff across the Dnyépr, and out over that grassy plain, that mainland ocean, upon whose emerald the flitting clouds cast shadows of gold, purple, and bronze, and which hardly yields in inexhaustible fascination to what the Russian ballads term expressively the "ocean-sea," we feel as though, at any moment, we might behold Táras Búlba and his gallant sons ride forth from the lower town at our feet. There still lies the monastic academy where those young hawks had completed their curiously mixed education, at which their father mocked until the younger, Andríi, pummeled him into respect, as was supposed to be fitting, in view of the fact that they were on their way to the Setch, where education of any sort was nearly superfluous, and where well-aimed blows were rated at their proper value.

Some distance below Kieff, the Dnyépr descends in falls. At this point the kazáks, centuries ago, established their military republic of Zaporózhya ("Beyond the Falls"), whose barrack capital, the Setch, wherein no woman might set foot, lay on an island in the stream. The famous band of Zaporózhtzi was a motley crew of braves, composed of discontented men from all parts of the country—of those who had fled from towns to escape petty oppressions or taxes; of those who had fled from the country to evade land-service, or other impediments to the absolute liberty which their souls craved; of those who merely wished to indulge in the inborn Russian love of a roving life in the open air. "Be patient, kazák, thou shalt be Atamán [chief] some day!" was the democratic motto which their rough elections fully bore out, and which corresponded to the American boy's motto touching the Presidency. They owned allegiance to no ruler for their debatable land between many kingdoms; but the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Poland, and the Tzar of Muscovy alternately sought and betrayed their friendship, while the kazáks, in turn, as blithely changed their loyalty, according to circumstances and booty. Southern Russia lay unprotected on the east, and suffered severely from the incursions of the Turks and Tatars, who carried orthodox Christians away into captivity by tens of thousands, and sold them like cattle in the marts of Stamboul, Trebizond, and other Eastern towns. The songs of the Russian people at this epoch bewailed the lot of their brethren in captivity, waxed wroth over the Christians who betrayed their faith, and rejoiced over those who made their escape by all sorts of wiles. Succor came only from the Zaporózhtzi. These braves formed a stout defense for their peaceful brethren, and not only protected their boundaries from in-



A FRAGMENT FROM "THE ANSWER TO THE SULTAN."

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

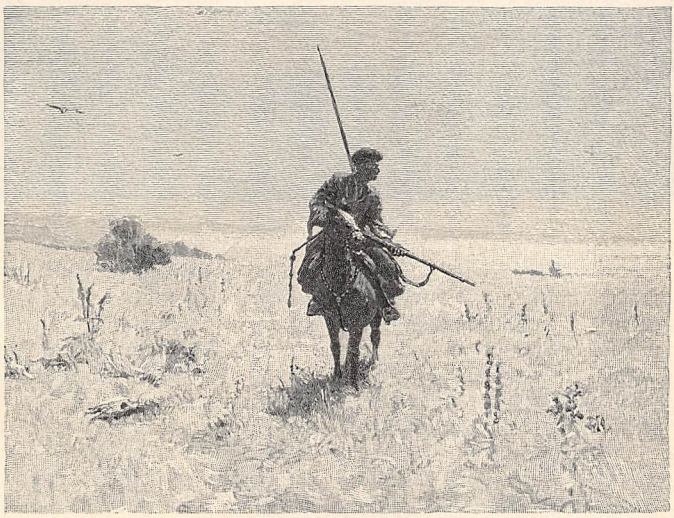
A MAID OF LITTLE RUSSIA (KHÁRKOFF GOVERNMENT).

ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

TOLSTOY READING ON THE COUCH ON WHICH HE WAS BORN.

cursions by the Mussulmans, but frequently descended the Dnyépr, in light barks, to the Black Sea, and fell upon the enemy's coast towns. Having plundered and set fire to them, they rescued the captive Christians and brought them back to their native land.

It is an incident in the life of a later date that Répin has chosen for his great picture, which was shown in the Perambulatory Exhibition this spring, and immediately bought by the Emperor. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, Iván Dmítritch Syerko was the Atamán of these modern knights-errant. The Zaporózhtzi were at the zenith of their power. Fifteen thousand picked janizaries had perished by night, under the walls of Zaporózhya, having been abandoned by their frightened allies, the Tatars. In 1680, the Sultan Mohammed IV. sent the Zaporózhtzi a formal threat that he would make another descent upon them, which, this time, should be annihilating. They replied in a letter filled with taunts and rude jests, and it is the inditing of this "Answer to the Sultan" which Répin has represented in his spirited painting, and which gives us a vivid idea of the personality and the characteristics of this noted band. In the center of the group, the regimental scribe — an important functionary where so few were skilled in the art of letters, like old Táras's sons — is seated at a rough trestle table. At his left, Syerko presides over the assembly with a sort of amused gravity. The scribe's face is puckered with suppressed mirth at the impertinences which the assembled company is engaged in dictating to him; the kazáks are screaming with laughter over their literary exercise, and present an array of countenances and types which, though assimilated, in a measure, to one warlike type, are as varied as their garments, the fruits of many a foray, which range from gold-embroidered velvet to homespun, or as their accoutrements, which run the complete gamut, from Turkish matchlocks inlaid with gold, mother-of-pearl, and turquoise, to brass-capped pipes of Karelian birch-root, such as can be bought at the present day for a few cents in the popular markets of Kieff and other towns. The only uniformity about the company consists in the obligatory tuft of fluttering hair, a sort of scalp-lock, which recalls the Tatar queue of the Chinese.

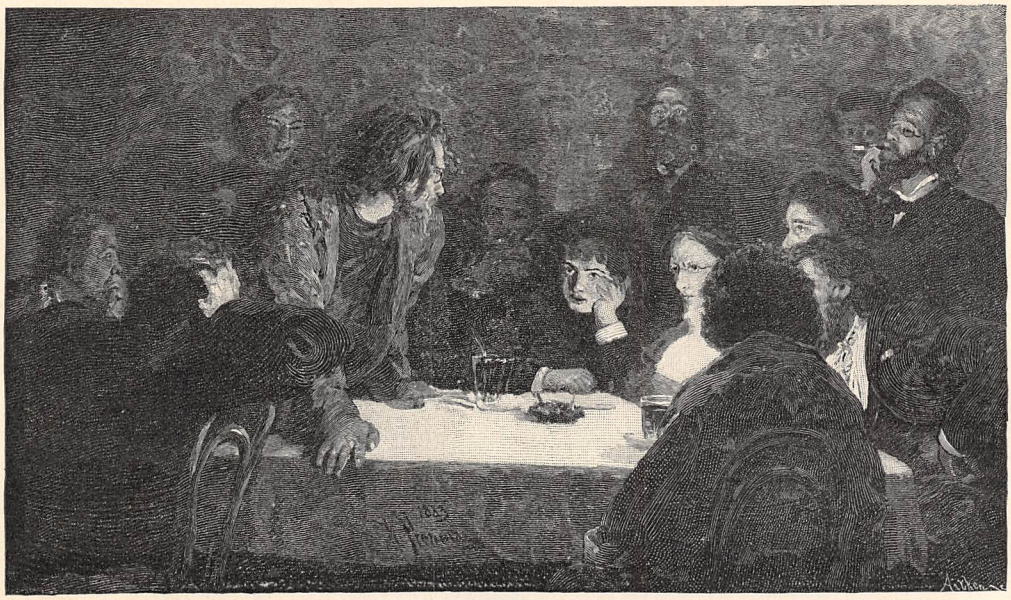


ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

A COSSACK OF THE STEPPE.

It is not difficult to divine that the letter begins with the proverb "An unbidden guest is worse than a Tatar," which, under the circumstances, was a biting insult; and, judging from the gestures directed toward the steppe where other members of the band are performing their celebrated feats of horsemanship beyond the line of tents,—since they were, evidently, on an active campaign,—it proceeds with a counter-threat of a prompt and businesslike visit to Stamboul. It was a bragging-match, the exact counterpart of those which we find described in the epic songs of the tenth century as taking place between the paladins of Prince Vladimir's Table Round and the Tatar khans, before the walls of Kieff.

These latest exponents of Russian chivalry — who occupied very much the same ground which was occupied by infant Russia in the tenth century, and rendered to western Europe the same service in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which Prince Vladimir and his *druzhína* rendered in the tenth — are gone. Those days of Zaporózhya's glory have passed



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

away forever. Hetman Syerko's men carried his hand with them on all their expeditions for the period of seven years after his death, and that withered hand led them always to victory. But, early in the eighteenth century, soon after Hetman Mazeppa's treachery to Peter the Great, the power and prestige of the kazáks declined. Since then, the rich virgin soil of the steppes has been gradually dedicated more and more to agriculture, their extent has been greatly curtailed, and the days of the last Russian chivalry, in the medieval sense of indiscriminate and reckless warfare, have vanished.

Répin himself is half a kazák of the modern style. His father was one of the kazáks whom the Emperor Alexander I. settled, as military colonists, in the government of Khárkoff, among the steppes, on their return from the European campaign of 1814, rechristening them Uhlans. The father served the old long term of twenty-five years, and our artist ranked in his youth as a military colonist. He began his education in the Topographical Institute. When Alexander II. abolished these economico-military colonies in 1856, after they had done much involuntary service as cultivating agencies, and transferred the Institute to another part of Russia, the little colonist, then twelve years of age, went to learn painting from a painter of church images. It was, no doubt, the best thing that he could do, under the circumstances, but this instruction by no means explains, to one accustomed to the conventionality of feature and coloring imposed on image-painters, Répin's present status as the finest portrait-painter Russia has ever had. For three years the lad painted images and small portraits from nature, the latter evidently without suggestion or instruction from his master, and distinguished himself to such a degree that contractors for churches came from a hundred versts round about to seek his services. In his leisure hours, on holidays, the ambitious young artist read and studied to prepare himself for the goal of his ambition, for which he was also hoarding his earnings — the Academy of Arts. His dream was realized when he reached St. Petersburg, in November, 1863, with only twenty dollars in his pocket, and found himself face to face with the problem of existing through the severe winter, and getting his instruction.

He has given us a glimpse of his extreme poverty, and of the sufferings which he endured in the years which intervened between his entrance to the Academy in 1864 and his graduation in 1871, in his account of the hardships of his fellow-student, Antokólsky, the most noted of Russian sculptors. That is a period over which it is best to pass lightly. It ended when his picture, on a theme of his own selection, and painted in addition to the Academical program, was bought by a Grand Duke. This picture, his famous "Towers of Barks on the Volga," shows the influence on his career of the progressive and talented artist Kramskóy, who had been his master, without pay, all this time, since Répin cared nothing for the professors at the Academy, and used that building only for working and for the lectures. Kramskóy was a young artist who had rebelled against the antiquated, conventional Academy,

and had founded the Society for Perambulatory Exhibitions, which still thrives, and to which Répin is a distinguished contributor. During the three years which he spent abroad at the expense of the government, chiefly in Paris, he felt a lack of power, an uncertainty as to what he should undertake, and he pined for his native land. He seemed to have an intuition that national subjects were to be his strong point. Of the two paintings which (with studies) date from this period, a fantasy from one of the most charming of the Epic Songs, representing "Sadkó the rich Guest (merchant) of Nóvgorod," in the submarine realm of the Water King, hangs in the private apartments of the Empress of Russia, in one of the summer palaces. In fact, if one wishes to study Répin's works, one must seek them in the Imperial palaces, and in the gallery of Mr. Trétiakoff, the merchant prince of Moscow, who is the Mæcenas of Russian painters. Who that has seen them will ever forget "Ivan the Terrible Killing his Son Ioann," "The Return of the Exile," or the striking portrait of Sutáieff (the peasant secretary whose chief disciple is Count Lyeff Tolstóy), with its pitilessly truthful rendering of the narrow head, long, blond locks falling over the small, penetrating but not remarkably intelligent eyes, of a typical Great Russian peasant? Inimitable portraits of Count Tolstóy keep them company, and the present unpublished sketch of the great author, immersed in a book, and stretched out on the couch on which he was born, is one of many made at the Count's country estate.

In this unpretentious country home, at Yásnaya Polyána, this leather-covered couch harmonizes with the rest of the severely plain furnishing of the whole house, and, in particular, of the famous study in which it stands. This study clearly shows that it is the central point in which all the great author's varied interests meet. Under the whitewashed vault of the ceiling stand bookcases, a scythe, a spade; a miscellaneous collection of rude footgear is piled on the rough floor of boards; a whetstone in a leather case and a saw hang on the plain white wall, in company with several crumpled felt hats and peasant coats of yellow and brown homespun, and the portraits of William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Dickens, and other celebrities who are favorites with the owner of the room; the writing-table is loaded with correspondence, books, pamphlets, and newspapers from many lands, as well as with his own manuscripts—

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

ARREST IN A VILLAGE.

such are the surroundings among which Répin introduces us to Count Tolstóy. Albeit the small, piercing eyes are concealed, his earnest face is sternest when he is engaged in reading the multitudinous publications which feed his omnivorous appetite for literature of all sorts and his universal interest in his fellow-men. His hair is becoming gray, and rarely conde-

THE REVEALED IMAGE (LITTLE RUSSIA).

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

scends to lie smooth above the prominent brow, under any circumstances. Assuredly, he was never known to take such heed of his somewhat delicate health as to throw across his legs the rug which we see in the picture. The artist, for purely decorative purposes, must have seized a blanket from the bed—one of those highly colored and patterned blankets which are used everywhere in Russia, and which the inexperienced foreigner, on first acquaintance, invariably dubs "horse-cloths." Whatever the Count may have been reading, when Répin drew him in such apparent repose,—poetry, philosophy, theology, or fiction,—we may be sure that his mind was active, and that his judgment on the work was keen and sure, so far as its literary value was concerned. Even the moral and theological views, which bias his judgment in other respects, are precious for their property of arousing thought and discussion.

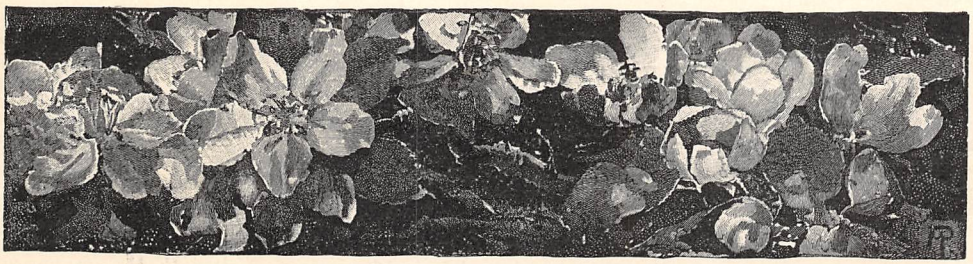
If ancient military Russia has vanished, ancient religious Russia has not, and Répin is equally happy in rendering a characteristic scene from this same historic Little Russia whence he springs,—and which he loves,—that bridges over the gap of centuries between his fierce but pious Zaporózhtzi of the steppes of old, and the peaceful and pious inhabitants of the steppe towns of the present day. The procession of "The Revealed Image," also from this year's exhibition, has walked bodily upon the artist's canvas from the government of Khárkoff. The glowing heat of summer broods over the scene. A "wonder-working" ikón has been revealed as such by a miracle; a procession of honor has been formed, and the sacred image is being carried about reverently to all the prominent houses and points in the neighborhood. The neighborhood has received a liberal interpretation as to boundary, and the image is now on the highway, passing through a bit of forest. Similar processions are common everywhere in Russia, especially during the summer months. All the sacred images of a town or hamlet, headed by the most noted of them, and accompanied by church banners, lanterns, intoning priests, and chanting choir, are borne in a Procession of the Cross on a long round, in commemoration of some notable interposition of Providence in bygone years—such as the departure of the French from Moscow in 1812, which is thus celebrated in the Krémlin, with great pomp, on the 12th of October of every year. The inhabitants look upon these occasions as holidays, and people from all ranks in life fall in in the rear, join in the prayers at the stations where the procession halts, sip the consecrated water—"for health"—of the stream which is blessed, contend for the honor (which is granted as a signal favor) of carrying the heavy images, or of seeming to do so by touching them with the tip of the finger as they walk close beside them. With the procession of "The Revealed Image" the case is slightly different, but only in the fact that miracles and cures are awaited from moment to moment. The halt and the lame bow before the wonder-working ikón, with heads laid in the dust of the road, that the Virgin (the Revealed Image is always, or nearly always, a Virgin) may pass over them and heal them. The devout general, without whom no Russian scene is complete, pants along mopping his heated brow, and the sturdy religious tramp, *alias* "pilgrim," who is as indispensable to a landscape as the general, strides on with unwearied enthusiasm in his crash foot-cloths and linden-bast sandals. It all forms part of his nomadic enjoyment, in company with the sun, wind, and dust, rain, mud, and open air, with a crust begged here and a copper begged there, *Khristi rádi* (for Christ's sake), to be expended in fiery "cold tea." The prominent ladies of the town, those who, by birth and position, are entitled to the privilege of bonnets and parasols, assert their rights to a leading place in the procession; while the peasant maids and men, in their gay, picturesque costumes, break their way through the underbrush on foot, or in their rude *telyéga*. The gigantic deacon swings his censer of silver gilt, and from his mouth, round as Giotto's O, framed in massive cheeks and long, crisp locks, his stentorian voice rolls forth in the rich intonations of the ancient Slavonic ritual, which are a perpetual delight to the musical ear.

But there is a darker side to this sunny, outdoor life of Little Russia,—the midnight side. The old restless spirit remains unchanged. These regular-featured, level-browed, glowing-eyed men and women of the Úkraine,—much handsomer than those of the North,—such as Répin depicts for us in his "Maiden of Khárkoff," are still addicted to fighting against all government, in modern, underhand ways, which are not an improvement upon the bold, open methods of warfare of the Zaporózhtzi. Ever since the hatching of the conspiracy against Alexander I., which broke out in the Decembrist riots in St. Petersburg on that sovereign's death in 1825, when Nicholas I. came to the throne, Little Russia has been noted for its secret societies and plots. There is no line of painting in which Répin, fine in all lines, excels more than in seizing the very heart of popular types and events. In his "Arrest in a Village," and his "Conspirators," he introduces us to some of the organizers of these plots. There is nothing, it is true, to show us the exact locality of these scenes. But, while the types are national, it is more

than likely that they come from the artist's favorite Little Russia. The roughly floored, low-ceiled, ill-lighted room, in which the officers of the law are unearthing treasonable documents, is the ordinary dwelling of the peasants of almost any part of Russia. The prisoner, with his delicate, determined face, which is familiar to every one who has observed, let us say, the throng of readers at the Imperial Public Library in St. Petersburg, or any similar assemblage, has been hiding in some peasant's *izbá*, and probably carrying on his hopeless propaganda in a quiet village, after assisting at some such midnight council of conspirators as Répin shows us. The very hair of the earnest speaker, and of his intent hearers, whose faces are illuminated, prudently, by the faint light of a single candle, is suggestive; for although most Russians, with the exception of the close-trimmed army men (not including some favored kazáks), still believe that the Lord provided man with hair for warmth and ornament, not for the purpose of clipping it to the scalp, there are as many styles of wearing it long as there are of getting rid of it. Who that has had occasion to visit Russian post- and telegraph-offices does not recall with delight the inevitable pretty man, with the eccentric coiffure, who is to be found in every station? The droop of these conspiring locks is as significant as are the faces, or as is the official in another picture, who is inspecting the village school, and driving both master and pupils to confusion with his examination.

For ten years Répin has lived in St. Petersburg, having found Moscow too narrow, when he tried it for a short time on his return from Paris. His charming studio, at the junction of two of the picturesque canals by which the city is intersected, and not far from the scene of Gógol's tale, "The Portrait," is filled with objects of Russian manufacture, and its walls are hung with portraits of the most famous men of the day. What next will come forth from the busy brain and hand of the quiet, gentle genius, as different from the wild kazáks and tragic personages of his imaginings as well could be, is a question which enlists the interest of the Russian critics and public every spring, and which, in the future, may evoke the sympathy and interest of a wider public.

Isabel F. Hapgood.



BEYOND THE LIMIT.

A DREAM lay on the rim
Of the horizon far and dim,
Where the sea and sky together
Shut in the golden weather;
The ships with stately ease,
Close to the steady breeze,
Drew on, and on, and on,
Pierced the limit and were gone.

The headlands in the sheen
Of orchards waxing green,
Were like billows of rare bloom;
The air was all perfume;
Great sea-birds overhead
On silent pinions sped;
All was so sweet and calm
That mere living was a balm.

But somewhere, far away,
A hint of sorrow lay;
A vague, deep longing stirred;
Some strain, as yet unheard
(Of music strange, to shake
The heart till it should break),
Was just beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim.

O land! O sky! O sea!
Is there no peace for me?
What shadowy dread is this
That hovers round my bliss?
Far as my vision goes
My tide of pleasure flows;
What lies beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim?

Maurice Thompson.

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

I.

A BURST of fortissimo music from the organ, which had been dawdling over themes from Wagner's operas, caused every head in the seated congregation to turn briskly around. Some people stood up, swaying to catch a first glimpse of the bride. Outsiders, tucked away in undesirable back-pews, went so far as to scramble upon the cushioned seats.

It was, however, a false alarm. The middle aisle, center of interest, developed nothing more striking than a trim little usher, in pearl gloves with a buttonhole of white carnations, convoying to her place of honor beyond the ribbon a colossal lady with auburn front, red in the face, and out of breath.

Conversation in pews reserved for the elect of good society.

She: "Hum! Bridegroom's maiden aunt, suppressed generally — how Freddy rushes her along! Sent twelve silver soup-plates and a huge tureen, when everybody knows soup is served from behind the screen, and it would take all one servant's time to keep 'em clean — but she thinks she 's paid her way well to the front, poor soul!"

He: "Here 's the groom's mother — deuced fine woman yet is Mrs. Vernon. Who 'd believe she 'd a son of five-and-twenty? Hates to admit it publicly, but is putting on the best face she can."

She: "Not her best face — her second best. I 've seen her improve on that. But then, this half daylight, half electricity is abominably trying. And she really does look *very* well, viewed from the rear."

He: "Clever, too — the way she 's run the family up — when one thinks what the husband was."

She: "Does one ever think of him? By the way, what was he — soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, what?"

He: "Tinker, most likely, considering the family brass. I saw him once — coarse-grained creature, epidermis like an elephant, diamond in his shirt-front, and all that. Speculated after the war in Virginia City mines, and made a big fortune; then dropped dead of apoplexy, and left it for her to spend. She sent her boy to a good school; gave with a free hand to all the charities; boy made friends everywhere; went through Harvard like a streak; has traveled, yachted, hunted, been in the best sets ever since; is about to marry into one of the proudest of the exclusive families of New York — and there you are."

She: "Oh! But he 's really such a beauty, don't you know? Half the women in town have been pulling caps for Jerry Vernon. And, after all, what are the Hallidays but has-beens?"

He: "Take care. There 's one of their high-born ramifications glaring at you from the next pew — old lady with eye-glasses and a sniff. Came up from Second Avenue in a horse-car — looks like the unicorn on the British coat of arms."

She: "Gracious! It 's the bride's cousin or something; let 's change the subject. Oh! *did* you hear poor Mrs. Jimmie Crosland could n't go to the opera last night because that wretched, jealous husband shut her nose in a wardrobe door?"

He: "Really? Was n't theirs the last wedding we came to in this church?"

She: "Of course. Don't you remember? Regular peep-show; six chorus girls from the opera, in white veils, to sing 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden.' They say she even hired the pages to hold up her train — put 'em in Charles II. wigs, and passed 'em off for little brothers."

He: "Exactly. One gets these theatrical affairs so confoundedly mixed up. See, the groom's mother is still upon her knees. A woman could n't pray so conspicuously unless in back seams from Worth."

She: "For shame! How malicious you men are! I should have said it 's because she 's keeping Mrs. Vane-Benson standing in the aisle for every one to see. You know they have been at some trouble to corral relatives to match the bride's, and Mrs. Vane-Benson 's their trump card. How bored the poor rector looks waiting in his bower of palms."

He: "Queer how people marry, and bury,

"HE IS WAITING FOR ME."

and flirt, under palm-trees, nowadays! I 'm getting awfully tired of being tickled by the spiky things every time I sit out a dance, or go to call upon a girl. Hullo! There 's Mrs.—what does she call herself since she got her divorce?"

She (animated): "Is she? No, really? I would n't have missed seeing Hildegarde de Lancey for the world. It 's the first time she 's been out. Is n't she perfectly lovely in that gray bengaline and chinchilla, with the bunch of violets at her breast? I always did say Hildegarde—*de Lancey* she is now; so nice to have got rid of her odious, ugly Smithson—is the best-dressed woman in this town. Why, what a belle she is! I believe all the ushers would like to escort her in a body up the aisle. Of course Freddy de Witt saved her a front place. He knows what people want to see."

He: "She 's a charmer, certainly. If I were the Mrs. Gerald Vernon that is soon to be, I 'd be rather glad Mrs. de Lancey is proposing to live abroad."

She: "Oh, nonsense. You men always think the worst. Jerry was touched, no doubt, but Hildegarde meant nothing. You can't conceive of a greater brute than Smithson, and Hilda was always such a darling thing. Every one says she is in luck to get rid of him so soon. How well she looks—no wonder everybody stares. Oh, I 'm so glad we 're to have Hilda back!"

Elsewhere in the church.

A mother in Israel to her young daughters: "So that 's the famous divorcée, Mrs. What 's-her-name Smithson, the papers have been so full of lately? Don't look at her, Doris and Gladys; I insist that you don't look that way. Have you observed the figure of Dorcas in poor Mrs. Golding's memorial window? The drawing of the right arm is excellent—I wonder if *that person* does anything to her hair to give it that baby gold. I would n't trust her any farther than I could see. Dear me! the best people bowing, and smirking, and trying to catch her eye. Ahem! Mrs. de Lancey's toque sits quite close to the head, girls; I think it much more becoming than those great cart-wheel hats you insisted upon having sent home."

Doris and Gladys: "We know, mama; we 've been watching her ever since she came into the church. What fun it must be to make as much stir as the bride!"

Two girls in tailor gowns, with fur boas and muffs. They have come in an omnibus to the nearest corner, and were splashed with mud in getting out.

"Dear me! we *are* lucky, but I had to push awfully to squeeze in. If I had n't known Tom Brounlee, I 'd have never had this seat. He asked me if we are going on to the house, and I coughed and smiled, and he took it to mean yes. My, Jennie, look at the new suits! I can tell you the names of most everybody here. I do know the bride, anyhow, for we 're on a working-girls' amusement board, together. I must say she 's as nice a girl as I ever wish to meet. Can't say as much for her sister, Miss Betty—such a lank, sour-looking thing, and a tongue sharp as a razor. Nobody can stand her in our club. I wish the organ would n't play so loud you can't hear yourself talk. Gracious, child! lean over, and let me take that lump of mud off your face. I 'm thinking I can alter my blue Henrietta cloth by putting coat-tails bound with velvet on the basque, like the one that 's just gone by. Have a chocolate, do; got 'em fresh to-day, as I passed by Tyler's, on my way to match my blue. Oh! I *do* love weddings. I go to every single one I can."

Lady from the Faubourg St. Stuyvesant, seated well forward in the church.

"Poor Margaret Halliday! there she comes with Betty and Trix and Jack. I wonder if her grandfather is n't turning in his grave at this minute, over the marriage of a Halliday with one of these upstart Vernons. Humph! Margaret looks haggard, Betty as yellow as a pumpkin, Trix rather overblown, and Jack growing up one of the beefy kind. I 'm glad it is n't *my* daughter who 's to be sacrificed, that 's all."

Lady, who has secured end of pew on aisle, whispering to her husband next to her.

"George, that 's Mrs. Clarkson that edged by you just now. If you 'd known it, you 'd surely have been more polite. 'Who in the dickens *is* Mrs. Clarkson, anyway?' When we met them at dinner at the Tompkins', and you took her in, and were so charmingly agreeable! I declare, if I 'd had the least idea you were going to be glum and cross at a wedding, I 'd never have persuaded you to come. 'Enough for you to have had to shell out the sixth pair of piano-candlesticks this year, without boring yourself with the wedding too!' *George!* You know you were always fond of Nelly Halliday. *Please* try, only try—I don't say you will succeed—to be a *little bit* like other people. I have given up hoping for *more* when you go out with me." (Mrs. Clarkson just then engaging George in conversation, he becomes easy and smiling on the spot.)

Two Hibernian ladies, in silk gowns and imitation cashmere shawls, are ushered into the seats reserved for the domestics of both families.

"Arrah now, it 's a sad day, Misthress Branigan, an' you that 's cuk in it only this twelvemonth can't tell the faylins o' me, that raised me little Nellie from a four-year old; the light o' the house goes out wid her, the darlint. 'Go, Norah,' says she, pushin' me wid her two honds like swan's-down, 'be off wid ye to the

"WE ARE BEHIND TIME, MRS. VANE-BENSON AND I."

church, an' sthop yer cryin', to watch yer gyirl come oop the aisle in all her finery.' 'An' is it happy ye are, Miss Nell?' says I. 'Norah,' says she, wid a little swate smile in the eyes of her, 'if it 's the last word I have to spake to me old nurse before I 'm med Misthress Vernon, I 'm that happy *I 'm afraid.*"

Duet in the vestry. Jerry Vernon and his best man, Dick Henderson.

The bridegroom: "Oh, but I say, old man, something 's happened at the house, or in the street, or — hang it, you need n't grin. Look at the soles of these boots, will you? If that infernal fellow of mine has n't been and put a brand new pair on me, after all; and all the ushers and bridesmaids will be grinning when we kneel down. Don't you think the rector could be induced to bless us *standing up?* I 'd double the fee, or — anything. Dick, if an accident has happened to that girl — this is a judgment on me for jeering at those who went before — I never heard such a bally old idiot as that organist — he makes me fairly crazy with his jigging tunes — you 're sure you 've got the ring? — ridiculous little object to cause all this fuss, is n't it? — Nell wears a six glove, and look at the height of her — I never could have married a little woman — by Jove, Dick, I wish we two did n't have to amble in there before everybody and simper at the crowd. *What? Coming?* Back me up, Dick, and I 'll go at it like a man. Nell 's worth it, every time."

Among the ushers huddled in the vestibule. The weary Mr. Frederic de Witt, mopping his beaded brow:

"Dumping the bridesmaids outside, are they? Well, I 'm glad. Great Cæsar! but I 'm tired. The cheek of women at weddings, and the push! No; I decline to see any reporter. I refuse to divulge where they are going for the wedding journey, the names of those here present, or the price Jerry paid for our scarf-pins. You gave Jerry notice in the vestry, did you? Hope you did n't forget to remind him that the unfortunate man, having partaken of a light breakfast of eggs, bread, and coffee,

usually walks with a firm step to the place of execution. Hi, there, gentlemen! Fall into line to precede the bridesmaids, if you please."

Among the bridesmaids.

"If we look as well as the couple that walk before us, I 'm all right. These directoire hats and coats are certainly too sweet. Oh! are n't you scared to death? But it 's better than being Nell."

The bride (divinely tall and most divinely fair — a rose flush in her cheeks, her dark lashes downward bent, her dark hair knotted low on her neck, the old lace of her mother's bridal veil like frost-work upon her trailing robes of white, no ornament but a string of pearls around her throat, one of her hands lightly laid on the arm of the respectable old cousin who has been haled from his respectable old club to do parental duty for the day), to herself:

"I saw him. He is waiting for me. All these people are here to see me become Jerry's wife. But it makes no difference. If we were in a desert it would be just the same. The thought of him fills my whole heart. I wonder if it 's selfish and wicked to care for nothing, now, but the joy and the glory of being Jerry's wife."

"Until death us do part." The troth plight was interchanged; Jerry's hand, colder than her own, put the ring upon her finger; and the rector, who had baptized Eleanor, pronounced them man and wife.

During the ceremony the lower part of the church, having sated its curiosity, was in full buzz of chat about the plainness of the bride's gown, the absence of diamonds reputed to have been given by the groom, and the question whether guests should go on to the reception at once, or amuse themselves with other occupations of the hour.

While the clergyman was in the act of pronouncing the benediction, and the organist was panting to let himself loose on the wedding-march from "Lohengrin," people were buttoning their wraps, and gliding out of the church, to be sure of their carriages before the crush. Hardly had Eleanor passed under the awning to her carriage — and to the reality of life — before public interest in the bride had in a great measure exhaled.

But they rallied around her presently in the house occupied by Mrs. Halliday and her daughters, looking into a quiet down-town square. The wide double drawing-rooms of the old family mansion had put aside their shadows for the day. Under an arch of greenery and lilies Eleanor received her friends, Gerald at her side, looking quite pitiably conscious and ill at ease.

The bridesmaids, headed by Trix, Nell's eighteen-year-old sister, to whom this event was a species of début into society, stood in a semi-circle, wearing the expression of amateur actors who have just acquitted themselves of a performance in which they happily believe the rest of the world to have been as much interested as were they. The crowd, jostling forward to pay salutation to bride and groom, continued afterward to jostle on general principles. Exchanging inquiries to which no one listened for the answer, and comments as to the nicety of having one of the old-school houses open again for entertainment, they then pushed on to the dining-room to partake, less enthusiastically, of an old-school collation marked by the absence of terrapin and truffles, and by the limited amount of the champagne. From the walls of this refectory looked down a row of oil-paintings in faded frames of gilt; a spirited young man with a Henry Clay stock and standing collar, flanking a high-colored lady in a bonnet with a bird-o'-paradise, and a scarf over her bare shoulders; sundry Continental soldiers, New England Brahmins, and a stiff-busked dame or two of remoter date, with attendant cavaliers in periwigs and ruffles. Over the sideboard hung a sour-visaged personage of Revolutionary date, the great-grandfather of the bride, familiarly spoken of among his descendants as "The Signer." He was a strong tower of American aristocracy, and Mrs. Halliday always felt that in his protecting presence at her parties she could venture to order in another bottle or so of soda water to dilute her champagne punch. Everywhere in the house thus brought to contemporaneous notice there were marks of gentility that lacked repair. The hangings and furniture, placed there before the century's new birth into righteousness of taste, were massive but shabby. The carpets, worn into threadbare spots ill concealed by modern rugs; the walls, faded beyond hiding with palms and rubber-trees sent in (on close contract) by the florist, called aloud for restoration. Although it was the fashion to say, when glancing casually about these rooms, "How delightful! How solid! What relief after the varnish and glitter of up-town!" no one was observed to linger there over long, or to return unless especially bidden to a function of exigent conventionality. This afternoon, in custody of a band of hirelings, who before cockcrow of another dawn would vanish, bearing with them every spoon, fork, plate, and glass now in service for the guests, the premises did not suggest even their usual homely comfort.

But to-day, for the first time in many days, Mrs. Halliday's handsome features wore a look of complacent satisfaction. Betty, the eldest daughter, aged six-and-twenty, plain, angular, and pessimistic, stood by her mother at the door of the drawing-room, outside of which was posted Andrews, the lean, old-time butler, to announce the guests. Jack, the collegian, tall and pink-cheeked, with a down on the

upper lip that his sister Trix thought wonderful, a little too conscious of a new frock-coat with its buttonhole of gardenias, wandered about incessantly, resenting the notice of his mother's old friends who told him how much he had grown, and repudiating suggested resemblance to this or that portrait upon the walls. In the rear of the two ladies was a man, no longer in his first youth, of distinguished though inconspicuous presence — a man with sleepy gray eyes and a languid manner, before whom Betty was always at her best.

"My dear Anthony," his hostess had said to him, "you are at home here; you know everybody; for Heaven's sake, stay and help me out with Nell's 'in-laws.'"

"My dear cousin, I am yours as always," he had responded, with a smile, not however mirthful.

"The list is fortunately short," whispered Betty in mocking tones. "Here, mother, comes your very largest pill — Nell's new mama."

"Yes, everything has gone off well. I am pleased that you admire the lace. No, my daughter is not tired; we have not allowed her to do much." Mrs. Halliday was conscious of her thin, cold voice, and felt that it was a poor return for Eleanor's new house, horses, brougham, victoria, not to mention the necklace and solar system in diamonds, already at the Safety Deposit Company's, in waiting till the bride's return from her wedding journey,— the last Gerald's gift, paid for by Mrs. Vernon's check. But Mrs. Vernon was quite beyond the point of sensitiveness on the trifling score of measured civilities. Ensconced as a relative within these shabby walls, she felt that her price was far above rubies or diamonds either! If Jerry had to put upon her the indignity of being a prospective grandmother, he had at least done it in good form.

"We are behind time, Mrs. Vane-Benson and I," she said, as the lady named made her bow, and retired to mingle with the throng; "but Mrs. Vane-Benson judged it would be more the thing for us to let the young people — such children! but I, myself, was married at sixteen — get a little settled down before I fluster them with my congratulations; and I told her I guessed she was right."

Mrs. Halliday winced at the voice and speech. She hardly dared trust herself to look full in the face this modish person in silver-gray with silver broideries, with the silver bonnet perched on her dark, glossy locks, with the brilliant color softened by rice-powder, the dazzling teeth, the frequent laugh, the effusive cordiality, the aroma of prosperity. She became conscious of lines in her own face, and of a break under her chin, that ought to have been, but were not, in Mrs. Vernon's. She looked down at her old black velvet supplied with a new frontispiece of jetted lace, and marked the contrast between its indescribable wispiness and the crisp perfection of Mrs. Vernon's attire. Altogether, she was in some haste to rid herself of dear Eleanor's mama.

"You will be wanting to speak to Nell and Gerald," she said. "Mr. Theobald will give you his arm across the rooms — Anthony — my cousin Mr. Theobald, Mrs. Vernon."

The hazel eyes took on a new luster of delight. To be translated into the heart of that inner circle that till now she had only "brushed with extremest flounce" was to cross the room leaning on the arm of "my — why not 'our'? — cousin Mr. Theobald."

To Theobald, for reasons of his own, the whole affair was a somewhat grim comedy; and, abandoning himself to the situation, he duly brought the widow to a halt before the bridal pair.

"My dearest Jerry — my sweetest Nell," the lady said, embracing both with such exuberance that Gerald fidgeted.

"We shall see more of each other now," Eleanor said, very low. "Gerald has told me of all your generosity; he thinks there was never a mother so kind as his."

"Gerald knows I shall be terribly alone," began the older woman, tears ready to twinkle in her eyes."

"Madre, you must n't, please," the young fellow whispered, in a tumult of alarm. With Freddy de Witt, Henderson, and the others looking on, he felt that an expansion of maternal tenderness would be his death-blow.

"Mrs. Vernon will perhaps allow me to take her into the dining-room," interposed Mr. Theobald, from the bride's elbow, where he had been standing without speech.

"So polite of you, dear Mr. Theobald," exclaimed flattered Madame Mère, linking her arm again in his.

The danger was averted. Nell, who, better than any other, knew Theobald's fastidious taste, flashed on him a quick glance of gratitude. She reproached herself, when he had gone, that she had not said something in the way of personal thanks for his gift of the etchings, so long coveted, which had arrived that morning framed for her boudoir in the new home. And now her attention was claimed by a radiant personage who was for the first time a guest beneath their roof.

"It was more than I hoped, to make your acquaintance in this way," said Hildegarde de Lancey. "Mr. Vernon and I have always been such chums."

Eleanor blushed, remembering the little passage-at-arms with her mother regarding this

lady's name upon Jerry's list. She sent a swift inquiring look — the gaze of a "young-eyed cherub" fortified with innocence — into the pair of blue orbs that met hers with a deprecating, almost pathetic appeal. Certainly, such an ingenuous beauty could not be to blame for her undue share of human griefs.

"We are glad to welcome you," the bride said graciously.

"Every one is so good to me," murmured Hildegarde, with exquisite pathos.

"And Gerald says you have been so good to him," went on Eleanor, while Jerry's attention was absorbed by some one else.

"It is his grateful nature, as you will find. But I am keeping back your friends, so *au revoir*," and the vision disappeared.

"Jerry, she 's exquisite," said Eleanor.

"Who is? — there are so many shes. Nell, here 's my Aunt Tryphena, who sent us — by Jove, what did she send? Never mind; thank the old girl profusely, and choke her off — good luck a man don't have to gush over apostle-spoons and salt-cellars every day of the year."

"O NELL, it must be so nice to be you," cried Trix, presently, when, in their bedroom, she hovered around her sister, helping old Norah to put on the bride's frock for traveling. "This sable cape Aunt Penfold sent is simply gorgeous. Betty says she 'd have given mink, if you had married a poor man. And Jerry 's so good-looking, and such a dear — hurry, Nell, everybody 's in the hall, and Jerry and Jack are fussing, declaring you 'll miss the train — oh! I 've been having a peep out of the window at your new brougham, lined with dark myrtle-green satin such as we 've always dreamed of — such horses, such rugs, and such a big, big footman to tuck you in and touch his hat — no more cabs by the hour for you, you lucky girl."

"Run, now, you silly Trix, and tell Jerry I 'll be there, and ask mama to come; and you, Norah dear, take that long face away and don't let me see it till you 've learned to smile. Mama, are we alone? May I lock the door? Good-by, darling, *darling;* and would you mind sitting down upon this little chair, and letting me say my prayer at your knee, just to ask God to make me fit for such *perfect* happiness?"

II.

"MY dear Miss Halliday," wrote Mrs. Vernon to the sister of her new daughter-in-law, a few days after the young couple had left town on their wedding journey, "Will you and your sister Beatrix give me the great pleasure of your company at an early dinner, very informally, at seven o'clock on Wednesday next, to go afterward to the opera? I am asking your cousins Mr. Thomas Halliday and Mr. Theobald; and, with the exception of one other man, we shall be quite a family party. I am longing for an opportunity to talk over with you the first news from our darling wanderers. Believe me, yours faithfully, M. VERNON. Thursday."

"'M. Vernon, Thursday' — humph! Signs herself like a duchess; her name 's Martha Luella Ann," observed Betty, throwing the note upon the table in the up-stairs sitting-room where the ladies Halliday were wont to read, sew, write notes, discuss their friends, and dictate to the day-dressmaker. "Family party, indeed! I knew we 'd be plunged into a bosom friendship. I don't believe Anthony Theobald would be *caught* at a Vernon dinner."

"Oh, yes, he would," cried Trix, coming in equipped for a walk with her fox-terrier around the square. "I saw him after the play last night, looking wretched, really; and he asked me if we are going, and said he will be there."

"Then I suppose you approve of our making friends with Mammon?" said Betty to her mother. "Don't you think it 's enough for Nell to have set up her golden calf? Why can't we grovel in honest pauperism, and maintain our self-respect?"

"My dear Betty!" said Mrs. Halliday, compressing her lips resignedly. She had long ago given up entering the lists of discussion with her eldest daughter.

"I want to go," said Trix, stoutly. "I 'm dying to see one of Mrs. Vernon's dinners, and to go to the opera under the shadow of her new tiara. The newspapers say it 's a second-hand crown of real royalty, bought at a Paris sale."

"Well, her man is waiting, so make up your minds," resumed Betty, sitting down at the davenport, and dipping her pen in ink. "If the senders of invitations could hear the bickering they cause in families, I don't think society would go on with such a rush. So you *insist* on our accepting, mother?"

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Halliday, plucking up spirit. "Trix may, for we must keep in with Nell's new people; but you will, as usual, do exactly as you please."

"It may end — who knows? — in Jerry's Aunt Tryphena chaperoning us to a Patriarchs'," murmured Betty, dashing off, as she had intended to do since hearing that Theobald was to be of the party, a smooth acceptance of Mrs. Vernon's courtesy. "I like 'our darling wanderers,' — as if they were lost dogs!"

To end the conversation, Mrs. Halliday took up a newspaper addressed to her through the mail, and tore from it the cover. Trix, departing with the note and the terrier, did not see the white look that came upon her mother's

face, or hear the stifled exclamation of dismay uttered by the poor lady as she dropped the journal in her lap.

"What in the world ails you, mother?" began Betty.

"Oh! this is infamous," cried her mother. "Take it away. I refuse to read another word—mixing up my daughter's name with the scandal about that de Lancey woman's divorce. Betty, if Nell were to see this, it would break her heart. Oh! if her father had been alive, they would never have dared—of course it is all a wretched lie about Jerry and Mrs. Smithson. Jerry asked for her invitation, and Jerry is a gentleman, at least. Betty, I 've no patience with you, standing there like a stock."

For Betty, quite mistress of herself, had picked up, smoothed out, and was reading the offending article with a scornful little smile. It was one of those upas-like exotics of modern society journalism, a two-column account of the Vernon-Halliday nuptials, with side-issues of biography of all concerned, set forth with plentiful cheap wit, audacious statement, and deadly innuendo. After disposing in short order of the bridegroom's pretensions to social importance, and affecting to voice the surprise of good society that the bride's family should have so frankly displayed its inability to resist a golden bait, it went on to give at length the history of Mr. Gerald Vernon's late well-known infatuation for "our most recent and distinguished divorcée."

"That 's a fin-de-siècle phrase," quoth Betty, coolly, laying down the journal without an added tinge upon her cheek. "My dear little mummy, don't take the thing so hard. Everybody will read it, of course, and enjoy it thoroughly."

"Betty, how can you? I shall have to leave town, certainly. I remember when I danced with the Prince of Wales at the Academy ball, and my dress was described next day in the papers, your dear father was so vexed, he wanted to go and overhaul the editor. Our family could never bear to see women in print—oh! we shall not be able to face the light of day. It is bad enough to drag in this wretched Mrs. Smithson, but imagine the outrage of saying Nell's f-father-in-law married her m-mother-in-law from the *wash-tub!* Did you ever hear of such an abominable charge?"

"No—o," answered Betty. "I always thought it was from a beauty-show. The wash-tub, now, seems to me quite an advance in the social scale. Mother dear, bear up. By the time you meet the people you know again, they will have forgotten all about it. This kind of pillory in print is too common in our society to hurt anybody long. In next week's issue of this charming sheet you may no doubt have the pleasure of seeing some hit at the people who this week laugh at you. Here, see me poke the wretched thing into the hottest part of the fire; and you take Trix, and go out for a week to Lakewood."

"But Nell,—my darling, sensitive Nell,—suppose she reads this cruel paragraph."

"I 'm not in the least afraid of Nell seeing anything but the light that lies in Jerry's eyes, for—I will give her till the end of the honeymoon before taking up human interests again. If Jerry sees it, he will probably whistle and say a good many bad words. If Mrs. Vernon sees it, it will do her good. That kind of woman needs a little rap over the knuckles from time to time, to keep her in her place."

"Betty!" said Mrs. Halliday. She often felt that there was a sort of monotony in these monosyllabic rejoinders to her daughter's trenchant sentences.

Mrs. Vernon's dinner was distinctly a success. To meet Betty and Trix she had convened old Mr. Tom Halliday, the cousin without reproach, who, it will be remembered, had given Eleanor away at the altar; Mr. Theobald, and an extremely nice young Southerner, whose father had been killed in the war, and whose family was supposed to go back in an unbroken line to William the Conqueror, like all other Virginians, present or to come. To this Mr. Brockenborough Vyvan, a broad-shouldered, soft-voiced youth, Trix was assigned, and while secretly wondering where Mrs. Vernon had got him, the little minx was taking his measure and deciding that he pleased *her*, which, happily, is all a healthy girl in her first season generally cares to ascertain. Betty, going in with Theobald, was eminently suited and almost amiable. Old Tom, seated at Mrs. Vernon's right, fell into a doze after the first entrée, but waked up every time the servant appeared at his elbow with a new dish, and, for the rest, let the widow talk in a constant stream—which led her to declare to his young cousins afterward that he was really one of the most agreeable "dinner men" in town.

The dining-room, hung with tapestries and opening into a great conservatory, the perfection of plate, porcelain, wines, and service were noteworthy even in extravagant New York. Betty, recalling, as under such circumstances guests inevitably will, the story of Mrs. Vernon's origin, and her recent struggles for social recognition, marveled at the ease, even elegance, with which she now presided. She could not, at a bird's-eye view, behold much difference between this and a similar dinner before the opera a few nights ago, in the penetralia of good society. She remembered having heard some one say that "poor Mrs. Vernon had had abso-

lutely no chance while her husband lived—a crass vulgarian, sure to put his foot into everything; a typical American, like a commercial advertisement at the back of a magazine." The time lost in mourning him had been spent by the widow abroad, and in bringing up his son. And it was not till Gerald left college, and got in with the mothers and sisters of his fashionable friends, that the Vernons actually came up for notice. Even then he was invited, she ignored. The great fine house, into which she did not choose to bid the half-way people who would have been glad to go, was like a prison, in dreariness. Jerry's men came and went to and from his suite of rooms on the third floor, but never put in an appearance in his mother's drawing-room. This, at least, was what Betty Halliday had heard. She saw that on the wave of Jerry's marriage into one of the "really good old" families Mrs. Vernon had resolved to ride into the haven of her hopes. And Betty could not but admit that she was doing this thing with a good deal of cleverness.

"What an exchange from our shabby house to such splendor!" remarked Betty, in a low tone. "I 'm rather glad Nell is to have a more modest establishment of her own. One can never keep up a friendship with riches that slap you in the face."

"She is the one woman I ever saw who would always, rich or poor, be herself," Theobald said, and then, relapsing into his usual impassive manner, turned the talk into another channel. "Speaking of homes, the site of this is where the old Sydney Wardour house used to stand; and twenty years ago it was a center of hospitality in New York, and accounted the height of fashion. How homely their entertainments would seem beside such as these, and how cramped their quarters!"

"What has become of the Sydney Wardours?" said Betty. "One rarely hears their name."

"What has become of all of our once prominent families of moderate wealth who are submerged in the flood-tide of plutocracy? Either broken to pieces in the attempt to keep up, or the heads of the families dead, and the younger ones reduced to insignificance."

"The way we live now certainly does n't incline one to indifference to wealth," she said. "The young men I know are most of them on the *qui vive* to help along their fortunes by a rich marriage; and as to the girls, it is no longer a support they expect from their husbands, but unlimited opportunity."

"Then it is well a woman like Hildegarde de Lancey comes a cropper now and then, to point a moral for the rest."

"I don't see what you call coming a cropper," retorted Betty, scornfully. "She is more in demand than any one I know—in the smart set, I mean. Old-fashioned people like my mother hold up their hands, but society—our society, *the* society—caresses her, and condones what they are pleased to call her misfortunes. She is immensely in the swim. She was the bright star of a dinner the other night at the Bullions', where six out of the twelve guests are living apart from their legal partners owing to infelicities too numerous to cite."

"By Jove, we are catching up with Chicago," said Theobald. "Did you see the squib in one of the papers recently, where an English traveler asks Mrs. Lakeside if she has been presented yet at court. "My gracious! yes, indeed," she answers; "every judge in the city knows me; I 've been divorced three times."

"Tony, tell me something," Betty pursued more gravely. "You must know how people talk. Is there any reason why Nell should—no; I can't ask you here. But I think we can count upon you to keep us warned. One don't want to be made a fool of before the world; and you know you always were so fond of Nell."

Theobald drank off at a draught his newly filled tazza of champagne before he answered, with a laugh:

"I think Mrs. de Lancey will find it to her advantage to keep quiet for a while. Let us talk of something pleasanter: Trix, for instance. That tête-à-tête with the athletic youngster yonder does n't promise well for the chances of Mr. Timothy van Loon."

"Oh, Trix is hopelessly unworldly. The Van Loon connection does n't tempt her in the least. Timothy, as to whom, since they got him away from the ballet-girl he wanted to marry in Paris a year ago, his family have decided that he can't do better than take up with one of ours, is densely unconscious of the fact that Trix considers him a booby and a bore. However, we don't know what a year's apprenticeship to society may do for our débutante. She may wake up to her advantages in time."

"WHAT a very long name you have!"—Trix had progressed so far as to be saying to her neighbor, Mr. Brockenborough Vyvan, whose dinner-card her eye had lighted upon.

"Yes; our hostess has given me the full benefit of it. It was worse than that once. Reginald Alfred I was christened, after two uncles; but the fellows at college called me Brock, and when I came to New York to go into the offices of Clyde, Lawrence & Clyde,—they are building Mrs. Vernon's new house at Lenox, you know,—I cut loose from all the rest. I was sent by the firm once to wait upon a millionaire client, a rough old hay-seed, whom I found studying my card. 'Look a-here, young

feller,' he remarked, by way of greeting, 'if you 're goin' to make your livin' out of us average American citizens, take my advice and drop them tenderfoot frills off 'n your name. It 'll be worth many a dollar in your pocket, if you do.' And I did."

The girl's merry laugh rang out.

"Which was your university?" she asked, helping herself to something that tottered in a silver dish.

"Yale, of course," he answered, with proud promptitude.

"Why, it can't be you are — of course you are — Vyvan, '8–, the half-back that made the famous run at the Polo grounds, and won our game against Princeton!"

"Did you happen to be there?"

"I should say so! Jack and I were on top of a coach waving blue silk handkerchiefs; and I fairly shouted myself hoarse for you. To tell you the honest truth, when I saw you in that awfully dirty canvas jacket and trousers, chewing gum, just before you kicked the final goal, I thought I 'd rather know you than anybody in the world."

Vyvan tingled with satisfaction, to the ears.

"And who is Jack, if I may ask?"

"In the Yale catalogue, John Livingston Halliday, of the Freshman class — my brother, and the best friend I 've got."

"Yes, I know. He 's the fellow who brought a reputation for rowing to college from St. Peter's, and is talked of as likely to get a seat in the bow of this year's boat."

"I should say there is no doubt of that," said Beatrix, tossing her head complacently. "Jack captained the winning Matlock six last year. I wish you could see his arm muscle. It is very nice that he is pleased with Yale. He really likes it tremendously, I think."

"Does he?" said the amused alumnus.

"Oh, yes. He is pledged to 'Hay Boolay.'"

"Ah? That was my 'spot,' too."

"Was it? I 'm so glad. And I 'm hoping and praying Jack will get into Sk— What Senior Society were you in, Mr. Vyvan? Oh! *What* have I said? I *beg* your pardon," and, coloring with mortification at her heedless allusion to esoteric mysteries never to be uttered, she remained silent; nor was serenity restored until Vyvan led the talk into a discussion of the students' ball known as the Junior Promenade.

"She is as fresh as a daisy in the grass," reflected Brock. "I did n't believe it possible of a girl in society here. Queer thing she should have seen me make that run. But what have I to do with girls? It 'll be a long day before I can cast a second look at any of the little dears," ended this philosopher of twenty-four.

"Such delightful spirits has — I suppose I may say *our* little cousin Trix," murmured Mrs. Vernon, turning to Theobald. "I was remarking only yesterday to Mrs. Vane-Benson that all of the Halliday girls are so very different, and each so charming, so individual. People *will* ask me if Trix is going to marry Mr. Timothy van Loon. I hardly think that fair to one of the family, do you?"

Mr. Theobald adjusted his monocle in his right eye, and looked at his hostess narrowly. He was a deliberate man, and her quick attack found him without a suitable reply. In his soul he was saying, "She is an amazing woman; and, upon my word, I believe she 'll win."

As for Cousin Tom, the old gentleman was already captive to the widow's wines and the excellence of her cookery. He did not know that her chef, who was a sympathetic soul as well as a master of the art of fencing, had composed the menu of this little entertainment under the title of a "Petit assaut d'armes." M. Alcide, with the rest of Mrs. Vernon's numerous retinue, perfectly understood the conditions of the case.

When they came out from dinner, the men to pass into a Pompeian smoking-room, their hostess brought her party to a halt in a little antechamber purposely left in shadow theretofore. There was a general exclamation of surprise. Facing each other on the wall-spaces, hung full-length portraits of Gerald and his mother, the frames sunk in maroon draperies that, lighted with electricity above, gave the startling effect of living presences in the group.

"Of course you recognize the artist?" said Mrs. Vernon, modestly. "They have but just come home from his atelier, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing how they strike my guests."

"Strike me? They make me shiver," whispered Betty to Theobald. "If that man had painted Dr. Jekyll, people would have been sure to see in it the monster Hyde. They say he employs a little somebody with horns to come up through a trap-door and paint his eyes for him. The frankness of these is positively brutal."

The portrait of Mrs. Vernon represented that lady standing in a gown of pinkish mauve satin, superbly rendered and full of glancing lights, against a background of azaleas of a purplish pink — a resplendent burst of color, and of an originality in technic that bespoke a master hand. But no one, brought face to face with it for the first time, could fail to perceive the fatal note of *bourgeoisie* it betrayed — the audacious revelation of untamed savagery beneath this wealth of flaunting beauty.

Gerald's portrait, on the other hand, was his living, breathing self, handsome and high-bred, with the dash of an hidalgo of old Spain. But

Gerald's mother was not prepared for the effect it was to have on Trix.

"Oh! no, no!" cried the girl, putting her hands before her eyes. "That is not Jerry. It is somebody who has a cold heart, who is violent and self-willed, and would sacrifice any one he loved. I am sorry I looked at it, to have such a fancy get into my head."

"It is the old story," began Theobald, in the embarrassed silence produced by Trix's plain speaking. "Half the people one knows are at war with their portraits sent home from famous studios. In an age that has seen obloquy cast on an example of Meissonier—"

But Mrs. Vernon was not at once to be appeased by polite generalities. She was evidently ruffled, and in need of tangible consolation to recover her usual balance.

Fortunately, this was not long in coming to her. When they reached the opera-house, and settled with the fashionable swan-like pose into their chairs, Betty Halliday, who was in a line with Mrs. Vernon — Trix, rosy and brilliant, between the two — found herself in the box adjoining that of the social autocrat, Mrs. Van Shuter, known to the scoffers in the parquet as one of the "chatterboxes" in the parterre. Poor Mrs. Vernon, whose money had not yet purchased for her the right to disturb her neighbors with vapid conversation, had hitherto been obliged to remain in depressing silence through long evenings of metaphysics set to music. In despair she had secured a score, and tried to pose as a virtuosa in Wagner's music; but the effort proved too fatiguing, and she gave it up. Thus, she had returned to the privilege of studying every crease and surge of the fat Van Shuter back as it appeared overlapping a tightly laced corsage; the clasps of the various Van Shuter necklaces; the thin, flaxen Van Shuter hair, strained up over a pinkish cranium, and surmounted by plumes and jewels. All these were familiar spectacles, but she could not truthfully aver that she had seen the near front of the lady who sat through the opera-season like Buddha, vast, placid, twinkling with gems, satisfied to exist and to let herself be worshiped. During the weeks past, Mrs. Vernon had vicariously enjoyed reports, vouchsafed by Mrs. Van Shuter to her visitors, of Mrs. Van Shuter's attack of grip, of Mr. Van Shuter's attack of grip, and of the inroads of grip on the constitution of Mrs. Van Shuter's confidential maid.

"'Dawson,' said I," had floated in from the great lady's box, "'if, when you first begin to sneeze, you will clap a porous plaster on your chest, grease your nose with mutton tallow, and take ten grains of quinine, you will certainly feel better the next day.' But Dawson was obstinate, and the result was what you know."

This much, even, had Mrs. Vernon been allowed to overhear — but alas! not as one privileged to sorrow with the sufferer. It would have been so sweet to breathe sympathy for Dawson into the ear of Dawson's mistress!

To-night, things were different. When Mrs. Vernon, wearing the renowned tiara, faultlessly gowned in modest pearl-color, appeared before the eyes of the multitude, leading old New York in chains, many observers took note of it, and resolved to leave on the morrow their tardy cards at Mrs. Vernon's door. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, herself a lady recently promoted, mentally booked the widow for a dinner three weeks off. And, better than all, the ample bulk of the Idol turned slowly upon its satin-cushioned pivot, and Mrs. Van Shuter actually nodded and smiled toward Mrs. Vernon's box.

"You have not dined with me this year," she said to old Tom Halliday. To Theobald, over Betty's shoulder, "When are you coming to finish our nice talk about German baths? You are looking badly, and I wish you would try my little Doctor Bangs. He has done Mr. Van Shuter good, and he is doing Dawson good." Then to Betty, graciously, "You have heard from your sister? Florida, I am told. It was in Florida I caught the cold that lasted till after Easter of last year — in our own car, really. Who is the young man with Trix? Somebody brought him to my party before the last — yes, Vyvan, I remember; I shall have him written in The Book, and — you may present Mrs. Vernon to me, if you like, my dear."

A few off-hand words from Betty, and the deed was done. Mrs. Van Shuter lifted her heavy eyelids, ducked her double chin; Mrs. Vernon's color rose, and her tiara tipped forward. Mrs. Vernon had crossed the Rubicon. Dick Henderson and Freddy de Witt rehearsed it afterward at the club, and a number of lorgnons took in the fact. But Mrs. Van Shuter's condescension did not stop at this.

"Your mother got the notice of the meeting at my house on Friday of next week?" she asked of Betty. "Tell her I count on her. There are so many coming who won't signify. It is to be a talk from that Mrs. Duncombe, the new woman who has had such success with the lower classes."

"What does she do to the lower classes?" Betty inquired.

"Oh! er — everything; it is a scheme for making working-women understand their legal rights against their husbands."

"I should think her chief trouble would be from the married couples between whom she interferes."

"Eh? oh! She says with a Fund an immense deal may be done. I made her understand that I can't be looked to to give money, with all I have to do. But I said they may meet first

in my Empire room, and I let my Miss Thompson write the notices."

"I suppose we shall know, when we get there, what it is all about," said Betty, fearlessly.

"Yes, certainly. There are to be flowers distributed among the poor, in pots—with little pamphlets revised by lawyers. Perhaps Mrs.—ah—Vernon would like to come. If she would like to come, I don't mind telling Miss Thompson to write a card for her."

"She might; I don't know," said Betty. "She 's awfully rich, and very generous. But I very much doubt her going unless you first call on her."

A surprised look made itself manifest upon the Idol's large pink face. But, then, everybody in town knows it was pains thrown away to be affronted by Betty Halliday.

"But you know, my dear, I never go in anywhere. And my first footman, James, engaged with me never to leave the box to ring a bell, except in an emergency."

"Tell James this is a very great emergency. I think, if you 're economically inclined, you 'll find it pay," said Betty Halliday, by whom it was pains thrown away to feel affronted.

III.

"NELL," said Gerald, who was sitting by his wife on the veranda of a Florida hotel, "I never told you that as we drove away from the house the day of the wedding to catch the Southern train—you know it had begun to rain—I saw Tony Theobald striding around the corner without an umbrella, and his face as black as thunder. Queer Dick, is Theobald. Don't suppose he 'd been having a row with anybody, do you?"

"Oh, impossible," said Nell.

She had her lap full of spring flowers, had been awakened by mocking-birds trilling on the bough of an orange-tree that swept her window, was breathing softest air, looking under a blue Italian sky across the sparkling wavelets of a lovely lake. Gerald was at her side, heaven in her heart. She dismissed the subject of Theobald as she had all other clouds that drifted across the azure of her empyrean.

"Suppose we go out on the water," Gerald proposed after a lazy silence.

"Delicious. It is what I like best. Shall you row?"

"No; let 's have one of those black fellows,—one who sings,—and loaf along till we feel like landing. What are you going in for?"

"To get parasol and gloves, of course. Anything you want?"

"Seems to me we might as well have left that pair of menials at home, for all the waiting on we get," said Gerald. "My man, when he 's not smoking my cigarettes, is asleep; and your Swede sits reading Seaside Libraries when she is n't at her meals."

"Do you know, Gerald, there 's something a little queer about that girl. She told me last night, when she was brushing out my hair, that she thinks Florida is stupid; that is to say, not stupid, but that there is a great deal of sand here, and the negroes and alligators are very much alike. Fancy finding Florida stupid!"

"Well, if the woman has nothing to do, and nobody to make love to her, perhaps the situation is different in her eyes. I 'm afraid Hughes is a confirmed old bachelor; besides, he had a breach-of-promise suit in England once, and won't look at a woman since."

"Jerry, that reminds me, before I go—there 's time enough, is n't there?"

"Bless you, yes. There 's as much time as there is sand, in Florida."

"Now that you have spoken about your valet—I don't like to seem suspicious, but, really, there was rather a strange thing happened yesterday. You know, when the breeze fell, and you were kept out fishing with those men so much longer than you expected, I got a little nervous and fussy, and I went into your room and began turning over the things on your dressing-table. I found there the necktie I like so much,—the dark blue with the white speckles that you 'd taken off when you changed to flannels,—and, just to comfort myself a little, I—I—"

"Well—you—you—"

"I kissed it; and, happening to look in the glass, I saw behind me Hughes, who had come into the room in that noiseless way of his—"

"That 's his specialty; commands extra wages always. And Hughes did what?"

"Oh, he *did* nothing; but I caught an expression in his eye that I thought strange and sinister. When I turned around, rather sharply for me, he begged pardon, and did I know that the sail-boat was in sight? Of course this was a trifling circumstance, but I could not mistake that very peculiar look—"

"Nell, I 've a secret to tell you. You are a little gull. Hughes is the salt of the earth, as valets go; supports an old mother in England, and all that; and—now you 're going to be furious—I 've seen that expression on his face a thousand times,—it 's when he 's trying to *hold in a laugh!*"

"Jerry, I did n't think you could be so mean. If we 're to be spied upon, I wish we 'd left Hughes and Elsa in New York. Ever since old Norah had rheumatism I 've waited on myself, and I 'm always thinking how I should *love* to lay out your things for you."

"MRS. VERNON HAD CROSSED THE RUBICON."

"If you say so, I 'll send 'em both out in a leaky boat, and swamp them in the lake; though it would be easier to ship them home by train. Only, if we do, we 'll be guyed awfully. As you are passing the desk, ask if the post is in."

"O Jerry, we don't want any letters, and I have n't looked at a paper since the day after the wedding, when I saw those two nightmares purporting to be us, between a member of the rogues' gallery and somebody who makes three-dollar shoes."

"Well, they have done with us now. We are back numbers, and not wanted at any price. We may as well enjoy the woes of our successors. When I went to school in England a little American chap turned up who wrote to his governor in London: 'Dear Father: If you don't take me away, I 'll run away. Every fellow in the school has kicked me since I came!' At the end of a week he wrote again: 'Dear Father: I like it better than I did. A new fellow came to-day, and we 've all kicked him!'"

It was three weeks after the legitimate ending of the honeymoon, and they had been knocking around Florida, shunning the haunts of men and the beaten tracks of travel. For a time it had seemed as if they would need an eternity of isolation in which merely to discuss their reminiscences of meeting and falling in love. They took into the woods books and magazines, and read them upside down; invented childish devices to test and fathom each other's love; spent hours in profound analyses of each other's character and glorifications of each other's qualities. Gerald was astonished and, to his credit be it said, delighted with the crystal purity and grand directness of his wife's nature. He had never imagined a woman like her, and told himself that he would forever worship this Brunhilda as she deserved. And every day Eleanor's heart, shy and a little slow to expand in the new relation, grew to a broader understanding of and a greater reverence for the marriage bond. She thought of her mother's loss of a noble husband with new tears and with self-reproach that she had not bestowed on it enough of tender sympathy. Poor darling mama! To have had and lost, to have borne such anguish and survived it!

Eleanor's mind roved continually over the field of her acquaintance, trying to understand the apparent indifference to each other of most husbands and wives, the sharp words, the strained civilities, the perpetual friction upon minor points. She recalled how she had heard women fashion their own matrimonial differences into witty stories for the amusement of their listeners. How could it be that this had seemed to her merely a matter of poor taste; had repelled her only because of her constitutional reserve and horror of public comment? Now, it was as if a guardian of the holy of holies had seen some rude hand laid upon his treasure; she felt profaned, outraged, by the memory of things heard which she for the first time understood.

Jerry, who, we may be sure, received his full share of the outpourings of her heart upon these themes, was startled at her vehemence. The daily efflorescence of her beauty in her great love laid hold on and bewitched him utterly. Compared with the other women he had known, she was unique. Over and over again, when tempted to give some light answer to what he inwardly styled "her impossible theories," he was silenced by her lofty soul looking from its windows into his. He had a vague sense that he was ashamed to lay bare before such a gaze what his real man contained of unbelief and materialism on these points. And every now and again there crept into his mind a feeble wish that his wife would be a little less intense.

But she did not come back to him, after ever so brief an absence, that his admiration was not stirred; and when she now returned, holding a sheaf of letters, and standing beside him to distribute them, the light touch of her garments thrilled him tenderly as he sat looking up into the morning freshness of her face.

"One from mama, one from Trix; all these for you, but only one that looks a bit interesting — a Florida postmark, a swell envelop, and crest. Why, Jerry, who has found us out?"

"It 's a bore this getting letters, as you say," he answered, thrusting his batch into his breast-pocket, without noticing her question. "Shall I take yours too? Of course you 've no pocket in that stunning tailor-made thing; but I forgive you, for it fits like a glove. Come, now, the day is well along."

Hughes rallied to the effort of spreading a rug in the bottom of the boat, and saw them off most affably — Nell, in her "tailor-made thing" of old rose cloth picked out with silver, making, under her big hat, a picture her lazy lord was satisfied to scan to the exclusion of Floridian scenery. A handsome negro, like the Farnese Hercules in bronze, — who reminded them also of Tamagno in "Otello," — his pink cotton shirt open to show his massive chest, his eyeballs and ivories flashing good-fellowship, handled the oars. Over a sheet of rippled blue, broken here and there by the snout of a traveling 'gator, and ringed with tropic foliage springing from golden sands, they dawdled idly, until the increasing vigor of the orb of day caused Jerry to break into irreverent quotation:

> The sun's perpendicular heat
> Illumines the depths of the sea,
> And the fishes beginning to —

"Not another word," said Nell. "You rob the hour of its sentiment. Let us go ashore at yonder point. I know a wood that is like the one wherein the poet dreamed of fair women;

"There is no motion in the dumb dead air,
Nor any song of bird or sound of rill."

Their way led through the aisle of an orange-grove, its darkly shining leafage starred with white blossoms, and dotted with golden globes. Here and there a rain of Cherokee rose petals fell upon their path. An intoxicating fragrance filled the air to oppression, and clung to their hair and clothes. It was a relief to pass out into the dim wood beyond, and to rest on the grassless border of a still pool, as green as jade stone, an almost perfect circle, and exquisitely clear. Here, seated upon the rug, Jerry smoking a cigarette at her feet, Eleanor read her home letters, tasting them leisurely, and putting them back into their envelops with a loving touch.

"Those dear people! How good and sweet they are, and yet, somehow, their letters seem to draw me back into that busy selfish world we have been trying to forget. Jerry, it is your turn now. Open your budget, and while you are busy, I 'll finish this story I began nearly six weeks ago."

"I call it playing it pretty low down on an author to take him along for honeymoon literature," Jerry said, making no motion to obey.

"Read, Jerry dear; read your letters. Perhaps there is something in them to entertain me with."

Gerald laughed a little constrainedly.

"The serpent has entered Eden. Confess, Nell, that you are dying of curiosity about the one with a Florida postmark, in a man's hand that you don't recognize, bearing a crest you never saw."

"Coming so soon after that mysterious telegram that Hughes brought you yesterday, that seemed to worry you, and that you tore into little bits and dropped into the lake — have n't I good right to be suspicious?"

"Why, did n't I tell you?" he said, sitting upright and speaking rapidly, while devoting himself to picking bits of moss and earth from his trousers. "That telegram was from an old friend of mine who 's down here in his yacht — man I saw last, strangely enough, when we parted at Tangier, where we 'd come in with a camel-train from Fez. You must do Tangier with me next year, Nell, after we 've finished Spain. Wonderful country Morocco is, though you 'd no doubt like Spain better —"

"And what is the old friend's name, Jerry, for I suppose he has one, although you neglect to mention it?"

"Best fellow in the world — not a lady's man exactly, and I 'm not quite sure how you and he will hit it off," he answered airily. "But he 's the kind of fellow I should n't like to offend — was married a year or so ago to the surprise of all his friends, and they 're down here at a bungalow he owns. The fact is, his wife — well, I 'm not sure you and she would hit it off," Jerry repeated flatly, and conscious of the same.

"Oh, you foolish boy, as if I don't see you are trying to hide something. Why on earth don't you tell me who it is?"

"This is his letter in my pocket. The letter said the telegram would follow, — no, I mean the telegram said the letter would follow, — so I was expecting it, you see. His wife has egged him on, no doubt; they 're dead set on getting us to visit them, and, hang me, if I see how I can get out of it, considering I 'm under tremendous obligations to Shafto in the past —"

"Shafto?" said Eleanor, also sitting upright, a flush coming into her face. "Not the man who married that dreadful Mrs. King?"

"Well, if it comes to that," answered Gerald, a little resentful of her tone, "she was, when he married her, in exactly the same position as Mrs. Clare and Mrs. Lovell and Mrs. Luddington; all separated from their husbands and married again with the sanction of holy church. I don't claim that Mrs. Shafto is a nice woman exactly, but the world has no right to accept the others and taboo her."

"*That* Mrs. King!" repeated Eleanor, with a cold horror in her voice. "Why, when the papers were filled every day with her divorce suit, my mother burned them all, rather than let her children or servants come upon them. The worst of it was, Mrs. King is a sort of relative or protégée of our old Aunt Penfold, who refused to believe anything against her; but my mother got up once and left a room when Mrs. King came into it. Mama says she is an outrage on society."

Poor Nell, who had unconsciously committed the commonest error in tact of youthful wives, was quite taken aback by the vexed note, despite its attempt at pleasantry, of Gerald's answer:

"I should think a woman of the world would want to receive her ideas of such things from her husband, rather than hold on to the antiquated notions administered to her with schoolroom pap."

"Oh, but, Jerry dear," she persisted archly, "is n't it borne in on you by this time that I never mean to be a woman of the world?"

But Jerry refused to smile. It was not only that he felt strongly the usual objection of his sex to opposition in any form from hers; but the annoyance of Shafto's telegram had culminated in the receipt of this letter, about which he had foreseen that unpleasant complications were likely to ensue.

"All the same, Nell, your mother belongs to another world than yours and mine, now; and sooner or later you 'll come to recognize the fact. As long as I 'm with you, and sanction it, it can do no harm for you to mix a little with the friskies; and in a case like this it 's a good work disguised, you know."

He had suppressed his first flash of resentment, and Eleanor longed with all her heart to win back his smiles by acquiescence. But the stern stuff that had come down to her from a long line of Puritan ancestors would admit no tampering with conscience.

"Jerry darling," she said pleadingly, "you know — I don't need to repeat it — that it would be a joy to me to please you in this thing; but, indeed, it would do no good; every instinct within me rebels against such society. It don't amuse me; and I 'm no actor to cover what I feel. It is n't that I pretend to sit in judgment on them or any one. But, if you love me, don't spoil our life by bringing me into relations with that kind of people."

"'That kind of people!'" said her husband, angrily. "I wonder if it occurs to you that my habits are made, my friends chosen — that I can't throw over old chums because they 're not up to the Halliday standard."

"Why, Jerry!" the girl said, in pained accents. So suddenly had their difference arisen, she could hardly believe her ears.

Gerald's eyes, fixed upon hers in displeasure, filled her with dismay. And, withal, she had the feeling one experiences in watching a pettish child in the process of "working himself up." The whole matter seemed too far beneath their love thus to imperil it. Denied the privilege of a weaker woman of melting easily — and, at this stage of married life, effectively — into tears, she sat in silence, while he strolled to some distance from the spot.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

INSOMNIA.

SLUMBER, hasten down this way,
And, ere midnight dies,
Silence lay upon my lips,
Darkness on my eyes.

Send me a fantastic dream;
Fashion me afresh;
Into some celestial thing
Change this mortal flesh.

Well I know one may not choose;
One is helpless still
In the purple realm of Sleep:
Use me as you will.

Let me be a frozen pine
In dead glacier lands;
Let me pant, a leopard stretched
On the Libyan sands.

Silver fin or scarlet wing
Grant me, either one;
Sink me deep in emerald glooms,
Lift me to the sun.

Or of me a gargoyle make,
Face of ape or gnome,
Such as frights the tavern-boor
Reeling drunken home.

Work on me your own caprice,
Give me any shape;
Only, Slumber, from myself
Let myself escape!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

"ALICE," BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

A TALE OF OLD COLONY DAYS.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

"THAT IS JUST THE STUN!"

"THAT is just the stun!"

Squire Job Pettijohn sat down on the wall, and leaned his chin on his hand, and scanned a slate gravestone among a cluster of savin-trees. It was a solitary stone in the corner of a great field on a windy hill, where it was intended to make a family graveyard. The turnpike had passed the lot, and near the savin-trees was a "pair of bars," as the rustic New England gateway used to be called. The gravestone had stood in the corner of the lot for nearly thirty years. Time had slanted it, and the little mound that had swelled the earth had sunken to the common level, and bore a network of blackberry-briers with red leaves. The top of the stone bore the usual grim death's-head and cross-bones, and underneath this solemn admonition had been carved the memorial:

Sacred to the Memory
of
DELIGHT PETTIJOHN,
only daughter of Joshua Toogood,
and wife of Job Pettijohn,
Aged 28 years.

Beware, my friends, when this you see.
What I am now, you soon shall be.
You too like me will soon be gone.
I *was* the wife of Pettijohn,
And what I was you too shall be,
And oh, my friends, remember me.

Peace to her ashes.

"That is just the stun—the Lord forgive me if I am wrong. That there poetry never did quite suit me, although the schoolmarm composed it, she that is the traveling dress-maker now, and gets her livin' by goin' round visitin'. Stands to reason that every one that reads that there poetry can't have been the wife of Job Pettijohn. The parson criticized that verse when I first set it up, and it has never given me any satisfaction, though I have mowed past it, and stopped to whet my scythe here, for nigh upon thirty years. This ain't no place for a graveyard, anyhow."

Squire Pettijohn sat for a time in silence. A cloud of wild geese in V-form flew honking over his head.

"Them are dreadful lonesome birds," he said. "They 've gone over my head now well nigh thirty falls since Delight went away. How this new house that I am buildin' would have pleased her! I always set store by her, and I think of her still when the avens blow and the martins come, and the conquiddles sing, and the wild geese go over after the leaves begin to turn. She wanted to live, but she had to die, and I was sorry for her. She would have been a good wife to me, Delight would, if she 'd only lived. Them wild geese make me think of old times."

It was nearly night. The red sun burned low in the west, and promised a bright afterglow. The blue bay rolled afar, and over the savin-trees that margined the waters gray shadows were falling.

It was October, and the air was still. With leaden feet the hired men were returning to their homes along the country road. An old clam-digger came up the hill and stopped to ask:

"How do you come on with that house of yourn? Have you found them oven-stones yet?"

"Yes," said the Squire; "I 've found just the stun."

"Glad to hear it, Squire. That kind of stone is hard to find. I 'd ought to know. I 've built walls now for e'enmost fifty year."

The old clam-digger jogged along with a pail of clams on his back, hung on a crooked stick.

The Squire slowly got down from the wall, saying mysteriously:

"I remember it all as though it was yesterday. The horses stopped three times, and there were thirty carriages. I 'm a well-to-do man, I am, and I have been elected justice of the peace four times. I ought not to build a new house without gettin' Delight a pair of new gravestones. I 'll put these, poetry and all, into the floor of the new oven, and say nothin' about it. That headstone is just what I 've been lookin' for. I 'll have her removed to the cemet'ry, and get some white stones for her, and put a Scripture text on the headstone. Stands to reason that it is the right thing to do."

The Squire walked slowly up the road in the cool, crisp air. The walls were covered with wild grapes in dark red and purple clusters, or were feathery with clematis. Yellow corn-fields lay in the valley below, and ox-carts with loads of corn for husking were going home to the haystack meadows. The shouts of the farm-boys to the heavy oxen echoed in the silent air. The wild-apple boughs were red with fruit, which would soon be crushed in the cider-mills. There in the distance a white sail careened in the blue bay. The sun sank red, and the clouds about the sunset turned into coppery castles, with pinnacles of gold.

The Squire stopped at the bars of an uncultivated farm that joined his own, and which was larger than his. It belonged to John Bradford, a commercial man, who lived in a public way in New York. The farm-house was built of stone and brick, was two and a half stories high, and had a heavy oak portico and great dormer windows. A son of the owner sometimes visited the place, and when he did so took his meals at the Squire's.

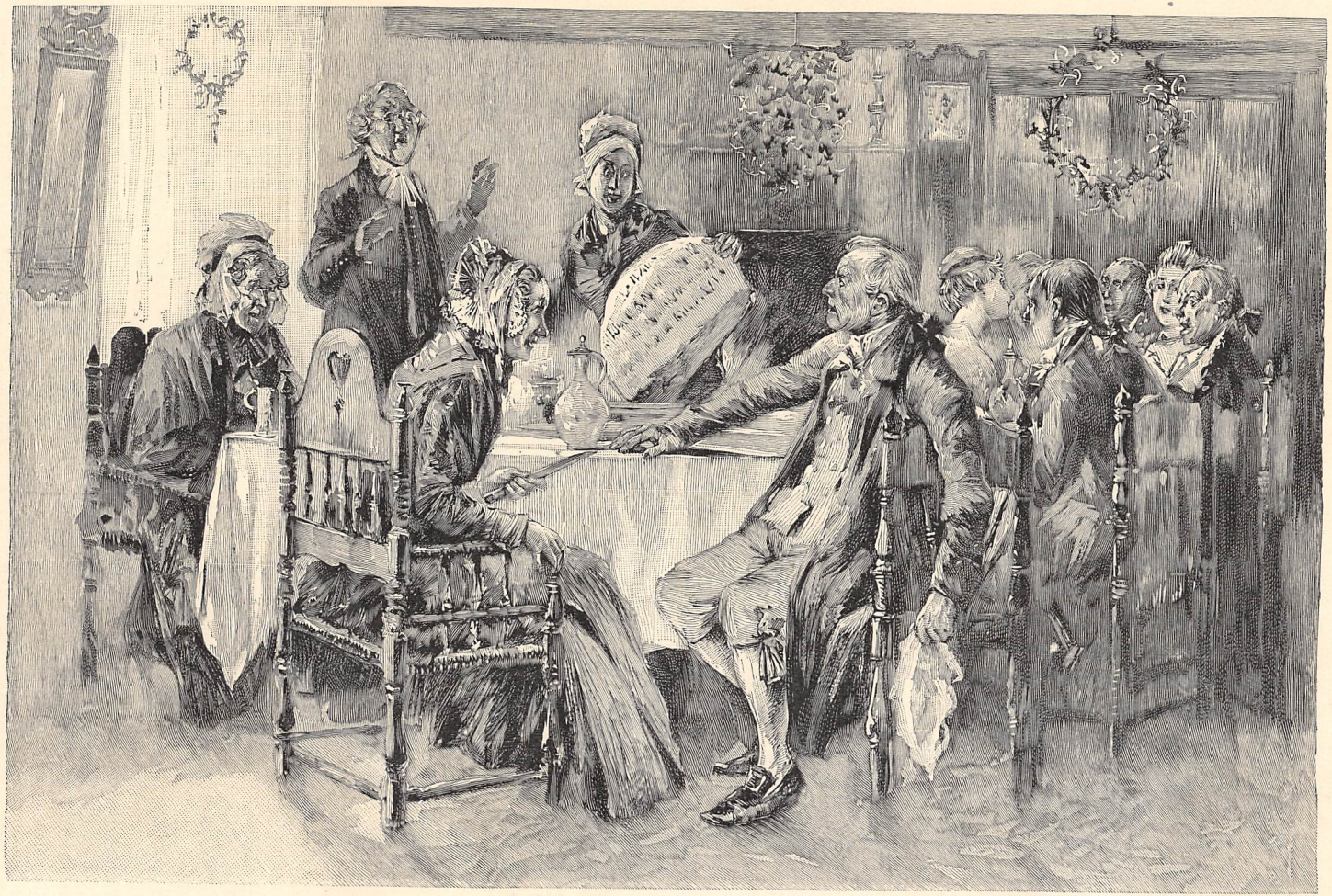
"It is a pity that that great farm should all run to waste," the Squire said. "Even the pigeons look lonesome there. It makes me lonesome; it does, now. Bradford's wife used to be a mighty pretty creeter; she 's a fine lady now."

The Squire moved on, and came to the Four Corners, where stood a guide-post.

"To Boston," he read. There was a painted black hand on the board. "To Boston," he repeated. "That is the right way. I 've been elected justice of the peace three times, and maybe they 'll send me to the General Court. Stranger things than that have happened. That guide-post is a kind of prophet. They all go right who follow that—to Boston. Maybe *I* 'll get there yet."

The Squire passed thoughtfully on, and came to his farm-house, which for a full century had been known as The Old Red House on the Hill. The house had been built in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. It had great chimneys and a slanting roof, over which a cool woodbine, now flaming with crimson leaves, in the summer-time fell like a waterfall. It had been built in garrison style, the second story projecting over the first, and one of the chimneys contained a pane of glass out of which one could see the valley without being seen, a provision made during King Philip's war. Back of the house were orchards of ancient trees, and a huge barn, and stacks of hay and straw.

Across the road rose a new house, two stories high, perpendicular, and as stately, cold, and



AT DINNER.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

expressionless as the old farmstead was picturesque and full of historic character. The Squire had not the education or fine manners of his ancestors, but he inherited their sturdy character, and was a thrifty man. He had started right in life, always spending a little less than he earned, and so had become what was called in those times "beforehanded." Thirty years' savings had enabled him to enlarge his farm, and build a new house after the manner of the times, one that was so perfectly perpendicular and correct that every angle of beauty was wanting. He stopped at the pasture-bars of the farm-house meadow, and surveyed the tall structure and its two perfectly proper chimneys with pride.

Hadley, for twenty years his hired man, a negro from one of the Windward Islands, who had come to Plymouth on a merchant ship, came out to meet him, lifting his eyebrows as he approached, as though some unexpected event had happened.

"Massa Job," he said, coming up to the bars, "these be the las' times. To-day we are — we are here, smart as peppergrass, and to-morrow where is we? Do you know who is dead?"

"No, Hadley; who?"

"You know the Plymouth stage has passed?"

"Yes; but who is gone?"

"John Bradford. He died in New York; the Brewsters have had a letter."

"John Bradford! Can it be? Then Mary Bradford is a widder!"

"Lor', Massa Job!"

"Don't say anythin' about it."

"What, Massa Job?"

"The widder."

"Lordy, Massa Job, your min' is not turnin' in that way so soon! He ain't buried yet. They're goin' to bring him to Plymouth to rest among his folks."

"And the widder will come, too. I wonder if the funeral procession will pass *this* way."

Squire Job looked up with renewed pride to his perpendicular mansion, and over the cidery orchards to his bursting barns. Mary Bradford had been a favorite companion of his boyhood. They used to go whortleberrying together, and had gathered red cranberries in the pasture-lands, and checkerberries in the woods. She had fair cheeks and bright eyes then; he had dreamed of her often in his long widowerhood.

He stood in silence. The negro respected his feelings, and from time to time lifted his eyebrows. The Squire felt at last that he must say something.

"Yes, Hadley, these are solemn times. The earth drops its inhabitants as — as the tree drops its leaves," which last happy figure was suggested by a ripple of sea wind among the orchard boughs followed by a russet shower. "We come up and go like Indian pipes, the ghost flowers of the woods." He was again silent.

"Hadley," he continued, "I 've got somethin' on my conscience. I 've had a burden there for many years."

"Lordy, Massa, I 've seen that you warn't always at ease."

"Yes, Hadley; that poetry ain't correct."

"Poetry is it, Massa? In the hymn-book, Massa?"

"No; on the gravestun. Hadley, I 'm goin' to get Delight some new ones —"

"Gravestuns, Massa?"

"Yes, Hadley."

"Now, that am right, Massa. I always knew that you 're a good man in your 'maginations —"

"And, Hadley, what am I goin' to do with the old ones?"

"Don't know, Massa; for the Lor' sake, what?"

"Them stuns, if they were n't gravestuns, would be just the thing for the floor of the new oven."

"For the Lor' sake, Massa! Baked poetry and all!"

"I want the best stuns that can be had for that oven, Hadley. An oven is a very important part of the house. If we did n't eat we would n't live. When a man quits eatin' it is all over with him in this world."

"Sure, Massa."

"Think of the great oven in the old house, and the Saturday's bakin's in it for now nigh on to a hundred and fifty years. Think of the cordwood it has swallowed up, and the walnut leaves; and the brown bread it has baked, and the apple-puddin's, and the rye-and-Injun, and the pans of apples, and the pumpkin-pies, and the gingerbread, and the beans, and all. Think of the funerals, when you could hear the clock tick, and the wills that have been read when they came back from the grave, and the feasts with which the old oven comforted the mourners."

"For sure, Massa."

"And the Thanksgivin's, Hadley! Oh, what Thanksgivin' dinners have come out of that old oven! Makes me thankful just to think of it. Roast pigs, and turkeys, and ducks, and chickens, and wild fowl, and shell-fish, and flat-fish, and ministers."

"For the Lor' sake, Massa, you don't mean ter say that you roasted *them?*"

"No, no, Hadley; they came to say grace. Old Parson Bonney he once fell asleep while saying grace, and we had to wait until he woke up, and by that time the dinner all got cold."

"For the Lor' sake! That was in the good old times."

"Yes; he had the palsy. But that ain't here nor there. Those were fine old days, in the town-meetin' times, and we don't have any such of late years. The world is growin' worldly, and it is n't now what it used to be."

"Spects 't is the las' times, Massa!"

"Hadley, I 've got a great thought in my head — a scheme."

"For the Lor' sake, Massa!"

"Yes, Hadley; we must finish that oven at once. I want you to find two large, flat stones almost as big as them gravestuns for the floor. You can get 'em. Next year I 'll have a reg'lar old-fashioned Thanksgivin'. I 'll just have baked in that oven all the old things of the Pilgrim days, and we 'll have the minister come, and it may be the Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow and other property people will be here — likely enough somebody else — I can't say now."

"Who, Massa?"

"I can't exactly say now, — somebody, — but never mind; we 'll have a reg'lar old-fashioned Thanksgivin', wild geese and all."

Hadley lifted his eyebrows again and again.

"Surely you don't mean that Bradford woman — the widder?"

"Sho, Hadley! 't is too soon to think of such things now. But old Governor Bradford, — I 've just been thinkin' on 't; my grandmother used to tell me about it, — well, old Governor Bradford, accordin' to her account, old Governor Bradford, of the *Mayflower* — well, his wife was drowned at the landing of the Pilgrims, and he had been kind o' partial in his early years to a pretty girl at Austerfield, or Scrooby, or some country place in England, and she married, and her husband died. Well, I won't tell you any more now; it is a pretty story, but that ain't neither here nor there. You go and look the farm all over, and see if you can't find two flat oven-stuns that will hold heat, large ones, almost as big as those gravestuns. I first thought I would use them — the Lord forgive me! It would n't 'a' been decent, would it, now?"

"What became of the girl that the Governor loved, Massa?"

"She became a widder."

"Did she come over in the *Mayflower*, Massa?"

"No; she came over after the *Mayflower*. Some folks do. It was a mighty pretty story; shows what a woman will do for a man when her heart is all set right. She became Bradford's second wife; some folks do have second wives. The Atlantic ocean, and Indians, and cold ain't anythin' — to some folks. The Bradfords all sleep over yonder where the moon is risin'."

Job Pettijohn made his way through the wall-side bushes of red alder-berries, when he was arrested by Hadley.

"Massa, what you goin' to do with the old gravestuns?"

"Well, Hadley, I would put 'em into the oven if they were n't gravestuns. I always used Delight well when she was livin', and I 'm goin' to keep right on now. Hadley, do you put them gravestuns out of sight somewhere — into the barn sullar wall, or somewhere, you need n't tell me where. I never want to see 'em again. I 've always had a prejudice ag'in' 'em, since Mary Bow, the old-maid dressmaker, stood here by my side and read:

> "I *was* the wife of Pettijohn,
> And what I was you soon shall be.

She looked up to me kind o' knowin', and put her hand on my shoulders, and sort o' pressed down, and I 've never wanted to visit the place with no women folks after that. That ain't no kind o' right poetry; 't ain't respectable to me. Stands to reason that *all* the old maids and widders and other folks' wives can't be the second consort of Job Pettijohn.

> "And what I was you soon shall be.

Folks just laughed at that stun, and now I want you to hide it where I and no one else will never see it again. Break it all up. Just look at the moon — as big as the sun. 'T is, sometimes, in these fall evenin's."

Far over the sea, where the white sail of the *Mayflower* had drifted the Cross of St. George, the hunter's moon, like a night sun, was filling the sky with a flood of veiled splendor. Silence had fallen on all the farm-yards; candles gleamed here and there through the dusky trees; and the chill of a frosty night crept over the walnut-trees and rowaned meadows. Afar gleamed the sea-marshes, and in the stillness the memories of heroic lives and days seemed to haunt the air, as always in the old Cape towns.

The two men went up the hill in the shadows. Hadley felt the spell of the moon, and made a classical allusion to one of the legends of the place.

"The ghost, Massa!"

"Oh, that was nothin' but an old white horse."

"But his *paws* were in the moon, Massa."

"He was eatin' apples from the top of the tree. Horses like wild apples, and will lift themselves up to get at them."

The two men went home. The next day Hadley searched the farm for two large, flat stones, but could not find any of sufficient size and hardness. He also "took up" the two gravestones, and set them against the mossy wall, and sat down and looked at them.

"If I were to break 'em up they 'd do first-

rate; and nobody would ever know it until the resurrection. I 'll do it."

That night Hadley might have been seen among the savin-trees and red alders with a stone-hammer. The next morning poor Delight's unfortunate gravestones, poetry and all, had disappeared, and Hadley informed his master that he had found the right oven-stones, and "put them in."

From the day that the great stone oven was completed, Squire Pettijohn seemed to be lost in the vision of the proposed Thanksgiving dinner to his friends. It became the one event in his mental horizon. Poor John Bradford's body came back to the burying-ground of his fathers. The carriage of the undertaker passed the Squire's new house, and the widow in her solitary coach. There were twenty carriages in the procession on the day of the funeral, and the horses stopped twice, or "acted contrary," on their way to the windy hill where the earth had been opened. For horses to act contrary in a long funeral procession was the notable event of that slow, final ride to life's eternal pillow.

Squire Pettijohn's sister, Hannah, a maiden lady who had been a school dame, kept his house. She was a tall, stately woman, and wore a high cap with flying ribbons at the ears, a crossed handkerchief about her breast, carried her keys at her side, and maintained a gold snuff-box with a very curious picture on the cover. She fondly hoped that her brother would never marry again, but yet looked upon all events of life philosophically, and took her poetry of life from the ancient Book of Job. "That is the best which happens to every man," she used to say in the spirit of the man of Uz. "Since we do not know anything, and never can know anything, we must believe that everything that happens is for the best good of every creature that lives." This Oriental philosophy gave her a serene manner, and left a peace in her long, charitable face that was something really beautiful to meet.

"Hannah," said the Squire, one September evening nearly a year after the new house and its handy oven were completed—"Hannah, stop your knittin', and listen to me. You have kept up your education, and I never did. I want you to help me about them there invitations."

"What invitations, Brother Job?" said Hannah, dropping her needles.

"To the Thanksgivin' dinner. I have a curious plan in my head. I 've been thinkin' of it all summer. I 'm goin' to have a reg'lar old-fashioned Thanksgivin'. I 'm goin' to send the invitations by letter, and put into each letter five grains of corn."

"For the Lor' sake!" said Hadley.

"Brother Job, be you crazy? What are you goin' to send the corn for?"

"Hannah, what did the ancient people of the Lord used to build green tabernacles for, and live in 'em a week every year? 'T was for the remembrance. Now, Hannah, when the famine came to the colony in Governor Bradford's day, Myles Standish dealt out to the people five grains of corn for a meal. Well, what happened? The old Pilgrims had faith in the five grains of corn, and the next year good times came, and they met in the old log church on Pilgrim Hill and had a Thanksgivin'. For *remembrance*, Hannah."

"For the Lor' sake!" said Hadley. "I thought it was for seed, or the chickens."

"Who are you going to send invitations to?" asked Hannah.

"Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow—"

"That 's a good idea, Brother Job. He honored the General Court, and is a good man; besides, he 's all alone in the world."

"And the selectmen, bein' as I 'm a justice of the peace."

"Yes; you ought to invite them."

"And the parson."

"Yes."

"And seein' that the Widder Bradford must be rather lonely, and must long again for old scenes and the bygones, I just thought I 'd invite *her*."

Hadley rolled up his eyes, and if ever Hannah Pettijohn began to knit as though a tire-woman were waiting, it was then.

There was a long silence, broken only by the solemn tick of the old clock and the sound of the needles.

Suddenly Hannah dropped her knitting-work, pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and said calmly:

"Those are good ideas, Job. I 've been communin' with myself, and I 'll do it."

"You 'll write 'em, Hannah?"

"Yes; to *all* of them. It don't matter what becomes of me. That which is best for us all is sure to come. I can trust Providence in all the changes of the winds and waves. But I 'm human, and I 'll have to battle with myself. Never mind; good comes that way." Her lip quivered, and she dropped her spectacles to hide her tears.

"I 'll always take care of you, Hannah, and she 's well off."

"Who is well off, Brother Job?"

"Oh, our old school friend."

Hannah's needles flew again. She stopped knitting at times to punch the fire, and to stroke the kitten that lay purring in her lap. Then her needles would fly again. At last she arose slowly.

"Job, I 'm goin' up-stairs to baste those quilts on the frames."

"Hannah, wait. Let 's have it out and over.

I want to have good cookin' for that day — the best ever seen in the colony."

"Don't I cook well, and bake, and serve, Job? Don't I do it all well?"

"Yes, Hannah. We will want succotash, because that belonged to the Thanksgivin's of old Indian times. And pandowdy, because that was the great dish of the next generation, after the apple-trees began to bear. And apple-dumplings with potato crusts. And rabbit-pie, and wild fowl, and cider apple-sass, and all things that the Pilgrim families used to serve on Thanksgivin's in all their years of hardships."

"I 'll do my best, Brother Job, to have everything just as you say. I 'll lay myself out on it, Job. You 've been a good brother to me, in the main, and my heart has always been true, and to say that one is true-hearted is the best thing that can be said of anybody in this uncertain world; ain't it, now, Job?"

A queer episode followed, which could not happen to-day, but was a serious thing then. The cat suddenly leaped up as from a dream, turned round and round, and ran under the great oak table.

"She seen a ghost," said Hadley. "Animals always sees 'em before folks. Missus, don't go up-stairs! Don't, Missus! The sexton brought the new gravestones to-day, and left 'em among the savin-trees on the hill, and to-morrow he 's goin' to move the body and all. You don't know what that cat sees. These am the las' times."

"Why did n't you tell me, Job?"

There was a silence. Hannah began to rock to and fro, and to hum, and then to sing. In those days of New England religious revivals, which changed and lifted character, and kept communities strong and pure, there was one very searching hymn that Hannah used to sing in the conference meetings held "round at the houses"; and this she repeated now:

"The pure testimoni poured forth from the sperrit,
Cuts like a two-edgèd sword,
And hypocrits now are most sorle' tormented
Because they 're condemned by the word.
The pure testimoni discovers the dross,
And —"

Hum, hum, hum, and a violent rocking.

"You did n't answer me, Job?"

There was another silence, broken only by the tick of the clock.

"Job?"

"Well, Hannah?"

"There 's one thing that I would like to know, and I 've heard others speak of it, too. Whatever became of those slate gravestones on Windy Hill, among the savin-trees?"

"I used 'em in buildin', Hannah. That was no proper poetry for a gravestone. I 've done the respectable thing by Delight. I 've waited now goin' on thirty years, and to-morrow I shall show again my respect for her. She was a good woman."

"Buildin' what, Brother Job?"

"Oh, I got 'em used for foundation-stones on somethin' I was buildin'. That wa'n't no good poetry, Hannah. Don't ever speak of it again."

The cat again whisked across the room, and Hadley rolled up his eyes, and went and stood by his benefactor's chair, and said:

"For the Lor' sake, Massa Job! These be the las' times. My conscience is all on fire now. That there cat knows it all."

Hannah would sit evening after evening on the old red settle, and look into the fire. She grew absent-minded, and used to stand in the frame of the door, and gaze at the tops of the trees.

"If he marries her, they 'll never want me," she would sometimes say, talking to herself. "But somebody else will. Right-doin' makes a home for every one in the world. I never cooked as I mean to cook for that Thanksgivin' Day. My pandowdy will make them all grateful for the days of the five grains of corn."

In the midst of the fall cooking an extraordinary thing occurred. For great husking-parties Hannah had been accustomed to bake very large loaves of wheat bread in the old house, and she followed up the old method in the new. She placed one of these enormous loaves on walnut leaves on the floor of the oven, without a pan, after the old custom. When she went to cut the bread for the great husking-supper she thought that she saw the word "ashes" in raised letters on the bottom of it.

"It must be a happenin'," she said, "so I 'll say nothin' about it. But it is very mysterious; the letters all face backward. Some folks would think it was a sign."

Early in October Mrs. Bradford was one day seated in her rooms in Fraunces' Tavern, New York, where Washington had bade the officers of his army farewell, and announced his intention of retiring to private life. There was with her a very bright and unique companion, little Annie Brewster of New Windsor, New York, a dwarf and a daughter of a descendant of Elder Brewster, the first minister of the Pilgrim republic. Washington had been a friend to her, and for the very popular reason that she had once refused an invitation from Lady Washington to be present at a social party.

"I have been invited merely out of curiosity," said the little child of the Pilgrims, "and never will I take the blood of the Brewsters

to any place where it is not invited for its own worth."

The little girl may have misunderstood Lady Washington's motive. Be that as it may, both Washington and his lady so much respected her for her refusal as to become her friends, and, according to an old family tradition, probably offered her a home with them.

Mrs. Bradford had lived at the old historic hostelry since her husband died, as this had been his New York home. She had an unmarried son, and three daughters who were married, and each of her sons-in-law had offered her a home with him. But her days of ambition were over, she had lost a part of her property at sea, and she longed for a quiet life on her Old Colony farm. She dreamed continually of the simple scenes of her girlhood, and felt that her son's health would be better on the windy hills overlooking Plymouth Harbor and Provincetown Bay.

The postman knocked at the door, and sprightly Annie Brewster answered the call. She was given a letter, very odd and bulky, bearing the address of Mrs. Bradford.

"It is from the Cape," said the widow. "I hope that nothing ill has befallen any of my old friends there. Annie, read it."

The beautiful dwarf opened the letter, and there dropped from it a grain of corn. Then fell another, then others, five in all.

"Five grains of corn," said the widow. "That has an Old Cape sound. What does the letter mean?"

"This," said little Annie:

"DEAR MRS. BRADFORD: Let us remember the days of old. Our fathers dwelt in booths in the wilderness, and in grateful remembrance let us keep the feast of green tents and adorn our houses with boughs. I have sealed up in this letter five grains of corn, such as your great-great-grandfather, in the days of distress and humiliation, dealt out as a fast-day meal.

"I am going to give a dinner on Thanksgiving Day to my old friends, and keep a Feast of Tabernacles like the patriarchs of old. We were friends in other years. Let me invite you to be present on Thanksgiving Day, and renew the friendships of the past, and honor the enduring precisioners by our own grateful remembrance. You are a daughter of the Pilgrims of Scrooby and Austerfield, and you married a son of the Pilgrims, whose name is an ancestral crown. You will make me very happy by accepting the invitation, and thus honoring the men and days of old. Sincerely yours,

"JOB PETTIJOHN.

"P. S. Hannah joins with me in the invitation. It is she that herewith expresses my thoughts to you."

The postscript was written in the same hand as the letter. Mrs. Bradford handed it to her son William.

"*He* made her write that," said the boy, with a smile. "Hannah Pettijohn is a saint. Let us go, mother. And, Annie, you shall go with us. It is a delightful thing to visit the old Brewster farm in husking-time."

Mrs. Bradford's mind ran over the past — the old thrifty home-scenes of her girlhood; the avens, the lilac-bushes, the blooming orchards, the peach boughs that grew pink, and the pear-trees that grew white and odorous, at the coming of the long days of spring; the orioles in the great hour-glass elms; the clover-fields; and the bobolinks, or Indian conquiddles, that toppled in the waving grass; the haying-times; the merry huskings; the apple-pickings; the nuttings; the cranberry meadows; and the old dinner-horn that was blown from the bowery back door at the noontime hour. She could even hear the ospreys scream in the long July days in the clear blue sky. The great airy rooms and their industrious associations all rose before her. She thought of the looms in the garret; of the dipping-of-candles day; of the dismal "killing time"; of the powder candles that were burned on Christmas night; of the old bread-cart man, with his jingling bells; of the peddlers in their red carts; of the summer showers on the dry roof; of the horse-block; and even of the rag-bag and the button-bag in the "saddle-room." She pictured the general training-day, and commencement-day in Cambridge town, but more than all the old Pilgrims' Thanksgiving, when the people came home, and hands clasped hands over the bridge of a year, and heart pressed heart with affections that moistened the eyes. The stage-driver, with his long whip, the coach-dog, and spanking steeds rushed across her vision; the old folks with white hair and serene faces, at the end of the long table; the churchyard toward which the procession of loving hearts all traveled, and in which they all found rest at last; the bell, ringing, tolling on Sundays, and finally tolling on uncertain days as the earth opened and closed, and the sexton did his office. She laughed, burst into tears, and said:

"Yes, I will go. We will all go. Annie, you should go home and see the old Brewster farm once more, and read Elder Brewster's Bible, and sit in his chair, and look into his looking-glass, into which all the Pilgrims have looked."

The Brewster farm, with its great rooms, and long orchards overlooking the sea, was near the estate of the Bradfords and Pettijohns. The old parlor contained, and still exhibits, Elder Brewster's mirror, before which it is probable that all the Pilgrims passed, and saw their faces and forms, forever lost now, even to memory.

Thanksgiving Day came, a mellow splendor

of Indian-summer weather, falling leaves, and purple gentians. The stage from Boston came rumbling down the old country road, the farm geese fleeing before it into the lanes, and partridges whirring into the woods. It was a day of trial to serene Hannah Pettijohn. She had toiled for weeks in preparation for this day. There was hardly a notable dish in the country round that she had not prepared. She had scoured the house in all of its rooms, put down her new rag carpet in the parlor, her new husk mats on the kitchen floors, and had "herrin'-boned" the chambers.

In the midst of these preparations another curious and remarkable event had occurred. Hannah had found on the bottom of a great loaf of gingerbread, baked on walnut leaves in the new oven, some strange angles like raised letters.

"That looks just as though it read 'Remember me' backward," said she. "Mebby 't is a sign. There 's something queer about that oven. The gingerbread seems all right, and it must be my head is out of order." She looked troubled, but did not mention the incident, and only said: "I hope the bakin' on Thanksgivin' Day will come out straight. I 'd hate to have anything to happen then, especially before Madam Bradford. *She* used to be a very particular person. That there loaf of gingerbread did look just like a gravestone. I would n't like to have one of my great Thanksgivin' loaves of wheat bread come out that way. I 'm goin' to make my loaves of wheat bread for that particular day long and broad, and bake them on walnut leaves, and I want 'em to come out smooth. I 'm goin' to do my duty, if it does hurt me, and it does."

Mrs. Bradford, or Madam Bradford, as she was called, with her son and little Annie Brewster, had arrived at the old Brewster farm a few days before the Pilgrims' feast. So when the stage arrived on Thanksgiving Day, the only guest that came directly to the Pettijohn house was Lieutenant-Governor Winslow, from the Winslow estate near the great Marshfield meadows.

Governor Winslow, as he was called, belonged to the great family of colonial governors and town magistrates, had once presided over the Senate in the General Court as substitute officer, and so carried the family honor of Governor, or Left-tenant-Governor, as the title was then pronounced. He was a portly man of sixty, a widower, rich, and handsome. He looked finely on that day. The dogs barked when he arrived, and the farm-hands stood with uncovered heads under the burning elms to meet him. He had been a lifelong friend of the Pettijohns, the Bradfords, and the Brewsters, and had seemed to take a particular interest in Hannah Pettijohn in his young days, before his marriage, when she used to keep school and sing *countre* in the choir. The Brewsters and the Bradfords came over to the Pettijohn farm early on the eventful day, and Madam Bradford received a most gracious reception from Job, and a polite one from Hannah.

Madam Bradford wandered about the place, and gazed out on the hills where the old precisioners used to live, and where were their graves. She lived in her girlhood again. Job watched her impatiently.

Job was a man of decision. He had a very practical mind. He never let the grass grow under the horses' feet when he was going to mill; he galloped with the grist while the stream was flowing. To-day the past had little poetry for him. He had invited Madam Bradford here to "learn her mind," and he proceeded to do this at once, so that no cloud should hang over his Thanksgiving dinner.

"Mis' Bradford," said he, "come, let those old things go. I want to show you my new house. Let 's go up-stairs. I want you to look out of the chamber winders."

Madam followed Job with a complex expression on her face.

"There, Mis' Bradford, I want you to look out on to your own farm, and see it as I see it every mornin'. It is all goin' to wreck and ruin, and it is a shame. Nobody to put up the walls, nobody to keep the meaders in order, nobody to pick the apples, nor nothin'. Now, just look at *my* farm. Don't it look like livin', now? And you 'way off there in York State. It 's strange that people will live so far away, and ketch such queer notions. Mis' Bradford, I 've had an idea in my head goin' on — months. Your farm jines *mine*, and you ought to jine *me*. There, that idea has flew out of my head like a martin-bird. I know it 's sudden. Say, Widder, now, what do you say?"

"Esquire Pettijohn, you amaze me. I — I — I can't answer *now*. I must wait and consider." She looked out of the window and far away. "My old farm does look neglected — it does; but I must consider."

"'Consider' — how long? I don't want you to spile my dinner by keepin' me tossed about like a toad under a harrer. Oh, come back here to the old town, Sarah, and pass your remainin' days among the genuine, original families. I 've got enough; we 're all property people on the Cape, and your folks are all buried here."

"But this, you know, is a very serious matter, and I must have time to consider."

"I 'll give you until after dinner, bein' 't is you. And if nothin' happens, I just know you 'll have me, and we 'll both sing out of the same

book at the sing after dinner, and render thanks for mercies new, as well as for the way-leadings of the Pilgrims of old. We 'll be led, too."

"But how about Hannah? What a sister she has been to you! She might feel that I had supplanted her in her new home."

"It would be hard for Hannah at first. But she has got a spirit that keeps a stiff upper lip, and marches on straight after duty; and after a little she 'll be glad of the change. She ought to have married herself."

"And she would have had offers but for you, Squire."

The two stood in silence, looking out on the crimson woods. While this extraordinary scene was taking place in the chamber, another equally novel was occurring in the bright parlor below.

"Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow," said Hannah, on the arrival of that distinguished guest, "you have been a very particular friend of the family ever since I can remember, and I am glad that you came early, for I want to have an honest talk with you about a matter that concerns my peace of mind. Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow, I am in trouble. I feel just as I had n't ought to, and I don't know of any one who has better sense to advise me than you. Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow, let us go into the parlor, all by ourselves, and I 'll lift the curtains and let the light come in."

After this explicit statement of her unhappy state of mind, Hannah led the Lieutenant-Governor into the parlor, and raised the curtains to the sun. The light seldom entered an old New England parlor, except on wedding and funeral occasions, and when "property people" were guests. The parlor, as a rule, was the still, dark room of all in the house.

The stately couple sat down in the parlor, which in this case was new.

"Lef'tenant-Governor Winslow, did you see them go up-stairs?"

"Yes, Hannah. Why does that disturb you? She went up to see the new house."

"O Governor, I feel as though the fox and the goose was havin' a conference meeting, now I do. Just to think what I have done for that man! I nussed him when he was weakly, and made herb-tea for him for years and years, and gathered pennyroyal, and motherwort, and wintergreen, and all that."

"But I don't understand—"

"Then, Governor, listen. Think of the work that I have done, the hens that I have set, the peppers that I have raised, and ground, too, with my head all tied up in a bag as big as a bolster-case, and the apples that I have dried, and how I pinched and pinched years and years, so that he might save money to build his new house, and now there 's goin' to be a change, Governor. Oh, I can't help cryin'." And poor Hannah threw her white apron over her face. "There 's goin' to be a change. I 've seen it comin' for a long time, and I 've done my duty just the same."

"What, Hannah?"

"I hate to tell you, Governor, but I suppose I must. I 've done my duty, and tried to bear up. Just look out and see those milk-pans in the sun—how they shine! Well, Governor, it is n't for the Pilgrim Fathers that Job has made this great Thanksgivin' Party, and that I 've been slavin' for. They 're dead. It is for Sarah Bradford. There—the Lord forgive me! I 'm goin' to tell you all my heart, but I 'm goin' to act real good about it before the world, and show a Christian spirit."

"But you don't think that Madam Bradford would marry—anybody?"

"Yes, Governor; why should n't she? She lost most of her property except this in the old Cape Town, and birds don't roost in the air. Job 's good-lookin', and beforehanded, and honest, and a good provider. You can't say anything ag'in' him, only that he talks Yankee talk, and never minded his grammar. And she 's a widder; a single woman won't take advantage of me in my home, but she 's a widder, and you know a widder always stands in the market-place, and you never yet knew one to say 'No' to a man like Job. Now, what am I to do, Governor?"

"They 'll want you to live with them."

"How could I, Governor, after I have managed this household all these years? No; I must seek a home of my own—

> "As on some loneli building's top
> The sparrer makes her moan,
> Far from the tents of joy and hope
> I set and grieve alone,

as the hymn says. But, Governor, I must go and get the dinner-horn and blow it, and I feel as though it was the last trumpet. Think how many springs and summers and falls I 've blowed that horn—nigh on to thirty years, and every time to a good dinner, and that my own hands have made. When I think of all these home things, the martin-birds, the chimney-swallows, the lilacs, the mowin's, the huskin's, the work-folks that are dead and gone, and how I 've done my duty all these years—oh! oh! oh! You do pity me, don't you, Governor? I shall be so lonesome. You know what it is to be lonesome, don't you, Governor?"

"Yes, Hannah; I 've been a widower ten years now, and I know what it is to be lonesome, Hannah. I know what a capable woman you have been, and I feel for you, and I could n't bear to see you lonesome. I should have said so to you before, if it had n't been for Job."

"I begin to see now what it must be to be lonesome. I can sympathize with you now."

"But, Hannah, you need n't be lonesome, and I need n't be lonesome. We can be company for each other. We 've known each other all our lives. Now I would n't take you away from your brother Job, as a matter of principle; but if he marries the widow, I 'll just marry you, Hannah, if you 'll have me, Hannah. Eh? What do you say to that?"

"O Governor, Governor, what have I been sayin' and doin'! I only came to you in my trouble because you're a particular friend of the family, and I had to go to some one. Oh! oh! it seems as though everything was breakin' up. What *have* I done!"

"That 's right. You did just right. I've been looking forward to something like this for a long time, Hannah, so I suppose we are as good as engaged."

"O Governor, *engaged!* What shall I say? Oh, the vicissitudes and the providences and the changes of this life! I 'm too old."

"But one of the Scripture women was five hundred when she got married the first time."

"Do tell, Governor! Who?"

"I don't recollect now, but 't was so."

"I 'm only fifty, Governor. I do feel kind of providential. I always had great respect for you, and you've always been a particular friend of the family. I 'll give you my answer at the singing circle this afternoon. Let me wait and see how *they* act. Now I 'll blow the dinner-horn, and I 'll blow it as I never blew it before! They 'll think it is the trumpet of jubilee!"

Hannah went to the porch door, and took down the long tin dinner-horn that had hung by the door-sill of the old house for a generation, and had been given a like place in the new.

The blasts of the horn caused the guests and the workmen on the place to stand still. Such a vigorous dinner-call had never been heard on the place before. It made the dog bark, and the fall chickens run under the currant-bushes.

The response to the old dinner-horn was joyful. Hannah had left the final preparation of the table to Hadley, after she had put on her best alpaca gown and white kerchief.

The Governor and Hannah came out to the table together, and Hannah was about to take her accustomed place as hostess when Job whispered to her:

"Sister!"

How tender that word seemed! He did not use it often.

"Sister, would you mind if Madam Bradford were to take your place to-day?"

"No, Brother Job; I would be right glad —"

She sank into a chair, and her face turned white as Madam Bradford was seated by Job at the middle of the table, opposite the blue gentian flowers. The Governor sat down beside her, followed by the selectmen, and then Elder Cashman rose to say grace.

The table was long and massive. The work-people were seated at a second table near the guests, except Hadley and one female domestic who "went out to work," who were to serve.

It would be hard to describe a New England Thanksgiving dinner a century after the days of the Pilgrims. The steaming brown bread, the baked apples, the apple-sauce, the succotash, the roast beef, ham, or pork, the crisp turkey, chickens, and game! The dessert was a long procession of bountiful dishes, from the apple-dumplings with potato crusts, sweet-apple pudding, mince-pies, gingerbread, and whole preserved "clingstone" peaches, quince "marmbelaid," to the shagbarks and mugs of cider.

The room was trimmed with twined "creeping-jenny" and red alder-berries. Over the shelf were a gun and powder-horn which had been used in King Philip's war. Beside the fireplace hung long strings of red peppers, which were regarded as ornamental. Beside each plate were five grains of Indian corn, recalling historic times, like the green booth and twigs of the Tabernacle feast of old.

Just as the elder arose to offer thanks for all of this outward prosperity, Mary Bow came flitting in. She was the traveling dressmaker, and in lieu of a local paper was the domestic news-agent of the Cape towns. It is said that she had once been partial to Job, but that he had "disapp'inted" her. She entertained no good feelings toward him, although she was a warm friend to Hannah. She had an easy tongue, was very superstitious, always attended quiltings, apple-parings, and funerals, and was present on all notable occasions on the Cape, invited or not invited.

She had brought scandal upon herself only once, though she carried scandal everywhere. One June day, when the church windows were open, and the air dreamy, the sermon had become to her a sort of distant hum moving far, far away, like a bee among the sweet-briers. She had loosened the strings of her bonnet, which was new, and for the times gay, and oblivion came upon her, and her head fell back, and her bonnet dropped over on to the floor, and her nose had to be tickled by the tithing-man — a humiliating event in those days.

The scene at the table as good Elder Cashman lifted his hands was representative. The elder had a pure, firm Puritan face, that bore everywhere the certificate of his high character. Near him sat the selectmen in ruffles and wigs, and the Brewsters, recalling the days of Scrooby

manor-house, when old Elder Brewster first preached to the poor people on Sunday, and then fed them. Little Annie Brewster was there, who had refused the invitation of Lady Washington in honor of her old Pilgrim blood.

As soon as grace had been said in stately Hebrew rhetoric, Job turned to Madam Bradford and, with a long departure from the poetry of the Hebrews, exclaimed:

"I 'll sarve the meat, you cut the bread, and then let everybody help themselves, and not wait for any compliments, or stand on ceremony."

The people all looked toward Hannah, for she seemed to have been displaced at her usual royal place and office at the table, and all of the Cape folks were true friends to the worthy woman.

Madam Bradford rose and lifted to its side an enormous loaf of white bread, which had been placed between a sweet-apple pudding and a suet pudding in the middle of the table; for in those bountiful days and occasions food was not served in courses, but the table was loaded with the whole meal from the beginning of the service.

Madam Bradford looked handsome and stately as she lifted the bread-knife.

"This is the largest loaf of wheat-bread that I ever saw," she said. "I do not believe that the like was ever seen in the Colony towns."

She was right. The like had probably never been seen on the planet. She rested it against the suet-pudding dish, and whetted the knife after the old manner on the fork-handle. Just here Mary Bow tripped up to her elbow, and said:

"Here, Madam Bradford, let me help you."

As the knife and fork in Madam's hand were flying back and forth in the glittering air in the process of preparation for service, Mary Bow jumped back, and said:

"Hannah!"

"What, Mary?" asked the startled spinster.

"What is that on the bottom of the bread, Hannah? Look—look there!"

There was a deep silence. Hadley came round, lifted his eyebrows, and said:

"For the Lor' sake! Signs and wonders! That looks just like the poetry on the old gravestone up among the savin-trees, for sure!"

Madam Bradford's eyes became fixed, as if they were "sot," as one of the guests afterward described them in provincial adjectives. She let fall the fork, lifted the knife into the air, and stepped back slowly, saying in a deep, cavernous voice:

"Job Pettijohn, what is *that*?

"Beware, my friends, when this you see!

And the letters all face backward!"

Mary Bow gave a little shriek. The guests all dropped their forks, and sat silent. The crows of the swamp-trees might have held a convention there undisturbed. Madam broke the silence again:

"What I am now, you soon shall be,"

in a reading tone, spelling the words of the reversed letters.

"The spirit of Delight wrote that," said Mary Bow. "It is resurrection poetry! It 's all turned round; that was never done by any mortal. It 's a sign!"

"The spirit of Delight!" exclaimed Madam Bradford.

"Yes," answered Mary, excitedly. "She 's been in the oven. It 's a warnin'! I think it 's a death fetch. It is the handwriting on the—bread!"

Job sat with fixed eyes, and Hannah with lifted hands. One of the selectmen said "Hum," and one pounded his cane, while the others sat with their forks in the air.

"Hadley, what does this mean?" said Madam, firmly. "Where did *that* come from?"

Hadley stood trembling, with a dish of succotash in his hand.

"'Fore Heaven, it come out of the oven."

"Who did it?"

"*She*," said Mary Bow, her cap-strings flying. "It 's a warnin'. I tell ye it 's a warnin'. This ain't no Feast of the Tabernacles, as Job said; he 's a hypercritter; this is the Feast of *Belshazzar*, and there 's a Jonah here—"

At these awful words, Hadley let drop the dish of succotash, which came down with such an ominous crash that it caused the poor negro's eyes to roll back in his head.

"There, what did I tell you?" said Mary Bow, her ribbons flying around like wool on the spindle of a spinning-wheel. "Just look there and read that:

"You too like me will soon be gone.
I was—

It breaks off there. Lift up the other loaves. There! There! You that have eyes prepare for wonders now—signs and wonders—the sea ragin' and the earth roarin'. Look there on the bottom of that there loaf. What do you think of that? Just read it topsyturvy:

"The wife of Pettijohn!"

Hadley still stood over the broken succotash-dish with lifted eyebrows.

Mary's head bobbed, and her sharp eye fell upon him.

"What are you standing there like a stuck pig for? This is a time to be stirrin', not starin'. Look *there!*"

"'Fore Heaven, Missus, I just wish that the yearth would open and swallow us all up."

The guests sat dumb, and the selectmen stared and listened to the frantic words of Mary Bow, who believed herself to be the Daniel of the awe-inspiring event.

"That poetry was written by the spirit of Delight. She copied it off of her gravestone. It 's a warnin' to you, Sarah Bradford, and it came for Hannah's sake. I had an impression to come here to-night, to this feast of the Medes and Persians. I never fail to do my duty, and my tongue is my sword, and I will not spare. Sarah Bradford, don't you ever have anything to do with Job Pettijohn. The times of Cotton Mather have come back again, the folks have become so selfish and wicked. Everything here belongs to Hannah as much as to him. She helped earn it all, raisin' red peppers, and grindin' 'em, and sellin' 'em, and dryin' apples, and settin' soap, and makin' rag carpets, and sellin' live geese feathers, and all."

Mary turned to poor Hadley again, who stood over the ruins of the succotash-bowl like an ebony statue.

"I once knew a woman who could *fly*," said she, wishing to impress the wonders of the invisible world upon him.

"The powers above! I wish I could!" said Hadley. "I would."

A guest at one end of the table uplifted a long loaf of brown bread, and his hands uprose a moment later, and all the hands about him like so many muskets went up into the air.

"*She* 's been here too!" said a timid voice.

The bottom of the loaf revealed the pathetic injunction:

Remember me.

"Job," said Madam Bradford, "these things are very strange. I don't think I shall ever change my relations after such an hour as this."

"'Beware'!" said Mary Bow, quoting the bread.

Just here the coach-dog caught the atmosphere of terror, and threw back his head and howled directly at Mary's heels.

Mary turned like a wheel, and the animal uttered another piercing cry, and added to the atmosphere of nervous excitement.

"Hadley," said Hannah, "I don't believe in ghosts, or that anything ever happened without a cause. How came those letters on the bread?"

"It mout be Belshazzar, and it mout not, as she said," said Hadley, nervously. "That poetry used to be on Delight's gravestone. It was dreadful distressin' poetry to Job, Missus, and he told me to hide the stones where they never would be seen again."

"Did you do it, Hadley?"

"Yes, Missus, that I did. I always obey Massa."

"Well, this is all very strange," said Madam Bradford. "I have n't any appetite left for a Thanksgiving dinner after this. My nerves are weak, and I might as well take my bonnet and go. Hannah, I came here on account of the Pilgrim Fathers. I never meant to do you harm. I never thought of the things Job said to me up-stairs."

"What things did he say?" asked Hannah, independently.

"Why, it might as well all be known. He asked me to become his wife."

"He did? And what did you tell him, Madam Bradford?"

"I told him to wait until after dinner for an answer, and you see what has happened. It was never in my heart to injure you, Hannah. What Mary says is true. You belong here, and I never would do a feather's weight of wrong to any human being, and I love you like a sister, Hannah."

"I never meant to deprive you of a home, Hannah," said Job. "I hoped that you would share it with us, and be happy. I 've always been an honest man. It don't need no ha'nts to teach Job Pettijohn to be honest, and square, and true."

"Well, Madam Bradford," said Hannah, "I wish these things had n't 'a' happened, and you 'd 'a' said 'Yes' to Job. I 've carried myself pretty straight in life, but I 've misjudged him."

Hannah gazed again at the bread.

"Looks just as though it was stamped by a piece of gravestone. I wish that these things could be explained. Now, Madam Bradford, it would make me perfectly happy if you would have Job; it would now. It would make me sing the Thanksgiving hymns after dinner like a meadow-lark. Job is a good man, if he does talk rough, and is my brother."

Hannah's eyes again pierced the bread. Suddenly there came into her face a flash, and she turned squarely toward Hadley, and looked at him in silence.

"Hadley! Hadley! Hadley!" she at last exclaimed in a slow, searching, and reproachful tone. "Where did you hide those gravestones?"

"Heaven have mercy on a poor soul, Missus! I 'm done gone, sure. I hid 'em in the *oven!*"

"There was a long silence, followed by a wonderful lighting up of faces. Madam Bradford sank into her chair. Job supported her. She presently turned to Hannah, and said:

"Then I am engaged!"

Hannah turned her chair squarely around,

and looked first at Job and then at her beaming guest, and said:

"So am I!"

"You, Hannah!" said Job, starting up. "Who to?"

"The Governor," said Hannah in a firm voice. "I would have been engaged before, but for you, Job."

If ever there was a joyful Thanksgiving under the oak beams of an old New England farmhouse, it was that which followed. Job got out his bass-viol immediately at the end of the bountiful meal, and, after tuning it, led the psalm of praise to the tune of "Portland," by Ephraim Maxim, the favorite composer of that time, who once went out into the woods to commit suicide on account of his blighted affections, and, instead, wrote a hymn and tune — a matter to be greatly commended. "Amity," a very appropriate selection, followed in the tuneful numbers, Job swinging the tuning-fork:

> How pleasant 't is to see
> Kindred and friends agree,
> Each in *their* proper station move,
> And each fulfil *their* part of love.

Evening came early, with the November moon gilding the east as the sun went down over the dark, cool hills. The red settle, that throne of old New England wonder-tales, was brought before the fire, and one of the selectmen, with pipe, snuff-box, and a mug of cider, told legends of the old Pilgrims and King Philip's war. The far waves of the harbor glimmered as the moon rose high, and the old historic scenes lived again in the minds of all. At nine the great eight-day clock slowly and heavily struck the hour of separation, and under the shadow, regret, and pain, Elder Cashman arose and said:

"My friends, the years are short and few," and lifted his hands, and there fell a silence over all, with the Apostles' Benediction.

Job and the Lieutenant-Governor shook hands at parting, surrounded by the selectmen, the Brewsters, the merry farm-hands, and the indoor "help."

"Well, Governor, this seems like old times, when you and I were younger than we are now. I 'll tell ye what, Governor, we 've had a reg'lar old-fashioned Thanksgivin'!"

Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE POEMS HERE AT HOME.

THE poems here at home! Who 'll write 'em down
Jes as they air,—in country and in town,—
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains?
Who 'll "voice" 'em, as I heerd a feller say
'At speechified on Freedom, t' other day,
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble bee?

Who 'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I,
'At 's got a stiddy hand enough to try
To do 'em jestice 'thout a-foolin' some,
And headin' facts off when they want to come?
Who 's got the lovin' eye and heart and brain
To recko'nize 'at nothin' 's made in vain—
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds
And brutes first choice, and us folks afterwards?

What *we* want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry, is somepin' yours and mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores.
Putt *weeds* in — pizen-vines and underbresh,
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like! and groun'-squir'ls, — yes, and "We,"
As sayin' is — "*We, Us, and Company!*"

Putt in old Nature's sermonts — them 's the best;
And 'casion'ly hang up a hornets' nest
'At boys 'at 's run away from school can git
At handy-like — and let 'em tackle it!
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,
In ministratin' to our vain delights,
Fergittin' even *insec's* has their rights!

No "Ladies' Amaranth," ner "Treasury" book,
Ner "Night-Thoughts," nuther, ner no "Lally Rook!"
We want some poetry 'at 's to our taste,
Made out o' truck 'at 's jes a-goin' to waste
'Cause smart folks thinks it 's altogether too
Outrageous common —'cept fer me and you!
Which goes to argy, all sich poetry
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on you and me.

James Whitcomb Riley.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.[1]

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, September 16, 1823, in a fine old house of the colonial period, fronting on Bowdoin Square, with a grass-plot before it, shaded by tall horse-chestnut trees, and a garden behind it full of fruit-trees and honest old-fashioned flowers. Like many other eminent New Englanders, he came of a clerical ancestry. His great-grandfather, by birth a Bostonian, was the first minister of Westborough, Massachusetts.

It is worth mentioning that a son of this clergyman, at the age of seventeen, served as private in a Massachusetts regiment during that old French war, as it used to be called, to which his grandnephew has given a deeper meaning, and which he has made alive to us again in all its vivid picturesqueness of hardihood and adventure. Another of his sons, returning to Boston, became a successful merchant there, a man of marked character and public spirit, whose fortune, patiently acquired in the wise fashion of those days, would have secured for his grandson a life of lettered ease had he not made the nobler choice of spending it in strenuous literary labor. One of this merchant's sons, a clergyman, was our author's father. He still survives in traditions of an abundant and exquisite humor, provoked to wilder hazards, and set in stronger relief (as in Sterne) by the decorum of his cloth. Two professorships in Harvard College perpetuate the munificence of Mr. Parkman's family. Energy of character and aptitude for culture were a natural inheritance from such ancestors, and both have been abundantly illustrated in the life of their descendant.

Whether through deliberate forethought or unconscious instinct, Mr. Parkman entered early into an apprenticeship for what was to be the work of his life. While yet in college, as we are informed by a note in his "Montcalm and Wolfe," he followed on foot the trail of Rogers the Ranger in his retreat from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut in 1759. In 1846, two years after taking his degree at Harvard, he made an expedition, demanding

[1] This essay was undertaken at our request by Mr. Lowell, and was left unfinished at his death. It has the melancholy interest of being the last piece of writing prepared by him for publication.— EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

as much courage as endurance, to what was still the Wild West, penetrating as far as the Rocky Mountains, and living for months among the Dakotas, as yet untainted in their savage ways by the pale-face. Since Major Jonathan Carver, no cultivated man of English blood has had such opportunities for studying the character and habits of the North American Indian.

The exposures and privations of this journey were too much even for Mr. Parkman's vigorous constitution, and left him a partial cripple for life. As if this were not enough, another calamity befell him in after years,—the most dire of all for a scholar,—in a disease of the eyes which made the use of them often impossible and at best precarious. But such was his inward and spiritual energy, that, in spite of these hopeless impediments, he has studied on the spot the scenery of all his narratives, and has contrived to sift all the wearisome rubbish heaps of documents, printed or manuscript, public or private, where he could hope to find a scrap of evidence to his purpose.

It is rare, indeed, to find, as they are found in him, a passion for the picturesque and a native predilection for rapidity and dash of movement in helpful society with patience in drudgery and a scrupulous deference to the rights of facts, however disconcerting, as at least sleeping-partners in the business of history. Though never putting on the airs of the philosophic historian, or assuming his privilege to be tiresome, Mr. Parkman never loses sight of those links of cause and effect, whether to be sought in political theory, religious belief, or mortal incompleteness, which give to the story of Man a moral, and reduce the fortuitous to the narrow limits where it properly belongs.

There was a time, perhaps more fortunate than ours, when Clio, if her own stylus seemed too blunt, borrowed that of Calliope, that she might "submit the shews of things to the desires of the mind," and give an epic completeness to her story. Nature had not yet refused her sympathy to men of heroic breed, and earth still shuddered, sun and moon still veiled their faces at the right tragical crisis. The historian could then draw on the accumulated fancy of mankind in the legend, or on the sympathy of old religion in the myth. He was not only permitted, but it was a prime function of his office that he should fuse together and stamp in one shining medal of ideal truth all that shabby small change of particulars, each bearing her debased and diminished image, which we in our day are compelled to accept as an equivalent. Then the expected word was always spoken by the right man at the culminating moment, while now it is only when Fortune sends us a master of speech like Lincoln that we cease to regret the princely largess of Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus.

Surely it was a piece of good luck for us that a man of genius should do the speaking for those who were readier with deeds than with the phrases to trick them out heroically. Shakspere is the last who has dealt thus generously with history in our own tongue. But since we can no longer have the speech that ought to have been spoken, it is no small compensation to get that which *was* spoken; for there is apt to be a downrightness and simplicity in the man of action's words that drive his meaning home as no eloquence could.

It is a great merit in Mr. Parkman that he has sedulously culled from his ample store of documents every warranted piece of evidence of this kind that could fortify or enliven his narrative, so that we at least come to know the actors in his various dramas as well as the events in which they shared. And thus the curiosity of the imagination and that of the understanding are together satisfied. We follow the casualties of battle with the intense interest of one who has friends or acquaintance there. Mr. Parkman's familiarity also with the scenery of his narratives is so intimate, his memory of the eye is so vivid, as almost to persuade us that ourselves have seen what he describes. We forget ourselves to swim in the canoe down rivers that flow out of one primeval silence to lose themselves in another, or to thread those expectant solitudes of forest (*insuetum nemus*) that seem listening with stayed breath for the inevitable ax, and then launch our birchen egg-shells again on lakes that stretch beyond vision into the fairyland of conjecture. The world into which we are led touches the imagination with pathetic interest. It is mainly a world of silence and of expectation, awaiting the masters who are to subdue it and to fill it with the tumult of human life, and of almost more than human energy.

One of the convincing tests of genius is the choice of a theme, and no greater felicity can befall it than to find one both familiar and fresh. All the better if tradition, however attenuated, have made it already friendly with our fancy. In the instinct that led him straight to subjects that seemed waiting for him so long, Mr. Parkman gave no uncertain proof of his fitness for an adequate treatment of them.

. . . .

James Russell Lowell.

NOTE ON THE COMPLETION OF MR. PARKMAN'S WORK.

THE work of Milton is a more lasting and a vastly nobler monument of his age and race than the contemporaneous cathedral, but the men who first admired St. Paul's did not dream that a man of Sir Christopher's time had builded better than he. We are materialists, as were our fathers before us, and we leave intellectual workers of the higher kind to toil in solitude, little cheered by appreciation; and when we give them appreciation we make them share it with the mere masqueraders in science. Only the other day, in a quiet library in Chestnut street, Boston, a great scholar, who is at the same time a charming writer, put the last touches to a work that has cost almost a lifetime of absorbing and devoted toil. Had the result been something material,—a colossal bridge, for example, like that which stretches above the mast-tops between New York and Brooklyn,—the whole nation would have watched the last strokes.

But it is possible that the historian of the last quarter of the nineteenth century in America will find few events more notable than the completion of the work of Mr. Francis Parkman—that series of historical narratives, now at last grown to one whole, in which the romantic story of the rise, the marvelous expansion, and the ill-fated ending of the French power in North America is for the first time adequately told. Since its charms have been set before us in Mr. Parkman's picturesque pages, it is easy to understand that it is one of the finest themes that ever engaged the pen of the historian. But before a creative spirit had brooded upon it, while it yet lay formless and void, none but a man of original genius could have discovered a theme fit for a master in the history of a remote and provincial failure. And yet in no episode of human history is the nature of man seen in more varied action than in this story of the struggles of France and England in the new world. Here is the reaction of an old and civilized world on a new and barbarous continent, here are the far-reaching travels and breathless adventures of devoted missionaries, ambitious explorers and soldiers, money-getting traders, and *coureurs des bois*. What a network of motives—religious, patriotic, and personal—is displayed in this emulation of races, religions, of savage tribes, of European nationalities, of military and commercial adventurers, of intriguing statesmen and provincial magnates. The reader lives in the very effervescence that produced our modern America. In these contests were decided the mastery of the white man and the extinction of the red, the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon on the continent, and the prevalence of the English tongue, and these conflicts played an important part in the evolution of institutions that are neither English nor French.

A great writer, like any other great character, is the offspring of two things: the man, and an opportunity suited to the outfit of the man. Francis Parkman gravitated to the wilderness in his early manhood, and lived among the savages as an acute observer of their customs and their spirit. His literary life has followed the trend of his individuality. He early began to write of frontier adventure and character, at first in fiction, and then in the remarkable series of historic compositions that now forms one of the great monuments of our literature. Never has the very soul of the wilderness been better understood and reproduced than in some of these histories.

There has arisen in our time a new school of historians, men of large and accurate scholarship, who are destitute of skill in literary structure, and who hold style in contempt. They dump the crude ore of history into their ponderous sentences, and leave the reader to struggle with it as he can. There are writers of a higher type who fail, through no fault of their own, to acquire an attractive style of narration. The late George Bancroft, with all his vast erudition, and his ambitious manner, will never be read for pleasure, and Mr. Freeman's diffuse and journalistic diction is an eddying tide that only a courageous reader cares to stem. Away over on the other hand are the books of Mr. Froude, which are interesting enough to people willing to read narratives "founded on fact." Mr. Parkman belongs distinctly to the class of learned historical scholars who are also skilful and charming writers. His books, to borrow a phrase from Augustin Thierry, are important "additions to historical science, and at the same time works of literary art."

It is no part of my purpose to write a criticism of Mr. Parkman's books. I write only to celebrate the completion of a work that is a lasting honor to our age and nation. In his forty-five years of work Mr. Parkman has ripened his judgment and matured his style, and the later books show a fuller mastery of the art of writing history, and a more severe taste, than the earlier productions of the same series. I do not believe that the literature of America can show any historical composition at once so valuable and so delightful as the two volumes, entitled "Wolfe and Montcalm," with which the whole work culminates.

Edward Eggleston.

POEMS.

MOODS OF THE SOUL.

I. IN TIME OF VICTORY.

AS soldiers after fight confess
The fear their valor would not own
When, ere the battle's thunder stress,
The silence made its mightier moan,—

Though now the victory be mine
'T is of the conflict I must speak,
Still wondering how the Hand Divine
Confounds the mighty with the weak.

To-morrow I may flaunt the foe—
Not now; for in the echoing beat
Of fleeing heart-throbs well I know
The bitterness of near defeat.

O friends, who see but steadfast deeds,
Have grace of pity with your praise.
Crown, if you must, but crown with weeds,
The conquered more deserve your bays.

No, praise the dead!—the ancestral roll
That down their line new courage send,
For moments when against the soul
All hell and half of heaven contend.

1887.

II. IN TIME OF DEFEAT.

YES, here is undisguised defeat—
You say, "No further fight to lose."
With colors in the dust, 't is meet
That tears should flow and looks accuse.

I echo every word of ruth
Or blame: yet have I lost the right
To praise with you the unfaltering Truth,
Whose power—save in me—has might?

Another day, another man;
I am not *now* what I have been;
Each grain that through the hour-glass ran
Rescued the sinner from his sin.

The Future is my constant friend;
Above all children born to her
Alike her rich affections bend—
She, the unchiding comforter.

Perhaps on her unsullied scroll
(Who knows?) there may be writ at last
A fairer record of the soul
For this dark blot upon the Past.

1890.

BROWNING AT ASOLO.

(INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND MRS. ARTHUR BRONSON.)

THIS is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the west what a range of blue!—
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves. O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder 's his Venice—the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others: the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire—
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.

Yesterday he was part of it all—
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment—how oft did he!—
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy
As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love we are that alone.
His body lies under the Minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here.

"LA MURA," ASOLO, June 3, 1892.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. II.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

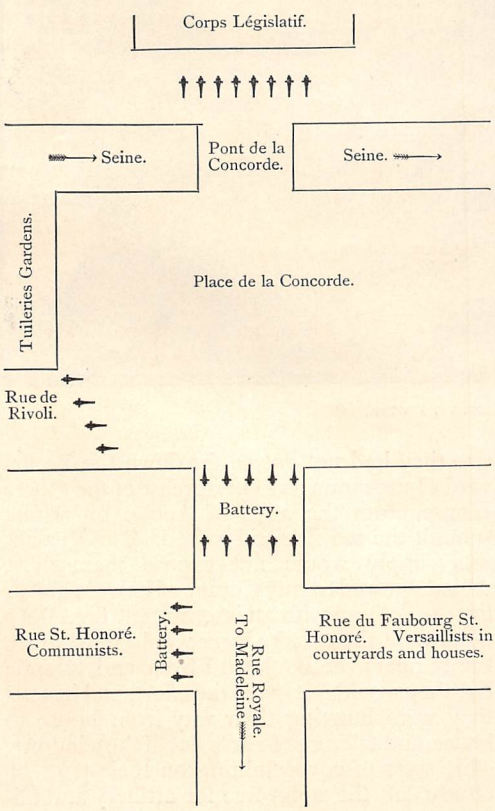
SHORT-LIVED was the halcyon interval of quietude in Paris during the late evening of Monday, May 23. Before midnight, as I lay in my clothes on a sofa in the Hôtel de la Chaussée d'Antin, I could not sleep for the bursting of the shells on the adjacent Boulevard Haussmann. In the intervals of the shell-fire was audible the steady grunt of the mitrailleuses, and I could distinctly hear the pattering of the balls as they rained and ricocheted on the asphalt of the boulevard. There came in gusts throughout the night the noise of a more distant fire, of which it was impossible to discern the whereabouts.

The dismal din, so perplexing and bewildering, continued all night; daybreak brought no cessation of the noise. Turning out in the chilly dawn, and from the hazardous corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin looking cautiously up the Boulevard Haussmann, I saw before me a strange spectacle of desolation. Corpses strewed the broad roadway, and lay huddled in the recesses of doorways. Some of the bodies were half shrouded by the foliage of the branches of trees which had been torn off by the storm of shot and shell. Lampposts, kiosks, and tree-stems were shattered or upset in all directions. The Versaillists, hereabout at least, had certainly not advanced during the night; indeed it seemed that in a measure they had fallen back, and that the Communists were holding positions which the day before they had abandoned. The big battery of the former in front of the Pépinière Barracks at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, a position the Versaillists had attained to on the previous morning, was still, so far as that boulevard was concerned, the limit of their occupation in force, although they held as an advanced post the slight barricade they had taken the day before across the boulevard about halfway down it, at the intersection of the Rue Tronchet. Over this outpost the battery at the Pépinière was steadily sending cannon and mitrailleuse fire toward the eastern end of the boulevard, where a few national guards still prowled behind casual cover, throwing a shot now and then at the intermediate barricade. Communist sergeants were running about the side streets and the Rue Lafayette, ordering the inmates of houses to close their windows but to open their shutters—this no doubt as a precaution against Versaillist sympathizers firing down on the insurgents from the house-fronts. It was to be noticed that there had been no attempt anywhere on the part of the Communists to occupy the houses and fire from them on the advancing Versaillists. They had been content to utilize barricades, and such cover as the streets casually afforded. The Versaillists, on the other hand, were reported to be freely occupying the houses and firing down from the windows; this I did not yet know of my own knowledge, but I did know that they were for the most part very cautious in exposing themselves, and that, except in isolated instances, they had shown little enterprise, and done nothing material in the way of hand-to-hand fighting.

About six o'clock I went for a walk—not an unmixed pleasure just at the moment, nor to be indulged in without considerable circumspection. Getting into the Boulevard des Capucines, I found it still held by strong bodies of national guards, a large proportion of whom were very drunk, while all were quite at their ease and in lively spirits. The cross barricade between the head of the Rue de la Paix and the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, which had been shattered the day before by artillery fire from the Versaillist position at the Madeleine, was restored, strengthened, and armed with cannon and mitrailleuses. Nay, more, I was assured by Communist officers that the night firing one had heard had been mainly that directed by them from this barricade, and that it had compelled the Versaillist withdrawal from the Madeleine position. There was a certain confirmation of this in the fact that the great boulevards were now quite unharassed by Versaillist fire save for occasional vagrant obuses which appeared to come from the Trocadéro direction. I did myself the honor to partake of coffee with a hospitable but particularly tipsy squad of national guardsmen, and then struck down toward the Palais-Royal to ascertain how it had fared during the night with the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de Rivoli. Several of the cross streets had suffered much from shell-fire, which was still slowly dropping; but the barricades at the Place du Palais-Royal were intact and armed, and the great barricade across the Rue de Rivoli at its junction with the Place de la Concorde was still strongly held by the insurgents, sure evidence that the Versaillists were not yet in the possession of the Place. The Rue St. Honoré, along which I walked westward, was crossed

by frequent barricades, strongly manned by detachments of drunken but resolute men. The strongest barricade was at the junction of the Rue St. Honoré with the Rue Royale. Just here I witnessed one of the strangest imaginable cross-question and crooked-answer spectacles. The Versaillists held in force the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, which is the continuation of the Rue St. Honoré west of the Rue Royale. They were thus in the rear of the great Communist battery facing the Place de la Concorde at the foot of the Rue Royale, yet could not take it in reverse because of the cross fire from the barricade which stood across the head of the Rue St. Honoré. And they were further blocked by the Versaillist fire from the Corps Législatif across the Seine on the further side of the Place de la Concorde, directed against the Communist battery at the foot of the Rue Royale, and sweeping that thoroughfare in its rear. The diagram will make the curious situation more clear; it was a deadlock the forcing of which neither side seemed inclined to attempt; the situation as it stood was passively in favor of the Communists.

There were no Versaillists about the Madeleine, whither the day before they had reached in force, and where it seemed they had made good their foothold. Clearly their policy was to



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PAINTING BY LEON Y ESCOSURA.

A VERSAILLIST.

take no risks, and to economize as much as possible in the matter of their own lives. A direct offensive effort along the wide boulevard would certainly have cost them dear; and, fresh as the red-breeches were from their German captivity, their spirit was probably held not quite an assured thing. It became presently plain that the policy of the Versaillist leaders overnight had been *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Returning toward my hotel, I recognized how the Versaillist troops were engaging in the development of a great turning movement by their left. Yesterday they had reached the St. Lazare terminus, apparently on their way to Montmartre. Now they had got sure grip of the Place and Church of the Trinity at the head of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and were working eastward by the narrower streets in preference to traversing the wider Boulevard Haussmann. Between ten and eleven o'clock, we in the hotel heard the sound of a fierce fire at the back of the Cité d'Antin; and running into the Rue Lafitte, I recognized that the Versaillists had regained the Place of Notre Dame de Lorette,—the man-trap triangle in which I had got involved on the previous afternoon,—and were now fighting their way along the Rue de Châteaudun, which opens into the Rue Lafayette considerably eastward of the Cité d'Antin. Meanwhile a heavy fire down the Boulevard Haussmann was being maintained, so that my hotel seemed in imminent danger of being surrounded. Regaining its front, and going forward into the Rue Lafayette, I looked up eastward to the barricade across it at the junction of the Rue de Châteaudun and prolonged across the débouché of the latter street, and

could see the Communist defenders firing furiously along the Rue de Châteaudun. At length after a strong resistance they broke, and the Versaillists gained the commanding position. I watched the red-breeches climbing over the barricade as they poured out of the Rue de Châteaudun and established themselves in possession of the barricade across the Rue Lafayette. Now (at 1 P. M.) they were firing westward down that street into the lower end of the Boulevard Haussmann, while other Versaillist troops were pressing down the latter, firing heavily, and covered by shell-fire describing a parabola over their heads and falling in front of them. Thus the Communist detachments remaining about the bottom of the Boulevard Haussmann, not numerically strong, but singularly obstinate, were taken in front and rear; and indeed in flank as well, for a rifle-fire was reaching them along the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin from the Church of the Trinity. Parenthetically I may observe that, standing in the lee of a projection at the foot of the Rue Lafayette, I was hemmed in between three fires. There was not a civilian out of doors anywhere within sight; even the women, who were so fond of shell fragments, were under cover now. Communard after Communard, finding the Boulevard Haussmann too hot to hold him, was sneaking away out of the devilry, availing himself of the cover afforded by the Opera House.

Yet the Versaillists hung back. At half-past two they had not got so far down the Boulevard Haussmann as to be abreast of the Opera House, from the arms of Apollo on whose summit the red flag still waved. The Versaillists simply would not expose themselves. About five and twenty Communists were blocking the column with an intermittent fire. Two minutes at the *pas de charge* would have given the regulars the boulevard from end to end; but they would not make the effort, and instead they were bursting their way from house to house, and taking pot-shots out of the windows. This style of cover-fighting on their part, of course, left the street free for artillery and mi-

DRAWN BY VIERGE.

TREATING VERSAILLISTS TO WINE.

PAINTED BY R. DE LOS RIOS. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

AN EXECUTION OF COMMUNARDS.

trailleuse fire, and certainly neither was spared. The shells and bullets were passing my corner in one continuous shriek and whistle; the crash of falling stucco and the clash of broken glass were incessant. So scanty were the defenders that scarce any execution was done by all this expenditure of ammunition; but it probably tried the nerves of the few Communists left. That their position was desperate was beyond a doubt; and this they quite recognized, but were resolute to hold on to the bitter end. Their efforts were really heroic. Just as all seemed over, they got a cannon from somewhere up to the head of the Rue Halévy, and brought it into action against the Versaillist position at the Church of the Trinity. It was all weird and curious chaos. It was only of one episode that I could be the spectator, but the din that filled the air told vaguely of other strenuous combats that were being fought elsewhere. Above the smoke of the villainous gunpowder the summer sun was shining brightly, and spite of the powder-stench and the smell of blood the air was balmy. It was such a day as made one long to be lying on the grass under a hawthorn hedge, looking at the lambs at play; and made one loathe this cowering in a corner, dodging shot and shell in a most undignified manner, and without any matches wherewith to light one's pipe.

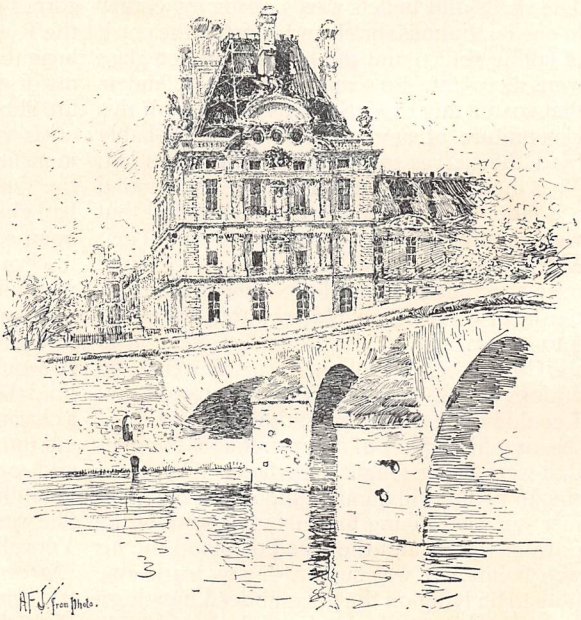
For another hour or more my neighbors the Communists, who had been reinforced, gave pause to the Versaillist effort to descend the Boulevard Haussmann, and were holding their own against the Versaillist fire from the Church of the Trinity and the barricade on the rise of the Rue Lafayette. The house at the right-hand corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Lafayette — the house whose projecting gable was my shelter — had caught fire, to my disquietude and discomfort; but before the fire should seriously trouble me the impending crisis would probably be over. Furious and more furious waxed the firing all around. About the Opera House it was especially fierce. I had glimpses of fighting at close quarters in the open space before its rear front, and I could discern men shuffling along behind the low parapet of its roof. They carried packs, but I could not see their breeches, and was not therefore wholly certain that they were Versaillists. A woman had joined me in my position behind the gable, — a woman who seemed to have a charmed life. Over and over again she walked out into the fire, looked deliberately about her, and came back to recount to me with excited volubility the particulars of what she had seen. She was convinced the soldiers on the roof were Versaillists; yet, as I pointed out to her, the *drapeau rouge* still waved above the statue on the summit of the lofty building. The people of the hotel in our rear clearly shared her belief. Gathered timidly in the *porte cochère*, they were crying "Bravo!" and clapping their hands, because they hoped and believed the Versaillists were winning.

The woman was right; they were Versaillist linesmen whom we saw on the parapet of the Opera House. There was a cheer; the people of the hotel ran out into the fire, waving handkerchiefs and clapping their hands. The tricolor was waving above the hither portico.

The red flag waved still on the farther elevation. "A ladder! a ladder to reach it!" was the excited cry from the group behind me; but for the moment no ladder was procurable. As we waited, there darted down the boulevard to the corner of the Rue Halévy a little grig of a fellow in red breeches—one of the old French linesmen breed. He was all alone, and appeared to enjoy the loneliness as he took up his post behind a tree, and fired his first shot at a Communard dodging about the intersection of the Rue Taitbout. When is a Frenchman not dramatic? He fired with an air; he reloaded with an air; he fired again with a flourish, and was greeted with cheering and handclapping from the "gallery" behind me, to which the little fellow was playing. Then he beckoned us back dramatically, for his next shot was to be sped up the Rue Lafayette, at a little knot of Communists who, from a fragment of shelter at the intersection of the Rue Lafitte, were taking him for their target. Then he faced about and waved his comrades on with exaggerated gestures which recalled those one sees in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, the Communist bullets all the while cutting the bark and branches of the tree which was his cover. Ah! he was down! Well, he had enjoyed his flash of recklessness. The woman by my side and I darted across and carried him in. We might have spared ourselves the trouble and risk; he was dead, with a bullet through his head.

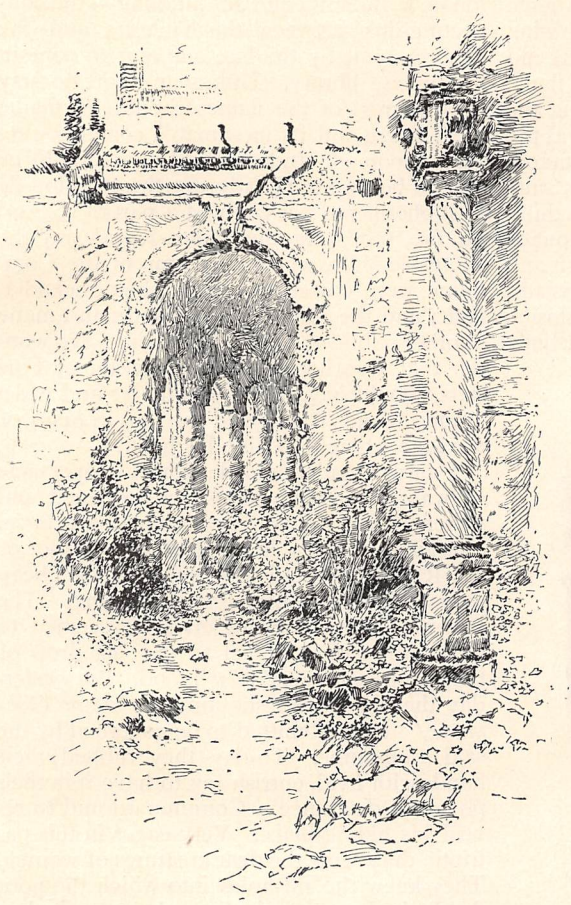
This little distraction had engrossed us only for a few minutes; the moment it ended, all our attention went back to the scene on the roof of the Opera House. A ladder had been at length brought; and a Versaillist soldier was now mounting the statue of Apollo on the front elevation of the house, overhanging the Place de l'Opéra. He tore down the *drapeau rouge*, and substituted the tricolor just as the head of a great column of Versaillist troops came streaming out of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin across the Boulevard Haussmann, and down the wide streets toward the great boulevard. The excitement was hysterical. The inhabitants rushed out of the houses with bottles of wine; from their windows money was showered into the street; the women fell on the necks of the sweaty, dusty men in red breeches, and hugged them with frantic shouts of "*Vive la ligne!*" The soldiers fraternized warmly; drank, and pressed forward. Their discipline was most creditable. When their officers called them away from the conviviality and the embraces, they at once obeyed, and reformed companies promptly at the double. Now the Versaillist wave had swept over us for good; we were again people of law and order, and thenceforward abjured any relations some of us smug bourgeois might have temporarily had with those atrocious miscreants of Communards who were now getting decisively beaten. Everybody displayed raptures of joy, and Communist cards of citizenship were being surreptitiously torn up in all directions. It was now no longer "*citoyen*" under pain of being a suspect; the undemocratic "*monsieur*" revived with amusing rapidity.

The Versaillist troops,—horse, foot, and artillery,—pouring in steady continuous streams down the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Halévy, debouched into the great boulevard at the Place de l'Opéra, taking in flank and rear the insurgents holding positions thereabouts and getting presently a firm grip of the Boulevard des Capucines westward almost to the Madeleine. This was done not without hard fighting and considerable loss, for the Communists fought like wild-cats, and clung obstinately to every spot affording a semblance of cover. Even when the success mentioned had been attained, the situation was still curiously involved. The Versaillists, moving down the Rue de la Paix, were threatening the Place Vendôme, but avoiding close quarters. The Communists for their part, threatened as they thus were with being cut off, nevertheless still



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE PAVILION OF FLORA, LOUVRE, AFTER THE FIRE.



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

RUINS OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.

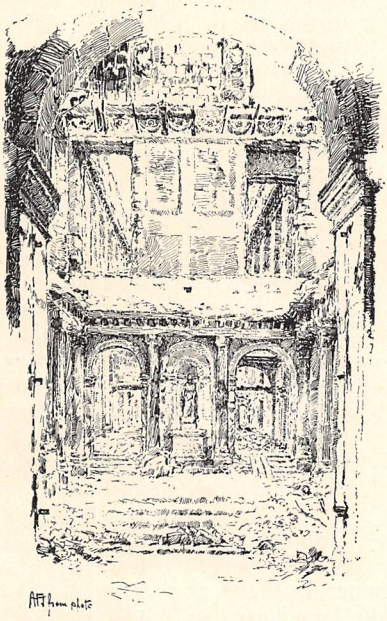
held obstinately their artillery barricades at the foot of the Rue Royale and at the western end of the Rue St. Honoré. The rear face of the former had been fortified and armed; and so, although the Versaillist artillery hammered at its proper front from the Corps Législatif, its rearward guns were able to interfere with the Versaillist efforts to make good a hold on the much-battered Madeleine.

I was becoming exceedingly anxious to get some news sent out, and in order to ascertain whether there was any prospect of the despatch of a bag to Versailles from the British Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, I started up the now quiet Boulevard Haussmann, and by tacks and zigzags got into the Rue d'Aguesseau, which debouches into the Faubourg nearly opposite the British Embassy. Shells were bursting very freely in the neighborhood, but my affair was urgent, and from the corner of the Rue d'Aguesseau I stepped out into the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, intending to dart across to the Embassy gate. I drew back as a shell splinter whizzed past me close enough to blow my beard aside. The street was simply a great tube for shell-fire; nothing could live in it. Hoping that the firing might soon abate, I waited in an entry for an hour. Around about me there were several ambulances (as the field hospitals had come to be called in the late war). Into one close by I saw, for a quarter of an hour, one wounded man carried every minute—I timed the stretchers by my watch. In others into which I looked, the courtyards were full of mattresses and groaning men. A good many corpses, chiefly of national guards, lay in the streets, behind the barricades and in the gutters.

It fell dusk as I waited, the fire rather increasing than abating in intensity, and I would waste no more time. As I returned toward my hotel, I had to cross the line of Versaillist artillery still pouring southward from the Church of the Trinity, and so down the Rue Halévy, toward the quarter where the noise indicated that hot fighting was still going on. The gunners received a wild ovation from the inhabitants of the Chaussée d'Antin. Where, I wondered, had the good people secreted the tricolor during all those days of the Commune? It now hung from every window in the still night air; the shouts of "*Vive la ligne!*" stirring it occasionally with a lazy throb. Still the work was not nearly done. Stray bullets whistled everywhere—the women in their crazy courage had come to call them sparrows. And as the night closed in, from the Rue St. Honoré, the Place Vendôme, and the vicinity of the Palais-Royal and the Hôtel-de-Ville came the noise of heavy, steady firing of cannon, mitrailleuses, and musketry, accentuated occasionally by explosions that made the solid earth tremble.

After a night of horror that seemed interminable, there broke at length the morning of Wednesday, May 24. When the sun rose, what a spectacle flouted his beams! The flames from the palace of the Tuileries, kindled by damnable petroleum, insulted the soft light of the morning, and cast lurid rays on the grimy recreant Frenchmen who skulked from their dastardly incendiarism to pot at their countrymen from behind a barricade. How the palace blazed! The flames reveled in the historic rooms, made embers of the rich furniture, burst out the plate-glass windows, brought down the fantastic roof. It was in the Prince Imperial's wing, facing the Tuileries garden,

where the demon of fire first had his fierce sway. By eight o'clock the whole of this wing was nearly burnt out. When I reached the end of the Rue Dauphin, the red belches of flame were shooting out from the corner facing the private garden and the Rue Rivoli. It was the Pavillon Marsan, containing the apartments occupied by the King of Prussia and his suite during the visit to Paris the year of the Exhibition. A furious jet of flame was pouring out of the window at which Bismarck used to sit and smoke and look out on Paris and the Parisians. There was a sudden crash. Was it an explosion or a fall of flooring that caused the great burst



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

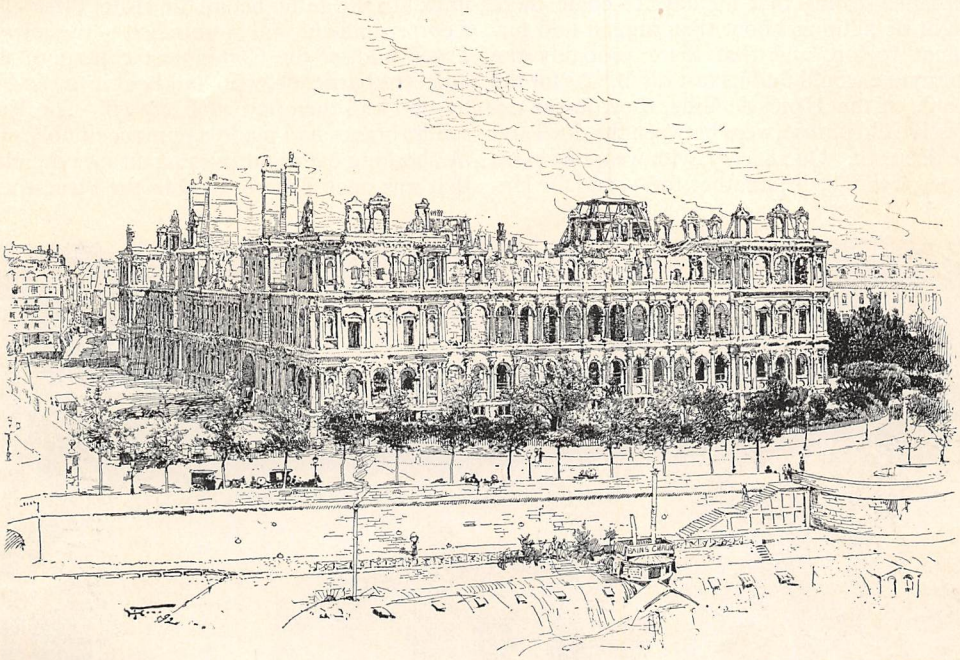
RUINS OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE TUILERIES.

of black smoke and red sparks in one's face? Who could tell what hell-devices might be within that blazing pile? It were well surely to keep at a respectful distance from it. And so I went eastward to the Place du Palais-Royal, which was still unsafe by reason of shot and shell from the neighborhood of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Opposite was the great archway by which troops were wont to enter into the Place du Carrousel. Was the fire there yet? Just so far and no more. Could the archway be broken down, the Louvre, with its artistic riches, might still be saved. But there was none to act or to direct. The troops were lounging supine along the streets, intent—and who could blame the weary, powder-grimed men?—on bread and wine. So the flames leaped on from window to window, from chimney to chimney. They were beyond the arch now; the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque was kindling—the connecting-link between the Tuileries and the Louvre, built by the late emperor to contain his private library. Unless an effort to stay the progress of the flames should be made, the Louvre and its inestimable contents were surely doomed. Indeed, the Louvre might be said to be on fire already, for the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque was counted a part of it. And on fire, too, were the Palais-Royal and the Hôtel-de-Ville, where the rump of the Commune were cowering amidst their incendiarism; and the Ministry of Finance, and many another public and private building. No wonder that Courbet, *soi-disant* Minister of Fine Arts, should have been sending far and wide, among friends native and foreign, in quest of a refuge wherein to hide his head!

I turned, sad and sick, from the spectacle of wanton destruction, to be saddened and sickened yet further by another spectacle. Versaillist soldiers, hanging about the foot of the Rue St. Honoré, were enjoying the cheap amusement of Communard hunting. The lower-class Parisians of civil life seemed to me caitiff and yet cruel to the last drop of their thin, sour, *petit bleu* blood. But yesterday they had been shouting "*Vive la Commune!*" and submitted to be governed by the said Commune. To-day they rubbed their hands with livid, currish joy to have it in their power to denounce a Communard and to reveal his hiding-place. Very eager in this patriotic duty were the dear creatures of women. They knew the rat-holes into which the poor devils had squeezed themselves, and they guided the Versaillist soldiers to the spot with a fiendish glee. *Voilà* the brave of France, returned to such a triumph from an inglorious captivity! They have found him, then, the miserable! Yes, they have seized him from out one of the purlieus which Haussmann had not time to sweep away, and a guard of six of them hem him round as they march him into the Rue St. Honoré. A tall, pale, hatless man, with something not ignoble in his bearing. His lower lip is trembling, but his brow is firm, and the eye of him has some pride and indeed scorn in it. "A veritable Communard?" I ask of my neighbor in the throng. "Questionable," is the reply; "I think he is a milk-seller to whom the woman who has denounced him owes a score." They yell, the crowd,—my neighbor as loud as any,—"Shoot him! Shoot him!"—the demon-women most clamorous, of course. An arm goes up into the air; there are on it the stripes of a non-commissioned officer, and there is a stick in the fist at the end of the arm. The stick descends on the bare head of the pale prisoner. Ha! the infection has

caught; men club their rifles and bring them down on that head, or clash them into splinters in their lust for murder. He is down; he is up again; he is down again — the thuds of the gun-stocks sounding on him just as when a man beats a carpet with a stick. A certain British impulse prompts me to push into the mêlée; but it is foolish, and it is useless. They are firing into the flaccid carcass now; thronging around it as it lies prone, like blow-flies on a piece of meat. Faugh! his brains are out and oozing into the gutter, whither the carrion is presently heaved bodily, to be trodden on and mangled presently by the feet of multitudes and the wheels of gun-carriages. But, after all, womanhood was not quite dead in that band of bedlamites who had clamored "Shoot him!" There was one matron in hysterics, who did not seem more than half drunk; another, with wan, scared face, drew out of the press a child-bedlamite, her offspring, and, one might hope, went home ashamed. But surely for the time all manhood was dead in the soldiery of France to do a deed like this. An officer — one with a bull-throat and the eyes of Algiers — stood by and looked on at the sport, smoking a cigar. A sharer in the crime surely was he if there was such a thing as discipline in the French ranks; if there was not, he might have been pitied if he had not smiled his cynical approval.

The Commune was in desperate case; but it was dying hard, with dripping fangs bared and every bloody claw protruded. It held no ground now west of the Boulevard Sevastopol from the river north to the Porte St. Denis. The Place Vendôme had been carried at two in the morning; after a desperate struggle the last man of its Communist garrison had been bayoneted in the great barricade at the junction of the Rue Royale with the Place de la Concorde, and the Versaillist masses could now gather undisturbed about the Madeleine. But how about the wild-cat leaders of the Commune still in possession of the Hôtel-de-Ville, on which the Versaillist batteries were concentrating a fire heavy enough to be called a bombardment? Their backs were to the wall, and they were fighting now, not for life,— about that they were reckless,— but that they might work as much evil as might be possible before their hour should come. The Versaillists did not dare to make a quick ending by rushing straight at the barricades around the Hôtel-de-Ville; they were timid about explosions. But they were mining, sapping, burrowing, circumventing, breaking through party-walls, and advancing from back yard to back yard; and it was a question of only a few hours when they should pierce the cordon. Meanwhile the holders of the Hôtel-de-Ville were pouring out death and destruction over Paris with indiscriminate wildness and fury. Now it was a bouquet of shells on the Champs-Elysées; now a



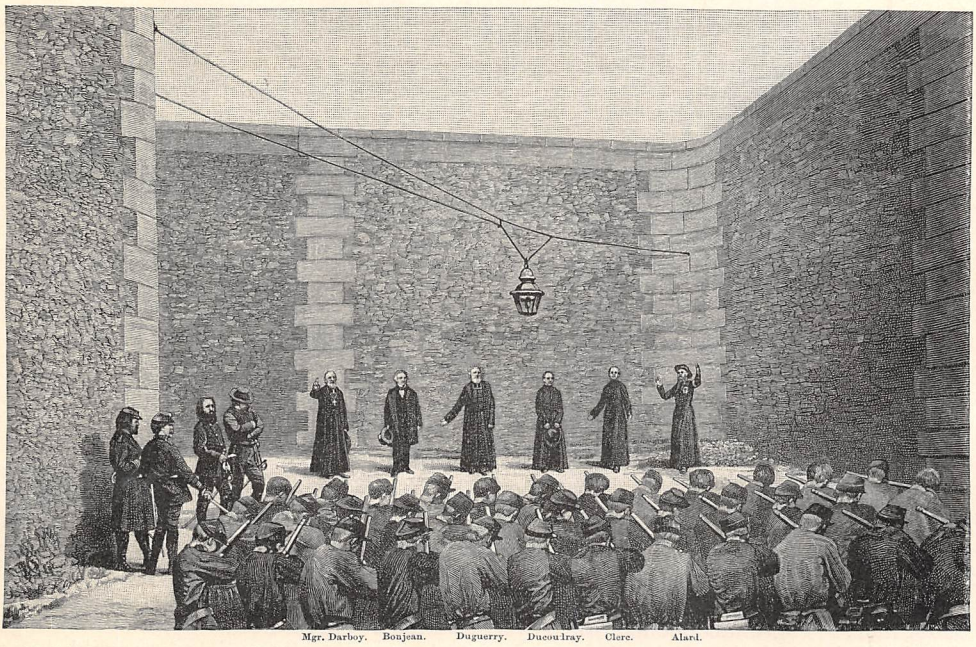
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LECADRE.

RUINS OF THE HÔTEL-DE-VILLE, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

heavy obus sent crashing into the already battered Boulevard Haussmann; now a great shell hurtling in the direction of the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. Cut off by this time from La Chapelle and the Gare du Nord, the Reds still clung to a barricade in the Rue Lafayette near the Square Montholon. For its defenders the way of retreat was open backward into Belleville. Canny folk, those Versaillists! The Prussians no doubt would have let them into Belleville from the rear, as they had let them into La Chapelle. But Belleville, whether in front or from rear, scarcely offered a joyous prospect. It seemed to me that for days to come there might be fighting about that rugged and turbulent region, and that there probably the Commune would find its last ditch. As for the people in the Hôtel-de-Ville, they, in the expressive old phrase, were between the devil and the deep sea. One enemy, with weapons in his hands, was outside; another, fire — and fire kindled by themselves — was inside. Would they roast, or risk death at the bayonet point? was the question I asked myself as I left the soldiers stacking the corpses on the flower-beds of the garden of the Tour St. Jacques, and tried in vain to see something of the Hôtel-de-Ville from the Pont Neuf. Its face toward the *quai* was hidden behind a great blanket of smoke, through the opacity of which shot occasional flashes of red flame.

Further westward the merry game of the morning was in full swing. Denouncements by wholesale had become the fashion, and denouncement and apprehension were duly followed by braining. It was a relief to quit the truculent cowards and the bloody gutters, and the yelling women and the Algerian-eyed officers. I strolled away into the Place Vendôme, of which there was current a story that it had been held for hours by twenty-five Communists and a woman against all that the Versaillists found it in their hearts to do. A considerable force had been massed in the Place; sentries were in charge of the ruins of the famous column. In the gutter before the Hôtel Bristol lay a corpse buffeted and besmirched — the corpse, I was told, of the Communist captain of the adjacent barricade, who had held it to the bitter end and then had shot himself. The Versaillist braves had made assurance doubly sure by shooting over and over again into the clay that was once a man. And in the Place there lay another corpse, that of the Hecate who fought on the Rue de la Paix barricade with a persistence and fury of which many spoke. They might have shot her, — yes, when a woman takes to war she forfeits her immunities, — but in memory of their mothers they might at least have pulled her scanty rags over the bare limbs that now outraged decency, and refrained from abominable bayonet-thrusts.

And now here was the Rue Royale, burning right royally from end to end. Alas for the



Mgr. Darboy. Bonjean. Duguerry. Ducoulray. Clere. Alard.

FROM A COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

ASSASSINATION BY THE COMMUNE OF HOSTAGES IN THE PRISON OF LA ROQUETTE, MAY 24, 1871.

FROM A COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

ASSASSINATION BY THE COMMUNE OF SIXTY-TWO HOSTAGES, RUE HAXO, BELLEVILLE, AT 5 P. M., MAY 26, 1871.

lovers of a draught of good English beer in this parching lime-kiln; the English beer-house at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré was a heap of blazing ruins. Indeed, from that corner up to the Place de la Madeleine, there was not a house on either side of the noble street that was not on fire. And the fire had been down the Rue St. Honoré, and up the Faubourg, and was working its swift hot will along the Rue Boissy. It was hard to breathe in an atmosphere mainly of petroleum-smoke. There was a sun, but his heat was dominated by the heat of the conflagration; his rays obscured by the lurid blue-black smoke that was rising with a greasy fatness everywhere in the air, filling the eyes with water, getting into the throat with an acrid semi-asphyxiation, poisoning the sense of smell, and turning one's gorge with the abomination of it. All up the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré the gutters were full of blood; there was a barricade at every intersection; the house-fronts were scored by shell-fire, and corpses lay about promiscuously. As I reached the gate leading into the courtyard of the British Embassy, the sight of a figure leaning against one of the pillars gave me a great shock. Why I should have been thus affected, it is necessary to explain.

Neither my colleagues nor I had been able to get a scrap sent out of Paris since Sunday night, and it was now noon of Wednesday. It was not for pleasure nor excitement that we were standing by the Commune's bloody death-bed; we were on duty. I was wretched. Here I was miserably *en l'air*, witnessing indeed a momentous struggle, but the spectacle only useful professionally in order that I might with all speed transfer the pictures which had formed themselves on my mental retina to the pages of my newspaper, and thus make the world an early sharer with me in a knowledge of events on the phases and issue of which the world was hanging. This aim, this aspiration, must ever absorb the war correspondent to the exclusion of every other consideration whatsoever. It is for the accomplishment of this purpose that he lives; I do not know that he ought to continue to do so if he fails — certainly not if he fails because of a mischance for which he himself is responsible. On the Tuesday night I could endure the blockade no longer. Somebody must get out, if he should descend the face of the enceinte by a rope. It was arranged that at sunrise on the Wednesday morning the attempt should be made by a colleague whose cool courage events had well tested, who had a good horse, knew Paris thoroughly, and had a large acquaintance among officers of the Versaillist army. He took charge of one copy of the scrappy letters I had written in duplicate in the intervals of watching the fighting; we shook hands, wishing each other a good deliverance; and at noon of Wednesday I was congratulating myself on the all but assurance

that my letters were already somewhere about Abbeville on the way to Calais.

The cheerful impression was abruptly dissipated by the sight that caught my eye as I entered the Embassy courtyard. My unfortunate colleague was leaning against one of the pillars, deadly sick, his complexion positively green, his nerves utterly shattered. He had tried to get out, and, I doubt not, tried boldly and energetically; but he had failed. He had been fired upon, and maltreated; he had been denounced as a Prussian spy, and had escaped death by the skin of his teeth. Poor fellow! he had been spattered with the blood and brains of denounced men who had not escaped. He had given up, and had taken post where I found him as the likeliest point at which to meet me and tell me of his failure.

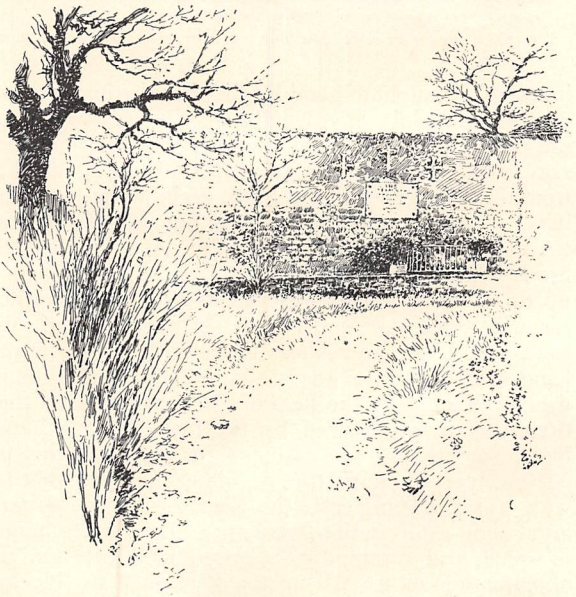
Of course, as the consequence of that misfortune, it behooved me to make the attempt. I pondered a few moments, and then went into the *chancellerie* of the Embassy, where I found Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin. Malet, who was then second secretary, had remained in Paris to represent Great Britain, when Lord Lyons and the rest of the Embassy *personnel* had migrated to Versailles at the beginning of the Commune. He may be said to have been sitting among ruins, for the smash of the big house had been severe. The parquet flooring of the ball-room was chaos, and the ventilation of sundry rooms had been improved by shell-holes. In the garden walls were great gaps, through which the Versaillists had worked their strategic progress round the barricades, respecting much the wholeness of their skins.

I had met Malet in the early days of the recent war, when he came out of Paris to Meaux with communications for Bismarck. I told him I meant to try to get out, and asked him whether I could take anything to Versailles for him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it 's no use your trying. I sent off two messengers this morning; both have come back — both had been fired on. We must wait a day or two until things settle."

"I am going to try to-day, and immediately," was my answer. "You can help me, and at the same time further your own objects. Put your despatches into a big official envelop, address it to 'Her Majesty the Queen of England,' and intrust me with the packet. No harm can come of it, anyhow."

After a little excogitation Malet complied, and, pocketing the envelop, I went to the stable where my little horse was standing at livery. The Communist sentry had relieved himself, and the embargo was off; but the poor beast, having been half starved and long deprived of exercise, was in a state of great debility. However, I jogged gently along, meeting with no molestation, until, on the Quai de Passy, I essayed a little trot; for time was of value. Presently the poor creature staggered and then fell on its side, pinning me down by the leg. I sickened, partly with pain, for I thought my leg was broken; more, however, in the realization of failure to accomplish my purpose if this hurt had indeed befallen me. A line battalion was passing; half a dozen *piou-pious* were instantly around me. Some dragged the horse upon his legs, others raised me and carried me into a wayside cabaret. A glass of wine revived me; my leg was not broken, only the ankle dislocated. I ordered and paid for half a dozen bottles of Burgundy, my military friends carried me out and lifted me into the saddle,



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE GARDEN OF THE RUE HAXO, WHERE THE SIXTY-TWO HOSTAGES WERE ASSASSINATED. (FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1891.)

and I went on at a walk, thankful that I had come so well out of the little disaster.

I encountered and surmounted sundry subsequent difficulties and dangers; but the crucial obstacle was still before me — at the Point du Jour Gate, whither I was making *en route* for Versailles. Walking up and down in front of the guard-house were a colonel and a major of the line.

"No, it is impossible; very sorry, but our

orders are imperative; you must apply for a permit to Marshal McMahon, whose quarters are at the École Militaire."[1] I urged; I entreated; I produced my envelop; but all to no purpose. The colonel went away; the major remained, and was so good as to accept a cigar. On his breast was the English Crimean medal, and on that hint I spoke yet again. I dwelt on the old comradeship of the French and English during the days of fighting and hardship before Sevastopol. That medal he wore was the Queen of England's souvenir; could he delay a courier carrying to her important despatches? The old warrior looked cautiously round; we were alone. He spoke no word, but silently with his thumb over his shoulder pointed down the tunnel under the enceinte, at the further end of which was the open country. When I had passed the sentry at the exit I drew a long breath of relief, and pottered on to Sèvres, at which place I left my horse and took carriage for Versailles, where my old war time courier was residing in the despatch-service of the "Daily News" resident correspondent.

As I drove up the broad avenue between Viroflay and Versailles, I overtook a very miserable and dejected company. In file after file of six tramped a convoy of Communist prisoners numbering over two thousand souls. Patiently and with some apparent consciousness of pride they marched, linked closely arm in arm. Among them were many women, some of them fierce barricade Hecates, others mere girls, soft and timid, here seemingly because a parent was here also. All were bareheaded and foul with dust, many powder-stained as well, and the burning sun beat down on the frowzy column. Not the sun only beat down, but also the flats of sabers wielded by the dashing Chasseurs d'Afrique who were the escort of those unfortunates. Their own experience might have taught them humanity toward their captives. No saber-blades had descended on their pates during that long, dreary march from Sedan to their German captivity; they were the prisoners of soldiers. But they were prisoners now no longer, as they capered on their wiry barb stallions, and in their pride of cheap victory belabored unmercifully the miserables of the Commune. For any overwearied creatures who fell out or dropped there was short shrift; my driving-horse had been shying at the corpses on the road all the way from Sèvres. At the head of the somber column were three or four hundred men lashed together with ropes,—all powder-stained those,—and among them not a few men in red breeches — deserters taken red-handed. I rather wondered what they did in this gang; they might as well have died fighting on the barricades, as survive to be made targets of a day or two later with their backs against a wall.

To hand Malet's despatches to the first secretary of the Embassy (Mr. Sackville West), and to eat a morsel, did not delay me in Versailles beyond half an hour; and then I was off on wheels by the circuitous route through Ruel and Malmaison and the pontoon bridge above Argenteuil, to St. Denis and the railway. As I drove along the green margin of the placid Seine, the spectacle which the capital presented can never fade from my memory. On its white houses the sun still shone; he did not withhold his beams, spite of the deeds which they illumined. But up through the sunbeams struggled and surged ghastly swart waves and folds and pillars of dense smoke. Ha! there was a sharp crack, and then a dull thud on the air. No gun-fire that, but some great explosion which must have rocked Paris to its base. There rose a convolvulus-shaped column of white smoke, with a jet-like spurt, such as men describe when Vesuvius bursts into eruption; then it broke up into fleecy waves and eddied away to the horizon all round, as the ripple of a stone thrown into a pool spreads to the water's edge. The crowd of Germans who sat by the Seine steadily watching were startled into a burst of excitement. The excitement might well have been world-wide. "Paris the beautiful" was Paris the ghastly, Paris the battered, Paris the burning, Paris the blood-drenched now. And this in the present century,— aye, but twenty years ago; Europe professing civilization, France boasting of culture, Frenchmen braining one another with the butt-ends of muskets, and Paris blazing to the skies! There wanted but a Nero to fiddle.

Traveling to England and writing hard all the way in train and boat, I reached London on Thursday, May 25, and was back in Paris on Saturday, May 27. All was then virtually over. The hostages in La Roquette had been shot, and the Hôtel-de-Ville had fallen, on the day I left. When I returned the Communists were at their last gasp in the Château d'Eau, the Buttes de Chaumont, and Père-Lachaise; on the afternoon of the 28th, after just one week of fighting, Marshal MacMahon announced, "I am absolutely master of Paris." On the following morning I visited Père-Lachaise, where the very last shots had been fired. Bivouac fires had been fed with the souvenirs of pious sorrow, and the trappings of woe had been torn down to be used as bedclothes. But there had been no great amount of fighting in the cemetery itself. An infallible sign of close fighting are the dents of many bullets, and of those there were not very many in Père-Lachaise. Shells, however, had fallen freely, and the results were occasionally very ghastly.

[1] I am not positive that this was the place named.

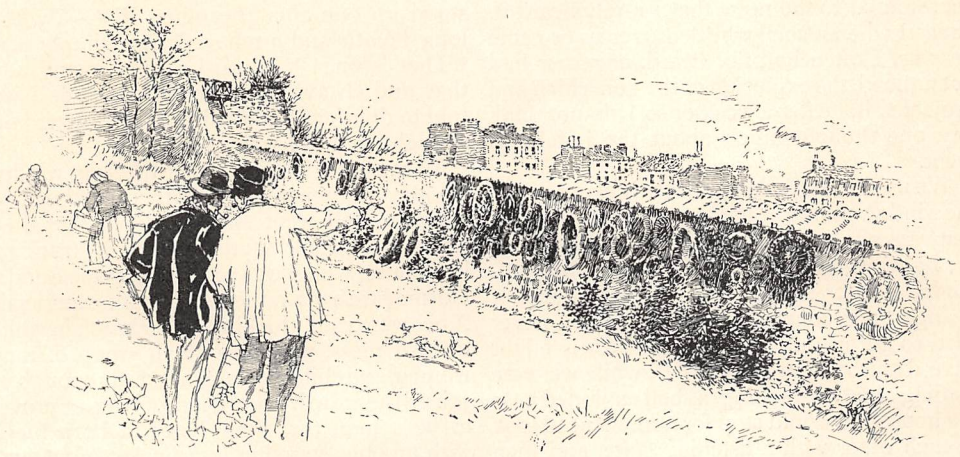
DRAWN BY VIERGE.

A CONVOY OF COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

But the ghastliest sight in Père-Lachaise was in the southeastern corner, where close to the boundary wall had been a natural hollow. The hollow was now filled up by dead. One could measure the dead by the rood. There they lay tier above tier, each tier powdered over with a coating of chlorid of lime, two hundred of them patent to the eye, besides those underneath hidden by the earth covering layer after layer. Among the dead were many women. There, thrown up in the sunlight, was a well-rounded arm with a ring on one of the fingers; there again was a bust shapely in death; and there were faces which to look upon made one shudder—faces distorted out of humanity with ferocity and agony combined. The ghastly effect of the dusky white powder on the dulled eyes, the gnashed teeth, and the jagged beards cannot be described. How died those men and women? Were they carted here and laid out in ghastly lying-in-state in this dead-hole of Père-Lachaise? Not so; the hole had been replenished from close by. There was no difficulty in reading the open book. Just there was where they were posted up against yonder pock-pitted wall, and shot to death as they stood or crouched. Let us turn our backs on the blood-stained scene, and pray that never again may the civilized world witness such a week of horrors as Paris underwent in those bright, early summer days of 1871!

Archibald Forbes.



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

WALL WHERE THE COMMUNISTS WERE EXECUTED IN PÈRE-LACHAISE. (FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1891.)

WHAT AN AMERICAN GIRL SAW OF THE COMMUNE.

AT the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war in September, 1870, we were obliged to leave Paris very suddenly, and with many others went to England, where we remained all the winter. In the spring of 1871 my mother, getting very tired of traveling from one place to another with a large family, decided to come back to her home in Paris. All seemed quiet enough just then, and, as my mother very truly said she had never heard of two sieges immediately following each other, we settled ourselves in our apartment. Mr. Washburne, the American minister, hearing we were back, came in to see my mother, and told her to go at once to London, for he thought Paris no fit place for women and children. This bit of advice was disregarded. After a few days had passed the gates of Paris were closed, and the second siege, commonly called that of the Commune, had begun.

Mr. Washburne was very kind, and came to see us often, sometimes finding us pretty well frightened. One evening when he came he found us on our way to the cellar for the night, but that was almost at the end of the siege. I may as well state here that I never got so far as the cellar, but my intimate friends, children of the concierge, informed me that a great many people had their mattresses brought down to the cellar, and slept there every night, experiencing, I suppose, a feeling of safety, as the only

thing that could then injure them was the falling of the whole house; and surely that was more pleasant and quite as effective as mutilation by a shell.

At first mother would not believe in the siege, and when the first cannon was fired she informed us that the noise was not a cannon, "It was only the *porte cochère* slamming." She had to abandon that theory when the *porte cochère* not only slammed but whistled over the house in a very peculiar manner. So constant was the firing that, when an armistice was given, Paris was disagreeably quiet and monotonous —at least I used to think so. At first every shot frightened me, and I imagined that every shell not only was aimed at our house but would surely strike it. In time I ceased to think of such a possibility, and at last became so accustomed to the noise that I rarely heard it. Indeed when a shell whistled over us or came near us, I often had not heard, or rather had not noticed, the explosion of the gun which had projected it. After a week or so I do not think any one thought much about the bombardment.

We used to study in the back drawing-room, the windows of the front room being stuffed with mattresses to prevent the shells from coming in; I always thought that if the said shells intended to enter, the sight of a mattress would not change their course. However, a shell never tried to get in our front windows, or it might have disturbed our studies. If, while we were reading aloud or reciting, a shell exploded near the house, we would stop for a moment to look at each other with a listening stare, and then quietly go on, the monotonous sound of our voices not changing any more than if we had been interrupted by a knock at the door. This behavior on our part may have come from being so much with our governess, for she certainly was the coolest and calmest woman I have ever met. She had been through the Revolution of 1848 as a child, and I had heard a great deal about it from her, and had conceived, as children do, very false impressions. My own idea of war, revolution, or siege in Paris meant but one thing in the end, which was that your head had to come off sooner or later; so my greatest fear (for the first two weeks) was of soldiers, or any rough-looking man I met on the street. I believe you can get accustomed to anything in this world if you make up your mind to it.

The first time I heard a shell explode, I was with my two brothers in the conservatory overlooking the yard; the conservatory had been made into a play-room. We were standing at different tables, playing with tin soldiers, some being Prussians and others French; somehow I was always a Prussian. My eldest brother suddenly asked me if I had ever heard an obus whistle? No! I never had. I was not paying much attention to this question, or to his conversation. "Well," he said, "the other day I was on the roof with M—— (the butler), and we heard the queerest kind of noise, and he called out to me to lie down and"—his story was interrupted by—well! it certainly was a queer kind of noise, a loud whistling noise, and as it grew nearer and louder, it seemed as if it would deafen us. I felt my knees tremble under me, and I slowly sank down to the floor, where I remained for a few moments, while the sound gradually grew fainter and farther away, as the projectile passed without striking anything. Terribly frightened, I looked up, and saw that we had all three crouched down with our faces in our hands; and as we stood up one after the other, W——, with a long breath and a relieved sigh, simply said, "That 's one!" I heard a great many after that, and always threw myself down, as I was told to do when I could, but I have never been so frightened as I was that day.

I remember looking out of the front window one day in company with mother and the maid, when a shell went straight down our street without touching anything, until it struck the last house, which was set on fire. One Sunday morning we had a rather unpleasant experience. As we were vainly looking for a church in which to hear mass, we saw a small group of men, women, and children, and, naturally enough we joined the crowd. The object of interest proved to be a man (or, shall I say, a born fool?) with an obus standing in a bucket of water, a wet towel wrapped around it; it was still hot (having fallen without exploding), and he was slowly unscrewing the cap with a long stick. I did not see much more, for I was seized by somebody, and hustled out of the crowd and down the street. Whether the obus burst, and killed the clever individual and his friends, I never learned.

I have heard people say that there were no cabs to be had in Paris during the Commune or siege. I do not pretend to know if they existed during the siege, as I was not there, but I believe carriages were used for firewood and horses sold for beef at the butchers'. During the Commune, however, cabs were to be had; very possibly the cabmen drove their horses till they needed them for dinner, instead of hanging their carcasses in the cellar, thus making the poor animals a source of income as well as of food. My brother was sent for a cab one day, and, as he was so long away, mother got very nervous, and went down to the front door with the governess, wondering what was detaining him so long. Suddenly they heard the most frightful explosion from a shell

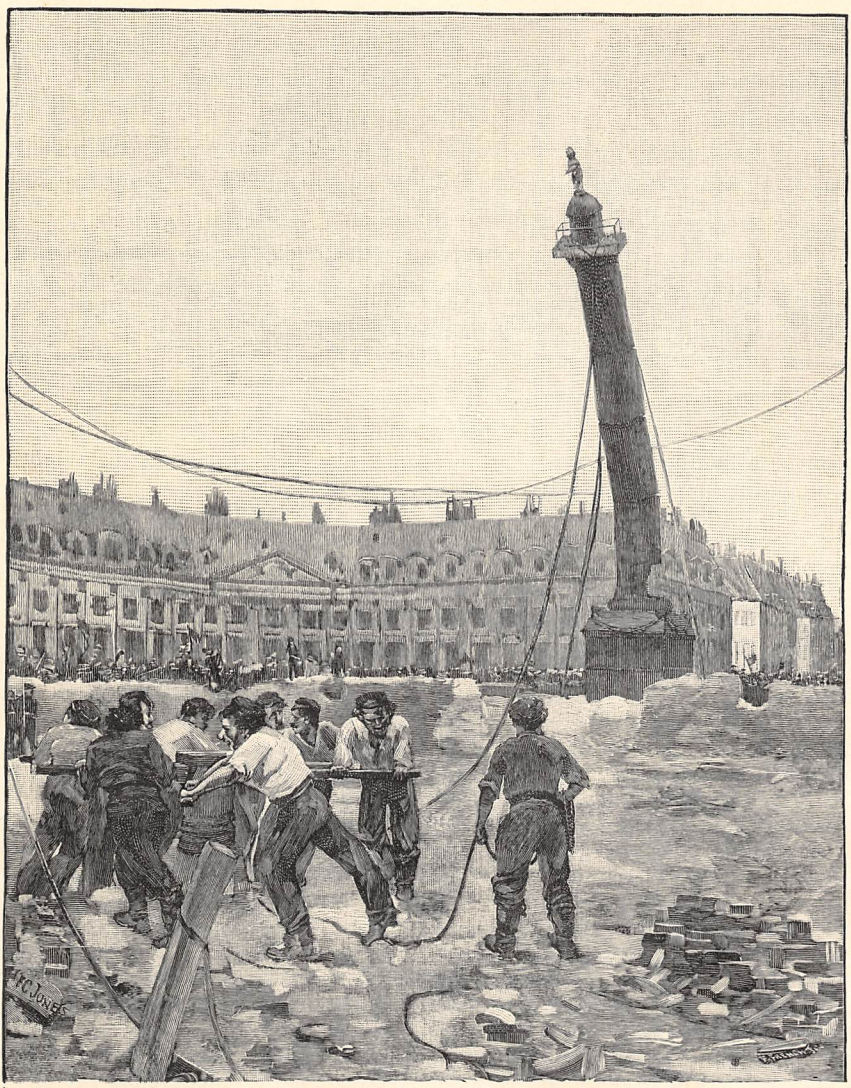
bursting close at hand. A fearful presentiment seemed to come over them, as they stood staring at each other. In a little while W—— came running down the street, out of breath, and red with excitement, holding his hat in his hands and looking at it, while he moved it up and down as you would to prevent a griddle-cake from burning. He said he was on the Avenue Friedland, when he heard a shell coming behind him. His first idea was to run away from it, which he did with all his might, but, finding it was getting the best of him, and coming straight for him, he threw himself on the ground, where he remained breathless for a moment, while it struck the ground half a yard from him, bounded up to the first floor of a house, and, striking it, fell down again, at a little distance from where he was lying. He jumped up and went toward the shell to pick it up, when a man came out of the house and claimed it as having struck his house. Neither of them could touch it yet, but W——, with natural American blood in his veins, throwing his hat over it managed to push it in, and ran off. He smelt strangely of sulphur, when he appeared before us with his hot treasure.

Fighting against your own people is not what you might call a pleasant occupation, and a great many men, having refused to do it, and not being able to get out of Paris, hid themselves in the cellars and garrets of their houses. Neighbors are not easily deceived and rarely to be trusted anywhere; this is particularly true of the French concierge; therefore it was pretty well known where the refugees were. The soldiers drummed in the streets to call them out. Some did come out for fear of being shot, but others did not, and our butler was one of those who did not. The soldiers usually drummed three times, then looked for, and usually found, the concealed ones, I am sorry to say. But we had better luck, for we managed to keep our prisoner safe till the Versaillists came in; not without trouble, however, and one or two good frights. A paper was sent with M——'s full name, ordering him out. Mother sent word that a man by that name had been her butler before the war, but that he had left her to go to fight the Prussians; this was true enough, and his coming back to us in England was nobody's business. The next thing was to try to get him out of Paris, for fear they might search our apartment for him. The American flag saved us from that annoyance—a piece of good luck, this flag having been bought (I believe by mistake) so big that we were usually mistaken for the American embassy, or somehow related to it. I believe M—— thought of getting through the gates in a cart of soiled clothes, but one or two men had tried it, had been found, and instantly shot. Notwithstanding the flag, I think mother was rather nervous about him, and we had a pretty good fright one day, when the front-door bell rang, and the servants, rushing to my mother, told her that they had not opened the door, because it was a soldier who had come to get the butler to shoot him, as they knew he was there. Whether or not mother was much frightened I cannot tell; she spoke for a few moments to our governess, and then decided to go alone and open the front door. We were very much excited, and I immediately imagined nothing short of a battle in the "antechamber," and M—— shot before our eyes. Horrible as the idea was, and fond as I was of the man, I had a queer feeling that if anything was going to happen I was going to witness it, if I died for it, and I was also quite aware that our side would never give in.

By the time we were all worked up to a great state of excitement, the door was opened by mama, who with a frigid stare, and a more than decided expression about her mouth, faced the enemy, and demanded how he dared come to her apartment and ring her bell. A poor, mild-looking, and embarrassed man, in the Communist uniform, explained with a humble manner, and a more humble voice, that he was sorry to disturb madame, but he had been obliged to dress like this for safety. Did n't madame know him? he was the tuner, and had come to tune her piano.

One morning a report was circulated that there was an armistice, and it would last about six hours. The firing had not been heard for some time, so we naturally believed this little story, and decided to go, and have a look at the enemy; they could be easily seen from the Arc de Triomphe. Accordingly we started out in a procession loaded with opera-glasses, and field-glasses, indeed all the glasses we could get. We saw all we wanted, even a little more. We marched up the Avenue Friedland to the Arc, where we planted ourselves all in a row facing the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and began to examine the enemy. Quite a crowd of people were with us, principally servants, children, and some old men and women, all coming with the same intention, curious to see the enemy.

Ambulances rushed past, going to and fro. They were empty going down to the fortifications, but seemed to be full when coming up. I think they must have brought back some drunken soldiers, for the ordinary Communist seemed always drunk. We could see the enemy quite distinctly, even distinguish the uniform; some were standing in small groups, a few were near the cannon, and some were marching from one place to another, very much like animated tin soldiers. I was beginning to be bored, though I do not believe we had been there very long,



PULLING DOWN THE VENDÔME COLUMN.[1]

when, looking straight before me (without an opera-glass this time), I saw a big puff of smoke and a flash of light from one of the distant cannon. The tin soldiers had fired at us! I do not think I woke up to the fact that we were being used as a target till the people near us screamed, and ran round like chickens with their heads cut off, not knowing in the least what they were going to do next, or where to run to get out of reach of the cannon. In looking vaguely round me I saw an old man fall, struck by a piece of shell; he was instantly killed. I was frightened, but you must have time to get thoroughly frightened, and I did not have that. I was still looking at the old man, who had lost his hat as he fell, and I remember thinking how the top of his bald head shone in the sunlight, when to my surprise I was grabbed by the arm by my governess, and in a minute we were all running as fast as our legs would carry us down the avenue toward home. We never believed in armistices again, and the opera-glasses were put away out of sight! We heard afterward that several persons had been killed, and did not hear of people going up to the Arc de Triomphe during the rest of the Commune.

All this time the Communists were building their barricades as fast as possible, and one had been put up behind our house, on the Avenue

[1] See an article on "Gustave Courbet, Artist and Communist," in this magazine for February, 1884, from which this picture is taken.— EDITOR.

Friedland. It was quite unpleasant to see it improve each day, knowing that if they once mounted their cannon on it, we would probably have the Versaillists passing through our apartment to take it. We heard very extraordinary stories of the down-town barricades; the up-town ones were said not to be comparable with them, so we decided to judge for ourselves and see what they looked like. I was not often taken on down-town walks; that is the reason I am obliged to confess I never saw a *pétroleuse*. I heard my sisters talk of them, and say they had seen them going to be shot, and literally pulling their hair out by the roots; some of them were very well dressed, but I never saw one. We went to the Place de la Concorde, and actually got a cab to take us there, or rather a cabman, for he had to be thanked for doing us that favor. I have never seen anything so wonderfully built as was that barricade; it was across the Rue de Rivoli, in a line with the Tuileries gardens, and was made entirely of sand-bags and barrels of sand; one little passageway, so narrow that only one person could pass at a time, went zigzag through it.

When it was known that the Colonne Vendôme was to be taken down there was great excitement in Paris; people would not believe the Communists would dare to do such a thing. The day was appointed, and crowds went down to witness the sight, including every one of our family. There was no doubt left in anybody's mind when they arrived on the Place Vendôme, for there we found the scaffolding up, the ropes just ready, and men were sawing the lower part of the column. We might have stayed to see it come down, but some people said it would cause an explosion of gas, and others that the Parisians would not allow the column to be taken down, and there would be a riot, and the crowd was so excited that mother decided to take us away and to come back after it was down, which we did. The crowd was very dense, and ropes were stretched across the Place to prevent the people crossing or coming too near. Soldiers were walking up and down with their guns on their shoulders, looking young and sickly.

We managed to get near the rope, and there we stood for a long while staring at the old column, lying in so many pieces on the ground and covered with dust. The people seemed to be less excited. Whether they were cowed or simply subdued I cannot say; some grumbled and talked to each other in low voices, some few in their rage at the destruction of their great monument swore aloud at the Commune, forgetting the danger of their position. I felt very sorry for an old man next to me who was crying like a child; others looked at him with a pitying expression, and seemed to wish they could cry too. Mother and our governess were talking together in low voices; there was a slight disagreement on a subject. Suddenly, with great decision on her face, mother lifted the rope, and, passing under it, started to cross the Place, but as she turned round to tell us to follow her, a soldier called out to stop, that it was forbidden to cross, and finding she took no notice of him, he came up to her with his bayonet pointed toward her. I suppose he only meant to frighten her, but he came so near that his bayonet caught in the black lace on her dress. Now the Commune was not very particular as to the kind of soldiers in its service, and the average Communist soldier was from fifteen to twenty-two or -three years of age. This one was about twenty, thin, and unhealthy looking. When mother saw that the gun was entangled in her lace, she stopped, and, looking at him with a disgusted stare, said: "Just look what you have done with your stupidity." The boy seemed quite frightened, and bending over the dress tried to help my mother disentangle it from the gun; it was not easy, without tearing it, and took several minutes. We looked on breathlessly, not knowing what was to happen next; but we might have known if we had thought a little, for, as usual, mother got the best of it. She quietly shook the lace, and, turning round without even looking at the soldier, she walked across the Place Vendôme by herself. There was a slight hesitation on the governess's part, but it did not last long, for she lifted the rope and passed under it, followed by five of us. The soldier again protested, but she quietly said, "Je suis avec madame" as a "mot d'ordre," and we crossed the Place Vendôme without any more delays, to the astonishment of the crowd and the soldiers.

It was very near the end of the siege when the bill for the taxes was sent in, and it was unpleasant to know that you would have to pay them over again when the troops would have possession of Paris. The paper was headed "Citoyenne" (with our name badly spelled, of course), and signed Rajincourt, 41 Rue Garibaldi (Rue Billant in time of peace). I found this paper long afterward, having wrapped a piece of shell in it. Mother went to the office by herself, and told us all about it afterward. She told us she had been a little nervous on her way there, and was not very comfortable when she entered the office or bureau. Two men sat at the table with their hats on the back of their heads, and a few others lounged round. As she entered the room they all turned and stared at her, more from surprise than rudeness, and one of them, tilting his chair back, asked what she wanted. She said she wished to see the superintendent; he pointed to a man behind the grating of the desk. Going up to the desk, she told the super-

intendent who she was, that she had received the bill for the taxes, and was perfectly willing to pay, but she had come herself to ask if they would mind waiting for a few days, as with all this disturbance she had had a little trouble about money matters. He smiled and was quite amiable about it; he said he hoped she would tell her friends how *gentil* they were, they did not mind waiting to please the citoyenne, and coming out from behind his desk, he accompanied her toward the door, talking all the while; and as a last show of his good nature, he struck her two or three times on the back, remarking at the same time that she might tell people that the Communists were *pas aussi mauvais aprés tout.*

I remember so well the evening the Versaillist troops entered Paris. It had been a very noisy night, and several times I was waked by extra-noisy cannon, and when, at five o'clock in the morning, the one and only cannon on the barricade of the Avenue Friedland was fired, I thought it was in my room, and actually shot myself out of bed. Almost immediately my brothers came into my room to tell me that the siege was over, the Versaillists had just entered; all the front blinds of our house were closed, and nobody was to look out, as the Communists were running away to the barricades downtown, and if we looked out of the windows we might be shot at.

These were mother's orders, and she was locked up in her own room with our governess. We all met in the hall, and talked it over, but only for a very short time, for we decided that we would never have another opportunity to disobey for such a good cause; so we opened one blind, and, as we were hanging out to see all we could, the first thing we noticed was our own mother and the governess craning out of the other window, both of them having a very good time. I cannot say I saw very much, for I was not the first at the window, but I do not believe my youngest brother saw anything.

The few Communists who ran by our street were pushing a cannon as fast as possible, and some soldiers were running, carrying their guns anyhow, but the greater part of them went by the avenues. Then for three days we had a very bad time of it. Many of the Communists hid in cellars, and others put on the workman's blouse, pretending to be delighted to see the city delivered, but it was not easy to fool the soldiers, who could find out the truth well enough from neighbors, and it generally ended by their being found, dragged out, and shot on the squares or in the parks.

I happened to be jumping rope in front of our *porte cochère*, when I saw four soldiers and an officer; two of the soldiers were half dragging a man, who was on his knees before the officer begging for his life. It made my blood run cold, my heart stop beating, to see that poor wretch on his knees, screaming to be spared, and the officer holding a pistol at his head. The soldiers kicked him to make him get up, and hit him on the head, so that you could hear the blows across the street. Somebody from a window called out to the officer not to shoot him before so many women and children, so they pushed and kicked him till they came to the end of our street, and there they shot him. As he was being dragged past our house, they stopped for a moment, and I saw a little boy about five years of age go up and kick the man while he was begging for pity from the officer, and one of the little concierge girls I used to play with told me she had gone to see him shot, and was disappointed because she came too late.

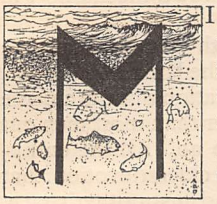
A great many of the Versaillists entered by the Avenue Friedland. We stood at the corner of our street watching them, and mother had wine and cigarettes distributed to the officers, as they halted. My brothers and I talked to the soldiers, who were tired and hungry. We heard two of them fighting about their bayonets; one said he had run through five Communists that morning; no wonder his bayonet was bent and full of dry blood. We told one of the officers that the archbishop had been murdered; he would not believe it, and thinking that we did not know what we were talking about, he asked M——. They were very angry, and remarked that they might have entered sooner, but the orders were not to injure Paris, and they thought they could force the insurgents to surrender. A few days later we went down to the *archevêché* to see the archbishop before he was buried. There was a great crowd of people, and we were hurried through the dark rooms hung with black cloth.

I was often frightened during the Commune, but I do not remember anything more terrifying than the fires. One night we went on our roof, and saw Paris burning in eight different places. Mother and our governess sat up half the night watching, not daring to go to bed, while we undressed by the light of the fires. The Tuileries burned for three days and the sky was full of black specks and pieces of paper, lists of things. I have now a list of jewelry that fell in our yard. I suppose that came from the Ministère des Finances, which was burning at the same time.

C. W. T.

THE ROWDY.

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED KAPPES.



IKE HOLLIN'S nineteenth birthday was eventful. To have you understand how eventful, it is necessary to draw Mike's portrait. He was the seventh child of Thomas Hollin, an honest blacksmith who could—and did—boast that he had never scamped a piece of work, broken his word, or taken the sight of man's fists in his face without fighting. Hollin belonged to a trades-union, but it was a trades-union of the old-fashioned kind; and he despised the "new-fangled notions" of the Knights of Labor.

Mrs. Hollin may be called a semi-American; although her father was an Irishman, and her mother the daughter of an Irishman with a touch of some other nationality, she herself was born in Ohio; and a race that has been a certain time in America becomes, as it were, aired off, and the strong national flavor evaporates. Annie Hollin's brogue was enlivened by American idioms; in the same way her temperament had felt the climate; she was nervous, energetic, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, and tidy. Did you see her wiry little shape of a Saturday afternoon, hurling huge pailfuls of water over her back fence into the convenient ravine that served the neighborhood as a reservoir for tin cans, garbage, and diphtheria, you would call her "a genuine American." Did you see her face,—a small, round face, with a short nose, long upper lip, brilliant blue eyes, and black hair,—you would call her, just as decidedly, "an Irishwoman, of course." But even her Irish face had an American touch, for she wore her hair clipped short like a man's: she never had time for long hair, she said. All her life she had been looking forward to a day of sufficient leisure to "do up her hair"; so far, the leisure was a mirage, receding as life advanced. Hollin was her third husband. The other two she had lost; one by death, one by divorce. She had seen hard days, had wept over little coffins, and known what it was to be cold, and hungry, and bruised. If she had not,—so she sometimes told Hollin,—she never would have married again.

It was not Hollin's way to retort on such occasions, he being a man of deep experience in the married state—a widower with six children on his second wedding-day. He only puffed the harder at his pipe, and, if the atmosphere grew too dense, put on his hat.

Mrs. Hollin was not a bad stepmother: she kept the children warm, neat, and well fed; if she cuffed them vigorously in her tempers, she made amends by lavish indulgence at other times, and there never was a more fearless or devoted nurse in sickness. Mike was the couple's only child. Notwithstanding his advent, the family circle dwindled. Tom, the eldest son, a stolid, good fellow like his father, married and moved to another town; two of the sisters died of diphtheria; the eldest girl was married; one sister went out to service; the brother next to Mike fell into the cistern, and before Mike left school he was the only child at home. This departure from school occurred suddenly when Mike was fourteen; the direct cause being his father's running up against him just as he swaggered out of a saloon.

"That 's what they learn ye at school, is it?" said old Tom, grimly. "Time *you* was at work!" And to work Mike went the very next morning, in spite of his mother's protestations and promises. Many were the tears shed by Annie Hollin because of Mike's lost "learning"; for she gave the fetish-like worship of her class to "education."

But Mike did not regret the school. Study was irksome to him, and work suited him better than any one could have expected; he really had plenty of energy. Moreover, Hollin had shrewdly gaged the youngster's mind. He told him that he could have all he made over two dollars a week. The work was piecework, and Mike very soon rose out of his humble beginning as errand-boy for the foreman in the machine-shop of the Agricultural Implement Company, for which his father worked, to a bench of his own, and the right to countersink cultivator-shovels at ten cents a hundred.

Mike's spiritual training was not cut short like his secular education; on the contrary, although his father never went to church, and his mother seldom, I am inclined to think that the boy suffered from a plethora of religious advantages. He attended no less than four Sunday-schools—Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Unitarian. He went to the first school because his mother had been born in the Church of

Rome, and, long since estranged from it, still felt its attraction, and cherished vague hopes of reconciliation — when she could afford it. Therefore, she sent Mike to Father Kelly as clay to the potter. The other three Sunday-schools Mike attended on his own account because they had picnics and Christmas-trees.

It may be imagined that his religious instruction was variegated, even contradictory. Little, however, did contradictions trouble our young heretic; since his four guides each told him a different story of the way of life, he took a short cut out of all difficulties by believing none of them. At sixteen Mike was beyond reach of such modest bribery as Christmas-trees and picnics can offer. He preferred to spend his Sundays dangling his legs from an empty packing-box at the street corner, puffing at a rank cigar, his ears gulping down unsavory gossip, taking new lessons in the cheap vices; at intervals (presuming him to have a few pennies, or some talker in the crowd to be in a generous mood) refreshing himself at the adjacent saloons. The town being under so-called "prohibitory laws," you could n't throw a stone anywhere without hitting a green screen.

By the time he was nineteen Mike knew how to drink, smoke, swear fluently, box in a crude fashion, and lose his money at any gambling game without wincing. He knew some other ways of pleasing the devil, if one may believe his father; in fact, he was a rowdy, the kind of fellow that women hurry past on the streets. But none the less was he his mother's idol. She dowered him with all the treasures of her dreams, from curly hair — the best you could say of Mike's red locks was that they were crooked at the ends — to a sweet disposition. He was such a handy boy about the house (Mike did care for his mother in a careless way, and had the grace to help her, occasionally, with a tub or a basket of wood). Then Mike was n't like "them Murray boys,— never could spend an evening home, always loafing and guzzling at the saloons,— Mike was a great reader, he read aloud beautifully!" If only Hollin had let him get an education, there was no knowing where he would have stopped. The truth was, Mike read a socialist newspaper, and some novels of the baser sort.

Yet I am not denying some virtues in the mire. By nature Mike had a sweet temper. He was neither envious nor churlish; and he was kind to helpless creatures, the fowls, the dog, the cow, and the children. He had a distorted sense of honor, that, so far, getting tangled up with his class feeling, had done him more harm than good. For instance, honor, egged on by class feeling, hampered him in his work, not permitting him to be industrious or a notable artisan, of which there were the makings in Mike, for he was nice-fingered, quick-witted, and patient; but where work is done by the piece, it is not considered square to the other fellows to do too many pieces daily. Should you be so inconsiderate, the "boss" may put down the price on you; then, the slow workers will be in trouble, while the brisk workers cannot make any more. Therefore a shrewd mechanic will "nurse his job!"

Mike brimmed over with class feeling. He belonged to a union and to the Knights of Labor, and to a mysterious organization without a name that carried its aims farther than most men out of the penitentiary care to go. All the enthusiasm, all the capacity for reckless devotion, that belong to his own age and his mother's race, poured into this one channel — zeal for his class. Mike was as proud because he was a Knight of Labor as any medieval knight ever was of his gold spurs. He bragged and he fought for the order — bragged to his father, and fought three miserable "rats" in the shop that refused to join the Knights and resented having their tools stolen: that was how his nose got broken. He made sacrifices for the cause, going without tobacco one whole month that he might contribute his share to what his father called "the foolest fool strike in the country."

Mike was capable of hero-worship also; he admired the foreman of his shop, Bill Nicker, who once had drawn a fifty-dollar prize in the Louisiana Lottery, and henceforth was a prime authority on betting, and knew how to drive so well that the livery stables would trust him with fast horses. Only second to this hero was a big fellow in the blacksmith shop about whom there was a dark rumor that he had once stood up against John L. Sullivan, in a round at an exhibition, with bare fists! Mike himself never would make a pugilist, because he was a stunted little creature, agile and enduring, but small like his mother. All the more did he esteem inches and muscle. Secretly he admired his father; though Hollin made no secret that he despised his son.

"He ain't no good, and never will be," fumed Tom; "calling himself a Knight of Labor, striking for every cat that squalls; wanting to buy cigars,— what business 'as a kid like 'im got with cigars, anyhow? — not wanting to buy them at Carter's, 'cause Carter's men was on the strike! Now what the —— is it his look-out *what* Carter's men does? They does n't consult us when they strikes, and why the —— should we be paying for their fun? 'T ain't the way I was brought up. And them Knights ain't the wust, neither. He belongs to some other society that he keeps almighty dark about. Guess the darker he keeps the better. That Bill Nicker 's a bad egg; if he don't end on the gallows, I miss my guess. And Mike 's

lucky if he don't git there with him. He 's going to the devil fast 's I ever see a boy yet."

" No, he ain't, neither!" Hollin's wife, who naturally got most of these gruesome suspicions, would cry. " No, he ain't; and you know it, Hollin. And you ought to be 'shamed talkin' so of your own son. Mike may be a little wild; but he never got drunk in his life, and he 'll come out all right, you 'll see."

Perhaps in his secret soul old Tom craved to be proved wrong; for he never resented Annie's vehemence; rather, at times he seemed to invite it, as if he would see the other side of the argument, if he could.

In fact, however, Mike's society justified his father's fears. The doctrines would have scared any one except an anarchist. All the regular orders of labor have an unacknowledged and desperate kind of following, that are to them what guerrillas are to armies. Few people understand how important a part such irregulars play in strikes. The younger and wilder spirits belong to these secret bands; they are the ones having least to lose and most to gain, are always ready for a strike, tickled at the notion of the holiday, sure of being supported in idleness while the strike lasts (never having a penny of their own by any chance to fall back on), glad to get the better wage if the strike be successful, hardly the worse in any event.

Bill Nicker, already mentioned, was the originator of Mike's society; Tom Hollin, junior, afterward declared that Bill made most of it up " out of his own head." I cannot say how far he was right: certainly Mike had no suspicions; he believed in the society, and all its vague and tremendous penalties, with unction; he was afire to distinguish himself, and felt vastly superior to the workmen who did not belong.

Long ago said wise Francis of Verulam: " There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little." Every man or boy — to say truth, most of the members were nearer boyhood than manhood — in Mike's society was convinced that he was wronged, even where he could not place the wrong. And, as ignorance is equally as hopeful as suspicious, they gave to Nicker's artless schemes for turning the world upside down a faith that ought to move mountains.

Nicker was a socialist, anarchist, moral outlaw, every inch of him, having that facility for turning sentences that often passes for logic. He did n't always quite know what he meant himself, and his hearers never did, but they listened to his flatulent eloquence with awe. He was not a lover of humanity, he had none of the pathetic frenzy of longing to help the woes of the world, which goads on many socialists: not he, not William Nicker, who could smoke his pipe when home on a strike, and let his wife fill her tubs to earn him drink-money; but he did have an unaffected hatred of the rich that he was convinced was sympathy for the poor. Thus he was a fanatic, with something of the fanatic's momentum. Mike considered him one of the great reformers of the century; but Mike's father, having been put to some trouble by Nicker's shifty workmanship, was outspoken against him, and usually called him " Gasbag."

Nicker was the real mover in the strange experience that came to Mike on his birthday. There had been a change of ownership in the works. A new company had bought them, and a new superintendent had been sent to the shops. The men were suspicious of the change; Nicker said harsh things of the owners. But Hollin exulted. For one thing, his son Tom was coming with Mr. Thorne; and Tom was the good, dutiful son whom old Tom loved, the rising man of whom old Tom was proud.

" They say the new superintendent ain't much more 'n a boy," Mike grumbled on one occasion.

" Humph!" said old Tom, " one thing in his favor; he learned the business in the shop, come back from college, and put on his overalls, and got up at six, and kept hours. Say he kin do anything in the shops; invented a dandy spring to the cultivators; knows a good job from a poor one across the street: that 's the sort for me!"

" Bill Nicker says he 's a spy," said Mike; " says he worked in the shop and found out how much the fellers kin do if they hump themselves; and kept doing that much; so they put down the price."

" I mind Bill Nicker came from the Thornes', and he got a hand mashed fooling with a punch. They paid him his wages full time and all the doctor's bills —"

" That 's 'cause they 're insured; Bill told me 'bout it."

" Guess they got to pay fer insurance, then. Pay comes at one end or 'nother; no great difference 'cept to a fool like Bill. And they sent him off — oh, I know all 'bout Gasbag — they sent him off fer stirring up bad blood with the men. He got up a strike; but it did n't pay, and the Knights' Lodge there was close to firing him, they was. If ye want to know, that 's why he hates Thorne like pizen." The old man puffed a minute, then summed up his case: " Tell ye, Mike, them Thornes is pretty decent folks, and fer one I 'm glad they bought us out. I know they give their men fair living wages, and some of the older ones gits a share of the profits. There 's Tom; he was keen to

have me go there when he left; now he 's a foreman, been with 'em three year, and got his wages raised twice without his saying a word. He gits thirty dollars a week now. I wish to the Lord I 'd gone with him when he first went, for he says they know a good man when they see him, and are willing to pay for good work."

"Well, I know one thing," said Mike, sulkily, "we ain't a-going to have any interference with our organizing here. That young Thorne 's got to quit fighting organized labor, or we 'll strike!"

"My, what a long tail our cat 's got!" said old Tom, with a Rabelaisian grimace. "Guess you better try to see what good work you kin do, and, my word for it, you won't have to strike. Look at Tom. He don't belong to no Union nor no Knights, and he 's clumb up and up and up!"

"I ain't a-going to desert my comrades, anyhow," came round the corner of Mike's collar.

His father took a stride forward, and tapped him on the shoulder. The old man looked very tall, there at his elbow, and Mike was impressed by something unusual, almost solemn, in his expression.

"Mike," he said, "I 've been living and thinking a good while; and I know enough to know I ain't going to do a bit of good by talking to you. No matter; it 'll free my mind to tell. You 're all wrong, boy, clean wrong, you and your societies. The way to help all the other fellers is to be a decent feller yourself. And it 's a heap easier fer the strongest feller to climb the hill fust, and then—and all the while—be lendin' a hand to the hindmost, than it is to have the strong one stay underneath a-boostin' and a-boostin' up fellers that ain't got sprawl enough to help themselves when they are boosted. I tell ye, Mike, it 's all wrong."

Mike was not convinced, but he was cowed by his father's earnestness; he took refuge in sulky silence, glad to see the shop doors.

The superintendent came. He was a tall, slim, smiling young fellow, in the last fashion of clothes, with very bright, dark eyes. He did look absurdly young and gentle,—"pretty as a girl!" jeered Mike,—but there was a faint contraction of the eyebrows giving to those bright and soft dark eyes a mingled steadiness and keenness of gaze, and a look that in a man's face never means but one thing.

"He 's a hard hitter when he 's mad, or I miss my guess," said old Tom.

The first thing to happen was a strike, the cause being persecution of organized labor, insomuch as Thorne had discharged four members of Mike's nameless society for drunkenness and inefficiency. Nicker was one of the men discharged. He had declared that it was not possible for his men to turn out more work a day than they did, without injury to the quality of the work; Thorne had replied that more work was done in the other shops, and if Nicker could n't get it done, he would try to find some one who could. Nicker kicked the metal wheel in his hands to the end of the shop, and picked up his coat, profanely giving Thorne permission to try.

The condition of affairs was ripe for mischief. The former owners had been neither better nor worse than the bulk of their kind. As they themselves said, they were not running the implement business as a missionary enterprise, but to make money; it did not strike them as unfair or especially hard-hearted to pare down the men's wages in winter, when work was slack, and the shop could afford an idle time far better than workingmen with families. If the men did not like the wages, they could quit, which option the hotheads were for taking; but they, in general, had no children to clothe, or stoves to keep going, or butchers and bakers to satisfy. The men grumbled; but they did not strike. They organized, and bided their chance. Thorne walked into a crater. The season was summer now; the shops were running full time on heavy orders; it was the men's turn at the screw. Nicker was mightily busy with insinuations; whispering ugly stories about the Thornes' determination to root out labor organizations, and splendid promises of success—if they all pulled together. On the other hand, Tom Hollin and the men that came with Thorne represented that the new company (Thorne's father and brothers) were fair men, who made their contracts at the beginning of the year, and stood by them. *They* would n't ask better men to work for.

But an uneasy suspicion clings to the workman outside the unions and too successful to side with his mates. Tom Hollin had bought a house; his wife kept a hired girl; Sunday afternoons he would go driving in a buggy, with his wife and baby, dressed up like a gentleman. "You could n't expect such a man to be in touch with the toiling millions!" declaimed Bill Nicker. Nevertheless, the Hollins and a few more of the cautious workmen did succeed in averting a general strike, and in persuading the local Knights of Labor to be neutral. Thus from the first the strike was doomed; in less than a week's time Thorne had filled half the empty benches with new men. The strikers began to be frightened. They sent a deputation to Thorne, who told them that what places were not already filled were open to the first comers; he would not discharge the men he

had hired. While he spoke he brushed an insignificant mustache with a hot-house rose, looking more amiable and girlish than ever; but he was no more to be stirred than the huge engine buzzing outside.

"They don't belong to the Knights or the union or nothing," urged Mike, one of the deputation.

"Don't they?" said the superintendent. "I did n't inquire. If they do their work well, they are free to belong to a dozen labor organizations or to none. It is none of my business; I shall go on filling the places as fast as I can. For you boys, I advise you to come back quick, while there are any jobs left."

"And how about Ransom, and O'Brien, and Schreiner, and *me?*" said Nicker.

"All of you, Mr. Nicker, will have to go somewhere else than here."

"We 'll see about that, Mr. Thorne. If this is going to be a scab shop, you 'll find it is n't easy running it; and these men that have taken the bread out of our children's mouths, let them look out for themselves!"

The deputation went away, keeping a high crest, but inwardly disheartened by Thorne's composure. Tom Hollin, to this day, maintains that whatever their anger and disappointment, they would not have gone beyond petty intimidations with the new men, but for Nicker; to him Tom always charged the lamentable bloodshed that followed. Thorne gave warning that, at all hazards, he would protect his men. He kept his word; the most turbulent week that the little Western city had ever known ended in a frantic riot, with utter rout to the strikers, a score of broken heads and limbs, a policeman stabbed, and one poor lad struck so heavily that he could never wring his mother's heart again. Poor Patsy was the only son of a widow, the best-hearted fellow in the world when sober. He belonged to Mike's society. Mike himself helped carry him home, and came away crying.

Squalid, needless, futile tragedy that it was, it had more needless, more tragical possibilities in its wake. It is not an easy thing to propose assassination to American workingmen, even to young anarchists; but when, that night, Nicker rose in the garret that served his society for a council-chamber, and glanced from one bruised and lowering face to another, he recognized the image of his own passions.

With hardly a dissenting voice, Arthur van Rensselaer Thorne, superintendent of the Ernsdale Agricultural Implement Company, was tried by this modern Fehmgericht, for murder, convicted, and condemned to death. The execution of the sentence was to be deferred for two weeks, lest suspicion should be turned in the real quarter; for the same reason the strike was declared off. There only remained to settle who should be the executioner, and Michael Hollin drew the black lot. This it was that happened to him on his nineteenth birthday. He held out the palm of his hand, and they all could see it; very likely not a man there but drew a breath of relief.

"I am ready," said Mike in an even voice. Nicker, watching the lad keenly, nodded once or twice; there were certain dusky labyrinths in his memory where he did not often care to rummage; perhaps they held faces with a like sinister radiance to that shining through Mike's freckles. "He 'll do," decided the socialist.

Nevertheless, he made him a sign to wait after the others had gone, having it in mind to "hearten him up a bit"; which he accomplished by kicking aside the huddle of chairs and pushing Mike past the eddies of stale tobacco smoke and dust from shuffling feet, until they stood under the full glare of the gas-jets, and then saying, in his most impressive chest-tones, "Remember our laws. If Thorne does n't die, *you* will! Think of that when you weaken."

"I ain't going to weaken," said Mike.

"Well, I believe you," said Nicker, heartily. "The social revolution would come quicker if there were more like you. Say, have you got any change about you? Let 's go take a drink."

"I guess I don't care for a drink," said Mike; "here 's a quarter, though, you 're welcome to. It 's all I got."

The exhilaration that Mike experienced when the great man first condescended to borrow small sums had been dulled by repetition of late; and his cynical levity jarred on the boy's strained mood. "He had n't ought to drink *to-night*,"—thus for a daring second he ventured to criticize his chief,—"it ain't no drinking business he 's got us into."

There was a relief when he could bid Nicker good night (every detail having been settled), and was free to go his own way. Mike's home was on the hills, and his custom was to ride up the long street on the electric cars; but to-night he did not hail the flashing thing that roared past him, spattering blue and green fire off the rails.

"Ain't it like the devil?" occurred to Mike. "It ain't near so much like the devil, really, though, as them saloons"—he stood opposite one, at the moment, able to see Nicker's square shoulders and the back of the hand with which he wiped his black mustache, while he spent Mike's quarter—"I guess I won't drink any more."

How devious and amazing are the ways of that strong spirit which, Christian or pagan, we may well call the Holy Ghost. Here is a

young ruffian, whose life has been for years as evil as his wages would allow, who now is pledged to commit an atrocious crime; yet the weight of this very crime on his soul is crushing out his trivial vices. He, the idle, dissolute rowdy about to become an assassin, is nearer salvation than he ever was in his ignoble life. For the first time poor Mike tried to understand the meaning of duty and devotion. In some indistinct fashion the cruel deed that he was to do seemed to him a sacrificial act, and himself a priest of justice. He was no longer simply Mike Hollin, he was the representative of the avengers of the poor, who dealt with the tremendous issues of life and death. He was awed. "I guess I 'll behave as well 's I know how," said Mike.

He had mounted the hill, where lights were still shining from upper stories, behind dainty curtains; and now he turned into a side street. The houses grew smaller; and gradually the red slipped out of the windows until there was no light visible except in one house, a little yellow cottage on the slope of a hill. There was a garden about the house with an old-fashioned garnishment of peonies and hollyhocks; the latter sprung so close to the walls and the bright window that the stalks were not only drawn but faintly tinted, the pink splashes showing amid the green.

Mike knew why that single window was bright while all the homes around were soundless and dark. He looked at it as he whispered: "Patsy, do you hear? I 'm glad it 's me will do it. Rest easy, Patsy, boy; we 'll pay him up! We 'll revenge you!" Then he recoiled and hurried away, for he had seen a shape cross the translucent white screen—a little, bent woman's shape, a knitted shawl drawn over the gray head. "She ain't much bigger 'n ma," thought Mike, swallowing at a lump in his throat. Again he could hear the little, wrinkled creature's wail above her son. Never but the one cry over and over, "Oh, he was always such a good boy to me!"

"It 's more 'n ma could rightly say for me," said Mike to himself; "but she would, though; you bet she would! Poor ma, I ain't done right by her, and that 's a fact. I 'll fill the wood-boxes to-morrow, by ——."

The Hollins lived in a Mississippi town, not yet so old that the high bluffs have been cleft in any rectangular order; there remain picturesque ravines between streets, and hills tied together by slight wooden bridges that echo hollowly to the tread, and shady slopes with foot-paths under the bur-oaks. Such a bridge Mike crossed, and rested his elbows on the railing just where the string-course sags on its crooked piles. Although an electric lamp swings from its tower above the further bank, like a luminous porcupine, radiating fuzzy needles of light on the first half of the bridge, the shadow of the bank blocks off the last span. It is very dark. Sometimes the water stagnates in the hollow underneath, and the frogs croak. Always it is a lonesome, uncanny spot, past which belated children scamper on winter evenings. Mike laid his eyes on the bright path. Some night—a night not so far away—he must stand in the selfsame place, peering out of the dusk as he peered now, waiting, watching, until a light figure should step on the planks with an elastic footfall that Mike knew, should traverse the little portion of the road in the lamplight, and so—pass into the darkness and the jaws of death!

Everything was cunningly planned. Nicker had fitted in each detail, down to the alibi ready next day for Mike. There would be the revels at half a dozen saloons, three trusty comrades of the Fehmgericht to bear witness to the hours (omitting only one), a simulated drunkenness by Mike, and, finally, the bearing of him home, in the guise of a sodden and helpless wreck, to be put to bed by his mother.

"Oh, you don't need to be afraid, Mike," Nicker had chuckled, half an hour ago; "we 'll see you through. I know the ropes."

"I ain't afraid," said Mike. Nor was he afraid now; but his nerves thrilled as a violin-string will vibrate to a strong chord. He glanced from the light that was shining on Patsy O'Connor's winding-sheet to a light burning across the ravine where his mother waited for him, and he thought, "I wonder has *he* any folks." Then he set his face homeward, knitting his brows. All the way he could see the light.

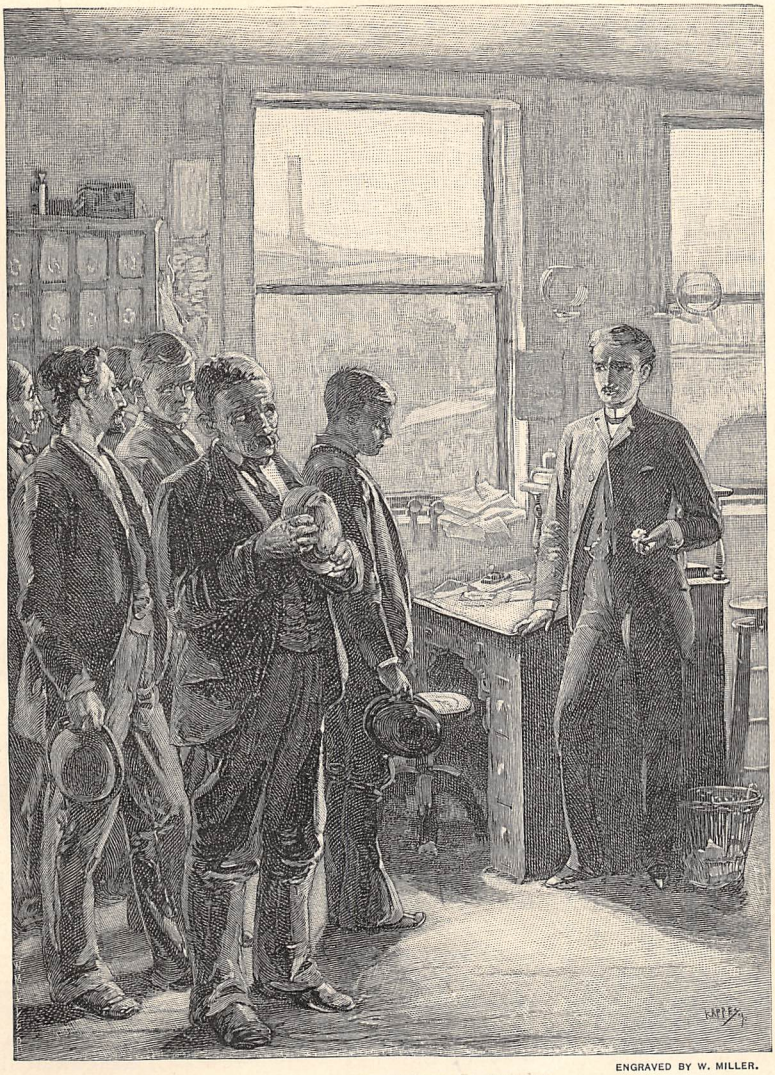
His father flung the door open before Mike's thumb was off the gate latch.

Mike saw the room inside: the new brass lamp glowing on the table; the short waves of his mother's black hair; the lines in her worn, little face painted in broad strokes by the light; and the gay rags, tumbled on her white apron, for the mat that she was knitting — to lie in front of Mike's bed. She looked up, and her lips trembled while she smiled.

"You 're late, Mike." His father speaks sharply.

"Yes, sir," says Mike, with an extraordinary meekness,— to-night he has no more heart to squabble than he has had to carouse,— "there was a meeting, and the strike 's declared off. I came right home after the meeting. I ain't been drinking, pa."

"Had any money left to drink on?" grunts old Tom. "Um—m—m!"—the grunt, this time, that of the justified seer, as Mike shakes his head, looking foolish—"I thought as much. Well, go into the kitchen and git



ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

THE DEPUTATION CALLING ON THORNE.

your supper; your ma would save it for you. I told her like 's not you was killed. Got hurted at all, hey?"

"No, pa."

To hear Hollin's snarl, one would infer that he was rather disappointed at Mike's escape, whole and clean of limb — the fact being that young Tom and he had scoured the town for news; and since he had come home (on assurance from a friendly policeman that his boy was safe), he had been pacing the floor, pouring out his anxieties by jerks, for his wife to contradict.

"And did n't I tell you he would n't be hurt?" shrilly chimed in Mrs. Hollin, among whose virtues magnanimity will not be reckoned at the last day. "And, Mike, don't you mind a word he says, or Tom, neither, for he 's glad enough you 're not laying alongside Patsy O'Connor; and so 's Tom. And Clara was crying, she was so scared about you; but I fried you some liver and apples, and there 's coffee — if it ain't all sizzled away; I guessed you 'd like a hot supper better 'n me cryin'— "

Mike astonished his parents no more than himself by obeying an unaccountable impulse to kiss his mother. "I wisht I 'd never made you cry, ma," he growled, and plunged into the kitchen.

"Well!" said Thomas Hollin.

The mother wiped the tears out of her eyes; but she called after Mike, in her natural high key: "Say, Mike, little Terry came round with Clara, and he was so worked up he jest would n't go home; said he would stay and

sleep with Uncle Mike. I let him, 'cause I knew you would n't mind."

"No; I 'm glad," answered Mike, his voice deeper than usual.

Terry was the crippled seven-year-old boy of his sister Clara, who had married the grocer at the corner; and of all the four grandchildren he was the one that Mike petted most. Mrs. Hollin, unknown to any mortal, had her appalling seasons of vision with regard to Mike. His father was mistaken when he judged her to be blind; she knew more about Mike's vices than did he. But in her worst discouragement she would be comforted if she saw Mike with Terry. "He 's got a good heart, that boy, or he never could love a child so — Lord, do save him yet!" Thus Annie Hollin used to pray — for she did pray, and fervently, although only on great occasions. "I ain't one to be bothering the Lord every time my bread don't rise," said Annie. "No, I help myself long 's I *can*; and when I can't, I ask help. It 's the way I 'd be done by, and it 's the way I do!"

The day must have been a hard one for her in spite of her bravado, since, after Tom slept, she stole to the window and kneeled there a long time, sobbing and praying. She might have judged her prayers answered could she have looked into Mike's room, and seen Mike's face pressed against the curly yellow head, with that better and softer look that Terry often saw. But surely she would have known a new foreboding had she tarried until the child roused himself to murmur sleepily, "Give Uncle Mike a kiss and a hug and a pat" — all his little store of sweets — "'cause the cops did n't kill you!" and heard Mike say huskily, "You won't quit liking Uncle Mike, *whatever* they say, will you, little Terry?"

The following morning (the day of the week was Wednesday) Mike applied at the shops for work. Before he started he filled the kitchen wood-box. Every morning he filled it. He pumped water unasked. The next pay-day he bought his mother probably the gaudiest and ugliest photograph frame to be gotten in the town for money. He put a photograph of Terry in it.

"Oh, dearie me," sighed Annie Hollin, "that boy must 'a' got something on his mind; he ain't natural at all."

"Well, I hope he 'll stay unnatural, then," said her husband, easily. "He ain't worked so well or kept so steady since I 've knowed him."

Mike, in fact, was working hard. The instructions given him were to be industrious and seem content. To work was a relief in the ferment of his mind, to seem content was a different matter. Possessed still by a somber enthusiasm, he took no pleasure in the "chaff" of his mates in the shop, or in beer and dirty packs of cards, out of hours. He took to spending his evenings home. He was civil to his father and to young Tom. "I 'd like 'em to have something kind o' pleasanter 'bout me to remember than jest always having to keep the coffee on the back of the stove for me," thought Mike.

Old Tom viewed his son's changed ways with a mixture of bewilderment and secret thankfulness; it was too soon to approve; but he ceased to sneer or grumble, preserving a decent silence, filled with tobacco-smoke. Young Tom was openly encouraged. "Mike 's been brought up standing by Patsy O'Connor's death, that 's what it is," said Tom. "He 's trying to think it out; and one good thing, he 's broken with the Nicker gang. Say, Elly, we must ask Mike to the house, sometimes, and lend him books. And I don't believe it 'll break me to hire a two-horse carriage next Sunday, and all of us go riding, pa and ma, and you 'n' me and Arthur, and Mike."

Even Clara's husband, hitherto the gloomiest of Mike's critics, had felt the contagion of the family hopefulness, and displayed his good will in a package of Durham tobacco and an invitation to a revival meeting, enlivened by stereopticon views of the Holy Land. Mike thanked him, smoked the tobacco, and went to see the pictures. What would the staid deacons in the pew behind him have thought, could they have looked into his brain and seen the pictures there! Steadily, these feignings of his fancy grew more terrible, more absorbing. He got no comfort from his comrades. Nicker made jokes about murder when in good humor, or ferocious threats when angry. The older comrades were shy of the subject. "They 're scared, the cowards!" thought Mike. The younger comrades had a callous cheerfulness that exasperated him. He could n't help thinking that they would be less cheerful were their own necks in danger, instead of his. When was it that a new suspicion joined the tumult of his thoughts? They changed; insidiously, imperceptibly a doubt, not of the righteousness of the cause, not of the justice of punishing the oppressors, but a doubt of the exact measure of guilt of this special oppressor, Arthur Thorne, unarmed his purpose. Whether it was that seeing Thorne daily, discovering, as a good workman is never slow to discover, that he "understood the business down to the ground," and, discovering, too, that he was quick to commend, Mike had felt the personal charm that made his brother the young fellow's devoted adherent; whether it was that the talk of the shop, which had now veered over to Thorne's side, as to a "man with *sand*

that would stick to them that stuck to him," unconsciously affected him; whether he was influenced by the example of the principal Knights of Labor among the workmen, men not the least like Nicker, either in habit or principle, and giving a modified support to Thorne as apparently "meaning well"; in fine, whether any or all of these causes moved him to compassion for Thorne as a man too rashly doomed, moved he was, and deeply. He tried to brace up his nerves by a visit to Patsy's mother, whom he had not seen for a week, not since he helped carry Patsy's coffin to his grave.

She met his sympathy with a strange answer. "Is it Mr. Thorne you 'd be imputin' it to, Mike Hollin?" she cried. "He had nothing to do with it at all, except the goodness of him paying for the fine carriages at the funeral. He did that, God bless him! I know well the man that 's my poor boy's murderer, and ye mind it, Michael Hollin!"

"Oh," said Mike, vaguely, "was it Officer Reilly?"

"No, it was *not*, Michael Hollin. Who hit him I know not, nor do I want to know. They was all in a heap, and ivery man a-striking for his own head—I might be blaming unjustly an I did know, so I pray God keep it from me! No; the wan Almighty God blames for that day, an' the blood on it, ain't the craturs that was hitting, maybe by mistake; it 's the man that druv them poor boys wild an' bad with his wicked lies."

"And him, Mrs. O'Connor?"

"Ye know well that it 's Bill Nicker I mean, Michael Hollin."

Of course she was raving in her grief, but he could not tell her so; and her words recurred to him uncomfortably all the way down-town.

It was a half-holiday at the works, owing to some repairs, and Mike had the afternoon to himself. He thought that he would go to Terry's school in time to walk home with Terry. There was a reason for the heavy sickness of heart that made him crave the little fellow's companionship; time had not stood still for his struggles, and to-morrow was the night. Sunk in darker and darker meditation, he walked down the shady street toward the great brick building that is the Eighth District school. And so mutinous was the cast of his thoughts, that he gave a guilty start when he observed, a little in advance, Nicker himself walking with the gigantic blacksmith. Of late the blacksmith, who was a member of the society, had been restive under discipline, grumbling about Thorne's sentence; and indeed, Mike had noticed that while the hatred of Thorne had steadily grown more virulent and reckless in the men outside,—those who like Nicker were refused any place in the shops,—the men at work were becoming listless and uneasy. "Some of 'em would like to back out," said Mike, scowling. "After to-morrow, it will be too late to back out." He quickened his pace a little,—as one will when Black Care strikes the spursin,—and he was only the breadth of the street, obliquely, from the school-house, near enough to see the heads, white and yellow and brown, filing behind the windows, in the formal march to the doors; he could distinguish Terry's yellow curls, see the doors swing apart, the lower-room children pouring out into the street; when, quite without warning, all the people on the sidewalk began to run with loud screams. The horrid cry arose: "Mad dog! mad dog!" Mike turned whence the noise mostly came, to behold an ugly sight. Down the side street, headed directly toward the crowd of children, ran the animal, one of those white, bow-legged, wrinkle-jawed, vicious-eyed bull-dogs, to which in their best estate one instinctively gives the larger half of the walk, at this moment a creature out of a nightmare, with his ghastly mouth and the blind, crouching fury of his gait; and behind him raced fast and faster the single pursuer, a young man on a bicycle. He could see the children; in his set face and straining muscles was as fierce an eagerness as that hurling the brute. This picture flashed into Mike's consciousness before he wrenched a loose brick from the pavement and ran straight into the dog's path. He passed Nicker and the blacksmith, who had leaped a fence, and were hunting for weapons on the safe side. One chance in a thousand that he might hit the dog before he should reach the children! If not—Mike straightened himself and shut his teeth hard; the brick was poised in his right hand, he opened his pocket-knife with his teeth and his left hand. They were coming! A woman screamed as the rider gained. He was level with the beast, he swung his body over; nobody quite saw how it was done, but the dog was snatched up and held out at arm's-length by the collar, while the wheels whirled on.

"Hold him!" screamed Mike. "Hold him! I kin hit him!" The man on the wheels did hold the dog, held him far out, struggling savagely, a horrible mark. Mike threw his brick so truly, that the writhing, foaming mass collapsed into a string of limp legs and a bloody head, which the rider flung on the ground, just before he sprang down himself.

They saw a quick movement of one arm; there was a flash and a loud report.

Arthur Thorne replaced his revolver.

"Thank you," said he, with a nod at Mike; "I really don't think he needed that last shot,

but it was better to make safe. You throw well, Hollin."

Mike had drawn near enough to be one of the crowd staring at the gory lump; a second earlier there were only Thorne, the dog, and he, but now at least twenty men bustled up valorously with improvised weapons, and one adventurous matron swung a tea-kettle. The blacksmith had wrenched off a pump-handle. Among them no one would have singled out Mike standing with shoulders relaxed, hands in his pockets, and mouth agape, for an actor in the scene. His head swam. A dizzy admiration for Thorne's feat mingled with something that suffocated him, as he saw Terry limping through the crowd, and heard the familiar little voice calling:

"Please let me get to my Uncle Mike. Did you kill him, Uncle Mike? Let me look. He can't bite nobody now, can he?"

Mike lifted the child up in his arms, and hid his face against Terry's jacket.

"You 're a brave boy," cried the woman, sobbing.

"No, I ain't," said Mike bruskly; "there was all the children. Anyhow, Mr. Thorne done it. I must take this boy home." So he got away, got Terry home, almost staggered home himself.

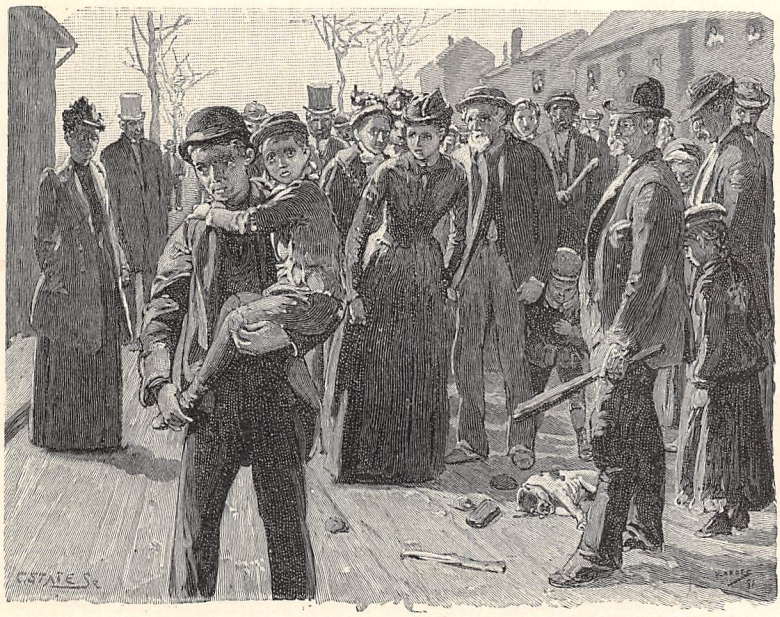
His father smoked his pipe on the piazza steps; indoors his mother was setting the table, both waiting for Mike, with excited faces, for a neighbor had told them the story. Mrs. Hollin ran out and fell on Mike's neck. "But 't was n't me killed the dog, ma," said Mike, who, indeed, was too harried by conflicting emotions to realize the splendor of his own conduct.

"Yes 't was, too," sobbed Mrs. Hollin; "you hit him with the brickbat."

"But I never could have got nigh enough in time to slug him," Mike cried very earnestly. "Mr. Thorne he caught him up like lightning—tell ye, ma, 't was somethin' to see!"

"Well, yes, he was brave, too," admitted Mrs. Hollin.

"I say ye both done well," pronounced the father, "and I am going out this minute to git some beer to drink Mike's health."



MIKE AND TERRY. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

Mike could hardly remember the time when his father had praised him before; and yet so confused and troubled was his mind, that he was only aware of a new kind of pang. Nevertheless, being occupied with the catastrophe and their own vivid emotions, none of the family except his mother noticed anything odd in his demeanor. Clara came before supper was ended, to relate the story with tears; and Clara's husband choked when he thanked Mike. "I know little Terry never could have got out of the way," said he. Tom came, too, with his wife, who, having been a school-teacher and wearing a gold watch, was considered to hold herself rather above the family; and Elly actually kissed Mike, calling him, "You splendid fellow!" while Tom held him out by both elbows, crying, "Let 's look at the young feller Mr. Thorne says is the bravest man he knows."

"Oh, you get out!" stammered the wretched Mike, feeling ready to cry. "And Bill Nicker," says Tom, gleefully,—"bless you, Bill was there, but he was n't there long; he got over a fence like greased lightning, and Johnny Mahin was with him; he got over, too, and pulled the handle off the Lowders's pump, and Lowder was round swearing he 'll make him mend it! The joke is, it 's cast-iron, and he broke it off short. 'A feller 's strong 's *that* ought n't to be afraid of a pup,' says Lowder. Bill Nicker got Mrs. Lowder's carving-knife, and was round mighty brave after the dog was dead."

"Is he gone to work yet?" asked old Tom, who was puffing very comfortably on the step.

"No; says he 's waiting for the new factory to start up over the river. Says he 'll get higher wages there."

"Bill Nicker," said old Tom, meditatively, "he tries every way on earth to get higher wages, 'cept doing better work."

To all this and more Mike listened. He said nothing. He felt no desire to defend Nicker. His moral world was in ruins. Nicker had shown the white feather, and Thorne had saved Terry.

But only his mother watched him anxiously, sitting mute and dismal amid the chatter; only his mother stole to his door during the night and heard his sobs. In the morning she made a pretext of some pie for his dinner to get him off to her little pantry. "You walk on, Tom," said she; "he 'll ketch up!"

"All right," called old Tom, cheerfully,—he was in high good humor with Mike, the world, and himself,—"give the lad a good dinner, he deserves it."

She folded a napkin neatly about the "turn-over," and placed it in his pail. Her hands trembled. He could see her out of the corners of his eyes; he felt both those trembling hands laid on his shoulders; and he wriggled, blinking his swollen eyelids in the sunlight.

"Micky," said his mother, "you don't need to wink, I know you been crying. You been wretched 's could be going on two weeks." He looked at her with a quivering mouth that would n't smile for all his efforts. "Don't you mind, Micky, when you was a boy, and you 'd been bad or anything had gone wrong, how you 'd come round after a while and tell all to mother? And then you 'd feel all right! Micky dear, can't you tell it all to mother now?" She was afraid that he would be angry, but he was not angry.

"I wish I could, ma," he said, "but I can't."

"Micky, I know it 's that society. Mrs. O'Connor told me she 's sure they 're after some mischief. Two or three of the boys was at her house; and you know boys: they can't no more help leaking out what 's in their minds than a dish-pan with a hole in it; and they was bragging to her how Thorne would be sorry some day. Micky, don't go to feeling bad. Say, if I tell the police on 'em, and have 'em took up, will anything come out to hurt *you?*"

She was startled at his face, which turned a dark red, while he gripped her arms so hard that it hurt her. "Mother," he groaned, "if you do that, by —— I 'll cut my throat!"

"Oh, then, I won't, Micky. Then I won't indeed, Micky. But, Micky, I 'd hate — I 'd hate for any harm to come to Mr. Thorne, after Terry, you know, and him godfather to Tom's boy."

"There 'll no harm come to Mr. Thorne, mother; I promise you that." He spoke very steadily, and, after a long look at her, he kissed her. It was so unlike Mike, and she was so oppressed, so fluttered, that she had no more strength to detain him. All she could do was miserably to watch him running through the little garden, and to fall on her knees by the flour-barrel. But in an instant she was on her feet. "I dunno as I need to pray, after all," cried she. She intended no irreverence; she only meant that her own resources were not yet exhausted; unless they were exhausted, to her queer conscience prayer was unwarrantable beggary. Rapidly she made herself ready for the street, and ran over to Mrs. O'Connor's.

Mike was a hero at the shops that day. The men thought that he seemed embarrassed by their praises; but that was natural, and to be commended in a youngster. John, the blacksmith, himself the butt of many jocose references to pump-handles, approached him at noon. Mike sat on the shady side of the car-shed looking at the river. John said something complimentary about the dog; then he kicked at the bits of slag on the black ground. "Say, you ain't going on with it, are ye?" said he in an undertone.

"No," said Mike.

"I won't let anybody hurt you. You can buy a revolver; I 'll lend you the money. And I 'll go home with you every night."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Mike. The big man glanced half wistfully at the insignificant bare arms folded on Mike's knee and at the freckled, pale face; but he was a man of few words, so he merely said, "I guess so," and went his ways.

"I 'd need more 'n him to stand them off me," thought Mike, who had lost some of his belief in the Fehmgericht's infallibility, but not a whit of confidence in its power. "I don't blame the boys, neither," he would have answered, had there been any one to argue with him. "I 'm a traitor. But I can't help it."

When the whistle blew for closing, Mike slipped away, and went to a toy-shop. There

he bought some envelops and paper and a toy pistol. He was very particular that the pistol should be a safe one, with a rubber ball. Having made his purchases, he took the street-car to his sister Clara's. Clara's mother-in-law, the only person at home, wondered a little over his evident disappointment when he found her there alone: he gave her the pistol for Terry. From Clara's house, instead of going home, although it was now past six o'clock, he went down the hill to the river bridge.

In sunny weather there are so many people loitering about the approaches to the bridge, on the stone wall above the river bank, or on the wharves of the bath-house and the boat-houses, that one more quiet figure attracts no attention, even should it be that of a young workingman who chooses to write his letters with a lead-pencil, and on his knee. Who would divine anything tragical concerning a round-shouldered young fellow that wrote with his tongue between his teeth, or who would imagine, when, having written and sealed his letter (the envelop was addressed to "A. V. Thorne, Esq."), he put both hands into his pockets and stared at the opal water and the great gold ball hung above it, that here was a bewildered and tormented soul, so tormented, so bewildered as to see but one dark passage of escape? "I 'll post it, and he 'll get it to-morrow," said Mike. "I had to give him a bit of a caution, and I ain't told on anybody. I wisht I could get a word to ma; but — she won't take it so hard, thinking it 's accidental." All his misspent life seemed drifting past him on the softly flaming, glowing water: if he were to have the chance again, maybe he would n't be such a fool. Terry's laugh sounded in the swash of the waters, his mother's voice, his father's gruff tones, and Nicker's clear, rich intonations. He heard Nicker speak quite distinctly, "If Thorne don't die, you *will!*" No; there was no other way out, but —poor mother!

"For the land's sake, Micky, what are you looking at?" said his mother. "I 've been a-waving and a-waving to you, to get you to look round."

She stood before him in the flesh, wearing her best bonnet, and her black silk gown given her by Tom, sacred to high feasts, and smiling as if well pleased. "And why ain't you walking home, Micky Hollin?" she said, slipping her hand into his arm. "Do you know Elly 's been and got a grand supper for you, for a surprise, and all of us is coming, and Mr. Thorne, too? It 'll be great doings, and I 've been hunting the town over for you. You 've got bare time to put on your Sunday coat; I got the things all laid out on the bed."

"All right, ma," said Mike, forcing himself to smile. "I 'll just run down to the bath-house for a plunge to clean up, and ride up in the street-car. You go on to Elly's."

"The tubs at home 'll do you, Mike," she answered, holding tightly to his arm. "Wait; I got a letter Mr. Nicker gave me to be sure to give you. I guess it 's about his going away, for I saw him getting on the cars."

Now she released his arm. He read the note that she gave him, while the sky, and the street, and the lighted water, and her face, all reeled about him as about a man in an earthquake: "Friend Mike: All is discovered. I 'm off to look for work. For God's sake, do nothing in the matter! Will write."

When Mike looked up, Mrs. Hollin was laughing hysterically.

"Mother," he cried, "what have you done?"

"I ain't done nothing, Micky dear. I ain't let on a word to the cops. But I accidental like met Mr. Nicker to-day, and says I: 'Excuse me, Mr. Nicker, was there a fire or a fight down your way, for I seen three policemen there this morning?' says I — but I was lying, you know, God forgive me! I wish you 'd seen the man; he was hopping round like a hen with its head cut off, trying all the while not to appear strange at all. But he went off, and he had n't got well round the corner before he runs up on Mrs. O'Connor, who said very stiff (she ain't on no too good terms with him), 'Mr. Nicker, there was a little boy handed me this, begging me to hand it to you. I ain't easy in my conscience 'bout it, but for old times' sake, here 't is.' And you see, Micky, it was jest more lies, a letter telling him the police was on to everything, and for him to warn M. H——."

"Ma, you wrote it!" gasped Mike.

"Of course I wrote it, Micky. Do you expect poor Mrs. O'Connor, who can hardly sign her name, to write a document like that? *I* wrote it. And the man took it all for law and gospel, like I knew he would, and run home quick for his gripsack. I had to laugh to see him rolling his eyes round down at the depot, trying to look out of the back of his head if he could see a policeman, he was so scairt. But, the Lord be praised, we 're rid of him, for good! So, Micky, I sha'n't ask no questions and you don't need to tell me no lies; but don't *never* have no such awful things happen to you that your mother has got to be a liar for you, or think of taking baths in the river; and do try and be a good boy and please your father."

"'Fore God I will, ma," said Mike, out of a full heart.

Octave Thanet.

ROAD–COACHING UP TO DATE.

ARRIVAL AT MANTES.

The pictures with this article illustrate the trip from Paris to Trouville, described on page 83. EDITOR.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the youth of America took no interest whatever in athletics. Our national game of base-ball was hardly known. What changes have been wrought in one short quarter of a century in the taste for athletic sports may be seen by glancing at the numerous colleges throughout the country, where the maxim of "Mens sana in corpore sano" has a practical influence it never had before.

Some eighteen years ago road-coaching was introduced into America by Colonel Delancey Kane, Colonel Jay, and others, and considerable interest in it has been kept up ever since, though confined to a small set; but the general public at that time was not prepared to second their efforts with much enthusiasm, looking upon it rather as a pose than as a manly sport requiring all the nerve, energy, and powers of organization that can be developed by an athletic pastime.

This period has happily passed. The public to-day take such a lively interest in all matters appertaining to road-coaching that a few notes which I have been able to gather from the best authorities on the subject may not be unwelcome at the present time. For convenience I shall divide the subject into the following heads: The Road; The Horses; The Pace; The Coach; The Horse-keepers; The Stables; The Driving; A Practical Illustration: The Record Trip from Paris to Trouville.

THE ROAD.

MACADAM roads made with volcanic rock carry a coach better than roads macadamized with sedimentary rock. This sedimentary rock disintegrates and becomes "woolly" in wet weather, whereas granite sheds the water much better. On roads that have high crowns and are narrow, such as can be found between Cookfield and Friar's Oak in England, it is extremely difficult to make good time with a heavily laden coach, because when you pull out to pass a

vehicle your coach no longer runs on a level, and the wheels which are below the crown bind and drag heavily. The best road is made of granite macadam, slightly undulating, and with medium crown. Over such a road horses can go at a great pace without fatigue. Such a piece of road exists between Reigate and Crawley, and that distance has been accomplished daily for six months with the same horses, going at the rate of a mile in three minutes (distance nine miles and one half), as was done by Mr. W. G. Tiffany in 1873, when he "horsed" and owned the Brighton coach. Slightly undulating ground is the easiest for horses, as it calls for different muscular action in turn as they go up and down hill. Any one can prove this by merely running over the above kind of ground, when he will find that in going down hill he will rest his lungs from the strain put upon them by rising ground, and will alternately rest different sets of muscles and regain his breath.

Hence it is a great mistake to endeavor to run teams up a long hill, especially if any of them are "a bit gone in the wind." Sandy roads, even if they are not hilly, are most distressing to horses, as they have no spring. The more spring there is the better it enables the horses to keep the vehicle moving; whereas, when the road is deep, it is a dead pull and very disheartening.

THE HORSES.

LET us now consider the class of horses most suitable for road work. It will be noticed that in most coaches running out of London, where the pace is necessarily slow, owing to the crowded traffic and the desire to sell the horses to an advantage at the end of the season, a coarse-bred, short-necked class of horse has gradually crept in from the omnibus to the coach. To each portion of the road the horses should be adapted. If the ground require it may be well enough to use a coarse horse that can exert his utmost strength for a considerable time, providing the pace is slow; but it must be borne in mind that coarse horses ought never to be galloped. No greater mistake can be made than that of outpacing your stock. If a horse is worked within his pace he will last for years; if outpaced he will go to pieces in a few weeks.

If it is considered desirable to have a galloping stage to your coach, remember to have small horses, or at least horses with a great deal of blood. They alone can stand the excitement and the wear and tear of a fast pace. On the whole, the most desirable class of horse is a well-bred, well-proportioned animal of medium size that can trot eleven miles an hour without distressing himself. In a general way, with regard to "horsing" a coach, it must be re-

Mr. Tailer (gathering the reins). Mr. Tiffany (at the pole-chains). Mr. Higgins. Mr. Bennett.

A QUICK CHANGE AT LA RIVIÈRE THIBOUVILLE.

membered that it is most desirable to buy all your horses of a certain type, whatever that may be. In this way you can transfer a horse from one team to another; whereas, if you have a nondescript lot, of all sorts and qualities, they become very difficult to handle. A man should never allow himself to buy a horse because it pleases his fancy as an individual, but should try to maintain as near as possible the same stamp of animal throughout.

In the old days the road was divided up into certain stages, and men were said to "horse" portions of the ground. The guard carried a "time bill," in order that the pace might be so regulated that if time were lost in one portion of the journey he could prevent the coachman from taking it out of the horses on the next. At the present day, however, the horses are generally run in common over the whole of the road; hence the disappearance of the "time bills."

The roads out of London to-day are traveled very slowly for reasons mentioned above; but for a gentleman's coach to be smart, a credit to himself, and a pleasure to the passengers, the pace should not be less than ten miles an hour, including changes.

The objective point of the road should be a place of beauty and interest, with a good cuisine, and the road leading to it pretty and smooth, as nothing is more disagreeable than to be shaken up over a long stretch of cobble-stones. To do ten miles an hour, play should be made over every bit of road that is advantageous. The coach should be taken as rapidly as possible over all falls of ground, in order that the horses should have more time to contend with rising ground, and should be allowed to run down hill at the accelerated speed it would naturally acquire. The horses, thereby, are not fatigued by hauling at their pole-chains. The coach, in fact, should be allowed to take itself down hill, and the horses should be kept out of its way. Especially is this the case with cripples, or horses with bad legs that must have their heads and be kept on their feet by the whip, because the position of the ground bends their hocks and puts them "in their bridles" even with a loose rein. By this I mean that the horse is "gathered," or in other words has his hocks bent and his neck arched. Up hill, on the contrary, the team cannot be held too tightly, and a judicious use of the whip, carefully distributed, must keep them "in their bridles" the whole way up at a moderate and even pace.

THE COACH.

In the old days it was an important matter to consider the number of passengers that rode outside, as there was imposed by the Government a duty of fourpence halfpenny per mile for each person when nine or more were carried outside, while the duty was only threepence when there were seven or less. In both cases the number of inside passengers was limited to six. Coaches carried as many as sixteen outside, but only on short journeys. An example of the old London coach carrying sixteen on the outside can be seen at the present day running from Ballater to Balmoral, and very curious vehicles they are. I have counted twenty-five on one of them, but the pace never averages more than seven miles an hour. The true type of the modern coach can be seen on the roads out of Paris and London at the present day. These carry eight passengers on the body, three with the guard, and one on the box-seat beside the coachman. They are beautifully constructed, and cannot be surpassed for traveling up to ten miles an hour, including changes; beyond that pace, however, a special vehicle, such as the old mail, is required.

Now that road-coaching is on the increase in America, it is to be hoped that a judicious and limited use of the horn may prevail. Continual horn-blowing has become not only a nuisance to passengers, but an impertinence to the public at large. The latter certainly have as much right to enjoy the road, if only with a donkey, as the noisy swell with his four horses and brass.

HORSE-KEEPERS AND STABLING.

HORSE-KEEPERS are a subject of great trouble at the present day. It is difficult to find men at reasonable wages who at the same time thoroughly understand four-horse work. In this respect old coachmen had a great advantage over those of modern times. The present horse-keepers are, as a rule, difficult to manage, to say nothing of their conceit, incapacity, and love of strong liquor. It requires a thoroughly competent man to go over the road and keep these persons in order. This head servant does not by any means get the praise to which he is entitled. He should be provided with a buggy; an extra horse should be kept at every stage, so that he can start any time, day or night, pick up his changes on the road, and see what the horse-keepers are about. Moreover, he must be thoroughly familiar with the business of managing coach-horses. It is admitted that some of the best stud-grooms, accustomed to hunters and ordinary carriage-horses, have signally failed to accomplish this work. Not only is the feeding an art in itself, but the stabling is also peculiar. The coach-horse must have more air and less clothing than any other horse that works, and nothing is more pernicious to a highly excited coach-horse than to turn him into a warm stable when he comes off the road.

Useless French hostler.

Mr. Bennett
(timing the change).

Mr. Tailer and guard
(harnessing the fresh team).

Mr. Tiffany
(at the pole-chains).

CHANGING HORSES AT LIEUREY.

The hours of feeding have necessarily to differ at each stage, owing to the various times at which the horses commence their work, and great care has to be exercised, especially in warm, wet weather, to preserve their condition and keep them free from sore shoulders and galls.

Each horse should be numbered and be known only by that number, a board being kept at the door of each stable giving detailed instructions to the horse-keepers. This precaution will save the annoyance of oft-repeated and time-losing mistakes.

THE DRIVING.

In regard to driving the road, it may be said in general that no hard and fast rules can be laid down. Much latitude should be allowed to the individual, and his performance should be judged of as a whole rather than by the crotchets of theorists. Some say that the reins should be buckled, others that the ends should hang loose; some that the coachman should throw the reins and whip down, others that he should bring them down with him from the box. These and other minor details form food for many petty discussions, but are really not worth the acrimony they have aroused. I would suggest that town teams should have cruppers, a smart set of harness with bearing-reins, and moderately tight pole-chains to facilitate the steering of the coach, and that the team should be driven at a moderate pace with horses well collected; whereas with the country teams more of a coaching style should be adopted, the cruppers, ornaments, and bearing-reins being dispensed with.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.—THE RECORD TRIP FROM PARIS TO TROUVILLE.

From 1800 to 1840 there were several classes of mails running from the General Post Office in London at St. Martin's le Grand. The main lines ran north, south, east, and west, each coach carrying three passengers on the outside, and going at the rate of 11½ miles an hour. Subsidiary mails made the necessary connections in the country, running at about 9 miles an hour, and carried six or eight passengers on top. It is only with the former class that we have to deal at present. We take for our type the Devonport Quicksilver Mail, which was considered the fastest out of London and was timed at 12 miles an hour, including changes. In the older days horses were not always of the best description, and the few coachmen that are left from those times, such as Charley Ward, lay great stress on this fact. Modern coachmen have but little knowledge of these difficulties, because they generally have well-broken horses accustomed to their work, and good horse-keepers.

In a trip from Paris to Trouville in July, 1892, an attempt was made to repeat as closely as possible the conditions of the old mails as well as to keep their time. The distance was 140 miles, portions of the road being level and very good, the remainder extremely hilly. On the day we drove, part of it was "woolly" from rain, owing to the fact that this, like most French roads, was macadamized with sedimentary rock. The official time-table was as follows:

JULY 12, 1892.

DOWN.

	Arrival.	Departure.
Paris "Herald" Office		6 A. M.
St. Germain	7.08	7.12
Vaux	7.55	7.58
Mantes	8.57	9
Bonnières	9.39	9.45
Pacy-sur-Eure	10.30	10.33
Evreux	11.29	11.33
La Commanderie	12.28 P. M.	12.31½ P. M.
La Rivière Thibouville	1.24	1.26
Le Marche Neuf	2.06	2.12
Lieurey	2.50	2.56
Bonneville	3.40	3.46
Pont l'Evêque	4.18½	4.21
Trouville Town	4.40	....
Hotel Bellevue	4.50	....

140 miles in 10 hours 50 minutes.

The passengers were Eugene Higgins, W. G. Tiffany (the noted whip), James Gordon Bennett, of the New York "Herald," and the writer. Inside the mail were Mr. Hiekel, an amateur photographer, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations; Mr. Luque, of the "Figaro Illustré"; the builder of the mail, Mr. Guiet, and the sporting editor of the Paris "Herald." Mr. Higgins drove during the first half of the journey, the writer the second. Morris Howlett acted as guard, and, in spite of his youth, was most efficient.

There were thirteen changes; of these, three had not been in four-horse harness before, and the wheelers were very rein-shy. The horse-keepers were so inefficient that we had to harness many of our teams ourselves. Thus the conditions claimed by the old coachmen were fulfilled, and the difficulties of driving under these circumstances were very great. In the first place, some of the teams had never been driven fast, as they were horses hired separately from different dealers, accustomed to be driven about Paris to vehicles, single or in pairs, at the rate of 6 to 7 miles an hour. To get them up to a pace of 14 miles an hour, and to keep them there for a distance of 10

"ALL ABOARD!"— AT THE FOLVILLE CROSS-ROADS, NEAR BONNEVILLE.

miles, rendered them very excited and difficult to drive. If a great deal of care had not been used at the first part of each stage, they would have become entirely incapacitated owing to this sudden over-exertion. It requires much judgment to enable untrained horses to accomplish the distance at this high rate of speed, without either running away or falling down. A team outpaced at the start would have been absolutely useless before half 10 miles had been accomplished. When we started with a team we drove slowly, say 7 miles an hour, feeling the temper and quality of our horses. Then when we came to a fall of ground we would urge them until all but one were galloping, thus getting the pace of the best trotter in the team as a guide, and his fastest trot would be the pace for the rest of that stage. We had engaged cockhorses for the hills, but found that the time lost in putting them to and taking them off was not counterbalanced by their assistance.

It was a mistake, we found, to have too many relays on the road, for the time lost while changing is not made up on short stages. This was also the experience of Mr. James Gordon Bennett when he put his coach on the road from Pau to Biarritz.

In a drive like this, the use of the whip is of the greatest importance. People driving their own teams in the park, even for years, do not get the training a day like this offers. For example, through the ignorance of the horse-keepers the horses intended as wheelers, coarse and sluggish, were once put as leaders, whereas free little horses, which would have made capital leaders, were put at wheel, necessitating a vigorous use of the whip on these misplaced leaders over every yard of the ground, while the wheelers had to be held. In another case the wheelers were very reinshy, and continually pulled away from the pole. This could be controlled only by a judicious and energetic use of the whip, directed mainly to the off-side ear of the off horse, and vice versa. If we had not been able to administer this correction this stage would never have been accomplished at all. In this sort of work time will not permit of any change of bitting and coupling. The coachman must keep his horses for that stage just as they are, whether he likes it or not; for it must be remembered that time wasted in changing of bit and coupling cannot be gathered up again, but is lost forever.

As an illustration of the importance of what has been previously stated in regard to the feeding of coach-horses, it may be mentioned that one of the leaders, which was apparently a perfectly sound horse, was unable to continue

after three miles, and we were consequently forced to leave him on the road, although the next day he was perfectly well, and accomplished his journey in comfort. We learned afterward that this horse had been fed too late, and it was impossible for him to work at a high rate of speed on a full stomach.

As in the case of a judicious jockey who finds, when his horse bolts with him at the post, that the best thing to do is to outpace him at once and thus get hold of his head, so when we found ourselves with four big Percherons, heavy in the neck, and so lightly bitted that the strongest man in the world could not have stopped them suddenly, we whipped them into a run, thus outpacing them, so that after a few miles they came back to our hand and were under complete control.

In spite of the speed made during this journey, various horse-dealers in Paris certified through the press that every horse used on the trip was returned to them in an entirely satisfactory condition.

This distance of 140 miles in 10 hours and 50 minutes gives an average of a mile in $4\frac{9}{14}$ minutes, being a little over 12 miles an hour, including changes; and these changes in many cases, for reasons explained above, were unnecessarily long.

In Selby's famous drive to Brighton and back, the changes were made on an average within one minute, and as he changed fourteen times we deduct 14 from 7 hours and 55 minutes, leaving 7 hours 41 minutes for the accomplishment of the 104 miles.

We changed twelve times, for which 48 minutes must be deducted. Ten hours 50 minutes, less 48 minutes, equals 10 hours and 2 minutes for 140 miles, which gives for Selby 1 mile in $4\frac{43}{100}$ of a minute; Higgins and Tailer 1 mile in $4\frac{3}{10}$ of a minute, or an average of $\frac{13}{100}$ of a minute per mile in our favor, in spite of all the advantages in horses and road that Selby had over us.

This, certainly the most "sporting" departure in the coaching line of modern times, was conceived and carried out by the latest member of the New York Coaching Club, Mr. Eugene Higgins. He followed the advice of Colonel Jay, the president since its foundation, and came abroad to study coaching. Colonel Jay's influence for good in these matters has made itself felt all over America, and many a young whip has to thank him for finding himself on the road to success. When Mr. Higgins found that, from the dusty archives of the British Post Office, a genuine old mail-coach had been reconstructed, he conceived the idea

ARRIVAL, ONE HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AHEAD OF TIME, AT THE HOTEL BELLEVUE, TROUVILLE.

of placing this bric-à-brac of a bygone day in the *entourage* of its time, and straightway sought out a road which excellently represented the one run from London to Devonport by the old Quicksilver Royal Mail; moreover, he collected fifty odd horses, which were queer and strange like those of old, and in the spirit of a true artist sought to make the equipment conform to the epoch represented. In the old time the mails were constructed by the British Government with the same thoroughness that they give to their ironclads to-day. The very best engineers were consulted, and their specifications were handed to the constructors, who were obliged to conform to them accurately. Of this fact we have been able to assure ourselves by the courtesy of Mr. R. C. Tombs, Controller of the London Post Office, who kindly gave us access to the original documents at present in St. Martin's le Grand.

Unfortunately the modern coach-builder works by rule of thumb, and, because he has been accustomed to put a certain camber to his axle and a certain dish to his wheel, he goes on so doing without any idea of the problem which these two points involve. This was solved years ago by the mathematicians employed by Parliament to make reports on this subject. We attempted to discover upon what principle these modern coach-builders were working, and upon investigation found that not one of them knew the law on the subject. So American coach-builders were insisting on a dish and camber that rested on a law of England totally unknown there, and which had never been in operation in America, where, unfortunately, the law regulating the crown to be given to roads has not yet been determined upon.

Hence the strange anomaly, that an old English idea, after having been offered in vain to English and American coach-builders, was finally taken up by the enterprise of a Frenchman well known in America, Mr. Guiet.

T. Suffern Tailer.

THE ANSWER.

A ROSE in tatters on the garden path
Called out to God, and murmured 'gainst his wrath,
Because a sudden wind in twilight's hush
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.
And God, who hears both sun-dried dust and sun,
Made answer softly to that luckless one:
"Sister, in that thou sayest I did not well,
What voices heard'st thou when thy petals fell?"
And the Rose answered: "In my evil hour
A voice cried: 'Father, wherefore falls the flower?
For lo, the very gossamers are still!'
And a voice answered: 'Son, by Allah's will.'"

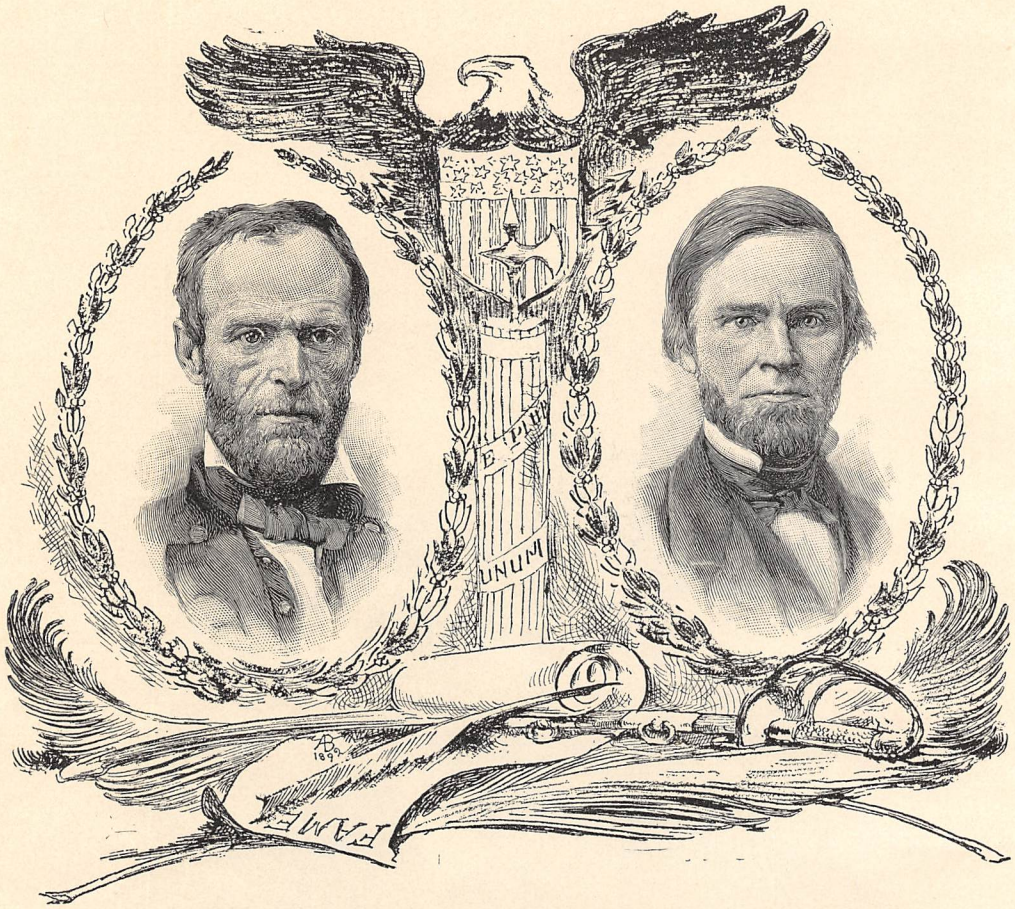
Then softly as the rain-mist on the sward
Came to the Rose the answer of the Lord:
"Sister, before I smote the dark in twain,
Or yet the stars saw one another plain,
Time, tide, and space I bound unto the task
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."

Whereat the withered flower, all content,
Died as they die whose days are innocent;
While he who questioned why the flower fell
Caught hold of God, and saved his soul from hell.

Rudyard Kipling.

SEE " TOPICS OF THE TIME."

George William Curtis



LETTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.

PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL AND SENATOR SHERMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN was born in Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820, the sixth child in a family of eleven. His father was a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and a man of prominence, but died when Tecumseh was only nine years old. At the death of her husband Mrs. Sherman found herself unable to provide properly for all her children, and Tecumseh was taken into the family of his father's oldest friend, the Hon. Thomas Ewing. At sixteen he entered West Point, and four years later was graduated sixth in the class of 1840. His first military service was in Florida, but at the beginning of the Mexican war he was sent with troops to California, and so missed any opportunity for active service in the war. In 1850 he was promoted to a captaincy, and married Miss Ellen Boyle Ewing, the elder daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, then Secretary of the Interior under President Taylor. In 1853 Captain Sherman resigned his commission and became a banker in California, representing a St. Louis banking-house. Owing to the financial troubles in California in 1857, it was decided to close that branch of the bank, and Sherman spent the next two years in Leavenworth, Kansas, as a partner in the law firm of his brother-in-law, Thomas Ewing, Jr. Legal work proved very distasteful to him, and in 1859 he accepted the position of superintendent of the State Military Academy of Louisiana. Here he remained until the breaking out of the War of Secession, sending his resignation to the governor upon the seiz-

ure of the State Arsenal, that being the first act of open defiance against the general Government on the part of Louisiana.

John Sherman was three years younger than his brother Tecumseh, and at fourteen had already begun to support himself as a rodman for the Muskingum River Improvement Company. He soon came to be engineer in charge, but was removed after a year's service in this capacity, because he was a Whig. At seventeen he began the study of law in the office of his eldest brother Charles, at Mansfield, and May 10, 1844, on coming of age, was admitted to the bar. In 1848, he was sent to the National Whig Convention at Philadelphia, and his political life dates from that time. His intense interest in the excitement over the attempt to repeal the Missouri Compromise, from 1851–54, led to his election to Congress, and from December, 1855, when he took his seat in the House of Representatives in Washington, his firm convictions and his earnestness in expressing them made him prominent. He was appointed by Congress on the Kansas Investigating Committee, a position of great personal danger, and in 1861 was elected senator from Ohio, only a few weeks before the first shot was fired on Sumter. He always took great interest in the financial questions of the day, thus preparing himself for the work he accomplished as Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes.

After General Sherman's death the desire to know what use was to be made of his papers was expressed so promptly, and with such evident sincerity, that I was led to undertake their arrangement for publication. Early in the work I found a series of letters which at once awoke my deepest interest, and which proved to be a correspondence between General Sherman and his brother John, during more than fifty years.

These letters, exchanged by men of such eminence, and many of them written during the most stirring times of our country's history, seem to me a unique collection. They make a correspondence complete in itself, are of great historical value, and the expressions of opinion which they contain are very freely made, and give an excellent idea of the intellectual sympathy existing between the brothers. The letters, however, show but poorly their great affection for each other. Their temperaments and dispositions were so unlike, and their paths in life led in such different ways, that they naturally looked upon the great events of the day from widely different points of view. Still they never failed to feel and show for each other the greatest love and devotion as well as respect.

In publishing these letters, my chief desire has been to let them speak for themselves, and to put them in such form that they may easily be understood. I feel sure that they will command general interest, and be accorded that ready sympathy which was so freely and lovingly expressed at the time of General Sherman's death.

NEW YORK, December, 1891.

Rachel Ewing Sherman.

THE STORM AND STRESS PERIOD.

THE SOLDIER COUNSELS MODERATION.

IN August of 1859 when General Sherman was appointed superintendent of the State military school in Louisiana, great attention was being paid in the South to the military education of young men, and it is singular, in the knowledge of after events, that General Sherman should have gone to teach the art of war to the youth of the South. While there, or about that time, he received an offer from a banking firm to open a branch office in London, but after consulting his brother John, he decided not to leave this country and his school, in which he was soon greatly interested. It was not long, however, before his relations with the school became strained, owing to his Northern ideas. In September, 1859, he wrote to his brother John from Lancaster, Ohio, where he stopped on his way to Louisiana:

I will come up about the 20th or 25th, and if you have an appointment to speak about that time I should like to hear you, and will so arrange. As you are becoming a man of note and are a Republican, and as I go south among gentlemen who have always owned slaves and probably always will and must, and whose feelings may pervert every public expression of yours, putting me in a false position to them as my patrons, friends, and associates, and you as my brother, I would like to see you take the highest ground consistent with your party creed.

Throughout all the bitterness in the House of Representatives before the war, General Sherman urged upon his brother John to maintain a moderate course; but even then the general thought him too severe on the South, and in October, 1859, wrote as follows:

Each State has a perfect right to have its own local policy, and a majority in Congress has an absolute right to govern the whole country; but the North, being so strong in every sense of the term, can well afford to be generous, even to making reasonable concessions to the weakness and prejudices of the South.

If Southern representatives will thrust slavery into every local question, they must expect the consequences and be outvoted; but the union of States, and the general union of sentiment throughout all our nation are so important to the honor and glory of the confederacy that I would like to see your position yet more moderate.

In December, John Sherman being the Republican candidate for Speaker of the House, the brother, who was greatly excited and anxious as to his election, writes from New Orleans, Sunday, December 12, 1859:

DEAR BROTHER: I have watched the despatches, which are up to December 10, and hoped your election would occur without the usual excitement, and believe such would have been the case had it not been for your signing for that Helper book. Of it I know nothing, but extracts made copiously in Southern papers show it to be not only abolition but assailing. Now I hoped you would be theoretical and not practical, for practical abolition is disunion, civil war, and anarchy universal on this continent, and I do not believe you want that. . . . I do hope the discussion in Congress will not be protracted, and that your election if possible will occur soon. Write me how you came to sign for that book. Now that you are in, I hope you will conduct yourself manfully. Bear with taunts as far as possible, biding your time to retaliate. An opportunity always occurs. Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

The following letters relating to the Helper book explain themselves:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter was duly received, and should have been promptly answered, but that I am overwhelmed with calls and engagements.

You ask why I signed the recommendation of the Helper book. It was a thoughtless, foolish, and unfortunate act. I relied upon the representation that it was a political tract to be published under the supervision of a committee of which Mr. Blair, a slaveholder, was a member. I was assured that there should be nothing offensive in it, and so, in the hurry of business in the House, I told Morgan, a member of last Congress, to use my name. I never read the book, knew nothing of it, and now cannot recall that I authorized the use of my name. Everybody knows that the ultra sentiments in the book are as obnoxious to me as they can be to any one, and in proper circumstances I would distinctly say so, but under the threat of Clark's resolution, I could not, with self-respect, say more than I have.

Whether elected or not, I will at a proper time disclaim all sympathy with agrarianism, insurrection, and other abominations in the book. In great haste, your affectionate brother,

JOHN SHERMAN.

SEMINARY, ALEXANDRIA, LA., Jan. 16, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter explaining how you happened to sign for that Helper book. Of course, it was an unfortunate accident, which will be a good reason for your refusing hereafter your signature to unfinished books. After Clark's resolution, you were right, of course, to remain silent. I hope you will still succeed, as then you will have ample opportunity to show a fair independence.

The rampant Southern feeling is not so strong in Louisiana as in Mississippi and Carolina. Still, holding many slaves, they naturally feel the intense anxiety all must whose people and existence depend on the safety of their property and labor. I do hope that Congress may organize, and that all things may move along smoothly. It would be the height of folly to drive the South to desperation, and I hope, after the fact is admitted that the North has the majority and right to control national matters and interests, that they will so use their power as to reassure the South that there is no intention to disturb the actual existence of slavery. Yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

SPECULATIONS AS TO WAR.

THROUGH all of General Sherman's letters of this date, one can hear the thunder-crash before the storm. His longing for peace and for the avoidance of trouble is reassuring in a man of great military longings and ambitions. In February, 1860, he writes:

If Pennington succeeds, he will of course give you some conspicuous committee, probably quite as well for you in the long run as Speaker. I don't like the looks of the times. This political turmoil, the sending commissions from State to State, the organization of military schools and establishments, and universal belief in the South that disunion is not only possible but certain, are bad signs. If our country falls into anarchy, it will be Mexico, only worse. I was in hopes the crisis would have been deferred till the States of the Northwest became so populous as to hold both extremes in check. Disunion would be civil war, and you politicians would lose all chance. Military men would then step on the tapis, and you would have to retire. Though you think such a thing absurd, yet it is not so, and there would be vast numbers who would think the change for the better.

I have been well sustained here, and the Legislature proposes further to endow us well and place us in the strongest possible financial

position. If they do, and this danger of disunion blow over, I shall stay here; but in case of a breach I would go North. Yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Later, when things look more peaceful for the country, he writes:

The excitement attending the Speakership has died away here, and Louisiana will not make any disunion moves. Indeed, she is very prosperous, and the Mississippi is a strong link which she cannot sever. Besides, the price of negroes is higher than ever before, indicating a secure feeling. . . .

I have seen all your debates thus far, and no Southern or other gentleman will question their fairness and dignity, and I believe, unless you are unduly provoked, they will ever continue so. I see you are suffering some of the penalties of greatness, having an awful likeness paraded in —— to decorate the walls of country inns. I have seen that of ——, and as the name is below, I recognize it. Some here say they see a likeness to me, but I don't.

The following letters, relating to John Sherman's speech in New York, explain themselves:

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Yours of the 12th instant was received when I was very busy, and therefore I did not answer in time for you at Lancaster. . . .

Your estimate of the relative positions of Speaker and Ch[ ] of W[ ] and M[ ] Com[ ] is not accurate. The former is worth struggling for. It is high in dignity, influence, and when its duties are well performed it is an admirable place to gain reputation. I confess I had set my heart upon it and think I could have discharged its duties. . . . My present position is a thankless, laborious one. I am not adapted to it. It requires too much detailed labor and keeps me in continual conflict; it is the place of a schoolmaster with plenty of big boys to coax and manage. I will get along the best I can. . . . You need not fear my caution about extreme views. It is my purpose to express my political opinions in the City of New York in April, and to avoid hasty expressions, I will write it out in full for publication.

. . . . . .

Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING AND MILITARY ACADEMY,
ALEXANDRIA, LA., April 4, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I know that some men think this middle course absurd, but no people were ever governed by mere abstract principle. All governments are full of anomalies,—English, French, and our own; but ours is the best because it admits of people having their local interests and prejudices, and yet live in one confederacy. I hope you will send your speech, and if national, I will have it circulated. . . .

I see you have reported nearly all the appropriation bills early in the session. This has been referred to in my presence repeatedly as evidence of your ability and attention to business; so, whether you feel suited to the berth or no, it will strengthen your chances in the country. . . . Your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: I send you a copy of my speech in New York. I delivered it with fair credit, and to a very large, kind audience. Upon looking it over, I perceive a good deal of bitterness, natural enough, but which you will not approve. It is well received here. Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., May 8, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Last night I got the copy of the speech and read it. . . . There is one point which you concede to the Southern States, perfect liberty to prefer slavery if they choose; still, you hit the system as though you had feeling against it. I know it is difficult to maintain perfect impartiality. In all new cases, it is well you should adhere to your conviction to exclude slavery because you prefer free labor. That is your perfect right, and I was glad to see that you disavowed any intention to molest slavery even in the District. Now, so certain and inevitable is it that the physical and political power of this nation must pass into the hands of the free States that I think you all can well afford to take things easy, bear the buffets of a sinking dynasty, and even smile at their impotent threats. You ought not to expect the Southern politicians to rest easy when they see and feel this crisis so long approaching, and so certain to come, absolutely at hand. . . . But this year's presidential election will be a dangerous one; may actually result in civil war, though I still cannot believe the South would actually secede in the event of the election of a Republican. . . . Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN FAVORS SEWARD.

AS the year goes on, General Sherman's anxiety increases, and his position becomes almost too strained for comfort. In his intense longing to preserve peace, he favors the nomination of Seward rather than of Lincoln, believing him to be less inimical to the South. In June of 1860 he writes:

I think, however, though Lincoln's opinions on slavery are as radical as those of Seward, yet Southern men, if they see a chance of his success, will say they will wait and see. The worst feature of things now is the familiarity with which the subject of a dissolution is talked about. But I cannot believe any one, even Yancey or Davis, would be rash enough to take the first step. If at Baltimore to-day the convention nominate Douglas with unanimity, I suppose if he get the vote of the united South he will be elected. But [if], as I apprehend will be the case, the seceders again secede to Richmond, and there make a Southern nomination, their nominee will weaken Douglas' vote so much that Lincoln may run in. The real race seems to be between Lincoln and Douglas. . . . Now that Mr. Ewing also is out for Lincoln,—and it is strange how closely these things are watched,—it is probable I will be even more "suspect" than last year. All the reasoning and truth in the world would not convince a Southern man that the Republicans are not abolitionists. It is not safe even to stop to discuss the question; they believe it, and there is the end of that controversy. . . . Of course, I know that reason has very little influence in this world; prejudice governs. You, and all who derive power from the people, do not look for pure, unalloyed truth, but to that kind of truth which jumps with the prejudices of the day. So Southern politicians do the same. If Lincoln be elected, I don't apprehend resistance; and if he be, as Mr. Ewing says, a reasonable, moderate man, things may move on, and the South become gradually reconciled. But you may rest assured that the tone of feeling is such that civil war and anarchy are very possible. . . .

JOHN SHERMAN'S VIEWS AFTER THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN.

THE following letter, written by John Sherman to his brother shortly after the election of Lincoln, is full of the intensest feeling, and is a complete statement of the Republican sentiment of the time.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, November 26, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Since I received your last letter I have been so constantly engaged, first with the election and afterwards in arranging my business for the winter, that I could not write you.

The election resulted as I all along supposed. Indeed, the division of the Democratic party on precisely the same question that separates the Republican party from the Democratic party made its defeat certain. The success of the Republicans has, no doubt, saved the country from a discreditable scramble in the House. No doubt the disorders of the last winter, and the fear of their renewal, induced many good citizens to vote for the Republican ticket. With a pretty good knowledge of the material of our House, I would far prefer that any one of the candidates be elected by the people rather than allow the contest to be determined in Congress. Well, Lincoln is elected. No doubt, a large portion of the citizens of Louisiana consider this a calamity. If they believe their own newspapers, or what is far worse, the lying organs of the Democratic party in the free States, they have just cause to think so. But you were long enough in Ohio and heard enough of the ideas of the Republican leaders to know that the Republican party is not likely to interfere directly or indirectly with slavery in the States, or with the laws relating to slavery; that, so far as the slavery question is concerned, the contest was for the possession of Kansas and perhaps New Mexico, and that the chief virtue of the Republican success was in its condemnation of the narrow sectionalism of Buchanan's administration, and the corruptions by which he attempted to sustain his policy. Who doubts but that, if he had been true to his promises in submitting the controversy in Kansas to its own people, and had closed it by admitting Kansas as a free State, that the Democratic party would have retained its power? It was his infernal policy in Kansas (I can hardly think of the mean and bad things he allowed there without swearing) that drove off Douglas, and led to the division of the Democratic party and the consequent election of Lincoln.

As a matter of course, I rejoice in the result, for in my judgment the administration of Lincoln will do much to dissipate the feeling in the South against the North by showing what are the real purposes of the Republican party. In the mean time, it is evident we have to meet in a serious form the movements of South Carolinian Disunionists. These men have for years desired disunion. They have plotted for it. They drove Buchanan into his Kansas policy. They got up this new dogma about slave protection. They broke up the Charleston Convention merely to advance secession. They are now hurrying forward excited men into acts of treason without giving time for passion to cool or reason to resume its sway. God knows what will be the result. If by a successful revolution they can go out of the Union, they establish a principle that will break up the government into fragments. Some local disaffection or temporary excitement will lead one State after another out of the Union. We will have the Mexican Republic over again, with a fiercer race of men to fight with each other. Secession is revolution. They seem bent upon attempting it. If so, shall the government resist? If so, then comes

civil war, a fearful subject for Americans to think of.

Since the election I have been looking over the field for the purpose of marking out a course to follow this winter, and I have, as well as I could, tested my political course in the past. There has been nothing done by the Republican party but merits the cordial approval of my judgment. There have been many things said and done by leading Republicans that I utterly detest. Many of the dogmas of the Democratic party I like, but their conduct in fact in administering the government, and especially in their treatment of the slavery question, I detest. I know we will have trouble this winter, but I intend to be true to the moderate conservative course I think I have heretofore undertaken. Whatever may be the consequences, I will insist in preserving the unity of the States, and all the States, without exception and without regard to consequences. If any Southern State has really suffered any injury, or is deprived of any right, I will help redress the injury and secure the right. They must not, merely because they are beaten in an election, or have failed in establishing slavery where it was prohibited by compromise, attempt to break up the government. If they will hold on a little while, they will find no injury can come to them unless, by their repeated misrepresentation of us, they stir up their slaves to insurrection. I still hope that no State will follow in the wake of South Carolina. If so, the weakness of her position will soon bring her back again or subject her to ridicule and insignificance.

It may be supposed by some that the excitement in the South has produced a corresponding excitement in the North. This is true in financial matters, especially in the cities. In political circles, it only strengthens the Republican feeling. Even Democrats of all shades say, The election is against us; we will submit and all must submit. Republicans say, The policy of the government has been controlled by the South for years, and we have submitted: now they must submit; and why not? What can the Republicans do half as bad as Pierce and Buchanan have done?

But enough of this. You luckily are out of politics, and don't sympathize much with my Republicanism anyway; but as we are on the eve of important events, I write about politics instead of family matters, of which there is nothing new. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S UNREST IN LOUISIANA.

THIS is followed by a letter from General Sherman, in which one can see that already he fully realizes the inevitable outcome of the dissolution of the Union and the strength of the South. Some months later he demanded 75,000 men to defend Kentucky, which required in the end more than twice that number to defend it, and he was in consequence called and believed to be insane. It was his knowledge, obtained through his singular position in the South, that enabled him to foresee more accurately than others the immense proportions of the coming war.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING AND MILITARY ACADEMY,
ALEXANDRIA, December 1, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The quiet which I thought the usual acquiescence of the people was merely the prelude to the storm of opinion that now seems irresistible. Politicians, by hearing the prejudices of the people and [in] running with the current, have succeeded in destroying the government. It cannot be stopped now, I fear. I was in Alexandria all day yesterday, and had a full and unreserved conversation with Dr. S. A. Smith, State senator, who is a man of education, property, influence, and qualified to judge. He was, during the canvass, a Breckinridge man, but, though a Southerner in opinion, is really opposed to a dissolution of our government. He has returned from New Orleans, where he says he was amazed to see evidences of public sentiment which could not be mistaken.

The Legislature meets December 10, at Baton Rouge. The calling a Convention forthwith is to be unanimous, the bill for arming the State ditto. The Convention will meet in January, and only two questions will be agitated: Immediate dissolution, a declaration of State independence, or a general convention of Southern States, with instructions to demand of the Northern States to repeal all laws hostile to slavery and pledges of future good behavior. . . . When the Convention meets in January, as they will assuredly do, and resolve to secede, or to elect members to a General Convention with instructions inconsistent with the nature of things, I must quit this place; for it is neither right for me to stay, nor would the Governor be justified in placing me in this position of trust; for the moment Louisiana assumes a position of hostility, then this becomes an arsenal and fort. . . . Let me hear the moment you think dissolution is inevitable. What Mississippi and Georgia do, this State will do likewise. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

In the next letter, of December 9, General Sherman, after reasserting his belief that "all attempts at reconciliation will fail," and repeating that Louisiana will undoubtedly follow South Carolina and Georgia, laments personally this, his fourth change in four years, and "each time from calamity,"—California, New York, Leavenworth, and now Louisiana, a state of affairs which,

it must be admitted, would have been discouraging to any man. On December 15, John Sherman urges his brother to leave Louisiana at once, while the General waits, hoping against hope for peace.

I am clearly of the opinion that you ought not to remain much longer at your present post. You will in all human probability be involved in complications from which you cannot escape with honor. Separated from your family and all your kin, and an object of suspicion, you will find your position unendurable. A fatal infatuation seems to have seized the Southern mind, during which any act of madness may be committed. . . . If the sectional dissensions only rested upon real or alleged grievances, they could be readily settled, but I fear they are deeper and stronger. You can now close your connection with the seminary with honor and credit to yourself, for all who know you speak well of your conduct; while by remaining you not only involve yourself, but bring trouble upon those gentlemen who recommended you.

It is a sad state of affairs, but it is nevertheless true, that if the conventions of the Southern States make anything more than a paper secession, hostile collisions will occur, and probably a separation between the free and slave States. You can judge whether it is at all probable that the possession of this capital, the commerce of the Mississippi, the control of the territories, and the natural rivalry of enraged sections, can be arranged without war. In that event, you cannot serve in Louisiana against your family and kin in Ohio. The bare possibility of such a contingency, it seems to me, renders your duty plain — to make a frank statement to all the gentlemen connected with you, and with good feeling close your engagement. If the storm shall blow over, your course will strengthen you with every man whose good opinion you desire; if not, you will escape humiliation.

When you return to Ohio, I will write you freely about your return to the army — not so difficult a task as you imagine. Affectionately your brother, JOHN SHERMAN.

The following short extracts from letters at this time show the gradual approach of war. General Sherman writes from Louisiana:

Events here seem hastening to a conclusion. Doubtless you know more of the events in Louisiana than I do, as I am in an out-of-the-way place. But the special session of the Legislature was so unanimous in arming the State and calling a convention that little doubt remains that, on January 23, Louisiana will follow the other seceding States. Governor Moore takes the plain stand that the State must not submit to a black Republican president. Men here have ceased to reason; they seem to concede that slavery is unsafe in a confederacy with Northern States, and that now is the time; no use of longer delay. All concessions, all attempts to remonstrate, seem at an end.

A rumor says that Major Anderson, my old captain (brother of Charles Anderson, now of Texas, formerly of Dayton and Cincinnati, Lars, William, and John, all of Ohio), has spiked the guns of Fort Moultrie, destroyed it, and taken refuge in Sumter. This is right. Sumter is in mid-channel, approachable only in boats, whereas Moultrie is old, weak, and easily approached under cover. If Major Anderson can hold out till relieved and supported by steam frigates, South Carolina will find herself unable to control her commerce, and will feel, for the first time in her existence, that she can't do as she pleases. . . . A telegraphic despatch, addressed to me at Alexandria, could be mailed at New Orleans, and reach me in three days from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 6, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I see some signs of hope, but it is probably a deceptive light. The very moment you feel uncomfortable in your position in Louisiana, come away. Don't, for God's sake, subject yourself to any slur, reproach, or indignity. I have spoken to General Scott, and he heartily seconds your desire to return to duty in the army. I am not at all sure but that, if you were here, you could get a position that would suit you. I see many of your friends of the army daily.

As for my views of the present crisis, I could not state them more fully than I have in the inclosed printed letter. It has been very generally published and approved in the North, but may not have reached you, and therefore I send it to you. Affectionately your brother,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN RESIGNS FROM THE LOUISIANA MILITARY ACADEMY.

GOVERNOR MOORE of Louisiana took possession of the arsenal at Baton Rouge, January 10, 1861. General Sherman comments upon this in a letter written to his brother, January 16, and regarding it as a declaration of war, sends in his resignation January 18,[1] a copy of which he incloses to John Sherman in a letter dated the same day.

ALEXANDRIA, January 16, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am so much in the woods here that I can't keep up with the times at all. Indeed, you in Washington hear from

[1] See "Memoirs," Vol. I, p. 184.

New Orleans two or three days sooner than I do. I was taken back by the news that Governor Moore had ordered the forcible seizure of the Forts Jackson and St. Philip, at or near the mouth of the Mississippi; also of Forts Pike and Wood, at the outlets of Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain. All these are small forts, and have rarely been occupied by troops. They are designed to cut off approach by sea to New Orleans, and were taken doubtless to prevent their being occupied by order of General Scott. But the taking the arsenal at Baton Rouge is a different matter. It is merely an assemblage of storehouses, barracks, and dwelling-houses designed for the healthy residence of a garrison, to be thrown into one or the other of the forts in case of war. The arsenal is one of minor importance, yet the stores were kept there for the moral effect, and the garrison was there at the instance of the people of Louisiana. To surround with military array, to demand surrender, and enforce the departure of the garrison, were acts of war. They amounted to a declaration of war and defiance, and were done by Governor Moore without the authority of the Legislature or Convention. Still, there is little doubt but that each of these bodies, to assemble next week, will ratify and approve these violent acts, and it is idle to discuss the subject now. The people are mad on this question. I had previously notified all that in the event of secession I should quit. As soon as a knowledge of these acts reached me, I went to the vice-president, Dr. Smith, in Alexandria, and told him that I regarded Louisiana as at war against the Federal Government, and that I must go. He begged me to wait until some one could be found to replace me. The supervisors feel the importance of system and discipline, and seem to think that my departure will endanger the success of this last effort to build up an educational establishment in Louisiana. . . . You may assert that in no event will I forego my allegiance to the United States as long as a single State is true to the old Constitution. Yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING AND MILITARY ACADEMY,
ALEXANDRIA, January 18, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: Before receiving yours of the 7th[1] I had addressed a letter to Governor Moore at Baton Rouge, of which this is a copy:

"SIR: As I occupy a quasi military position under the laws of this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of this seminary was inscribed in marble over the main door: 'By the liberality of the General Government. The Union— Esto perpetua.' Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraw from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. In that event I beg that you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war here belonging to the State, or advise me what disposition to make of them. And furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent the moment the State determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States. With respect, etc. W. T. SHERMAN."

I regard the seizure by Governor Moore of the United States Arsenal as the worst act yet committed in the present revolution. I do think every allowance should be made to Southern politicians for their nervous anxiety about their political power and the safety of slaves. I think that the Constitution should be liberally construed in their behalf, but I do regard this civil war as precipitated with undue rapidity. . . . It is inevitable. All the legislation now would fall powerless on the South. You should not alienate such States as Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. My notion is that this war will ruin all politicians, and that military leaders will direct the events. Yours,
W. T. S.

In the following letter of February 1, to John Sherman, the General quotes the handsome note from Governor Moore accepting his resignation.

I have felt the very thoughts you have spoken. It is war to surround Anderson with batteries, and it is shilly-shally for the South to cry "Hands off! No coercion!" It was war and insult to expel the garrison at Baton Rouge, and Uncle Sam had better cry *Cave!* or assert his power. Fort Sumter is not material, save for the principle; but Key West and the Tortugas should be held in force at once, by regulars if possible, if not, militia. Quick! They are occupied now, but not in force. Whilst maintaining the high, strong ground you do, I would not advise you to interpose an objection to securing concessions to the middle and moderate States,— Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. Slavery there is local, and even if the world were open to them, its extension would involve no principle. If these States feel the extreme South wrong, a seeming concession would make them committed. The cotton States are gone, I suppose. Of course,

[1] Meaning the letter of the 6th.

their commerce will be hampered. . . . But of myself. I sent you a copy of my letter to the Governor. Here is his answer:

"BATON ROUGE, January 27, 1861.

"DEAR SIR: It is with the deepest regret I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant. In the pressure of official business I can now only request you to transfer to Professor Smith the arms, munitions, and funds in your hands whenever you conclude to withdraw from the position you have filled with so much distinction. You cannot regret more than I do the necessity which deprives us of your services, and you will bear with you the respect, confidence, and admiration of all who have been associated with you. Very truly, your friend and servant, THOS. [O.] MOORE."

This is very handsome, and I do regret this political imbroglio. I do think it was brought about by politicians. The people in the South are evidently unanimous in the opinion that slavery is endangered by the current of events, and it is useless to attempt to alter that opinion. As our government is founded on the will of the people, when that will is fixed, our government is powerless, and the only question is whether to let things slide into general anarchy, or the formation of two or more confederacies, which will be hostile sooner or later. Still, I know that some of the best men of Louisiana think this change may be effected peacefully. But even if the Southern States be allowed to part in peace the first question will be revenue.

Now, if the South have free trade, how can you collect revenues in the eastern cities? Freight from New Orleans to St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, and even Pittsburgh, would be about the same as by rail from New York, and importers at New Orleans, having no duties to pay, would undersell the East if they had to pay duties. Therefore, if the South make good their confederation and their plan, the Northern confederacy must do likewise or blockade. Then comes the question of foreign nations. So, look on it in any view, I see no result but war and consequent changes in the form of government.

A QUESTION OF MILITARY SERVICE.

IN March of 1861, General Sherman started north by the Mississippi River. On the way, and after reaching Ohio, he heard discussions as to the advisability of coercion. Whereas in the South there were absolute unanimity of opinion and universal preparation for war, in the North there were merely argument and apathy. After leaving his family at Lancaster, he went to Washington, still uncertain as to his next move. While there, he called on Mr. Lincoln, and stated his fears and convictions as to war and the gravity of it. Mr. Lincoln treated all he said with slight scorn and absolute disregard, and remarked, "Oh, well, I guess we 'll manage to keep house."[1] This, with the general unconcern and disregard of the necessity of military interference, discouraged General Sherman, and, greatly dispirited, he returned to Ohio, and took his family to St. Louis, after ascertaining from friends that in all probability Missouri would stick to the Union. In writing at this time he says:

Lincoln has an awful task, and if he succeeds in avoiding strife and allaying fears, he will be entitled to the admiration of the world; but a time has occurred in all governments, and has now occurred in this, when force must back the laws, and the longer the postponement the more severe must be the application.

On April 8 General Sherman wrote to his brother:

Saturday night late I received this despatch: "Will you accept the Chief Clerkship in the War Department? We will make you Assistant Secretary when Congress meets.—M. BLAIR." This morning I answered by telegraph: "I cannot accept."

In writing to explain his refusal, he does not state the real reason, which was undoubtedly that he preferred active service. John Sherman's letter of April 12 approved of the determination, and states more fully his reasons for advising it. It is interesting to see, from the very first, John Sherman's belief in his brother's talents as a soldier, and conviction that he would rise to a high position in the army in the event of war. Through all of General Sherman's letters of that time there are evidences of very sincere distrust of himself, and deprecation of John's flattering belief,—unusual qualities in a man destined to greatness.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I was unexpectedly called here soon after receiving your letter of the 8th, and at midnight write you. The military excitement here is intense. Since my arrival I have seen all the heads of departments except Blair, several officers, and many citizens. There is a fixed determination now to preserve the Union and enforce the laws at all hazards. Civil war is actually upon us, and, strange to say, it brings a feeling of relief; the suspense is over. I have spent much of the day in talking about you. There is an earnest desire that you go into the War Department, but I said this was impossible. Chase is especially desirous that you accept, saying that you would be virtually Secretary of War, and could easily step into any military position that offers.

It is well for you seriously to consider your conclusion, although my opinion is that you ought not to accept. You ought to hold your-

[1] See "Memoirs," Vol. I, p. 196.

self in reserve. If troops are called for, as they surely will be within a few days, organize a regiment or brigade, either in St. Louis or in Ohio, and you will then get into the army in such a way as to secure promotion. By all means take advantage of the present disturbances to get into the army, where you will at once put yourself into a high position for life. I know that promotion and every facility for advancement will be cordially extended by the authorities. You are a favorite in the army, and have great strength in political circles. I urge you to avail yourself of these favorable circumstances to secure your position for life; for, after all, your present employment is of uncertain tenure in these stirring times. . . .

Let me now record a prediction. Whatever you may think of the signs of the times, the Government will rise from this strife greater, stronger, and more prosperous than ever. It will display energy and military power. The men who have confidence in it, and do their full duty by it, may reap whatever there is of honor or profit in public life, while those who look on merely as spectators in the storm will fail to discharge the highest duty of a citizen, and suffer accordingly in public estimation. . . . I write this in great hurry, with numbers around me, and exciting and important intelligence constantly repeated, even at this hour; but I am none the less in earnest. I hope to hear that you are on the high road to the "General" within thirty days. Affectionately your brother, JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN STANDS ALOOF.

FROM the time of General Sherman's conversation with Mr. Lincoln he distrusted the preparations of the administration, which savored greatly of militia and raw recruits. With this army General Sherman was unwilling to cast his lot, believing that he was worthy of a better command or of none. In April he writes to John:

But I say volunteers and militia never were and never will be fit for invasion, and when tried, it will be defeated, and dropt by Lincoln like a hot potato.

And in the same letter:

The time will come in this country when professional knowledge will be appreciated, when men that can be trusted will be wanted, and I will bide my time. I may miss the chance; and if so, all right; but I cannot and will not mix myself in this present call. . . . The first movements of our government will fail and the leaders will be cast aside. A second or third set will rise, and among them I may be, but at present I will not volunteer as a soldier or anything else. If Congress meet, or if a National Convention be called, and the regular army be put on a footing with the wants of the country, if I am offered a place that suits me, I may accept. But in the present call I will not volunteer.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, April 14, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The war has really commenced. You will have full details of the fall of Sumter. We are on the eve of a terrible war. Every man will have to choose his position. You fortunately have the military education, character, and prominence that will enable you to play a high part in the tragedy. You can't avoid taking such a part. Neutrality and indifference are impossible. If the government is to be maintained, it must be by military power, and that immediately. You can choose your own place. Some of your best friends here want you in the War Department; Taylor, Shires, and a number of others talk to me so. If you want that place, with a sure prospect of promotion, you can have it, but you are not compelled to take it; but it seems to me you will be compelled to take some position, and that speedily. Can't you come to Ohio and at once raise a regiment? It will immediately be in service. The administration intend to stand or fall by the Union, the entire Union, and the enforcement of the laws. I look for preliminary defeats, for the rebels have arms, organization, unity; but this advantage will not last long. The government will maintain itself, or our Northern people are the veriest poltroons that ever disgraced humanity. For me, I am for a war that will either establish or overthrow the government and will purify the atmosphere of political life. We need such a war, and we have it now. . . . Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS RAILROAD CO.,
ST. LOUIS, April 22, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I know full well the force of what you say. At a moment like this the country expects every man to do his duty. But every man is not at liberty to do as he pleases. You know that Mr. Lincoln said to you and me that he did not think he wanted military men. I was then free, uncommitted. . . . I approve fully of Lincoln's determination to use all his ordinary and extraordinary powers to defend and maintain the authority with which he is clothed and the integrity of the nation, and had I not committed myself to another duty, I would most willingly have responded to his call. . . .

The question of the national integrity and slavery should be kept distinct, for otherwise it will gradually become a war of extermination,—a war without end. If, when Congress

meets, a clearly defined policy be arrived at, a clear end to be accomplished, and then the force adequate to that end be provided for, then I could and would act with some degree of confidence, not now.

I take it for granted that Washington is safe; that Pickens can beat off all assailants; that Key West and Tortugas are strong and able to spare troops for other purposes; that, above all, Fort Monroe is full of men, provisions, and warlike materials, and that the Chesapeake is strongly occupied. Then the first thing will be the avenues of travel. Baltimore must be made to allow the free transit of troops, provisions, and materials without question, and the route from Wheeling to the Relay House kept open. Here there must be some fighting, but a march from Brownsville or Frostburg would be a good drill, via Hagerstown, Frederick, and the Potomac.

From present information I apprehend that Virginia will destroy the road from Harper's Ferry west, and maybe the Marylanders will try the balance; but, without an hour's delay, that line should swarm with troops, who should take no half-way measures. . . . Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

CONFIDENCE IN McCLELLAN.

THROUGH all the spring months, while he was nominally but president of a street-car company, General Sherman's imagination was engaged in defending the country, building forts, occupying positions of importance, and possessing railroads. His letters were full of military suggestions, some of which John Sherman showed the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, who, as it might appear, acted upon them.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, April 25, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Virginia's secession influences some six millions of people. No use in arguing about it at all, but all the Virginians, or all who trace their lineage back, will feel like obeying her dictates and example. As a State, she has been proud, boastful, and we may say overbearing; but, on the other hand, by her governors and authority, she has done everything to draw her native-born back to their State.

I cannot yet but think that it was a fatal mistake in Mr. Lincoln not to tie to his administration by some kind of link the Border States. Now it is too late, and sooner or later Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas will be in arms against us. It is barely possible that Missouri may yet be neutral.

It is pretty nearly determined to divert the half-million set aside for the July interest for arming the State. All the banks but one have consented, and the Governor and Legislature are strongly secession. I understand to-day the orders at the custom-house are to refuse clearance to steamboats to seceding States. All the heavy trade with groceries and provisions is with the South, and this order at once takes all life from St. Louis. Merchants, heretofore for peace and even for backing the administration, will now fall off, relax in their exertions, and the result will possibly be secession, and then free States against slave,—the horrible array so long dreaded. I know Frank Blair desired this plain, square issue. It may be that sooner or later it is inevitable, but I cannot bring myself to think so. On the necessity of maintaining a government, and that government the old constitutional one, I have never wavered, but I do recoil from a war when the negro is the only question.

I am informed that McClellan is appointed to command the Ohio militia,— a most excellent appointment; a better officer could not be found. . . . W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your recent letters have been received. One of them I read to Secretary Cameron, and he was much pleased with some of your ideas, especially with your proposition about Fort Smith and the island off Mobile. The latter is probably now in possession of the Government.

It is probable that no movements will be made into the cotton States before winter. A regular plan has been formed by General Scott, and is daily discussed and reconsidered by him and other officers. The movements now occurring are merely incidental, rather to occupy public attention and employ troops than to strike decisive blows. In the mean time it is becoming manifest that the secessionists mean to retreat from position to position until they concentrate sufficient force to strike a decisive blow. I have a fear, not generally shared in, that now a rapid concentration is taking place, and that within a few days we shall have a terrible battle near Washington. Indeed, I don't see how it can be avoided. General Butler at Norfolk, General McClellan at Grafton, General Patterson at Charleston, and General Scott here, all concentrating, will surely bring on a fight in which I fear the Virginians will concentrate the largest mass. I have been all along our lines on the other side, and confess that we are weaker than I wish. Every day, however, is adding to our forces, and strengthening our position. . . .

What think you of Frémont and Banks as Major-generals of volunteers, and Schenck as Brigadier? They are all able men, though I know you don't like volunteers. These appointments are generally satisfactory, even to

the regular officers, many of whom say that they had rather serve under able citizens than old-fogy officers. The old army is a manifest discredit. The desertion of so many officers (treachery, I had better say), the surrender on parole of so many officers in Texas where all the men were true to their allegiance, has so stained the whole regular force of officers that it will take good conduct on their part to retrieve their old position.

You are regarded with favor here. It will be your own fault if you do not gain a very high position in the army. . . . Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

On May 3, 1861, John Sherman wrote from Philadelphia:

The time is past for expedients. They must either whip us, or we shall whip them. A threat of secession is idle. Missouri can't secede, nor can Virginia secede. . . . Those Dutch troops in St. Louis will have enough backing. Thank God, the arms in the arsenal were not stolen. I am now acting as volunteer aide to Major-general Patterson. Porter, Belger, Beckwith, Patterson, Price, and others, are on his regular staff.

GENERAL SHERMAN OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

IN John Sherman's letter-book is a copy, sent at the time, of a letter General Sherman wrote to Secretary Cameron in 1861, giving his reasons for not enlisting sooner. Upon receipt of this, it was decided at Washington to make him colonel of three battalions of regulars, or major-general of volunteers.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, May 8, 1861.

HON. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War.

DEAR SIR: I hold myself now, as always, prepared to serve my country in the capacity for which I was trained. I did not and will not volunteer for three months because I cannot throw my family on the cold support of charity, but for the three years' call made by the President, an officer could prepare his command, and do good service. I will not volunteer because, rightfully or wrongfully, I feel myself unwilling to take a mere private's place, and having for many years lived in California and Louisiana, the men are not well enough acquainted with me to elect me to my appropriate place. Should my services be needed, the Records of the War Department will enable you to designate the station in which I can render best service. Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

UNDER FIRE AS A SPECTATOR.

BEFORE leaving St. Louis, General Sherman was an unintentional witness of the first fighting in the West, of which he gives the following account:

OFFICE ST. LOUIS RAILROAD CO.,
ST. LOUIS, May 11, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: Very imprudently I was a witness of the firing on the people by the United States Militia at Camp Jackson yesterday. You will hear all manner of accounts, and as these will be brought to bear on the present Legislature to precipitate events, maybe secession, I will tell you what I saw.

My office is up in Bremen, the extreme north of the city. The arsenal is at the extreme south. The State camp was in a pretty grove directly west of the city, bounded by Olive street and Laclede Avenue. I went to my house on Locust, between Eleventh and Twelfth, at 3 P. M., and saw the whole city in commotion, and heard that the United States troops were marching from the arsenal to capture the State camp.

. . . . . .

I told Ellen,[1] then took Willy[2] to see the soldiers march back. I kept on walking, and about 5.30 P. M. found myself in the grove, with soldiers all round, standing at rest. I went into the camp till turned aside by sentinels, and found myself with a promiscuous crowd, men, women, and children, inside the grove, near Olive street. On that street the disarmed State troops, some eight hundred, were in ranks. Soon a heavy column of United States regulars followed by militia came down Olive street, with music, and halted abreast of me. I went up and spoke to some of the officers, and fell back to a knoll. . . . Soon the music again started, and as the regulars got abreast of the crowd, about sixty yards to my front and right, I observed them in confusion, using their bayonets to keep the crowd back, as I supposed. Still, they soon moved on, and as the militia reached the same point a similar confusion began. I heard a couple of shots, then half a dozen, and observed the militia were firing on the crowd at that point; but the fire kept creeping to the rear along the flank of the column, and, hearing balls cutting the leaves of trees over my head, I fell down on the grass and crept up to where Charley Ewing[3] had my boy Willy. I also covered his person. Probably a hundred shots passed over the ground, but none near us. As soon as the fire slackened, I picked Willy up, and ran with him till behind the rising ground, and continued at my leisure out of harm's way, and went home.

I saw no one shot, but some dozen men were killed, among them a woman and little girl. There must have been some provocation at the

[1] His wife. [2] His eldest son. [3] Brother-in-law.

point where the regulars charged bayonets and where the militia began their fire. The rest was irregular and unnecessary, for the crowd was back in the woods, a fence between them and the street. There was some cheering of the United States troops, and some halloos for Jeff Davis.

I hear all of Frost's command who would not take the oath of allegiance to the United States are prisoners at the arsenal. I suppose they will be held for the orders of the President. They were mostly composed of young men who doubtless were secessionists. Frost is a New-Yorker, was a graduate of West Point, served some years in the army. . . . He was encamped by order of the Governor; and this brings up the old question of State and United States authority. We cannot have two kings: one is enough; and of the two the United States must prevail. But in all the South, and even here, there are plenty who think the State is their king. As ever, yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, May 20, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The greatest difficulty in the problem now before the country is not to conquer, but so to conquer as to impress upon the real men of the South a respect for their conquerors. If Memphis be taken, and the army move on South, the vindictive feeling left behind would again close the river. And here in Missouri it would be easy enough to take Jefferson City, Lexington, and any other point, but the moment they are left to themselves the people would resume their hatred. It is for this reason that I deem regulars the only species of force that should be used for invasion. I take it for granted that Virginia will be attacked with great force this summer, and that the great problem of the war — the Mississippi — will be reserved for the next winter. . . .

In the war on which we are now entering paper soldiers won't do. McClellan is naturally a superior man, and has had the finest opportunities in Mexico and Europe. Even his seniors admit his qualifications. Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

A COLONELCY PREFERRED TO A BRIGADIERSHIP.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, May 22, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your despatch last evening stating I would be appointed colonel of one of the new 3-battalion regiments. This was, I suppose, an answer to my own despatch to the Adjutant-general asking if such would be the case. The fact is, so many persons had written to me and spoken to me, all asserting they had seen or heard I was to have one of the new regiments, that I thought the letter to me had been misdirected or miscarried. . . . I shall promptly accept the colonelcy when received, and think I can organize and prepare a regiment as quick as anybody. I prefer this to a Brigadier in the militia, for I have no political ambition, and have very naturally more confidence in regulars than militia. Not that they are better, braver, or more patriotic, but because *I know* the people will submit with better grace to them than to militia of any particular locality. . . .

I think Missouri has subsided into a quiescent state. There will be no attempting to execute the obnoxious and unconstitutional militia law. A prompt move on Little Rock from here and Cairo and recapture of Fort Smith from Kansas would hold Arkansas in check — a movement which could be made simultaneous with that on Richmond. I hope no men or time will be wasted on Norfolk; it is to one side and unimportant. The capture of Richmond would be fatal to Virginia, and the occupation of Cumberland, Hagerstown, and Frederick by the Pennsylvanians, whilst troops threatened Winchester from Washington, would make the further occupation of Harper's Ferry useless. But, after all, the Mississippi is the great problem of the Civil War, and will require large forces and good troops. Affectionately your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

On May 14, General Sherman received a despatch from his brother Charles in Washington, telling him of his appointment as colonel of the 13th Regular Infantry, and that he was wanted in Washington at once.

The following letter was written while he was preparing to leave St. Louis for Washington, and the next one (June 8) from Pittsburg on his way East.

OFFICE ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.,
ST. LOUIS, May 24, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I have already written you so much that more would be a bore. Yours of the 21st is at hand, and I can act with promptness and sufficient vigor when the occasion arises. You all overrate my powers and ability, and may place me in a position above my merits, a worse step than below. Really I do not conceive myself qualified for Quartermaster-general or Major-general. To attain either station I would prefer a previous schooling with large masses of troops in the field — one which I lost in the Mexican War by going to California. The only possible reason that would induce me to accept high position would be to prevent its falling into incompetent hands. The magnitude of interest at issue now will admit of no experiments. . . .

I have still my saddle, sword, sash, and some

articles of uniform which will come into immediate play. But look out—I want the regular army and not the 3-year men. . . . Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

A FORECAST OF GENERAL THOMAS'S ABILITY TO COMMAND.

PITTSBURG, Sunday, June 8, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Should I on my arrival find the Secretary determined to go outside the army, and should he make advances to me, of course I shall accept. In like manner if he tenders me a brigade I will [do] my best, or if a colonelcy—ditto. I still feel that it is wrong to ask for anything, and prefer that they should make their own choice of this position for me. You are with General Patterson. There are two A. No. 1 men there—George H. Thomas, Colonel 2d Cavalry, and Captain Sykes, 3d Infantry. Mention my name to both, and say to them that I wish them all success they aspire to; and if in the varying chances of war I should ever be so placed, I would name such as them for high places. But Thomas is a Virginian from near Norfolk, and, say what we may, he must feel unpleasantly at leading an invading army. But if he says he will do it, I know he will do it well. He was never brilliant, but always cool, reliable, and steady, maybe a little slow. Sykes has in him some dashing qualities. . . . If possible I will try and see you in your new capacity of soldier before I make another distant break. If you please, you may telegraph to Mr. Chase simply that I have come to Washington on Taylor's call, but I cannot wait long, and if the Administration don't want my services, to say so at once emphatically. Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: At last the order is out, and I am Colonel 13th Infantry. I have been asking for orders, and am this moment informed for the present, that inasmuch as Lieutenant-colonel Burbank may enlist my regiment, and as my personal services here are needed, I will forthwith consider myself on duty here attached to General Scott's staff as Inspector-general. I did not dream of this, but it really does well accord with my inclinations and peculiar nature. My duty will be to keep myself advised of the character and kind of men who are in military service here near Washington, and to report to General Scott in person. Porter can tell you what these duties will amount to. . . . I suppose you will soon be here, for from Colonel Burnside I hear [that] all of Patterson's army is on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and no possible movement will be attempted before Congress meets. . . . In haste, your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

General Sherman remained on duty with General Scott only ten days (June 20–30), and then was given command of one brigade of McDowell's army, which was to move from the defenses of Washington.

He assumed command June 30, and went to work at once to prepare his brigade for the general advance.

CAMP OPPOSITE GEORGETOWN,
July 16, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: We start forth to-day, camp to-night at or near Vienna; to-morrow early we attack the enemy at or near Fairfax C. H., Germantown, and Centreville; thereabouts we will probably be till about Thursday, when movement of the whole force, some 35,000 men, on Manassas, turning the position by a wide circuit. You may expect to hear of us about Aquia Creek or Fredericksburg (secret absolute). . . .

If anything befall me, my pay is drawn to embrace June 30, and Ellen has full charge of all other interests. Good-by. Your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

I.

SOMETHING must have detained me that evening, since it was nearly midnight when I arrived at the club, and I hate to be so tardy as that, for some of our best members are married men now, who never stay out after one o'clock, or two at the very furthest. Besides, the supper is served at eleven, and the first comers take all the pleasant little tables which line the walls of the grill-room, leaving for the belated arrivals only the large table which runs down the middle of the room.

As every one knows, ours is a club whose members mainly belong to the allied arts. Of course, now and then a millionaire manages to get elected by passing himself off as an art patron; but for the most part, the men one meets there are authors, actors, architects, and artists on canvas or in marble. So it is that the supper served at eleven every Saturday night,

from October to May, is the occasion of many a pleasant meeting with friends who happen in quite informally. When the week's work is done, it is good to have a place to forgather with one's fellows — a place where one can eat, and drink, and smoke, a place where one can sit in a cozy corner, and talk shop, and swap stories.

I cannot now recall the reason why I was late on the evening in question, nor just what evening it was, although I am sure that it was after Founder's Night (which is New Year's Eve), and before Ladies' Day (which is Shakspere's birthday). I remember only that it was nearly midnight, and that as I entered the reading-room I was hailed by Astroyd, the actor.

"I say, Arthur," he cried, "you are the very man we want to take the third seat at our table. You must have a bird and a bottle with me to-night, for this is the last evening I shall have at the club for many a long day."

"Are you going on the road again?" I asked, with interest; for I like Astroyd, and I knew we should all regret his departure.

"I 'm off for Australia, that 's where I 'm going," he answered; "thirty per cent. of the gross, with five hundred a week guaranteed. I take the vestibule limited at ten in the morning, and I 'm not half packed yet. So we must get over supper at once. Besides, I want you to meet a friend of mine."

Then, for the first time, I noticed the gentleman who was standing by the side of Astroyd, a little behind him. The actor stepped back and introduced us.

"Mr. Harrington Cockshaw, Mr. Arthur Penn."

As we shook hands, Astroyd added, "Cockshaw is a new member of the club."

At that moment one of the waiters came up to tell the actor that the table he had asked for was vacant at last, whereupon we all three went into the grill-room, and sat down to our supper at once. I had just time to note that Mr. Cockshaw was an insignificant little man with a bristling, sandy mustache. When he took his place opposite to me I saw that he had light-brown eyes, and that his expression suggested a strange admixture of shyness and self-assertion.

While the waiter was drawing the cork, Mr. Cockshaw bent forward, and said, with the merest hint of condescension in his manner, "I 'm delighted to meet you this evening, Mr. Penn, partly because just this very afternoon I have been reading your admirable essay 'On the Sonnet and its History.'"

I was about to murmur my appreciation of this complimentary coincidence when Astroyd broke in.

"Arthur knows a sonnet when he sees it," he said, "and he can turn off as good a topical song as any man in New York."

"I can't write, myself," Mr. Cockshaw went on; "I wish I could — though I don't suppose anybody would read it if I did. But my brother-in-law is connected with literature, in a way; he 's a publisher; he 's the Co. of Carpenter and Co."

Just then Astroyd caught sight of Harry Brackett standing in the broad doorway.

"Here you are, Harry," he cried; "join us. Have a stirrup-cup with me. I have n't seen you for moons,— not for 'steen moons,— and I 'm off for Australia to-morrow by the bright light."

"Is n't America good enough for you?" asked Harry Brackett, as he lounged over to us.

"Not at the beginning of next season, it is n't," the actor declared. "Electing a President of these United States is more fun than a farce-comedy, and for two weeks before the Tuesday following the first Monday in November you can't club people into the theater."

"That 's so, sometimes," responded Harry, as Astroyd and I made room for him at our little table; "and I don't see how we are going to keep up public interest in Gettysburg next fall, unless there 's an old-time bloody-shirt campaign. If there is, I 'll get a phonograph, and agree to let every visitor to the panorama sample a genuine Rebel yell."

Astroyd caught the expression of perplexity that flitted across the face of the new member of the club, so he made haste to introduce the newcomer.

"Mr. Brackett, Mr. Cockshaw," he said; adding as they bowed, "Mr. Brackett is now the manager of the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg."

"And I 'm going to be buried on the field of battle," Harry Brackett interjected, "if I can't scare up some new way to boom the thing soon."

"I should not think that so fine a work of art would need any booming," Mr. Cockshaw smilingly remarked. "I had the pleasure of going in to see it again only yesterday. It is a great painting, extraordinarily vivid, exactly like the real thing — at least so I am told. I was not at the battle myself, but my brother-in-law commanded a North Carolina brigade in Pickett's charge; he lost a leg there."

"I don't know but what a one-legged Confederate might draw," Harry Brackett soliloquized. "The lecturer we have now is no good: he gives his celebrated imitation of a wounded soldier drinking out of a canteen so often and so realistically that he is always on the

diminuendo of a jag — when he is n't on the crescendo."

"If he gets loaded," said Astroyd, promptly, "why don't you fire him?"

"It 's all very well for you to make jokes," Harry Brackett returned, "but it is n't easy to get a lecturer who really looks like an old soldier. Besides, his name is worth something: it is so short that we can print it in big letters on a single line — Colonel Mark Day. I should n't wonder if he had the two shortest names in all the United States."

"It *is* a short name," said the little man, as though pleased to get into conversation again. "It is a very short name, indeed. But I know a shorter. My brother-in-law has one letter less in his, and one syllable more. His name is Eli Low."

Harry Brackett looked at the new member of the club for a moment as though he were going to make a pertinent reply. Then apparently he thought better of it, and said nothing.

As the conversation flagged I asked Astroyd if he was going to act in San Francisco on his way to Australia.

"No," he answered; "I go straight through without stopping, but I 've got two weeks at 'Frisco coming home, and I shall play my way back over the Northern Pacific. You know Duluth and Superior are both three-night stands now."

"San Francisco is falling off every year," Harry Brackett commented. "The flush times are all over on the coast. I remember the days when a big attraction could play to ten thousand dollars three weeks running."

"Yes," Astroyd assented; "'Frisco is not the show-town it used to be, though we took nineteen thousand three hundred and forty in two weeks, last time I was there."

"Perhaps somebody will strike another bonanza before you get back," I suggested; "and if there is another boom you can do a big business."

"I came near going out to the Pacific coast last summer," said Mr. Cockshaw, "to look after a chicken ranch I 'm interested in near Monotony Dam. Somehow I could n't find time to get away, so I had to give it up. But my brother-in-law was an old Forty-niner, and he told me he once found a seven-pound nugget in a pocket. He had a claim at a camp called Hell-to-pay."

"I 've played there in the old days," Astroyd remarked promptly. "We did 'Hamlet' on a stage made of two billiard-tables shoved back to the end of the biggest saloon in the camp. But the place experienced a change of heart long ago; it has three churches now, and calls itself Eltopia to-day."

"It was a pretty tough town in my brother-in-law's time," the little man declared. "He told me he had often seen two and three men shot in a morning."

I had noticed that when Mr. Cockshaw mentioned the strange luck of his brother-in-law's finding an extraordinary nugget in a pocket, Harry Brackett had looked up and fixed his eyes on the face of the little man as though to spy out a contradiction between Mr. Cockshaw's expression and his conversation. So when our little party broke up, and Astroyd had said farewell and departed, taking Cockshaw with him, I was not at all surprised to have the manager of the panorama stop me as I was making ready to go home.

"I say, Arthur," he began, "who is that little fellow, anyhow — the one with the alleged brother-in-law?"

I answered that I had never met Mr. Cockshaw until that evening, and that Astroyd had declared him to be a new member of the club.

"Then that 's why I have n't seen him before," Harry Brackett responded. "Queer little cuss, is n't he? Somehow he looked as though he might be a dealer in misfit coffins, or something of that sort. And the way he kept blowing about that brother-in-law of his would make a stuffed bird laugh. I wonder what his business really is. What 's more, I wonder who he is."

To satisfy this curiosity of Harry's we asked a dozen different men if they knew anything about a new member of the club named Cockshaw, and we found that nobody had ever heard of him. Apparently Astroyd had been the only man there he had ever seen before that evening.

Harry Brackett finally sent for the proposal book, to see who had been his sponsors. He found that J. Harrington Cockshaw, Retired, had been proposed by Mr. Joshua Hoffman, the millionaire philanthropist, and that he had been seconded by John Abram Carkendale, the second vice-president of the Methuselah Life Insurance Company. But we could not ask them about him, because old Mr. Hoffman was on his steam-yacht *Rhadamanthus* in the Mediterranean, somewhere between Gibraltar and Cairo; and Mr. Carkendale was out West, somewhere between Denver and Salt Lake City, on his semiannual tour of inspection of the agencies of the Methuselah Life. And Astroyd, who had introduced him to us, and who might fairly be presumed to be able to give us some information concerning the new member, was about to start for Australia.

"So all we know about him," said Harry Brackett, summing up the result of our researches, "is that his name is J. Harrington Cockshaw, that he is Retired,— whatever that may mean,— that he knows Joshua Hoffman

and John Abram Carkendale well enough to have them propose him here, and that he has a brother-in-law, whose name is Eli Low, who was in California in '49, who lost a leg at Gettysburg in Pickett's charge, and who is now a partner in the publishing house of Carpenter and Co."

And with that information Harry Brackett had then perforce to be content.

II.

THE next Saturday evening I arrived at the club a little earlier. I had been dining with Delancey Jones, the architect, and we played piquet at his house for a couple of hours after dinner. When we entered the club together it was scarcely half-past ten; and yet we found half a dozen regular Saturday night attendants already gathered together in the main hall just beside the huge fireplace emblazoned with the motto of the club. Starrington, the tragedian, was one of the group, and Judge Gillespie was another; Rupert de Ruyter, the novelist, was a third, and John Sharp, the young African explorer, was a fourth; while Harry Brackett sat back on a broad sofa by the side of Mr. Harrington Cockshaw, the new member of the club.

When we joined the party the judge was describing the methods and the machinery of a gang of safe-breakers whom he had recently sent to Sing Sing for a bank burglary.

"The bank almost deserved to be robbed," the judge concluded, "because it had not availed itself of the latest improvements in safe-building."

"When a bank gets a chilled-iron safe, it 's a cold day for the burglar, I suppose," said Rupert de Ruyter, who occasionally condescended to a trifling jest of this sort.

"A chilled-iron safe is better than a wooden desk, of course," Harry Brackett remarked; "but the safe-breakers keep almost even with the safe-makers. With a kit of the latest tools a burglar can get into pretty nearly anything — except the kingdom of Heaven."

"And it is almost as hard to get a really fireproof safe as it is to get one burglar-proof," said Jones. "The building I put up for a fire-insurance company out in Newark two years ago burned down before the carpenters were out of it, although the company had moved into its own office on the first floor, and about half of the books in the safe were charred into uselessness, like the manuscripts of Herculaneum."

"I was never burnt out, myself," Mr. Cockshaw declared, taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, "but my brother-in-law was president of a lumber company in Chicago at the time of the great fire; and he told me that most of the books of the firm were destroyed, but that wherever there had been any writing in pencil this was legible, even though the paper itself was burnt to a crisp, while the writing in ink had been usually obliterated by the heat."

The hint of self-assertion which might have been detected in Mr. Cockshaw's manner a week before had now totally disappeared, as though he felt himself quite at home in the club already, and had no need to defend his position. His manner was wholly unobtrusive and almost deprecatory. There was even a certain vague hesitancy of speech which I had not noticed when we had met before. His voice was smooth, as though to match his smooth face, clean-shaven except for the faint little mustache which bristled above the full lips.

So soft-spoken had he been that only Harry Brackett and I had heard this contribution of his to the conversation; and under the lead of Judge Gillespie the talk turned off from the ways of burglars to the treatment of criminals, and thus to the rights and wrongs of prisoners. Something that Rupert de Ruyter said started off John Sharp,— usually taciturn and disinclined to talk,— and he began by denouncing the evils of the slave-hunting raids the Arabs make in Africa. To show us just how hideous, how vile, how inhuman a thing slavery is, he was led to describe to us one of his own experiences in the heart of the dark continent, and to tell us how he had followed for days on the heels of a slave-caravan, finding it easy to keep the trail because of the half-dozen or more corpses he passed every day — corpses of slaves, women and men, who fell out of the ranks from weakness, and who either had been killed outright or else allowed to die of starvation.

We all listened with intense interest as John Sharp told us what he had seen, for it was a rare thing for him to speak about his African experiences; sometimes I had wondered whether they were not too painful for him willingly to recall them.

"I wish I could go to Africa," said Rupert de Ruyter. "I know that it is a land of battle, murder, and sudden death, but I believe that a picture of the life there under the equator, a faithful presentment of existence as it is, as direct and as simple as one could make it — I believe a story of that sort might easily make as big a hit as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"And it might do as much good," said the judge. "There is no hope for Africa till the slave-trade is rooted out absolutely. Until that is done once for all, this sending out of missionaries is a mere waste of money."

"Yet the missionaries at least set an example of courage and self-sacrifice," suggested Mr. Cockshaw, timidly. "Of course I don't know anything about the matter personally,

but my brother-in-law was with Stanley on that search for Livingstone, and I am merely repeating what I have heard him say often."

After the new member of the club had said this, I became conscious immediately that Harry Brackett was gazing at me intently. At last I looked up, and when he caught my eye he winked. I glanced away at once, but I was at no loss to interpret the meaning of this signal.

For a while the talk rambled along uneventfully, and then some one suddenly suggested supper. Ten minutes thereafter our little gathering was dissolved. Judge Gillespie and John Sharp had gone up into the library to consult a new map of Africa. Starrington and de Ruyter had secured a little table in the grill-room, and pending the arrival of the ingredients for the Welsh rabbits (for the making of which the novelist was famous), they were deep in a discussion of the play which the actor wished to have written for him. Mr. Cockshaw, Harry Brackett, Delancey Jones, and I had made ourselves comfortable at a round table in the bow-window of the grill-room.

Perhaps it was the pewter mugs depending from hooks below the shelf which ran all around the room at the top of the wainscot which suggested to Harry Brackett mugs of another kind, for he suddenly turned on Jones abruptly:

"And how are the twins?"

"The twins are all right," Jones answered, "and so am I, thank you."

"And how old are they now?" Harry Brackett inquired further.

"Two months," the happy parent responded.

"To think of you with a pair of twins," mused the manager of the panorama. "I believe you said there was a pair of them?"

"I suppose I did suggest that number when I revealed the fact that my family had been increased by twins."

"Well, I never thought it of you, I confess," Harry Brackett continued. "You are an architect by profession, a lover of the picturesque, an admirer of all that is beautiful in an odd and unexpected way; and so I never dreamed that you would do anything so commonplace as to have two babies just alike, and of just the same size, and the same age."

"It is queer, I admit," Jones retorted; "but then this is leap-year, you know, and there are always more twins born in leap-year than in any other year."

"I never heard that before," Harry Brackett declared. "I wonder why it is?"

"Perhaps," said the architect, as he took down his own pewter mug, "it is simply because leap-year is one day longer than any other year."

"Oh!" ejaculated the man who had let himself into this trap; then he rang a bell on the table, and told the waiter who came in response to take Mr. Jones's order.

"I wonder whether the prevalence of twins has anything to do with the periodicity of the spots on the sun," I suggested. "Almost every other phenomenon has been ascribed to this cause."

"I believe that the statistics of twins have never been properly investigated," remarked Mr. Cockshaw, gently. "I have not studied the subject myself, but my brother-in-law was a pupil of Spitzer's in Vienna, and he was much interested in the matter. He was preparing a paper in which he set forth a theory of his own, and he was going to read it at the Medical Conference in Vienna during the Exhibition of 1873, but unfortunately he died ten days before the conference met."

"Who died?" Harry Brackett asked with startling directness—"Spitzer or your brother-in-law?"

"Dr. Spitzer is alive still," the new member answered; "it was my brother-in-law who died."

"I 'm glad of that," said Harry Brackett to me, scarcely lowering his voice, although apparently Mr. Cockshaw did not hear him. "If he 's dead and buried, perhaps we sha'n't hear anything more about him."

And it was a fact that although we four, Jones and I, Cockshaw and Harry Brackett, sat at that little table in the grill-room for perhaps two hours longer, and then went back into the hall for another smoke, we did not hear the new member of the club refer again that night to his brother-in-law.

III.

A WEEK later I was sitting in my study, trying to polish into lilting smoothness a tale in verse which I had written for the Christmas number of the "Metropolis"; and in my labors on this lyric legend I had quite forgotten that it was Saturday night. I had just laid down my pen with the conviction that whether the poem was good or bad, it was, at least, the best I could do, when Harry Brackett broke in on me, and insisted on bearing me off to the club.

"I want you to be there to-night," he asserted, "for a particular reason."

But what this particular reason might be he refused to declare. I ventured on a guess at it, when we were on our way to the club wrapped in our rain-coats, and trusting to a single umbrella to shield us both from the first spring-squall.

"I lunched at the club to-day," he said casually, just after a sudden gust of wind had turned our umbrella inside out, "and I heard that man Cockshaw telling Laurence Laughton that he

had never seen a great race himself, but that his brother-in-law had been in Louisville when Tenbroeck beat Molly Macarthy."

"That 's why you are haling me to the club through this storm," I cried. "You want a companion to help you listen to Mr. Cockshaw's statements."

"I want you to be there to-night," he answered. "And you will soon see why last Saturday, when I heard that that brother-in-law of Cockshaw's was dead, I gave a sigh of relief. I thought we were quit of him for good and all. But we are not. It was not Wednesday before Cockshaw had resurrected the corpse, and galvanized it into spasmodic existence. Every night this week he has been dining at the club."

"The brother-in-law?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "only Cockshaw. If I could see the brother-in-law there in the flesh, I 'd pay for his dinner with pleasure. But that 's a sight I can never hope to behold. The man has had too many strange experiences to survive. Why, do you know — but there, I can't tell you half the things Cockshaw has told us now and again during the past week. All I can say is that he has literally exuded miscellaneous misinformation about that alleged brother-in-law of his. No more remarkable man ever lived since the Admirable Crichton — and I never heard that *he* had nine lives like a cat."

I deprecated Harry Brackett's heat in speaking of Cockshaw, and I told him that I thought the new member of the club was a most modest and unassuming little man.

"That 's just what is so annoying," returned my companion. "If he put on frills, and lied about himself and his own surprising adventures, I could forgive him; but there it is — the little semicolon of a cuss never boasts about his own deeds; he just caps all our stories with some wild, weird tale of his brother-in-law's doings. It is the meanest trick out. Do you believe he ever had a brother-in-law?"

This query was propounded as we stood before the door of the club.

"Why should n't I?" was my answer.

"Oh, you carry credulity to an extreme," Harry Brackett responded as he shut his umbrella. "Now I don't. I don't believe this man Cockshaw ever had a brother-in-law, alive or dead, white or black. What 's more, I don't believe that he ever had either a wife or a sister; and unless he was aided or abetted by a wife or a sister he could n't have had a brother-in-law, could he?"

"If he chooses to invent a brother-in-law to brag about, why should n't he?" I asked. "There 's many a man who has written a book to glorify the great deeds of some remote ancestor from whom his own descent was more than doubtful."

"I know that," Harry Brackett responded, as we entered the club and gave our storm-coats to the attendants; "and I know also that there are men so lost to all sense of the proprieties of life that they insist on telling you the latest ignorant and impertinent remarks of their sons of six and their daughters of five. But I hold these to be among the most pestilent of our species — less pestilent only than a man who tells tales about his brother-in-law."

I said nothing in reply to this; but my reserve did not check the flow of Harry Brackett's discourse.

"All the same," he went on, "people have ancestors and they have children, and to boast about these is natural enough, I 'm afraid. But a brother-in-law! Why blow about a brother-in-law? Of course it is a novelty — at least I never heard of anybody's working this brother-in-law racket except Cockshaw. And I 'll admit that it is a good act, too: with an adroit use of the brother-in-law Cockshaw can magnify himself till he is as great a man as the Emperor of China, who is nephew of the moon, great-grandson of the sun, and second cousin to all the stars of the sky!"

I protested against the vehemence of Harry Brackett's manner, without avail.

"But he 's got to be more careful," he continued, "or he 'll wear him out; the brother-in-law will get used up before the little man gets out half there is in him. No brother-in-law will stand the wear and tear Cockshaw is putting on him. Why, within a fortnight he has told us that his brother-in-law climbed the Jungfrau in 1853, lost a leg in Pickett's charge in 1863, and went down in the *Tecumseh* in 1864. Now I say that a brother-in-law who can do all those things is beyond nature; he is a freak: he ought not to be talked about at this club; he ought to be exhibited at a dime museum."

I tried to explain that it was perhaps possible for a man to have climbed a Swiss mountain, and to have been wounded at Gettysburg, and to have gone down in the *Tecumseh*.

"But if he was colonel of a North Carolina regiment, how came he on board of a United States ironclad?" asked my companion.

"Perhaps he had been taken prisoner," I suggested, "and perhaps —"

"Shucks!" interrupted Harry Brackett. "That 's altogether too thin. Don't you try to reconcile the little man's conflicting statements. He does n't. He just lets them conflict."

We had paused in the main hall to have the talk out. When at length we walked on into the grill-room, we found Judge Gillespie, and Rupert de Ruyter, and Cockshaw already getting supper at the round table in the bow-window. De Ruyter called us over, and he and the judge made room for us.

As soon as we were seated, the judge turned to Cockshaw with his customary courtesy, and said, "I fear we interrupted you, Mr. Cockshaw."

"Not at all," the new member answered, with an inoffensive smile. "But as we were speaking of philopenas I was only going to tell of an experience of my brother-in-law. Twenty years ago or so, when he was warden of the church of St. Boniface in Philadelphia, he met a very bright New York girl at dinner one Saturday night, and they ate a philopena together — give and take, you know. The next morning, when he left his pew to pass the plate after the sermon, he felt a sudden conviction that that New York girl was sitting somewhere behind him on his aisle to say 'Philopena' as she put a contribution into his plate. He managed to look back, and sure enough he spied her in an aisle-seat near the door. So he had to whisper to a fellow-vestryman and get him to exchange aisles."

In some tortured manner the talk turned to churches and to convents. And this led Judge Gillespie to give us a most interesting account of his visit to the monastery on Mount Athos, where the life of man is reduced to its barrenest elements. When we had made an end of plying him with questions, which he answered with the courtesy, the clearness, and the precision which marked his speech as well in private life as on the bench, the talk again rambled on, rippling into anecdotes of monks and monasteries in all parts of the world. Harry Brackett had spent a night with the monks of Saint Bernard in the hospice at the top of the Simplon Pass; Rupert de Ruyter had made a visit to the Trappist monastery in Kentucky; I had been to the old Spanish mission-stations in Southern California and New Mexico; only the new member of the club had no personal experience to proffer. He listened with unfailing interest as each of us in turn set forth his views and his adventures, serious or comic. Then when we had all exhausted the subject, Cockshaw smiled affably and almost timidly.

"I have lived so quiet a life myself," he ventured, "that I do not know that I have ever met a monk face to face, and I know I have never been inside of a convent; but when my brother-in-law was a boy, he was traveling in Brittany with his father, and one night they were taken in at a convent. My brother-in-law was given a cell to sleep in, and over his head there was a tiny cup containing holy water; but the boy had never seen such a thing before, and he did n't know what it was for, so he emptied out the water, and put his matches in the little cup, that he might have them handy in the night."

"When was this?" asked Harry Brackett, feeling in his pocket for a pencil.

"In '67 or '68," Cockshaw answered.

Harry Brackett pulled down his left cuff and penciled a hasty line on it, an operation which the new member of the club failed to notice.

"Oddly enough," he continued, "my brother-in-law saw a good deal of the Breton priests who sheltered him that night, for he was studying medicine in Paris when the war broke out in 1870, and he joined the American ambulance, which happened more than once to succor the brave Bretons who had come up to the defense of the capital. Indeed, he was out in the field, attending to a wounded Breton, at Champigny, when he was killed by a spent shell."

Remembering that Cockshaw had told us before that his brother-in-law was drowned in the *Tecumseh*, I looked up in surprise. As it chanced, I caught the eye of the new member of the club. He returned my gaze in a straightforward fashion, and yet with a certain suggestion of timidity. I confess that I was puzzled. I looked over to Harry Brackett, but he was gazing up at the ceiling, with his pencil still in his fingers.

Then we both turned our attention to the "Gramercy Stew" which the waiter brought us, and which was the specialty of the club. Judge Gillespie and De Ruyter had almost finished their supper when we arrived, and they now made ready to leave us.

"I wish I were as young as you, boys," said the judge, as he rose; "but I 'm not, and I can't sit up as late as I used. Besides, I must go to the Brevoort House early to-morrow morning, for I 've promised to take Lord Stanyhurst to Grace Church."

"Is Lord Stanyhurst over here?" asked Cockshaw, with interest.

"He arrived this afternoon on the *Siluria*," the judge answered. "Do you know him?"

"I know his son," replied the new member of the club. After a momentary pause he added: "In fact, we are remotely connected by marriage. He is my brother-in-law's brother-in-law."

Judge Gillespie and Rupert de Ruyter did not hear this, for they had walked away together.

But Harry Brackett heard it, and he sat upright in his chair and cried: "What was that you said? Would you mind saying it all over again, and saying it slow?"

"Certainly not," responded Cockshaw, with no suggestion of aggressiveness — with all his wonted placidity. "I said that Lord Stanyhurst's son was my brother-in-law's brother-in-law; that is to say, he married the sister of the man my sister married."

"Do you know," Harry Brackett remarked solemnly — "do you know that you have the most remarkable brother-in-law on record? A brother-in-law

> so various, that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

"How so?" asked the new member of the club, with a stiffening of his voice, as though he were beginning to resent the manner of the man with whom he was talking.

I sat still and said nothing. It was not my place to intervene. Besides, I confess that my curiosity made me quite willing to be present at the discussion, even though my hope of any possible explanation was remote enough.

"I don't want to say anything against any man's brother-in-law," Harry Brackett went on, "but don't you think that the conduct of yours is a little queer?"

"In what way?" asked Cockshaw, with greater reserve.

"Well, in the way of dying, for example," Harry Brackett responded. "Most of us can die only once, but your brother-in-law managed to die twice. First, he was drowned in the *Tecumseh*, and then he was killed at Champigny."

"But that was not —" began the new member of the club, and then he checked himself sharply and said, "Well?"

"Well," repeated Harry Brackett, with possibly a shade less of confidence in his manner, "Well, he was a very remarkable character, that brother-in-law of yours, before he departed this life twice, just as though he had been twins. In fact he died three times, for I 'd forgotten his demise in Vienna in 1873, just before the Exhibition opened. His habit of dying on the instalment plan did n't prevent him from putting in his fine work all along the line. I don't suppose that you married the sister of the Wandering Jew or that your sister married the Flying Dutchman, but I confess I can't think of any other explanation. You see I 've been keeping tab on my cuff. Your brother-in-law's name is Eli Low, and he is now a partner in Carpenter & Co., the publishers. But he went to California in 1849, and he climbed the Jungfrau in 1853, and he lost a leg at Gettysburg in 1863, and he lost his life by the sinking of the *Tecumseh* in 1864, which did not prevent his being a boy in Brittany a few years later, or his getting killed all over again at Champigny in 1870 — although I should think the Prussians would have been ashamed to hit a drowned man, even with a spent shell. And this second demise never interfered with his being president of a lumber company in Chicago at the time of the fire, 1871, or with his going in the same year to Africa with Stanley to find Livingstone. But he must have scurried home pretty promptly, because in 1872 he was a warden of St Boniface's in Philadelphia; and then he must have flitted back across the Atlantic in double-quick time, because in 1873 he was studying with Dr. Spitzer in Vienna, where he died a third time. So even if he were a cat he would have only six lives left now. In 1876 he seems to have gone to Louisville to see the Fourth of July race between Tenbroeck and Molly Macarthy; and now to-day in 1892 he is a partner in a publishing house here in New York."

To this long statement of Harry Brackett's Mr. Harrington Cockshaw listened in absolute silence, making no attempt to interrupt and seeming wholly unabashed. Once a smile hovered around the corners of his mouth for a moment only, vanishing as quickly as it came.

Now he lifted his eyes, and looked Harry Brackett squarely in the face.

"So you think I have been lying?" he asked.

"I would n't *say* that," was the answer. "I 'm not setting up codes of veracity for other people. But taking things by and large, I can't help thinking that your brother-in-law has had more than his share of experience. I wonder he does n't go on the road as a lecturer — or else I wonder that you yourself don't write a novel."

The new member of the club repeated his question: "You think I 'm a liar?"

Harry Brackett made no reply.

Cockshaw continued in a perfectly even voice with no tremor in it. "You think that when I told you all these things that you have amused yourself in setting down on your cuff in chronological order, I was telling you what was not so? Then what will you say, when I assure you that every statement of mine is strictly accurate?"

"If you assure me," Harry Brackett answered, "that your brother-in-law died once in 1864, and again in 1870, and a third time in 1873, all I can say is that he wanted to be in at the death, that 's all. He was fonder of dying than any man I ever heard of."

"Mr. Brackett," said the little man, "when I told you all these things, one at a time, about my brother-in-law, I never meant to suggest, and I never supposed you would believe, that they all referred to one and the same brother-in-law. They don't. My wife has six brothers, and I have five sisters, all married now — so I have still eight brothers-in-law surviving."

Harry Brackett rang the little bell on the table, and when the waiter came he said, "Take Mr. Cockshaw's order."

Brander Matthews.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I.

INTRODUCTION: A PHILADELPHIAN ADVENTURE.

IT was from Philadelphia that I first wandered into gipsyland. In those days the town seemed so dull. Now that I have been many years away, I feel the charm of its prim streets lined with endless red brick and white marble and green shutters, the charm of the fine colonial mansions long since forsaken by fashion, the charm of the old churches with their little strip of green graveyard, or the quiet meeting-houses overshadowed by great trees, where gray-shawled women Friends, their sweet faces looking mildly from plain bonnets, and men Friends, in broad-brimmed hats and plain coats, linger when meeting is out on First Day morning. I feel it all now, until my own city seems lovelier and more picturesque than many a more world-famed town. But then I knew little else, and I wearied of it, as all good Philadelphians do. I wanted something new, something strange, something different, to give it the touch of romance, which I believed it lacked so sadly. And this novelty, this romance, this contrast, I thought I found in the gipsies. I was young: in my eyes they brought with them all the glamour of the East, all the mystery of the unknown.

We used to go to see them, the Rye and I, when we knew their tents were pitched in pretty woodland or lonely field near the city. The Rye is my uncle, Hans Breitmann (Mr. Charles G. Leland), whom all the Romanies know. His gipsy lore was great; mine, all gleaned from him, was infinitely less, but even he, I think, did not love the Romany better than I. If the gipsy has cast his spell over many a wise man,—over a Borrow in England, an archduke in Austria, a Hermann in Hungary,—why should I be ashamed to say that in the years so long past the curl of the white smoke among the trees could set my heart to beating; that the first glimpse of the gay green van, with the pillows, white and ruffled, hanging from the window, could thrill me with joy? Have I not said I was young when I first wandered into gipsyland?

Often J—— was with us when we went gipsying; indeed, he too was greeted as a friend by every traveler on the road to whom he wished "*Sarshan!*" the mystic password of these freemasons from the home of strange secret brotherhoods.

When the first sweet days of spring came, and blossoming fruit-trees lighted up many a trim side-yard, and trailed in purple glory over the second-story veranda, and the smell of the ailantus was strong in the streets, and sparrows were busy eating up the measuring-worms, then we would walk far out Broad street, through the dripping darkness of the public buildings, past the Masonic Temple and the Academy of Fine Arts, past the big, pretentious houses of the rich up-town people, to where a bit of meadow-land between the built-up squares showed that we were well in the suburbs. For it was there that, in Oakdale Park, just behind the Rising Sun, but shut in by hedge and trees, the Costelloes, traveling northward after their winter in Florida, pitched their tents. And nowhere, from one end of Philadelphia to the other, were we more welcome than under this brown canvas roof, where, sitting on the carpeted ground,—for the Costelloes were swells,—they offered us beer in silver mugs, each marked with different initials, and gave us the gossip of the roads, while the dogs and babies tumbled in the long grass outside, and the pet goat strayed into the tent to rub himself against the old man, and the horses browsed under the apple-trees.

But in the autumn, when the wind blew cold and fresh, and the country was aflame with scarlet and gold, and brilliant chrysanthemums and scarlet sage filled the borders of our grass-plots with their wealth of color, it was over to Camden we went, out to the reservoir beyond the town, where Davy Wharton and the Boswells had their camp. And of all, this, as I look back, is the gipsy tramp I like the best. For sometimes we would walk down Spruce street, silent and asleep at all hours, by the old Pennsylvania Hospital, getting one glimpse into its garden, lovelier and quainter, it seems to me now, than any I have seen in England, and then up Seventh street to Washington

Square, where a few gray-haired men shared the seats under the trees with the nurses and children, across Independence Square, through Independence Hall, and so on along the noisiest business streets to Market street and the Camden Ferry. Or else we would go at once over to Chestnut street, at the hour when it was gay with shoppers and sunshine, when we knew we would always meet, first, George H. Boker, Philadelphia's only poet, as he called himself, white-haired, white-mustached, distinguished, and handsome, belonging there as essentially as the statue of George Washington in front of the old State-house, so that the street will never seem the same to me again, now that he has taken his last walk there; and next, further on, we would pass George W. Childs walking home with "Tony" Drexel, and between them the inevitable stray prince, or author, or clergyman from England. And whichever way we took we knew that, as likely as not, we would find Walt Whitman on the ferry, or sitting in his favorite big chair by the fruit-stand at the foot of Market street, or just getting out of the street-car. He always had a friendly greeting for us, a friendly word about the travelers who made their autumn home so near his. I can never think of idle Davy Wharton or pretty Susie Boswell, lounging on the sunlit grass, without seeing the familiar figure of the good, gray poet, leaning on his stick, his long white beard hiding and showing the loose open shirt, his soft, gray felt hat shading the kindly eyes.

Now and then, in crowded street, we caught the gleam of the gipsy smile; now and then, in country walks, we came suddenly upon a tent by the wayside, and these chance meetings had all the delight of the unexpected. And there were great occasions when we left Philadelphia far behind, and went down to a country fair in some New Jersey town. It was on one of these, I remember, that I was first introduced to the Lovells.

I thought nothing could be more enchanting than the life these people led, wandering at will from the pine forests of Maine to the orange groves of the far South; pitching their tents now in blossoming orchard, now under burning maple; sleeping and fiddling and smoking away their days while the rest of the world toiled and labored in misery and hunger. But if I said this to the Rye, he would laugh, and wish that I could see the Hungarian gipsies. They were wilder and freer, and all the strange beauty and poetry of their lives they put into their music when they played. There was magic in it.

One memorable day in Chestnut street — it was Sunday morning, and the stores were shut, and the street-cars without their bells rattled down at longer intervals, and every one, in Sunday clothes, was walking home from church or meeting — we met three of the wildest, most beautiful creatures I had ever imagined. They were tall and lithe and muscular, and their dark faces, with the small, delicate, regular features, were as lovely as those that look out from many an old Florentine picture of Christ and the saints. Their hair hung in black curls to their shoulders, they wore high black sheepskin caps, a row of silver buttons adorned their short blue jackets, and they carried large bags of coarse canvas. They seemed as out of place in our proper Chestnut street as ghosts at midday. The Rye stopped and spoke to them. They were gipsies from Hungary, and a light came into their eyes, and they showed their pretty white teeth, at the first word of Romany. But at once a crowd of idlers gathered. "Who are they? what are they? what do they say?" we were asked on every side. It was unbearable, and with a grasp of their hands we let them go.

This was the beginning of it. After that meeting I felt that I never could be content until I had gone to the real gipsyland — to Hungary, where

> Free is the bird in the air,
> And the fish where the river flows;
> Free is the deer in the forest,
> And the gipsy wherever he goes.
> Hurrah!
> And the gipsy wherever he goes.

When next I sat with the Costelloes in the tent at Oakdale Park, when next I gossiped with Davy Wharton in the woods near the Camden reservoir, I thought that something — I could hardly say what — had gone from them forever.

A year later, when summer came, the Rye went northward, where, in scented pine woods, within sound of the sea, he spent long hours in Indian wigwams, while Towah told him tales of Gloscap and his wicked brother. But I was in Chestnut Hill, with nothing more exciting to listen to than the song of the crickets through the warm evening in our garden, sweet with roses and honeysuckle.

And then it was that one morning I saw in the "Ledger's" column of advertisements that Hungarian gipsies were to play at the Männerchor, the up-town beer-garden where no self-respecting Philadelphian living within the correct radius of the old rime of the streets,

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would willingly be seen. To go there was considered "fast" in those days; but it was nothing to me where the gipsies were to be found; that they were to play was all I cared to know.

II.

THE July night was warm and close when Ned, my brother, and I took an early evening train for the Männerchor. A faint breeze was blowing over the fields to the piazza of the old farm-house where my family sat fanning and rocking themselves in the fading light. But there was not a breath of air to cool the stifling Ninth and Green street station, not a breath to stir in the trees of the near garden. Glaring gas-jets parched the leaves on the lowest branches, and threw hot reflections on the tiny grass-plots between the narrow gravel walks and on the plants in tubs, which strove with pathetic failure to imitate the real country, as I then thought; but which now seem to me a very fair copy of the beer-gardens of the Fatherland.

When Ned and I first passed through the turnstile no one as yet sat at the little tables ranged in order under the trees; no one was in the great shell-shaped band-stand at the far end, where lights blazed brightest and hottest. It was not much more than half-past seven; the gipsy concert did not begin until eight.

The waiters, idling where shadows made the garden least hot, looked at us, the first comers, with lazy curiosity as we walked over to a table close to the music-stand. Presently two or three dark men lounged out from the house. They wore no sheepskin caps or silver buttons, their hair was uncurled, but I knew them. They were darker, swarthier than Seth Lovell or Davy Wharton, and I saw the gipsy in their eyes and in their every feature.

The hands of the clock over the door pointed to ten minutes to eight; the waiters had roused themselves at last, and were rushing past us with glasses of beer; the German patrons of the garden were fast filling the chairs around the little tables. Then some one brought a big bass viol and turned up the lights still higher in the stand. There was no time to lose. Had not the Rye, had not every book I had read about them, told me that half the pleasure in the music of the Hungarian gipsies was in their playing for you alone, "into the ear," as the saying is? And I was eager that on this, their first night in Philadelphia, their music should be for me; they must know me as a gipsy sister and not as a mere stranger, like the Germans who were already busy with their pipes and beer.

"Do go and speak to them," I said to Ned.

The next minute he was addressing them politely in his most fluent Ollendorf: "I wish with the gipsies to speak."

But they shook their heads, smiled, and shrugged their shoulders. He took one by the hand, and drew him to where I sat. The others followed.

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" (which is good gipsy for "Do you speak Romany?") I asked breathlessly.

They looked puzzled; they half understood, but though the words had a familiar sound, they could not quite make them out. When they spoke, it was the same with me. Three or four others of the dark-faced men sauntered up and surrounded us. Five minutes to eight: what was to be done?

"*Rakessa tu Romānis?*" I repeated in despair.

They were now as eager as I. Suddenly a youth, with wild eyes and wilder hair, raised his left hand close to my face, and, with his right, pointed to each finger in turn. Was it inspiration? "*Yeck, dui, trin*" ("One, two, three"), I began.

It was enough. A dozen hands were stretched out to shake mine. White teeth glistened, dark eyes flashed. Torrents of unintelligible welcome were poured upon me. Yes: this was far better than the gossip in Oakdale Park, than the afternoon greeting by Camden Reservoir.

But it was time for them to go. First they led me to the table that faced the band-stand, while the Germans under the pear-trees stared, and even the waiters stopped with their trays to look in puzzled amazement. In the hot glare of the gas-lights the gipsies took their seats and lifted their violins. The leader stood in front, with bow raised. He looked to me and bowed; the eyes of all his musicians were fixed upon my face.

It began. I did not know then, as I do now, that it was a Czárdás they played. I only felt—felt the fierce passion and unutterable sadness, the love and rage in the voice of violin and cymbal. In it was all the gipsy beauty, all the gipsy madness, I had ever dreamed, and more. And the music swept through me until I lived again whatever sorrow and gladness had come into my life. It is easier to let one's self go when one is young, when one has one's own romance to kindle the blood and to warm the heart. All around me stolid Germans were drinking beer; occasional groups of young men from the sacred quarter, with the consciousness of evil in their smiles, were sucking sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps through long straws; glasses rattled, and now and then the bells of passing horse-cars jingled in the street beyond. But what matter? There was the starlit sky above, the trees hid the near houses, the dingy

beer-garden was glorified by music divine and passionate, which was all for me alone. Is it any wonder that I lost my head a little as I sat there in the warm summer night, with the wail and rapture of the Czárdás sweet in my ears?

And yet it was only the ordinary band that one hears in every town of Hungary: a pair of cymbals, a flageolet, half a dozen violins, a bass viol, and a cello. They played without notes, and the leader, really the first violin, now faced his audience, now turned to his musicians, first to one, then to the other, sometimes merely swaying his body, again fairly dancing in time.

When the gipsies left the band-stand they came to where I sat, while all the Germans stared the harder. The players saw the pleasure in my eyes, and they were glad. I could talk fast enough with the English gipsies; as well as they could I make my jest at the *gorgio*—the silly Gentile—standing by. But now I learned to my cost that the Hungarian Romany has a fair show of grammar and construction, while my English friends had none. But every Romany word I said was hailed with joy, and was a new bond of friendship. To table and chair, to violin and tree, they pointed: its Romany name, as I said it, was an open sesame to their hearts. Then one spoke atrocious French; another better German. It was the youth with the wild eyes and hair who knew the language hated of the Hungarian, and, because of the strength of his desire to talk with me, he understood my halting phrases.

Did they take me for a Romany? I think not. The gipsy knows his people too well. There is in him a mystery never yet fathomed by the *gorgio*. He, like the freemasons, has a mystic sign by which he recognizes his own. But, sensitive as they are, quick to feel, they felt that I was their friend. The leader, as if to give me formal recognition, brought his wife, who was traveling with him, to sit at my side; and then with the grace which is half the gipsy's charm, and after the pleasant custom of Hungary,—like the music, it was new to me then; I understand it better now,—he sent for beer, and, standing about my table, they clinked glasses with me and with Ned, and solemnly pledged their friendship and good-fellowship. And now, how the Germans stared!

The gipsy music was an uncertain experiment in Philadelphia, where life is ordered in straight lines like the streets. To avoid failure that first evening, Karl Sentz's orchestra came and took their places in the band-stand after the first interval. The gipsies stayed with me while ordinary waltzes and overtures were played in the ordinary way, and the Germans placidly puffed at their pipes and drank their beer. As Levy blew himself red in the face over his cornet, the youth with the wild eyes and hair—Rudi, he told me his name was—leaned close to my chair and whispered in slow German: "They play from notes, these men; but we—we play from our hearts!" This is the difference, for the gipsy is not the wanderer, that hath no hope, of the Roumanian ballad, singing

Without a heart to suffer what he sings.

He has a heart when he plays; that is why, if you too have one, it beats in answer.

Well, they played again, and again it was for me alone. One Czárdás after another filled this quiet Philadelphia corner with unaccustomed tears and laughter woven into sweet, strange sounds. The longer they played, the more intense was their joy in it: their black eyes glowed, their cheeks were aflame; when the frenzy seized them, they shouted with their violins, and then their voices were hushed as the sudden wild, low wail stilled their glad ecstasy. In the end they were as men drunk with music. To their feet they sprang as they fairly beat out of violins and cymbals the fierce, stirring summons of the Rakotzy.

But scarce had the last note been struck when Rudi, eyes like burning coals, was at my side.

"Come," he said, and he took my hand, and we ran through the garden, Ned at my heels,—the Germans dragging their heads out of their mugs to look,—through the bar, through a passageway, to a long hall with a row of closets on each side.

He left without a word. But in a second he was dancing back, waving over his head a pair of high boots, and, as if they were a Lenten offering, placed them at my feet. Again he was gone, again he was pirouetting back, red breeches flying aloft flagwise; a third time, and a blue coat swung in the air and was lowered with the tributes before me. Earlier in the evening, remembering those beautiful wild creatures in Chestnut street, and their silver buttons and sheepskin caps, I had asked if he had no special costume; this was the uniform which the Hungarian gipsy always wears abroad, never at home, except when he serves as conscript.

The others had followed fast behind, and gathered close about me. The fever of the Rakotzy was still in their faces, still coursed through their veins. They shook my hand again, they patted me on the shoulder, they laughed aloud. And I laughed with them; my hand went out to meet theirs in a warm, hearty grasp as I said good night; for at Ninth and Green a train waited, the last that night to Chestnut Hill. But the wonder of the music

stayed with me as the cars steamed out of Ninth street, even while the men coming home from their evening in town snored serenely in their seats, and the conductor, who knew them all only too well, rudely shook each in turn as his station was reached; it lent a new loveliness to the wide dew-drenched meadows, dim and shadowy in the starlight, as I saw them now from the window, to the silent, deserted lanes of Chestnut Hill, when I walked back to the old house and the garden, the cool air full of the scent of honeysuckles and roses, and the crickets still chanting. It was the gipsies who had given this new, rare beauty to the summer night, and yet, as I lingered on the piazza among the flowers, too excited to go to bed, it was not of them I was dreaming!

This was but the beginning of a long summer of music and beauty. Week after week the gipsies played in the Männerchor Garden, and night after night I turned my back upon Chestnut Hill, just as the afterglow began to fade, and the first stars came out, and the wind blew fresh and pure over the meadows, to go in the hot cars to the hotter town, and then to sit in the glare of many lights, breathing rank tobacco-laden air among the beer-drinkers in the little garden which was a paradise to me once the gipsies played. Their concerts, strangely enough, proved a success. There was soon no need for Karl Sentz's orchestra to divide the evening with them. All Philadelphia, from down-town, from up-town, from the suburbs, came to crowd the Männerchor. Perhaps a few really cared; more likely lights and movement and gaiety helped them to forget the heat better than darkened parlors and lonely porches. It was a chance. Another season, another year, their violins might have sung, their cymbals been beaten, in vain. But the summer was dull; they appeared at the right moment; they were made the fashion. Their blue coats and red breeches were seen at many a correct Germantown garden-party; proper young ladies strummed the Rakotzy on their pianos; large parties from

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spent the evening at the Männerchor, and their numbers saved their reputations.

But it was always for me the gipsies waited, always for me they reserved the table facing their stand, always for me their violins and cymbals sang. I met them no longer merely as "the gipsies." Each had his distinct individuality. Of the half-dozen Sandors among them, there was first the leader, handsome, graceful, but growing too plump with Philadelphia prosperity: at a month's end his fine blue coat scarce met over his portly stomach. And there was Herr Josef, who played the cymbals, whose fingers flashed with opals and diamonds, who wore velvet when the others went clad in cloth, and who spoke a weird tongue he called French. And Rudi — I think I knew him best, he was so enthusiastic in his friendship; he was never from my side when he was not playing, and he was learning an English that rivaled Herr Josef's French: "Goot eefnin'! I lof you! ferry vell! 'ow de do!" was his stock in trade. Then there was the large man who played the bass viol, and who said nothing, but chuckled loud when he patted me on the shoulder; he was father of the little fellow, the pretty parody of his elders in his red breeches and high boots. Another, only a few years older, was as beautiful as the youths in Del Sarto's pictures: St. John we called him. The cello-player never spoke to me; a deep scar marked his cheek, and sometimes he would lean his face close to his cello and whisper to it, and I thought there was mystery in his silence. Near him sat a small man with pathetic eyes, which seldom left my face, but who was as shy as the flageolet-player was fearless in his tender pantomime. And last the thin, tall gipsy like a mulatto, who, one evening, with much solemnity gave me his photograph and a letter; for my answer he still waits. It was in Hungarian; I could not read it; I was afraid to try to find some one who could.

July passed, and August came. At the Männerchor the gipsies had been engaged for one month only. But Philadelphians had not yet tired of them, and they went to the park to play, to Belmont Mansion.

To Belmont I followed. It was further from Chestnut Hill. But in the August afternoon it was pleasant in the park, and on the river in the little steamboat, starting just as shells and skiffs and canoes were launched from the row of pretty boat-houses on the banks. Some evenings Ned was with me; on others it was with J—— (who already knew his way, as well as I, to the tents of the Costelloes and the Whartons) that I walked up the cool glen to Belmont Hill. I liked to sit there as the evening grew fresher, looking to where the river, in shadow, went wandering toward the million eyes of Philadelphia's "magnificent mediocrity" blazing in the hot glare of the sunset. People were dining in the mansion and on the wide porch; others were drinking beer at the little tables on the lawn; and when the sun had set, and faint lights glimmered here and there on the water below, or floated upward on passing barge or boat, and bicycle-lamps like fireflies flitted by in the valley, the gipsies played.

Their music seemed more impassioned and wilder here in the open night. The voice of nature and freedom, what had it to do with stuffy halls and close town gardens?

I consumed the deep green forest,
With all its songs:
And now the songs of the forest
All sing aloud in me.

All the storms and the sunshine through which they and their fathers have wandered sang aloud in the Czárdás that now went wailing and sighing, rejoicing and exulting, over the hillside down the glen. They were conscious, I think, of the difference. Their violins grew more plaintive, fiercer. They could scarce tear themselves from the music; again and again when the last note was struck their bows would sweep the strings anew, and the cymbals beat a new summons, and they were once more whirling in the dance, or weeping their hearts away. There was magic now in their playing to hold the most indifferent, to wake tears and laughter at will.

They waited for me at Belmont as they had in the Männerchor; they came and sat with me during the short intervals; and sometimes we walked homeward together through the dark, silent park. We grew friendlier in those long walks. It was the hour and the place for confidence, and then they would talk of the broad Hungarian plain and the wild Karpathian valleys they loved, of the vintage on the sunny hillsides, and the dance in the white road. And it was then, too, that Rudi first spoke of his sweetheart in Hungary: Marie was her name. He took her photograph from his pocket, Sandor struck a match on his red breeches, and I had a glimpse of a young face framed in great masses of hair. The little flame flickered and died. "Marie! Marie!" cried Rudi in the starlight, and his voice was as sweet as his violin. During another of these long walks Rudi said they wanted me to come the next evening, when they would play as they never had played before; I had not yet heard all their violins could tell. They were going from Philadelphia in a week now. Yes; it made them sad. Not for many months could they turn their faces toward the Hungarian plain, and Marie, and the "deep green forests." They must play first in other American towns, and it would be lonely for them when I was not near. Would I come? Would I listen?

There was only one answer to make as we walked together under the stars, with the last passionate cry of the Czárdás still ringing in my ears. I was infatuated with the gipsies, my friends told me in reproach. Perhaps I was.

They went back to the Männerchor for their last week. It was near the shell-shaped bandstand, in among the plants in tubs, where we had first met, that they were waiting when J—— and I passed through the turnstile. The leader, with unwonted ceremony, stepped forward to greet me and to lead the way to the table they called mine. His wife was sitting there.

I knew them so well now that before they spoke I was conscious of their state of unusual excitement. When they spoke it was with strangely boisterous gaiety; their eyes shone with a new light; there was triumph in their smiles. The little soft-eyed man for the first time wished me "*Latcho ratti*," while Rudi, speechless, danced about my chair. The gipsy with the scar was as gay as were the others.

What did it mean? I cannot explain why I was uneasy; I was not afraid, not distrustful. And yet, instinctively, I wished that I had not come. The evening would not pass as had the many I had spent dreaming my own dreams, my thoughts far away in other gardens, on other hillsides, while I listened to their music: of this I was sure before I had been with them ten minutes. And when they played? Rudi was right. Never before had I heard all that violins and cymbals could tell.

Their music was entirely Hungarian. One Czárdás after another quickened into frenzy in the warm, still night while the waiters rushed in and out among the tables, and the Germans drank deep and long from their beer-mugs. But now the wail of sorrow was at once silenced by a pæan of joy. They came to me again during the first interval, and the Czárdás had not quieted them. The leader sent for a bottle of Hungarian wine. Was it that and not the music which had gone to their heads? I stilled the suspicion as disloyal even before it took definite shape. Indeed, had theirs been ordinary intoxication it would have troubled me less. There was something far more alarming in the solemnity with which the leader filled the glasses, and all, clinking mine, drank to me in the wine of their country, and cried aloud their "*Servus! Viva! Eljeu!*"

I grew more uneasy at these uncanny sounds, which I have since learned are harmless. Even as they drank, I determined to leave the garden as soon as the gipsies returned to the bandstand, and not to wait for the last friendly farewell after the Rakotzy had beaten a dismissal. Again they played a Czárdás, all fire and passion.

But I rose to go. Without seeing, I knew that their eyes followed my every movement. "*Latcho ratti!*" I said to the leader's wife, who could speak only Hungarian.

Sitting with her were two fellow-countrymen, not gipsies, whom she had met for the first time that night. She was talking with them, and at my "good night" turned in surprise. She took both my hands, and forced me into my chair.

I told her in English, though I knew she could not understand, that I must catch a

train, that I could not wait. And I struggled to get up. She protested almost with tears. She held my hands tight, she looked to Sandor, she half rose, hesitated, and then suddenly spoke to the Hungarians at her side, while all the while the gipsies watched, and played a remonstrance. One of the Hungarians lifted his hat. "She begs you not to go," he said.

"Tell her, please, that I have a train to catch."

There was despair in her face, and she clung to my hands. Again he translated: "She says Sandor has something of importance to talk to you about. You cannot go."

"But I must! I must!" I cried. The more she insisted, the more eager was I to be gone — not to hear that something Sandor had to say. I could not draw my hands from hers, and again she spoke to her interpreter, fast and earnestly, never once looking from me. There was a twinkle in his eye, but he said, gravely and respectfully:

"Madam, she implores that you stay. Sandor to-night will ask for your hand in marriage for his brother. He is wealthy. He plays well. He will take you to many lands, to his beautiful Hungary. You will be rich; you will have the gipsy music with you always."

This, then, was what it meant. I had been living my own romance in their music; they had been making one for me.

"It 's impossible," I said. "I must catch my train. It 's all a dreadful mistake. I cannot stay another minute. I 'm so sorry!"

And I wrenched my hands from hers. Without a look at the band-stand, though I felt all their eyes upon me, and trembled at the madness of the Czárdás, I fled from the garden and the gipsies to Ninth and Green streets, through the station, into the cars. The train had not started before I regretted my flight. Was ever yet woman's curiosity put to so cruel a test? I had a lover among the gipsies: so much I knew. But which one of these swarthy men was Sandor's brother, and, indeed, which Sandor was it who had a brother? Rudi loved the dark-eyed Marie in his Karpathian home, but, then, one or two more wives to a Hungarian gipsy would be no great matter. Herr Josef, with the flashing opals and the velvet coat, seemed the Crœsus of the band. Was it he whom I had refused with such reckless incoherence? Or was it the big bass-viol player who wanted a new mother for his boy? Or the flageolet-player the full tenderness of whose pantomime I had not grasped? Or that soft-eyed, shy creature? Or the mysterious one with the scarred cheek? I could not go back and ask. Never now would I know the lover with whom I might have wandered from land to land, at whose side, under the starlit skies of Hungary, I might forever have listened to the gipsy music.

III.

NATURALLY, from that day forward I was full of a longing for Hungary. Within a week the gipsies had gone to a far Western city; the Männerchor was left once more to up-town Germans; and nobody who was anybody was willingly seen there again. But even if the young lady across the turnpike had not strummed the Racotzy on her piano from morning till night, I could not easily have got the gipsies out of my head.

Who has not been foolish once, and the better for his folly? I began to dream of Hungary as a sort of earthly paradise, where the real gipsy, with long, black hair curling to his shoulder, and silver buttons on his coat, wandered, violin in hand, through the cool wood and over the vine-clad hillside, or sometimes into the towns, above all to Budapest, which, in my fancy, was an enchanted city of the East, with domes and minarets, with marble terraces and moonlit waters — a Venetian Cairo on the Ganges. It was a trifle romantic and silly, I admit. But in our time we have all, like Stevenson's lantern-bearers, carried our farthing dip, and exulted as if it were a ten-thousand-candle-power electric light.

Not at once did my chance come to journey in search of this real gipsy to the land where my unknown lover so gladly would have taken me. He and his brother Sandor returned no more to Philadelphia. The next winter another gipsy band gave a few concerts in town and in the suburbs. They had passed through Boston, however, and there was culture in their Czárdás; besides, they played on the stage in the Academy of Music, while I sat, one of many, in the parquet, and the music was not for me.

Soon after this J—— went abroad.

One day from him came a letter telling me how in Paris he had gone to the Eden Theater, and there in the *foyer* he had heard that low, sweet wailing to which together we had listened many a summer night at the Männerchor, and had seen the Romany faces, the red breeches, and the blue coats. They were very like our friends, and, for the sake of old times, he had gone up and said, "*Latcho divvus Prali!*" and they had kissed him, and wel-

comed him as a brother, and played for him alone, played until he once more saw the lights blazing in the shell-shaped band-stand, and heard the cry of "*zwei bier*" under the withering trees, and the jangling of the street-car bells up Eighth street. It made me homesick, as I read, for the Hungary I had never seen.

Another year, and J—— and I had joined fortunes, and were abroad together. We had been in London only a few days, and its roar —like the roar of the loom of time, as Lowell once said—still fell loud and strange on our ears. I remember it was Sunday afternoon: we had been to the Langham to see the Rye, and were walking down Regent street, where I wondered at the great, heavy shutters in front of the store windows, so old-fashioned after our Chestnut street stores, which make as gay a display on the first as on any other day of the week, and still more at the girls, on this pleasant July day, with big fur capes over their lawn dresses, and at the soldiers, with the funny little caps stuck on one side of their heads, and at the policemen, who surely belonged by rights to the "Pirates of Penzance" and Gilbert and Sullivan. We were staring at any and every thing, as if London were a big show got up for our benefit. And so, when, on the ladder of a passing bus, a man suddenly appeared, wildly waving his arms in our direction, we walked slower to see what new thing would happen now. One or two other people stopped. The man flew down the ladder, tumbled off the last two steps, and started to run. The conductor dashed after him: he had not paid. He fumbled in his pocket with one hand, the other he waved toward us. More people lingered, and in a minute there was quite a crowd. At last he found his penny, and then with a bound he was at our side, both hands outstretched. It was Herr Josef—Herr Josef, smiling and laughing and crying, opals and diamonds flashing on his fingers, talking now his old, bad French, now his new, worse English. We all three walked down the street; before we parted he promised to come to us at our hotel, and we gave him our card. Of course he never appeared, which, perhaps, was fortunate, for if he had I do not know what we should have done with him. From that day to this we have not laid eyes on Herr Josef, who played the cymbal so well, and who may have been my lover.

Another evening while London was still our wonderland, J—— and I had been dining in a shabby foreign restaurant in Leicester Square, the name of which I have forgotten, with a French actress studying her lines, and an oily Jew staring out of the window, through which we could see the statue of Shakspere in the little green space, and the women and children whom the most famous dynamiter in fiction wanted to blow up. The dinner was bad, and we left the place cross and still hungry. Close by the door a small dark man in red breeches and blue coat came sauntering quietly round the corner, but at sight of us he gave a sudden war-whoop of joy, seized J——'s embarrassed hands, and kissed him again and again. He was one of the gipsies from the Eden Theater, and his ecstasy soon drew a large and not over-reputable crowd. Two policemen bore down upon it, and in the confusion we escaped.

But amusing as were these meetings, my real gipsy was not to be found in London streets. I was no nearer to him in England than I had been at home. Sometimes I seemed further away, for here the poor Romany had been exploited, and traveling up and down the roads in fine vans with valets in attendance were gentlemen gipsies — save the mark! As if every gipsy was not a gentleman; as if any gentleman could hope to be a gipsy. It was no better when with the Rye I went to see the Romany at Epsom on Derby Day, or to Hampton for the Costermongers' Race. How they all begged, these English Coopers and Stanleys, Boswells and Lovells! — all save old Mattie Cooper, with face as dark as Herr Josef's or Rudi's, and eyes as wild. He asked for nothing, but, the day I met him in the soft English sunshine by Thames's side, gave me a great bunch of sweet carnations with the bow of a prince. But there is only one Mattie Cooper in England.

As the years passed, now and then we listened to Hungarian Romanies at London garden-parties or receptions, where, among the people enjoying themselves in the solemn British way, they seemed like the bird of their song caged, the deer brought to bay. We came across them at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, but what charm was there in music played to the Cook's tourists sweltering in the heat of the Champ de Mars, covered with its gray dust?

At last, suddenly and unexpectedly, as all good things happen, we were called to Hungary. The parks were green and gay in London, and the may and laburnum were in bloom, when we packed up everything in the little Westminster house, and gave the keys to the landlord: once we had met my gipsy, who might say when we would come back again? For the time we too must be free as he to go and to come.

IV.

ONE Sunday morning early, on the way to Hungary, we wheeled our bicycles into Pirna, the little Saxon town on the Elbe, for, as gipsies should, we were traveling by road. The

CAMPED OUT.

day was bright, church bells were ringing softly, people were idling in the steep, sunny streets. As we came into the great square, under the heavy walls of the old town-hall, out upon the summer air, drowning the church bells, stirring the whole place into sudden life, beat the first call of the Rakotzy. What if it were only the town band playing there, men in top hats and black coats, with none of the gipsy fire in their Saxon faces? The Rakotzy was still the music to hear when one's eyes were turned toward gipsyland.

Not many days after we were in the Austrian hills, near Ischl, climbing a high mountain between endless pine forests. In the dense woodland it was already twilight, and the air had the freshness of night, though, when we passed a clearing among the trees and looked down, far below, a lake, lying there encircled by hills, was warm and golden in the sunset. And just here, the loveliest spot in all that wild mountain-pass, two gipsy tents were pitched. The Romany makes his camp where there is most beauty by the wayside, as instinctively as the bee flies to the sweetest blossom in a flower-garden.

"*Latcho divvus!*" we called as we passed.

"*Latcho divvus!*" came the quick answer,

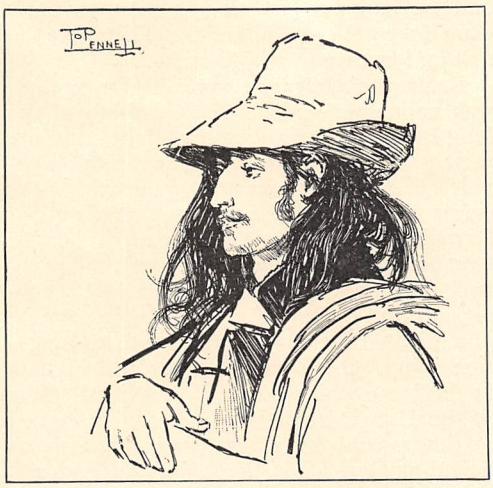
and an old woman and a man sprang to their feet. But we kept on. We had a long climb before us, and it was getting uncomfortably dark among the trees. Besides, would we not pass the same camp every day in Hungary, would we not in many sit and listen to cymbal and violin? Besides—well, we did not know these gipsies, and the night was black, and we had not lost all our common sense even if we were gipsy-hunting. They were the first and last we met in Austria.

But a week later we were in Hungary. It was noon: we had come to the end of the long street, lined with white cottages, turning their gable-ends to it, and with rows of well-poles like masts along a quay, which, in the single morning's ride from Pressburg, we had learned to be the typical Hungarian village; beyond, under a group of trees overshadowing two quiet pools,—of course the prettiest, greenest, shadiest oasis in the uninteresting stretch of cultivated plain,—we saw the first Hungarian camp. Out from the tents rushed men in the loose white drawers, or divided skirts, of the Hungarian peasant, women in ragged petticoats and bare feet, boys and girls as naked as God made them, funny little black things on the dazzling white road. They

CURIOSITY ON BOTH SIDES.

seemed free enough to match their song — free, indeed, not only as the bird in the air, but as the savage in desert or jungle. But we had been pushing our bicycles for hours through the sand-tracks which in lower Hungary pass for highways, and we were too tired to care who or what they were. We did not speak, and the wretched things ran after us begging, whines their only music.

By the time we got to Raab we were twice as tired. Our supper eaten, we went at once to bed, without a look at the town, without asking whether in it were the gipsies we had come all the way from London to meet. We caught a glimpse of the familiar red breeches and blue coat in front of the hotel, but they were worn by the soldierly driver of a carriage with a coronet on the door. He might have been the one and only gipsy left in Hungary, and he could not have kept us on our feet another minute. But as we were falling into our first sleep, a sweet wail broke upon the night's stillness — a wail we knew and loved, and it rose and fell, now low, now loud, and louder, until it burst into the full frenzy of the Czárdás. Gipsies were playing somewhere below, and they played there for hours, while we listened in the darkness, half sleeping, half waking, thinking of the old evenings in the Männerchor long ago, of the beautiful evenings that were to come. And I liked it so best on our first night in Hungary; to hear without seeing them, as if we still dreamed, and yet to know all the time that we were really in gipsyland.



A BEAUTY, YET A BEGGAR.

We gave up the fight with the sand the next day, and took the boat at Grau, the Rome of Hungary, with the sham St. Peter's on the hill-top, and we steamed all afternoon down the Danube, which is blue only in Strauss's waltz, between low hills, past long rafts steered by strange creatures in loose white, with wild hair hanging to their shoulders from under broad-brimmed black hats. As we sat under the awning of the upper deck, the opening wail of a Czárdás startled us; it was a weak, shaky,

puny little wail from the violin of a tiny gipsy boy perched atop a pile of boxes on the lower deck, where he was surrounded by a crowd of those strange creatures in white, who wrapped themselves in shaggy sheepskins as the evening grew cooler. He fiddled away while the sun fell below the western hills, while the grayness of twilight stole over the river, while one by one lamps were lighted on the shadowy banks, until, in a blaze of light, Budapest came out of the darkness. It seemed, now that we were in gipsyland, that we were always making excuses not to speak to the Romany. But we knew the scene that would follow if we went down and talked to the child, and still we bided our time. And then, he too was begging for kreutzers.

Five minutes after we had heard the last sweep of the lad's bow over the strings of his violin, a burst of the same music, but strong and steady and loud, greeted us as we came to the Hotel Hungaria. The river flowed below the windows of the room into which we were shown. When we leaned out, we could see the brilliant embankment,— the Corso they call it,— with the chairs under the trees, and the people eating ices. It needed but an illuminated barge, like those which float on Venetian waters, but the twang of a lute, the beat of cymbals, out there in the summer night, and we should have been in that Cairene Venice on the Ganges, that town of Oriental splendor and ceaseless music, which was the

A VAGABOND.

Budapest of our imagining. But the gipsies were in the dining-room, which we found — for we went down-stairs almost at once — was the court covered in by a glass roof, but, with its shrubbery and flowers, looking like a garden — and a garden on a feast-day, so many were the colored lights among the leaves, so gay the blue and gold of the Hungarian officers, so elaborate the dress of the full-blown Hungarian beauties. At the end of the room, opposite the door, in a bower of palms and oleanders, were the gipsies, correct and commonplace in stiff linen and black coats, the leader, with his violin, facing the audience, and grinning as if in bored resignation.

Every table in the large court was crowded, but behind the musicians ran a slightly raised gallery where there were fewer people. Here, between the palms, we could watch the musicians sitting around the cymbals in their bower. They stopped playing as we took our places; the leader turned, they all drew close together as from underneath a table he brought out a plate piled high with gulden notes and small silver coins. Eagerly they bent over as he counted the money and laid it to one side. Then, on the empty plate he put one gulden note — fifty cents — as a decoy, and, stepping down, passed from table to table, smiling and bowing, actually

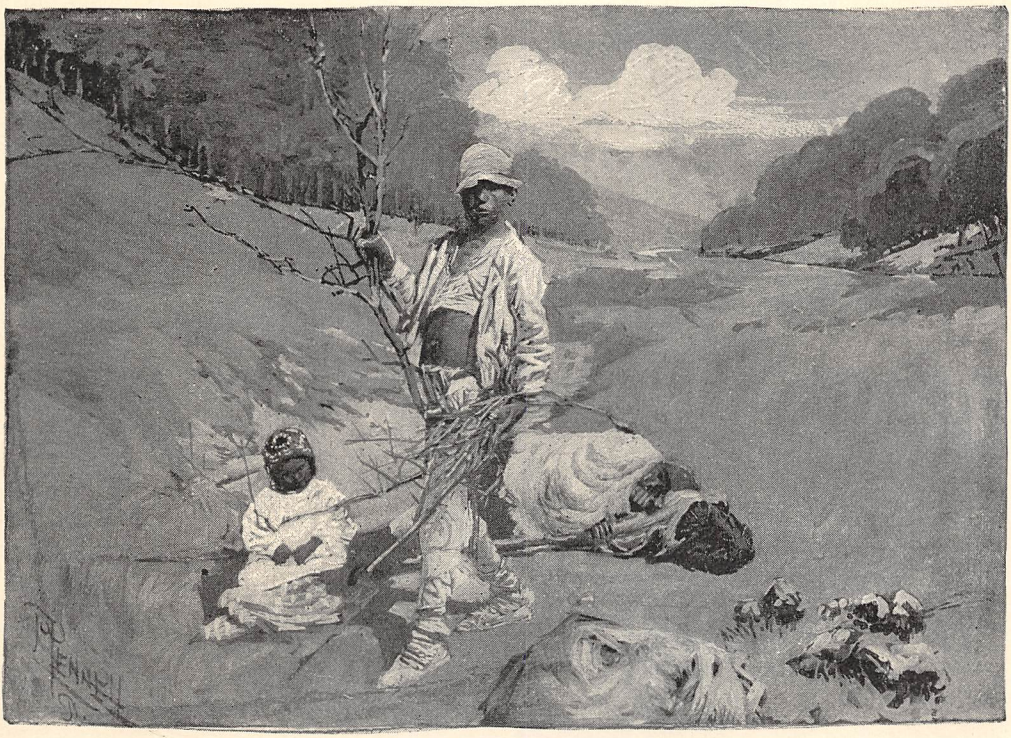
OFF TO THE FIELDS.

begging! The real gipsy, who calls no man master, who plays only for his own delight, begging in the *boro ketchema* of the *gorgio!*

He came to us in our turn, when, instead of a rapturous Romany greeting, we gave him a twenty-kreutzer piece. I almost wished he would throw it back in our faces: but he did not; he bowed and smiled superciliously as the coin fell silently on the pile of notes.

The collection over, they played again; but there was no magic in music bought for a few kreutzers. It was dull and lifeless. A party of unmistakable English tourists came into the room, and in a second they had struck up "God save the Queen," quickly turned into a combination of "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," to make quite sure. This completed our disenchantment.

But for the next week or two we went through a steady process of disenchantment. Our Budapest of the marble terraces and Oriental dirt seemed a very Chicago or Denver of the *pusztas*, a brand-new town with boulevards and electric street-cars, and the sanitary engineering and other things which won the praise of Dr. Albert Shaw. It was well enough so long as we stayed by the river: from our windows we always looked at a beautiful picture, a *nocturne* in blue and gold when the lamps were lighted; dazzling in the early morning when the sun shone on the hills of Buda, and glorified even the long yellow wall and green shutters of the royal palace that was so much more like an Atlantic City or Cape May hotel; a marvel of color when the same hills were black against the sunset. And there was a suggestion of the East in the dark, half-naked men in long white tunics or wide drawers, or scarce more than a cloth about their loins, who unloaded the barges in sight of the elegant idlers drinking coffee on the Corso. And we found the East again further down the embankment, where market-women in gay dresses sat by their piles of melons and peaches, *paprikas* and tomatoes, under the big umbrellas which the progressive Hungarian is eager to change for one unbroken roof; and by the riverside, where were always the fishermen's boats with the high Greek prow and the gaudy Christ or saint on the gilded cabin door.



GETTING DINNER.

Once we went from the river, we might have been in our own far Western towns instead of in the capital of Attila's land; except when in broad daylight barefooted, short-skirted peasant girls danced the Czárdás on the steps of a railway-station; except at night when the watchman, in sheepskins, his halberd over his shoulders, made his rounds. But the newness of the place itself was aggressive. Not an old building anywhere, but a church done up to look as

new as the rest, a real Turkish bath restored and working, and a tomb of some old sheik, to which we never went. Why should we? In this modern city we knew it would be as impressive as the obelisk in Central Park.

And the people were in keeping with their town. The men were tailor-made from London, the women, well-dressed Parisiennes transported from the banks of the Seine to the Danube. If the wild Hun had been tamed until all character had gone from him, it was no wonder that the fire had died from the Romany's music, that his violin had lost something of its power and charm.

For though we heard the gipsies again at the Hungaria, and at every other hotel where they played, at the big Café de l'Opéra in the Andrassy-strasse, and at the smaller restaurants where, on Sunday evenings, artisans and soldiers grew noisy over their half liter, always they seemed spiritless and subdued. There was no difference except that at the café and the cheap restaurants, when the leader made his rounds, his plate was filled with coppers.

We thought perhaps it was playing indoors that oppressed them, playing in close cafés and hotel courts when half Budapest was drinking coffee in flower-scented gardens and on the oleander-shaded pavement, or eating suppers in the middle of the street, and on the sidewalks where at every table candles spluttered and sparkled in the darkness. Not even in France or Italy do people live more in the open air than in Hungary. And so, when the friends we made in Budapest told us that gipsies played at the Margaretheninsel, the island in the Danube which the Archduke Josef, its owner, has turned into a public park, we took the little steamboat late one hot September day, and steamed up against the current under the suspension bridge, past the huge pile of the new Parliament buildings, past the gay Kaiser Bad, with its brazen German band, to the pretty green island. Till twilight we walked along the trim, well-kept paths and by the sweet flower-garden, its roses still in blossom, and by the ruins of an old nunnery, to the restaurant at the upper end. There are baths here, as there are at every turn in Budapest and all Hungary, and hotels where people come for the summer, and the crowd was the same one sees at the sea-shore or in the mountains anywhere. The gipsies were already in the band-stand: among them were several who looked like Jews, and it seemed to us that the plate was passed oftener than at the Hungaria or the Café de l'Opéra.

A FINE TYPE.

(To be continued.)

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

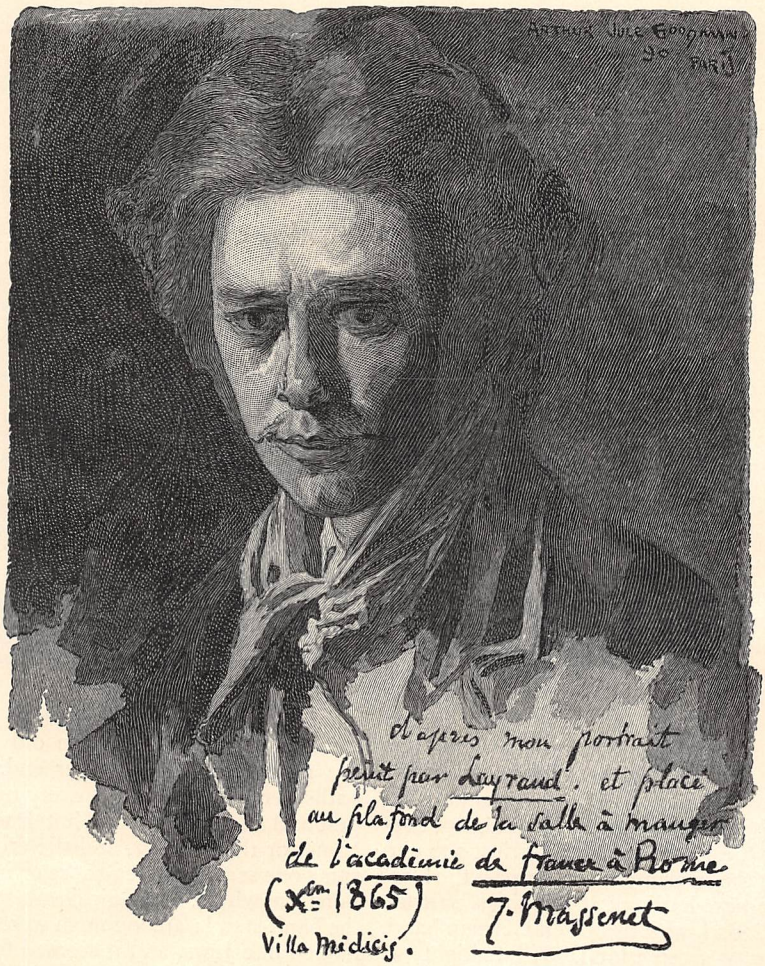
TO ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"IS this (you asked) the recompense of art?
And will the work, alas! that I have done
Out of the overflowing, eager heart,
Be like these frost-flowers in the melting sun?
Will all the little songs that I have wrought
In love and hope, as swiftly come to naught?"

Nay—for to other hearts as well as mine,
O poet-spirit, fine, and pure, and strong,
To us unknown who loved and made no sign,
Dear has the singer been for the true song:
It lives in souls uplifted, comforted,
While you are what our ignorant speech calls dead.

Mary Bradley.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES BY THE COMPOSER MASSENET.



JULES ÉMILE FRÉDÉRIC MASSENET. (1865.)

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

YOU are so kind as to write to know what was the beginning of my musical career, and you ask me, "How did I become a musician?" This seems a very natural question, but nevertheless I find it a very awkward one to answer. Should I tell you that, like many of my brothers in art, I had followed my vocation, I might seem slightly conceited; and should I confess it caused me many a struggle to devote myself entirely to music, then you might have the right to say, "Why, then, did you become a musician?"

My father was a superior officer under the First Empire. When the Bourbons were restored he sent in his resignation. As he had been a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School, he devoted himself to manufactures, and started important iron-works near St. Etienne (Loire). He thus became an iron-master, and was the inventor of those huge hammers which, crushing steel with extraordinary power by a single blow, change bars of metal into sickles and scythes. So it was that, to the sound of heavy hammers of brass, as the ancient poet says, I was born.

My first steps in my future career were no more melodious. Six years later, my family then living in Paris, one day I found myself in front

of an old piano, and either to amuse me, or to try my talent, my mother gave me my first music-lesson. It was the 24th of February, 1848, a strangely chosen moment, for our lesson was interrupted by the noise of street-firing that lasted for several hours. The revolution had burst forth, and people were killing one another in the streets.

Three years later I had become — or my parents affectionately thought I had become — a clever enough little pianist. I was presented for admission to the piano classes at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, and was admitted. To my mother I now was "an artist," and even though my education took up six hours of my day, she found time to make me work at my piano to such good effect that within a year I became "lauréat" of the Conservatory. At this period my father's ill health forced us to leave Paris, and so put a stop to my music for several years. I took advantage of this period to finish my literary studies. But the pain of separation from the Conservatory gave me courage enough to beg my parents (whom my wish distressed) to give me permission to return, and I did not again leave Paris until the day when, having obtained the "first grand prize" of musical composition (1863), I left for Rome with a scholarship from the Académie de France.

Did the progress made in these years of work really prove my vocation? Certainly I had won the "prix de Rome," and had also taken prizes for piano, counterpoint, fugue, and so on. No doubt I was what is called a good pupil, but I was not an artist in the true sense.

To be an artist is to be a poet; to be touched by all the revelations of art and nature; to love, to suffer,—in one word, to live! To produce a work of art does not make an artist. First of all, an artist must be touched by all the manifestations of beauty, must be interpenetrated by them, and know how to enjoy them. How many great painters, how many illustrious musicians, never were *artists* in the deepest meaning of the word!

Oh, those two lovely years in Rome at the dear Villa Medici, the official abiding-place of holders of Institute Scholarships — unmatched years, the recollection of which still vibrates in my memory, and even now helps me to stem the flood of discouraging influences!

It was at Rome that I began to live; there it was that, during my happy walks with my comrades, painters or sculptors, and in our talks under the oaks of the Villa Borghese, or under the pines of the Villa Pamphili, I felt my first stirrings of admiration for nature and for art. What charming hours we spent in wandering through the museums of Naples and Florence! What tender, thoughtful emotions we felt in the dusky churches of Siena and Assisi! How thoroughly forgotten was Paris with her theaters and her rushing crowds! Now I had ceased to be merely "a musician"; now I was much more than a musician. This ardor, this healthful fever still sustains me; for we musicians, like poets, must be the interpreters of true emotion. To feel, to make others feel — therein lies the whole secret!

My time was nearly up at the Villa Medici, and but a few days separated me from the hour in which I had to say good-by to my happy life—a life full of work, full of sweet tranquillity of mind, a life such as I never have lived again.

It was on December 17, 1865, that I had to prepare for my departure; nevertheless, I could not persuade myself to bid adieu to Rome. It was Rome that bade me adieu, and this is how she did it. It was six o'clock in the afternoon. I was alone in my room, standing before the window, looking through the glass at the great city outlined in gray against the light still remaining from a lovely clear sunset. This view is forever imprinted on my memory, and at the time I could not detach myself from it. Alas! little by little a shadow crept over one corner of the sky, spreading and spreading until finally Rome had disappeared altogether. I have never forgotten those moments, and it is in remembering them that I evoke my youth.

I NOTICE that I am saying but little of music, and that I seem to care more for what strikes the eye than for what charms the ear. Let us open together some of my orchestral scores. Thereon I am in the habit of writing the day and the hour, and sometimes an account of events of my life. Some of these have afforded me suggestions for my work. The first part of "Mary Magdalene" begins "At the gates of Magdala, evening." It was in truth of Magdala that I was then thinking; my imagination journeyed to far Judea, but what really moved me was the remembrance of the Roman Campagna, and this remembrance it was that I obeyed. I followed the landscape I had really known; therein was its accent, its exact impression. Afterward, in writing the "Erinnyes," the love that I felt for an exquisite Tanagra terra-cotta dictated to me the dances for the first act of Leconte de Lisle's admirable drama. Later, while I was arranging the score of the "Roi de Lahore," near me was a little Indian box whose dark blue enamel spotted with bright gold continually drew my eyes to it. All my delight, all my ardor came from gazing at this casket, wherein I saw the whole of India!

Mournful recollections also take up a great part of the life of the musician whose modest beginnings were saluted by firing in the

MASSENET IN HIS STUDY. (1890.)

streets. In 1870—a dismal date for my poor dear country—the Prussian cannons, answering those of Mont Valérien, often lugubriously punctuated the fragments that I tried to write during the short moments of rest that guard duty, marching around Paris, and military exercises on the ramparts, left us. There the musician, in the physical weariness of this novel life, vainly trying to find a few moments of forgetfulness, did not altogether abdicate his rights. In the leaves of a finished score, but one which will never be brought before the public, "Méduse," I find annotated the patriotic cries of the people, and the echoes of the "Marseillaise" sung by the regiments as they passed my little house at Fontainebleau on their way to battle. And so in other fragments I can read the bitter thoughts that moved me when, having returned to Paris before it was invested, I was inspired by the woeful times that were upon us during the long winter of that terrible year.

Oh, the unforgettable pain and sorrow of

those dismal days when our hearts plunged so quickly from comforting enthusiasm to the darkest despair! — when weeks of uncertainty and of waiting were scarcely brightened by rare letters, received one knew not how or whence, and bringing us news of ancient date concerning the far-off families and the dear friends we no longer hoped to see again! Then came the last effort, the last struggle at Buzenval; the death of my poor friend, the painter Henri Regnault; then the most terrible trial of all, whose shameful reality made us forget cold, hunger, all that we had endured — the armistice, which in our wearied but far from resigned hearts rang the knell of our last and righteous anger! Yes, truly, during those dark days of the siege of Paris, it was indeed the image of my dying country that lay bleeding in me, feeble instrument that I was, when, shivering with cold, my eyes blinded with tears, I composed the bars of the "Poëme du Souvenir" for the inspired stanzas written by my friend the great poet Armand Silvestre, "Arise, belovéd, now entombed!" Yes, both as son and musician, I felt the image of my poor country imprint itself on my bruised heart in the sweet and touching shape of a wounded muse, and when with the poet I sang, "Tear off thy winding sheet of flowers," I well knew that, though buried, she would come forth from her shroud, with blanched cheeks, indeed, but lovelier and more adorable than ever!

I have already said how dear to me is, and how faithfully true remains, the recollection of my Roman years; and I would like to be able to convince others how useful it is for young musicians to leave Paris, and to live, were it but for a year, in the Villa Medici, among a set of intelligent comrades. Yes, I am thoroughly in favor of this exile, — as it is called by the discontented. I believe in residing there, for such a residence may give birth to poets and artists, and may awaken sentiments that otherwise might remain unknown to those in whom they lie dormant.

But, you answer, genius cannot be given to any one, and if these young men be merely good students, already masters of their trade, it is not possible to give them the sacred fire they need.

Yes! I believe that being forced to live far away from their Parisian habits is a positive advantage. The long hours of solitude in the Roman Campagna, and those spent in the admirable museums of Florence and Venice, amply compensate for the absence of musical meetings, of orchestral concerts, of theatrical representations, — in short, of music. How few of these young men, before leaving France, ever knew the useful and penetrating charm of living alone in close communion with nature or art. And the day in which art and nature speak to you makes you an artist, an adept; and on that day, with what you have already learned, and with what you should already know, you can create in strong and healthy fashion. How many garnered impressions and emotions will live again in works as yet unwritten!

In order to give more weight to my personal opinions, let me have the pleasure of quoting a fragment of the speech made at one of the last prize-day distributions of the Académie des Beaux-Arts by my whilom comrade at Rome, now my colleague at the Institute of France, the celebrated engraver Chaplain:

> During their stay at the Villa Medici, these young artists are far from spending all the treasure of thoughts and impressions which they there amass. What delight, and often what rare good luck, later to find a sketch made from some lovely scene, or an air noted down while traveling through the mountains! On the road from Tivoli to Subiaco, one summer day, a little band of students were on a walking excursion through the beautiful mountains, which, like an amphitheater, surround and rise up around Rome. We had halted in order to contemplate at our leisure the wonderful panorama of the Roman Campagna unrolling itself before us. Suddenly, at the foot of the path we had just climbed, a shepherd began to play a sweet, slow air on his pipe, the notes of which faded away, one by one, in the silence of the evening. While listening, I glanced at a musician who made one of the party, curious to read his impressions in his face; he was putting down the shepherd's air in his note-book. Several years later a new work by a young composer was performed at Paris. The air of the shepherd of Subiaco had become the beautiful introduction to "Mary Magdalen."

I have quoted the whole, even the friendly praise given me by my dear comrade of Rome; but I have spoken so much of myself here that I thought I need not refuse myself these compliments coming from another in justification of my enthusiasm for those blessed years to which, it seems to me, I owe all the good qualities wherewith people are kind enough to credit me.

Do not, however, think me too exclusive in my ideas. If I speak to you of Rome, it is because the Villa Medici is unique as a retreat, — is a dream realized. I have certainly been enthusiastic over other countries, and I think that scholars should travel. When I was a scholar, I left Rome during many months. Two or three friends would join forces and start off together. We would go to Venice or down the Adriatic; running over perhaps to Greece; and, on our return, stopping at Tunis, Messina, and Naples. Finally, with swelling hearts, we would see the walls of Rome; for there, in the Academy of France, was our home. And then, how delightful to go to work in the healthful quiet, in which we could create without anything to preoccupy

us — with no worries, no sorrows. After a wandering life, after the hotel with its commonplace rooms and table, what joy to return to "our villa" and to meditate under its evergreen oaks!

The ordinary traveler never can know this repose, because it is to us alone, we scholars of the Institute, that France gives such a shelter. The remembrances of my youth have almost always been my consolation for the years of struggle that have made up my life. But I do not thank France alone for being so good to us. I wish to bring also to your country my tribute of gratitude. It is to a woman of your great country, to an American, to Miss Sibyl Sanderson, the incomparable interpreter of "Esclarmonde," that I owe the impulse to write that lyric drama.

J. Massenet.

DOES THE BIBLE CONTAIN SCIENTIFIC ERRORS?

THE question may be treated mainly as a philosophical question, in its bearings upon science as well as upon religion. Unhappily, it has become mixed with several side issues, which should be detached from it, and thrown out of the discussion. As it is to be presented here, it will have nothing to do with the current disputes in different churches, or with the definition of any type of orthodoxy, or even with the formal vindication of Christianity itself. These are important issues in their own time and place. But there is a larger, if not higher, view of the main issue which they involve, and which they may even hide from our sight. All schools of philosophy, as well as all churches and denominations, have a common interest in inquiring whether the Bible can yield us any real knowledge within the domain of the various sciences. Indeed, all men everywhere will become practically concerned in that inquiry, if the oldest and most highly prized book in the world is now to be set aside as a mixture of truth and error, obsolete in science, if not also in morals and religion, and of little further use in the progress of civilization.

The way to the question should be cleared by several distinctions and admissions. Let us first distinguish mere literary imperfections from scientific errors, and frankly admit the existence of the former in the inspired authors. They were not trained rhetoricians, nor even practised writers. They show the greatest variety of culture and of style. The rugged simplicity of the Prophet is in contrast with the refined parallelism of the Psalmist. The Evangelists did not write pure Greek. It has been said, it would be difficult to parse some of the sentences of St. Paul. Many of the Old Testament metaphors seem gross to modern taste, and there are certain didactic portions of Leviticus which are too natural to be read in public worship. Nevertheless, to reject the teaching of inspired writers on such esthetic grounds would be like denying the mathematics of the "Principia" because Newton wrote bad Latin, or repudiating some medical classic as unfit for the drawing-room. The literary blemishes of Holy Scripture, as seen by fastidious critics, do not touch its revealed content or divine purport, but may even heighten it by the force of contrast.

We may also distinguish and admit certain historiographical defects in the inspired authors. The prophets and evangelists were not versed in the art of historiography, and did not write history philosophically, nor even always chronologically. Their narratives have many little seeming discrepancies as to dates, places, names, and figures. The line of the patriarchs is yet to be traced, amid conflicting chronologies, with historical accuracy. Persons and events do not always appear to synchronize; as when it is stated in the "Book of the Kings" that Ahaziah was forty years old on coming to the throne, and in the "Chronicles" that he was twenty-two years old. The Evangelists Matthew, Mark, and Luke tell the story of the crucifixion of Christ with differing motives and details, which have not yet been fully harmonized. Such things are simply unavoidable in all historical composition. At the present date of antiquarian research, neither the dynasties of the Pharaohs, nor of the Cæsars, nor even of the Popes, have been clearly ascertained. No one can read Bossuet's "Universal History," or even Bancroft's "History of the United States," without losing himself in chronological puzzles. The English historians Clarendon, Neal, and Burnet narrate the execution of Charles I. with substantial agreement, but from the most varied dogmatic points of view. There are obvious misprints in some editions of Hallam's

"Constitutional History," which could not have been in his manuscript. There may be trifling mistakes in some English translations of Neander's "Church History" which are not in the German, as well as grave misconceptions in some of his critics, which are neither in the English nor in the German. In like manner, as to any supposed inaccuracies in the "Chronicles" and the "Gospels," the fair presumption is, that they are not errors of the inspired text, but mere errors of transcription, or errors of translation, or errors of interpretation, or, simply, still unexplained difficulties. It is the business of historical criticism to harmonize standard historians, not to impeach them; and thus far such criticism, as applied to the sacred historians, instead of impugning the scientific accuracy of Holy Scripture, has only confirmed it by unexpected coincidences and ever-growing certitude.

We should still further distinguish some traditional glosses in the inspired writings. The original autographs, and their first transcripts, have long since been lost; and our existing text of the Hebrew and the Greek must have become corrupt through the negligence or design of copyists and editors. Even the vowel-points, accents, spaces, verses, and chapters, which have been added as aids to the sense, have also proved a source of faults and mistakes, especially in the numeral letters. The book of "Samuel" is made to say that the Lord smote fifty thousand men in a village of less than five thousand inhabitants; and the "Chronicles" seem to state that King Jehosaphat raised more than a million fighting men out of a district not half as large as Rhode Island. King David is said to have saved more silver coin for the decoration of the temple than could then have been in circulation. The Trinitarian proof-text, "There are three that bear record in heaven," seems to have been interpolated in some late manuscripts for a purpose. It is even alleged that there are spurious claims of authorship in the titles and contents of the sacred books. David, we know, did not write all the Psalms; and we are now told that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, nor Isaiah the whole book of "Isaiah." In short, the entire Bible gives internal evidence, it is claimed, of anonymous fragments compiled by unknown hands. References are made in it to lost documents, such as the books of "Jasher," "Nathan," and "Gad," the "Wars of Jehovah," and the "Visions of Iddo." There are two accounts of the creation, two versions of the commandments, three distinct codes in "Exodus," "Leviticus," and "Deuteronomy," besides any number of parallel, detached, and repeated passages throughout the Scriptures, suggesting to some critics a mere patchwork of loose chronicles, proverbs, psalms, prophecies, gospels, and epistles.

Certainly all these phenomena have been common enough in secular literature. The Greek and Latin classics, and even standard English authors, are marred with textual corruptions, such as the loss or change of a word or letter, or even part of a letter, sometimes running a single number up into the thousands, and sometimes reversing the meaning of a whole sentence, or turning it into nonsense. The text of Xenophon is full of them. The "Epistles" of Cicero have them by the hundred. The single play of "Hamlet" fills two large octavos of the Variorum edition of Furness. There have also been some curious pseudographs more or less innocent. The antique manuscripts of Chatterton deceived the practised eye of Walpole. Literary critics of the last century eagerly discussed the question whether the poems of Ossian had not been forged by their professed editor James McPherson. It was long a moot point, Who wrote the letters of Junius? Moreover, we have had fine examples of literary compilation and reproduction without a taint of forgery or plagiarism. Froissart's "Chronicles of Knights, Kings, and Fair Women" were personally collected by him in France, England, Scotland, and Spain, and inscribed upon illuminated parchments, which are still extant. Bishop Percy, the accomplished *rédacteur* of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," not only recovered many manuscript ballads, but by his skilful emendations of them adapted them to modern taste and fancy. The materials of Froissart and Percy were at length wrought, by the masterly pen of Sir Walter Scott, into poems and novels which are read wherever the English tongue is spoken. And if Judge Holmes or Mr. Ignatius Donnelly could prove that Shakspere did not write Shakspere, but only recast and arranged the tragedies, histories, and comedies which bear his name, that incomparable book, with all its archaisms, anachronisms, and solecisms, would remain the masterpiece of genius that it is, and men might still quote Shakspere, as John Randolph used to say, "to prove anything worth proving."

Perhaps also the Bible might be the Bible still in its most essential import, although its long-reputed authorship should now be discredited. It may be conceivable that such a Bible could have survived its own literary errors as a trophy of the most devout scholarship. But if quite conceivable, it is not yet certain, nor very probable. The plain statements of the inspired writers themselves, their apparent indorsement by our Lord and his apostles, and the consistent tradition of three thousand years, still stand opposed to the con-

jectures of learned criticism. And such conjectures are not sustained by all the literary precedents and analogies. The title of a famous author, like Homer or Shakspere, represents the judgment of his nearest contemporaries and successors, and grows with the lapse of time until it becomes too certain to be easily set aside. Such claims for Moses and Isaiah were not even questioned during more than twenty centuries. It would seem rather late now to overthrow all this external testimony by mere internal criticism of their accepted writings. Any traces of compilation in the sacred books need conflict as little with their received authorship as the like use of documents and fragments in acknowledged works of genius. It is as easy to conceive that Moses could compose or compile the Elohistic and Jehovistic records of "Genesis" with their different names of God, as that Shakspere composed or compiled both "King Lear" and "Richard III.," though the former, quite consistently, has only the pagan names of Jupiter, while the latter is full of the Christian names of our Lord. As yet, there is no more critical demand for two Isaiahs in the Isaian prophecies than for a dozen Homers in the Homeric poems. In fact, the sacred writers are not half as fragmentary and composite as well-known English historians, poets, and philosophers. Nor do marks of editorship always weaken the genuineness and integrity of a standard treatise. The postscript of Joshua at the close of the Pentateuch concerning the death of Moses may have been read by the ancient Hebrew as we now read a biographical note to the works of Bacon. Passing allusions to other books of "Kings" and "Chronicles" may have seemed like the conscientious references of a Hume, a Prescott, or a Motley to well-known official records; and explanatory remarks and parenthetical hints, easily distinguishable by their connection, may have been like helpful annotations upon the text of a Milton or a Butler, with the difference that, in Hebrew manuscripts, they could not be put within brackets or in the margin. Indeed, a competent editor, like Ezra the scribe, might canonize otherwise unknown writers, as a Niebuhr or a Grote could sift crude annals and sanction the most obscure authors, or as some rare genius might detect for us the apocrypha of Shakspere. Not even such telltale signs as new words, late idioms, or local phrases could wholly discredit a renowned author whose writings have come down to us through all the vicissitudes of language and literature. The several codes of Moses, if framed before the conquest of Canaan, would have been no more ideal than the "Republic" of Plato, and any later Hebraisms or Chaldæisms appearing among them since the Babylonian exile need be no more puzzling than Anglicisms or Americanisms among the feudal forms and Norman phrases of a recent edition of Blackstone. If the first and second parts of "Isaiah" are in any sense prophetic, to refer them to different authors at different periods merely because of differences of theme, style, and diction, would be like assigning a double authorship to "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," or arguing from a modernized version of Chaucer that he could not have written the "Canterbury Tales," or claiming "Childe Harold" as an Elizabethan poem because of its few archaisms and Spenserian stanza. In all Hebrew literature, early, middle, and recent, there is no stumbling-block like that of Lord Tennyson singing in the Yorkshire dialect as well as in the purest English. Sometimes the feats of genius may perplex us even more than the marvels of inspiration. Besides, it should not be forgotten that while the Bible is literature, and very good literature, yet it is not to be treated as uninspired literature, and judged by mere esthetic rules alone, much less classed with the pseudonymous fragments which have become the puzzle and the scandal of critics. More than forty years ago that prince of biblical scholars, Joseph Addison Alexander, thought that such treatment of "Isaiah" had already reached its limit, with the promise of "no further invention, unless it be that of reading the book backward or shuffling its chapters like a pack of cards." The higher criticism may have its duties as well as its rights. Without at all undervaluing any of its assured results, we may still hope, as we watch the brilliant tournament of learning and genius, that the combatants will at length fight their way around the field of conjecture back to the traditional belief from which they started, and which is still the common-sense judgment of mankind. That judgment is, that if there be any evidence at all of inspiration in the sacred writers, such evidence favors their long-established authorship as well as canonicity, and their consequent accuracy, no less than their veracity, as organs of divine revelation.

We are now ready for several conclusions. Neither the literary imperfections, nor the historiographical defects, nor the traditional glosses of Holy Scripture can of themselves, at their worst, impair its scientific integrity or philosophic value, if it have this value. Such mere errata may yet be corrected or explained, and prove in no sense permanent errors, much less essential untruths. They are wholly superficial and transient, not of the abiding essence of the revealed word. They may, indeed, and they often do raise presumptions against the

claim of inspiration in the minds of hostile critics; but they are not the proper pleas of the friendly critics who look for scientific errors in an inspired Bible. Such critics take the dangerous ground that the Bible teaches nothing but religious truth, and may even teach such truth in connection with scientific error. This is dangerous ground, because it is ground lying inside the limits of an accepted revelation; because it involves not so much the mere human form, as the divine content, of that revelation; and because it exhibits that divine content as an amalgam of fact and fiction, truth and error, knowledge and superstition. It is dangerous ground also, because it opens the way for hostile critics to proceed quite logically from scientific errors to religious errors in the Bible, by arguing that if it teaches false astronomy and crude physics, it no less clearly teaches bad ethics and worse theology. And it is dangerous ground in philosophy as well as in religion, since it would deprive her physical no less than her psychical provinces of their chief source of transcendental knowledge, and abandon her whole metaphysical domain to the empiric, the agnostic, and the skeptic. Literary and textual obscurities there may be upon the surface of Holy Writ, like spots upon the sun, or rather like motes in the eye; but scientific errors in its divine purport would be the sun itself extinguished at noon. Such a Bible could not live in this epoch.

Let it first be observed, that the general distinction between errant Scripture and inerrant Scripture is not made by Scripture itself. As a theory of inspiration, it is modern and extraneous. It has arisen from the supposed need of adjusting an ancient book to the science and culture of our time. Its good motive is not to be questioned; nor can its plausibility be denied. That divine truth should have been offered to us in a setting of human error does not seem at first sight wholly without analogy or precedent. If nature has its flaws and monsters, why may there not be faults and mistakes in Scripture? If the development of science has been mixed with error, why not also the delivery of revelation? There is even a grain of force in such reasoning as applied to any mere textual or literary difficulties yet to be removed or explained. But the moment it is applied to the sacred authors themselves, it breaks down. It was not their theory of their own inspiration. If anything is plain in their writings, it is plain that they claim to be making divine communications under an unerring guidance. Our Saviour, too, sanctioned the claim in his own use of the Hebrew Scriptures, and renewed it for the Christian Scriptures. At length the apostles went forth maintaining it amid the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature. When St. Paul, in an assembly of Athenian philosophers, quotes from Aratus and Cleanthes sentiments also quoted by Cicero and Seneca, it is with the polite acknowledgment, "As certain of your own poets have said"; but when he quotes from Moses a sentiment afterward quoted by David, it is with the devout preamble, "As the Holy Ghost saith." Now it is simply impossible to associate such statements with an erroneous communication from God to man in any sphere of truth, physical or spiritual. The only escape from them is to except them from the physical sphere, or limit them to the spiritual sphere. But no such exceptions or limitations can be found. As judged by their own claims, the Scriptures, if inerrant at all, must be accounted inerrant as to their whole revealed content, whatever it be and wherever found, whether in the region of the natural sciences, or in that of ethics and theology.

The Bible also shows that its physical teaching is implicated with its spiritual teaching in the closest logical and practical connections, with no possible discrimination between the one as erroneous and the other as true. The full import only of these connections can be discerned by profound study. Ordinarily we lose sight of them. We are so prone to detach Scripture from Scripture that we often neglect or slight large portions which do not at once strike our fancy or interest. We ask, what is the use of "Genesis," with its dry genealogies; or "Leviticus," with its obsolete ritual; or the Prophets, with their mystical visions. Why read the Old Testament at all, when we have its fulfilment in the New? or why even take much thought of the Epistles, while we have their core in the Gospels? The words of Christ contain the essential truths, and these are so few and simple that they may be read running. All the rest we are ready to discard as mere surplusage. So might some masterpiece of dramatic art seem full of irrelevant scenes and dialogues until its plot has been analyzed and its details tested upon the stage. The devout student of the Bible, intent on searching its full contents, will soon find that the seeming medley is in reality a living organism, with its nearest spiritual truths in logical dependence upon its remotest physical facts, and the one in practical relation to the other. He will see its astronomical revelation of a Creator of the heavens and earth, not only distinguishing the true Jehovah from the mere local and national deities of antiquity, but identifying him with the maker of suns and systems in our own time, and thus disclosing the foundations of revealed in all natural religion, together with the revealed commandments against heathenism, idolatry, and profaneness. He will see the geological

revelation of the six days' works, not merely upholding the narrow Sabbath of the old economy, as commanded from age to age, but projecting the larger Sabbath of the new economy as yet to be realized in the millennial age of peace, and so connecting the whole history of the earth with the history of man. He will see the anthropological revelation of God's lost image in man as at once demanding and sustaining the atonement and the incarnation, together with the whole human half of the decalogue, and the predicted regeneration of both earth and man in the resurrection. Throughout the realm of the sciences he will see the author of Scripture revealing himself as the author of nature, and building the one upon the other. The whole psychical superstructure of religious doctrines and ethical precepts will appear to him reposing upon its physical foundations in the preëxisting constitution of nature and humanity. Remove but one of those foundation-stones, and that superstructure will totter. They stand or fall together. Historically, too, as well as logically, the concession of any scientific errors has led to the downfall of the whole biblical system of doctrine.

It is seldom remarked that both the physical and the spiritual teaching are alike given in a non-scientific form. Often is it said — and said truly enough — that the Bible does not teach astronomy or physics as a science. But neither does it teach theology or ethics as a science. The method and phrase of science are no more, no less, wanting in its physical than in its spiritual revelations. If the latter are presented as a mere crude mass of facts and truths without law or order, so also are the former; and it will be no harder to find the epochs of geology in the first chapter of "Genesis" than the persons of the Trinity in the first chapter of "St. John." If it be granted that the physical truths of Scripture are couched in the popular and phenomenal language of the times when it was written, so also are its spiritual truths veiled in the anthropomorphic and even barbaric imagery common to all rude peoples; and when the Psalmist tells us, "The sun knoweth his going down," he is no worse astronomer than he is theologian when he declares, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh at the kings of the earth." If it be urged that we have left far behind us the contemporary astronomy of the Old Testament, with its spangled canopy of heaven wrought as a marvel of handwork, how shall we defend its contemporary theology, with its man-like deity so often depicted as a monster of anger, jealousy, and cruelty. If we are told that we have outgrown its physics, with their cisterns in the earth and windows in the sky opened and shut by angels, what shall be said for its ethics, so long charged with polygamous patriarchs and pro-slavery apostles? If we are warned against a few devout scientists who are endeavoring to harmonize their geology with the Mosaic cosmogony, is there to be no warning for this scandal of great churches and denominations at the present moment adjusting their metaphysics to the Pauline divinity? In short, there is not an objection to the non-scientific character of the physical teaching which will not recoil with greater force against the spiritual teaching. Whoever, for this reason alone, affirms scientific errors in the biblical astronomy and physics must be prepared to admit them also in the biblical theology and ethics.

Nor can it be said that the physical teaching is any more reconcilable with popular fallacies than the spiritual teaching. It has been maintained that the divine author of the Scriptures accommodated them to the scientific errors of their own times for the sake of the moral and religious truths to be conveyed. There was no need to correct the false astronomy of the ancient Jews, so long as the phenomenal sunrise and sunset were still true for them and for their age. It was only important to give them true ideas of God and duty, and to leave them to their unaided reason in other matters of mere science and culture. Our Lord himself is supposed to have thus connived at the story of Jonah, the belief in demoniacal possessions, and even the tradition of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. He did not come to teach natural history, or medical psychology, or the higher criticism. It was enough for his purpose that he could make the entombment in the whale's belly prefigure his own resurrection, prove his Messiahship by seeming to cast out devils, and enforce his teachings with the great name of Moses. But the risk of such reasoning is that it might prove too much. It might soon bring down the maxim, "False in one thing, false in everything else," upon the head of any teacher who only once should deceive his disciples and teach them to deceive others. In the examples given, it would leave the most momentous truths resting through all coming time upon a basis of prejudice, superstition, and falsehood. Moreover, it could be applied logically, as it has been applied actually, to doctrines the most essential; and in the end would reduce Christianity to mere natural religion as adapted to Judaism. It is a matter of history that the so-called theory of accommodation has thus run its course in the schools of criticism. Be it observed, however, that the theory itself is not here in dispute, for the purpose of this argument. You may adopt it, if you like; and treat the history of Jonah as a mere nightmare vision with a good moral, the demoniacs as cases of lunacy and delirium, and the literary claim

of Moses as an old Jewish legend. But in that case you must be ready to find pious frauds and innocent fables throughout the Bible, and can no longer hold it to be false only in science and not also in religion and morals. If it were once true for its own time, it would soon cease to be true for our time.

Here it should be noticed that both the physical and the spiritual teaching alike have a permanent and universal import, as well as local and temporary reference. Usually this is admitted as to the biblical theology, despite its antique and rude imagery. We have read the Old Testament forward into the New and the New Testament backward into the Old, until the God of justice in the one seems consistent with the God of mercy in the other, and all anthropomorphism disappears in a divine ideal of infinite purity and love. But as to the physical sciences, it is sometimes held that the prophets and apostles were so dominated by their environment that they not only shared the scientific errors around them, but may even have expressed those errors in their inspired writings as freely as they have exposed their own frailties and idiosyncrasies. Otherwise, it is said, no revelation could have been received by them or made through them to their own age and country, or indeed to any other age and country. There is a show of truth in such statements. Certainly it would be very absurd to treat the sacred writers as mere amanuenses without thought or individuality; and quite impossible to take them out of their proper setting in the unscientific ages when they lived, and from among the uncultured peoples whom they taught. It is not even necessary to suppose their own personal knowledge greater than that of their contemporaries, outside of the divine communications. But neither is it necessary to suppose them acquainted with the entire purport of those communications. They may have spoken better than they knew. They may not have been fully conscious of their messages, as applicable in other eras and stages of culture. Even in pagan literature the great poets, sages, and philosophers, though writing solely for their own time, have unconsciously written for all after time. So Homer sang in ancient Greece; and the ages have been listening ever since. So Euclid, two thousand years ago, sketched lines and angles which to-day save the sailor from shipwreck, and regulate the commerce of nations. So Plato reasoned in the academy, with little thought beyond his own disciples; and the world's philosophy is still sitting at his feet. No more marvelous would it be had David discerned a divine glory in the heavens which astronomy now illustrates, or Moses perceived a divine order of creation which geology is confirming. Inspiration may at least be supposed to equal genius. Moreover, the claim of inspiration being allowed, the sacred authors at once appear as organs of another and higher intelligence than their own. Avowedly, they often speak of divine mysteries which they knew only in part, and sometimes of a distant past or future which they neither had seen nor could see. Moses, in his vision of the creation, during six days may not have reviewed the whole physical development of the globe. Isaiah, in his vision of redemption, may not have foreseen beyond his own foreground, the whole moral career of mankind. Yet behind the words of both Moses and Isaiah was an Omniscience embracing the entire course of nature and of history. No violence would be done to their personality by supposing them the mouthpiece of such Omniscience. As voiced by its greatest teachers, science itself acquires an ever-widening vision of which they had not dreamed. Nor need any mystical sense be claimed for the sacred text in order to give it so large scope and fullness. It is not the mere learned exegete or visionary saint who is now reading between the lines of prophets and apostles. It is the strict scientist who is returning from every conflict with the phenomenal language of the Bible, to interpret that language, as he has learned to interpret the phenomena themselves, in a richer sense and with a wider application. That the heavens declare the glory of God, has become only more true since a Newton and a Herschel have illuminated them with suns and planets. That heaven and earth were made in six days, is none the less true because a Dana and a Guyot have been retracing those days of Jehovah as long cosmogonic eras. That man was created in the image of God, might still be true, even though devout biologists should yet prove him to be but the full flower of the planetary life as well as the highest ideal of the Creator. Only the young and crude sciences, wrangling among themselves, are at seeming variance with Scripture. The older, more complete sciences are already in growing accord with it. Hence it is that the revealed Jehovah still reigns in the astronomical heavens instead of having been left far behind us as an Israelitish Jupiter in the skies of Mount Zion. For this reason "Genesis" is still repeating the story of the earth instead of becoming the forgotten myth of some Hebrew Hesiod; and for this reason Jesus himself is no mere Jewish Socrates of the schools. In a word, it is because the Bible, though non-scientific, is not anti-scientific, that it is as true for our time as it was true for its own time, and is likely to remain true for all time to come.

We come next to the more positive argument that the physical teaching, like the spiritual, has been adapted both in kind and degree to our

wants and capacities. It may be objected to the foregoing views that after all, as a matter of fact, we get our theology from Scripture, and our natural sciences from nature, and that a mere absence of scientific errors from Scripture does not prove the presence of any scientific verities. This is true, and yet not true. As to theology, it is true that when considered as a metaphysical science of God and divine things its material is mainly to be found in the Bible; but it is not true that as an empirical science of religions it may not find material outside of the Bible in the religious history of mankind. As to the physical sciences, it is true that they are derived mainly from nature as bodies of empirical knowledge; but it is not true that they can find no metaphysical ground and material in the biblical revelations concerning physical facts. On the contrary, a thorough investigation will show that, as we ascend the scale of the sciences from the simple to the complex, the revealed material increases with our increasing moral needs and decreasing mental equipment. In astronomy, on its metaphysical side, we shall find at least some revealed matter, such as a Creator of the heavens whose immensity, eternity, omnipotence, immutability, and glory they declare; in geology, a little more revealed matter, such as the divine order of the material creation, the divine wisdom and goodness which it illustrates, with some moral crises which mark its history; in anthropology, yet more revealed matter, such as the creation of man in the divine image, his vicegerent dominion over nature, his primitive innocence, together with some glimpses of his early history, the origin of races, languages, and arts, and their adjustment in a scheme of universal providence. And so on, through the higher mental and social sciences, we shall meet an ever-growing volume of revealed facts and truths, until we reach the topmost science of theology, where the revealed material becomes transcendent in kind and infinite in extent. Could we here pursue such inquiries, it might be shown that this apportionment of so large an amount of spiritual teaching with relatively so small an amount of physical teaching is not only in strict accordance with the preëxisting constitution of the human intellect, but is itself a proof of the divine wisdom which has presided over the whole revelation.

It only remains now to add that the physical teaching in its own place and for its own purpose is quite as important and valuable as the spiritual teaching. In proving this, there is no need to belittle the great religious themes of Scripture, or to deny a religious aim and purport even in its physical revelations. Such facts as the origin of the heavens, the formation of the earth, and the constitution of man have a physical side, which has been, indeed, revealed to us in connection with religious truth. Nevertheless, they are, at least, separable in thought for special study under their scientific aspects and in their scientific connections. As a matter of fact, they are thus treated by physicists and by some divines. Without foisting into the Bible any occult meaning, or forcing it out of its due sphere of influence, we may investigate its correlations with astronomy, geology, anthropology, and other sciences, considered as subsidiary and complemental to divine revelation; and the field of such correlations will widen the farther we investigate them. Moreover, true as it may be that religion is the chief topic of revelation, yet it is still true that it touches other great interests of humanity, and serves other high purposes. Although never designed to teach the arts and sciences, it has in fact always promoted them in every stage of their progress. While the furtherance of science, the perfection of philosophy, and the growth of civilization cannot be ranked as its chief ends and issues, yet they may at least be classed as its incidental fruits and trophies. In this guarded sense we shall find that the physical portion of revelation, small though it seem to be, is of the greatest benefit to science, philosophy, and general culture.

There is, first of all, its apologetical or evidential value, to which a passing glance should be given. Civilization is interested in the defense of Christianity; and whatever makes a divine revelation valuable, either in philosophy or in religion, becomes enhanced by the proof of its harmony with human science. When the chief authorities in any science are found favoring such harmony; when its established truths already illustrate it, and its hypotheses can be hopefully adjusted toward it; and when all the sciences are seen taking this general direction according to their different stages of advancement — we gain new evidence of revelation, the highest perhaps that can be afforded. It is science itself becoming an unwitting, and sometimes an unwilling, witness at the bar of Omniscience. It is evidence which is strictly scientific in its logical quality and force, since it is derived from the facts of nature as agreeing with the truths of Scripture. In this age of the arts and sciences it is as timely as the evidence yielded in the age of miracles and prophecies. It meets the modern scientist seeking wisdom, as that evidence met the ancient Jew requiring a sign. It even explains miracles and fulfils prophecies, and thus crowns and completes all former evidences. Without it, indeed, they would themselves fall worthless to the ground. As no miracle could ever prove a falsehood, and no prophecy could perpetuate nonsense, so no amount of miraculous and prophetical evidence accumu-

lated in past ages could uphold a Bible containing scientific errors in the face of modern science. Herein lies the peril of the hour. The timid or rash apologetes who are spiking their guns on the outer bulwarks of scientific evidence, and fleeing into the citadel of orthodoxy to repair its walls, may yet find themselves in conflict with enemies whom they had thought to admit as friends within the ramparts. Schleiermacher long since forewarned us of that "bombardment of derision, amid which they will be ceremoniously interred in their own fortifications." Not by weak concessions to science in this day of abounding science is the Bible to be vindicated. Only by strengthening and insisting upon its scientific proofs can it retain its power, either at the center of Christian civilization or in the logical crusade of the missionary among heathen religions and philosophies.

But the direct value of revelation, not only as scientifically attested, but as itself a source of scientific verity, lies more within the present inquiry. As such value is largely metaphysical, it may not be readily appreciated by the unthinking reader, who terms anything metaphysical which he does not choose to understand; or by the superficial thinker, who scorns all metaphysics but his own; or even by the special scientist, who abjures metaphysics for the sake of some little fragment of empirical knowledge. But to the profound inquirer, even though he eschew the scholastic metaphysics, it is becoming every day clearer that all physics at length run out into metaphysics, and that every physical science at bottom rests upon some hidden metaphysical basis, underneath the facts or phenomena with which it deals, down in a recondite region of realities and causes which divine revelation alone can disclose. The Bible, indeed, does not teach the empirical part of any such science, its body of phenomena and laws; but it does teach its metaphysical complement, the divine ideas expressed in those phenomena, and the divine causes of those laws. In astronomy it does not teach celestial physics, the figures, motions, and orbits of planets, suns, and stars throughout infinite space and time; but it does teach that divine immensity, eternity, and omnipotence of which the whole celestial system is but a phenomenal manifestation, and without which it would be an infinite anomaly. In geology it does not teach terrestrial chemistry, the birth and growth of the earth, through all its eras and phases, with all its strata, floras, and faunas; but it does teach that divine power, wisdom, and goodness which are the source, method, and issue of the whole terrestrial development, and without which it would be at once causeless and aimless. In anthropology it does not teach the human organism, with its laws of heredity and environment, and the evolution of races, languages, and arts; but it does teach those divine ideals through which man has been passing from the image of an ape to the image of God, and without which he would be a mere failure and paradox. And in the higher mental and social sciences, while it does not teach any psychical processes and laws, it does teach all needed spiritual truth and knowledge. As yet, indeed, these subtle connections between the rational and revealed material of each science have not come clearly into general view; much less have they been logically ascertained and formulated. Nevertheless, the large-minded leaders in all the sciences are at least seeking some more rational ground for them than sheer ignorance or clear absurdity; and not a few of them are finding it practically by studying the works of God together with his Word.

At the highest point of scientific contact with the Bible appears its value in philosophy considered as the supreme science of knowledge or science of the sciences. Here the full appreciation is not only difficult, but barred by prejudice and distaste. We have become so accustomed, wisely enough, to treat philosophy as a secular pursuit, and have so just a dislike to any crude admixture of religion with science, that we may be in danger of the other extreme of leaving at least one half the philosophic domain under the rule of skepticism and ignorance. Often, because unwilling to mingle sacred speech with scholastic jargon, we may seem to accept theories of knowledge which ignore or exclude revelation, as if there were no such aid to reason. Possibly our agnostic friends, with whom we agree up to a certain point, may sometimes have fancied the fastidious reserve to mean doubt of any philosophy taking religion as well as science within its scope. If this be so, it is time to say, in the frankest English, that while they are building their knowledge upon faith, we are building our faith upon knowledge. It is time to remind them that the little they do know, they know only in part; that the most exact science of which they can boast is filled with crude hypothesis and vague conjecture; that it has been reared through ages of error by a fallible logic; that it depends upon an assumed order of nature which is broken every time they lift a stone from the earth; that it rests ultimately upon universal conceptions which by their own showing are self-contradictory; in a word that, apart from the despised metaphysics and the neglected Bible, it is mixed with credulity and based on absurdity.

It is time also, on our part, to insist that, although we cannot know everything about God, and the soul, and the unseen world, we may

at least know something; that the otherwise Unknowable has been made known to us by an intelligible revelation; that this revealed knowledge has been built up for us within the region of facts, through ages of experience, before science was born; that it not only comes to us with scientific evidence, but itself supports each science, and throughout the sciences yields material without which they would fall, like falling stars, into a chaos and void — in a word, that the inspired Bible is a radiant source of divine knowledge, chiefly within the psychical sciences, but also within the physical, and therefore essential to the completion of philosophy itself as the crowning science of the sciences. Such a philosophy will see no scientific errors flecking that sun of truth, which thus lights up its domain, but only paradoxes to dazzle it, should it too rashly gaze, and mysteries to blind it with tears.

It is more than half a century since this discussion began in the schools of Germany, and less than half that time since it passed into the Church of England. In our own country it seems destined to become popular in its course, as well as academic and ecclesiastical. The daily press already reflects a growing interest in questions of biblical criticism which hitherto have been kept within the province of scholars and divines. Parties are forming, as if some great battle for the truth of Holy Writ were at hand. Its defenders, it is to be feared, are as yet but poorly equipped and marshaled. Their opponents boast of the highest culture of the time; have the exultant sympathy of the whole unbelieving class; and even claim, however unwarrantably, some orthodox allies. In the first onset, doubtless, they will win a brilliant victory. Then may come a great uprising of the Christian masses, as moved by that Holy Spirit who first inspired his Holy Scripture. Whoever shall stand apart from them in such a crisis will not be shunning a religious question alone. In his place he will be deserting some other related interest of humanity. The thinker will be deserting that which for ages has set the problems of philosophy. The scholar will be deserting that which has built up the universities of Christendom. The artist will be deserting that which has yielded the purest ideals of genius. The man of letters will be deserting that which has molded our English speech and literature. The man of the world will be deserting that which has lent to society refinement, and purity, and grace. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor will be deserting that which is the ethical basis of their callings. The patriot and the statesman will be deserting that which has given us our freedom and our laws. And the philanthropist will be deserting that which is the very keystone of civilization.

Charles W. Shields.

PLAIN WORDS TO WORKINGMEN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE cause of labor is the issue of the hour. What it ought to have, but has not got; what it might be, but is not; and what it may be, if it goes the right way to get there, are questions that fill the newspapers, occupy platforms and pulpits, and cause not a little headache in monopolistic and society nightcaps. We are in fact being turned inside out like a meal-bag, and scientifically gaged like a barrel of high wines. Without doubt, we shall be a disappointment to some in what we are, and a surprise to most in what we are not, being, after all, much the same as the rest of folks, the difference resting mostly in our boots and pockets. This change in events has come about for two reasons: the world is getting wiser, and we are getting troublesome. Now that the world is rubbing its eyes to look at us, that fact will do us no small good, if we so far follow it as to take a good look at ourselves, and with our expectations and claims discover and make note of our faults.

SOME OF OUR FAULTS.

WE have made some considerable to-do about what we ought to have. Do we ever stop to think of how much we throw away? We think of our thin slice of beef, our pat of sausage-meat, and our red herring — never too much and sometimes not enough; but how often is it that we scratch our heads over the dimes and dollars we drop in our mugs of beer? We object to a cut in our wages, and have hard words for such employers as, from greed or necessity, reduce a worker's weekly pay; but do we not do the same thing when we

beat a shoemaker out of a quarter for soling our shoes, and underpay the teamster that hauls our coal and wood? We complain of being left off the slate by statesmen and politicians, and of having to pay taxes to bribe aldermen and make millionaires of contractors; but do we see to it that when we deposit a ballot we cast it for a good man, and not for a rogue? And are there not more time and thought given as to what horse will win a race than as to what kind of man we want at Washington? We find fault with corporations for depressing labor-values when the market is full of idle hands; but do we not crack the same kind of whip when we compel a contractor in the middle of an important contract to give us higher wages, or find himself left out in the cold? We have something to say about being left out of some classes of society, by reason of blue jeans and thick shoes; but do we not do the same thing with our poorer neighbor who has a room less in his house than there is in ours, and more patches in his coat than we can show. Soberly speaking, would there not be fewer paupers in the poorhouse had they taken care of what they once had, and fewer insolvent grocers if we paid our debts, fewer fools and more wise men in our city councils and our congresses, had we spent more time with our ballots and books than with billiards and ninepins?

We are sufferers, it is true, from wrongs, abuses, economic crimes, and corporate despotisms; but we can add to our hardships, and get a life-lease to any one of them, if we go on making mud faster than we sweep it away. We are on the door-step of better days and better homes, if we do not come down again. If we do, the slip will be on our own heels. No condition of society, no government, and no change in the labor situation, can do us the good it might, if we let our faults outrun their several virtues. Nor can we well complain of wet feet if we keep the faucet running, or of fire if we smoke our pipes in dry straw. Our societies and combinations have their force in the right-doing of their individual constituents. Their composition is the condition on which they exist, for good or for evil — putty or granite, according to their atoms.

OUR FOLLIES.

THERE is no time in any history, no parish in any country, or family in any house, in which there is not to be found some one or some thing that is off its base at times, and plays the fool, if only for fun. On that score there is a pretty wide crack of folly in both the china and the earthenware of human life. We are no exception. Our follies are as natural as our teeth or our fingers; and as with them, if one is decayed we can pull it out, and if the other is dirty we can wash it, so with what is crooked or cross-grained in our ways and doctrines — we can straighten it out if we wish. As things are with us to-day, the misfortune is that if we make a break it is a big one, and in making a mistake we are not sitting down on one egg, but on a basketful. We have grown into societies and combinations, and are no longer thumbs, but a handful of fingers. Organization has run us into lumps, and when we move, things have to give way or crack up. These combinations are right enough, and good enough, and some of them big enough. We can do with them what we could never do without them. We are in the position of a sheriff who can back a subpœna with a stout posse, or a government that can enforce its claims with gunners and grenadiers. With this lump of muscle in our sleeve, we can do some big work for good or for evil. With these conditions, our follies are something more than nonsense, and in speaking of them let us remember that it is always better to stop a fool than to hang him, and to pick the barnacles off a boat than to bore a hole in its bottom.

Now we are not without a crowd of friends, who always side with the biggest dog in a fight, and who are full of congratulations and flatteries; but the kind of friend that taps our knuckles when we do what is foolish is somewhat scarce, and perhaps not always so welcome as he should be. We have always found that the boy who praises another for stealing an apple wants half of it; and it is about the same with the older boys with whiskers and gray hairs, who have no objection to stray sheep if therefrom come their wool and mutton. In these plain words we have no such pap, and we are quite sure that there is no man among us, with the average weight of common sense in his head, but will thank any one for telling us of a wasp on our collar, or a chalk-mark on our back.

So far understood, we proceed to consider some of our follies.

It is common sense to suppose that where two men dispute, say on the length of a pine board, or the diameter of a wheel, they call in some man with a tape-line to find out the dimensions, and to decide the dispute; this is a good old-fashioned and square-footed way of settling the whole matter. This plain and practical sense is just as handy and useful in a dispute with our employers. But is it not a fact with too many of us that we are sticklers for one side of the argument, and will neither consider nor examine the other? It is just this one-eyed kind of business that makes us lopsided, and cross-grained, and as troublesome as a

blind mule or a deaf dog. In many cases we run ourselves into such reprisals as strikes and boycotts, when a little sense and some fair investigation would have made such an action as ridiculous as trying to stop a round hole with a square peg. We are not talking now of justifiable strikes, nor are we teaching the soft nonsense that we are in duty bound to lie still and be skinned alive, but only (and let us here be clearly understood) of such strikes as are hot-headed, blind, foolish, and downright iniquities. Take this for a sample:

We draw up a schedule of wages — fixed and unalterable, till officially acted upon. In that tariff we place a second-class man on the same footing as we do the first-class. A can lay 1000 bricks in a certain time; B, for the life of him, cannot place over 500. We insist on equal pay, though we would kick mightily, on our own behalf, at having to pay for a dozen eggs when we got but six. The contractor cannot see that this demand is fair. He has his contract to fill, his bread to earn, and his family to keep, just the same as we have. He cannot afford to pay for work that is not done, and if he could, he would be unjust to himself to do so. He objects to put his head into the mouth of a wolf, and refuses to pay the wage as fixed on our schedule. We lay trowels down and quit work, and in nine cases out of ten brace up on a glass of lager, and go home, to eat a dinner which perhaps is not yet paid for, and with a very thin prospect of having as much meat on our plate in a month's time. We hang out; the single men pack up and go elsewhere, and the older folks look around for stray jobs, being sometimes glad to cut wood and shovel gravel: the whole thing, simmered down to a fine point, being just this, that we are suffering what we need not have suffered if we had been as fair to another man as he was willing to be to us. Pray, gentlemen, what fun is there in this business of getting into debt, running to the pawnshop, and accepting a weekly contribution from men who have little enough for themselves? What of comfort is there in seeing our children losing the calves off their legs, and the flesh off their bones, wanting school-books, and soles on their shoes, because their fathers are not heroes, but a pack of fools?

Strikes are common, and they make notoriety and money for some, but we know well enough that there is something painful and tragical behind the painted scenes. They are wet with children's tears, and rattle with bare bones, and are resonant with regrets and curses. Strike when striking is absolutely necessary, if you will, but for the sake of common sense, a patch on your coat, and a potato for dinner, never so consent on a wrong basis, or till the whole system of conciliation and arbitration has been exhausted. To suffer for what is right is manful, and sometimes necessary, but there is neither glory nor buttermilk in breaking stones for a larceny on our neighbor's pay-roll and rights.

We may measure a boycott in the same bushel. It is a mighty means of bringing some bad men down to their marrow-bones, and of choking some such burglars of human rights as need it; but how often it is but simply the policy of wrecking a train to run over a stray cow, or, as we think, to punish a man sitting in an easy-chair a thousand miles away. We may shut the factory of a single sinner, and shrink his bank-account, and reduce his railway stock; but what of the five hundred hands that made their bread and butter in his employ? Where are they, now that the gates are locked, and what are they eating, when the grocer and the butcher refuse them credit? Is it right to starve a baker because we have a case against a miller; or to break up a butcher's trade because he buys his beeves of a cattle king? These men have their rights as we have ours, to buy or sell as they choose, and the same right to live and get along as we have. More than that, it is well to remember that the boycott knife is very apt to cut the fingers that open it, and thus to cut the wrong way. As before said, there is the virtue of power in a boycott, as there is in a double-headed switch-engine, and it is practically almighty in the right direction; but it can run both ways, and generally leaves some innocent and broken bones under its wheels.

Such disasters are reactionary, and when the outside public have once burned their fingers in the matter, it is a dead-sure thing that they will turn the waterworks on the fire till it is but an ash-heap and a cold cinder. Of one thing we may be certain: that two wrongs can never make a right, and now that we have the means of a peaceful settlement of disputes in arbitration, it is a folly and a crime to resort to any reprisal till all fair and judicial methods have been exhausted. Taking down one tyranny to put up another is bad policy. The iron rod is not an inch shorter nor a pennyweight less on the scale for passing from one class to another; and it will be just as easy to make five out of twice two, as to make the industrial world better and happier by any such process of doing wrong that right may come. Compelling unwilling men, under a threat of non-employment, to join unions, and insisting on employees discharging such as refuse, — with the threat of a strike or a boycott, — is not a whit less a sin against social freedom than is the black-list of a railway, or the lockout of a manufactory. We have our rights — let us press them; we have our follies

— let us throw them away with our old shoes and broken plates.

OUR CHANCES.

We have come to a point in labor progress where we see not only the fence-rails that shut us in to small pudding and poor pay, but have the means, and the public consent, to take them down. We can get out of the woods into the road, and out of darkness into daylight, if we choose to do so. We wanted good laws, and we have come at last under the dome of Washington, and up the stairways of Congress. By civilization and progress, we are no longer the serfs of society, but the sovereigns. What we think, and say, and do, is not now a mere matter of club-rooms, third floors, and back basements, but a national concern. We are in the reading-desk; have we mastered the alphabet? We are at the helm of the ship; do we know the chart? Have we the necessary wisdom to see our chances and to use them? The bag of flour is on the table; can we make a decent loaf of bread?

These are grave questions, and it is well to think them over, and where we find a shortage in weight, to make it up, and when we find unfitness, to set ourselves to the task of wiping it off the slate. It is on this line, and in this new position, that the necessity of more knowledge, and the value of education, are as plain as a pikestaff. We may have common sense and the average half-ounce of good intentions. These are good in their place, and are absolutely indispensable in all the details of life; but they cannot clean a clock, run a train, or lead labor up the ladder of its chances. Good intentions may fail at setting a broken leg, and a lump of muscle may not make up for a spoonful of brain; and the time has come for us to study as much as we smoke, and to think as much as we talk. We have the chance of getting books as easy as we do tobacco, and newspapers as cheap as a pair of shoe-strings. More than that, with our organizations we can connect lyceums and lectures, and start systematic programs of lodge studies, and thus, by our shouting less and thinking more, we can be able, in an educational sense, to utilize our opportunities. We have also in sight the direct way of being better off in our stock of eatables, clothes, and dollar-bills, by such a process as that of coöperation.

A WORD FOR COÖPERATION.

Just remember that file of twenty-eight poor weavers, tramping over the cobblestones of Toad Lane in Rochdale, taking down the shutters of an old factory-room, and stocking it with groceries, with the shoeblacks throwing mud at them, and the policeman uncertain whether they were tramps or lunatics. They went on, however, in the way of weaving by day and running their store at night, buying out of their investment what they wanted of tea, sugar, matches, and bacon. In 1844 they started with just 28 members and a capital of £28. In 1867 they had 6,823 members, £128,435 in funds, had done business to the amount of £284,910, and had accumulated the round sum of £41,619 as clear profit. There is no reason why we should not add to our little store by such enterprise and good sense. It is a grand idea; there is no such like it in any scheme for our industrial well-being. We are grumbling, and very rightly too, about the way the money runs; most of it, like the rain on a roof, into a few big tubs, and sparing only some chance pailfuls for the rest of us. By coöperation we can change this system of big water-pipes, and do some good plumbing on our own account. There are some men in the world who would persuade us that the inequalities of wealth can be removed by anarchy and revolution — by upsetting the farmer's wagon and having a general good time in eating his watermelons. They teach us the doctrine of a forcible division of all things, so that no man's share of gold and silver, beef, mutton, cake, and pie, shall be more than any other's. It never was, never can, and never will be done. A given amount of work or investment has its legitimate results. We may not get it in every case, but, when we do, no man has the right to the eggs, so long as we own the hens, or to the crop, so long as we paid for the seed and did our own plowing. What we want is not a division, but a system of coöperation and profit-sharing that is distributive without being unjust. To bring about such a system is one of our aims, and, like all other things worth having, it will be on the line of hard work, common sense, and fair play. The principle of coöperation goes to show that the wrongs of industrial life at which we kick are most of them removable by judicious methods, and not by any other means that we know of.

PROFIT-SHARING.

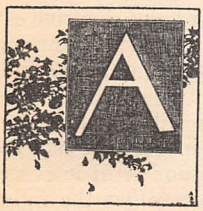
The idea of profit-sharing is in the same direction, though not so far advanced, as coöperation. It is not a move from the labor side, but from that of capital toward labor, by giving it a share in the profits of its investment. It is a step up-stairs, and its application and benefits depend on ourselves. It is a matter of much promise to us workers, as recognizing faithful service, energy, and well-doing. It meets us in our want of capital by giving

us a share of investments toward which we could not spare a dollar, and it is adaptable to our present condition of ignorance (most of us with no knowledge or tact whatever) in the manipulation of money and the management of business. We look upon profit-sharing as a step on the line of progress, and as indicating on the part of employers a wise and manly intent to make our lot better than it is. Our chance lies in being equal to our duties, and not abusing our privileges. In these things there is no room for demagogues or deadheads; the lazy and the shiftless, the drunken and the dishonest, must rub their elbow-joints somewhere else. We want no such sand in our sugar; and to my fellow-toilers I would say: Let us be as deserving of our rights as we have been noisy over our wrongs. We have no faith in any nonsense that thinks it can make the world so flat that there will be no hills to climb and no holes to tumble into, and life in general so easy that we can go to heaven on padded chairs. There will always be some of us who will spend all they get, as if it was a hot coal in their jeans or a pot of butter in their hats. Men will lie, and cheat, and be tyrants, so long as this old planet throws a round shadow on the silent moon; but for such as are not of that kind the outlook is clear and the future full of hope. The chances are in our favor if we are but wise enough so to see them, and are not so loose-fingered as to let them slip.

We workingmen have, as a class, our faults and follies; we have had our backsets, and we have some excuses for our ignorance: but be the past all it has been of wrongs, tyrannies, rags, tears, and bare bones, we can be even the better for that stern discipline—if we do not come short of our duty.

Fred Woodrow.

SOME EXPOSITION USES OF SUNDAY.



FOREIGNER, sitting beside a Vermont stage-driver, after observing for some time the rugged and barren aspect of the region through which he was passing, is said to have exclaimed, "What do they raise in this country, anyhow?" To which the driver replied, with sententious brevity, "They raise men."

It was an answer which had the preëminent merit of being true. The somewhat austere and discouraging conditions under which in many parts of a new country men have wrought and built have issued in certain substantial qualities of character which have had not a little to do with the virtue of communities and the greatness of a state; and thus it was, at any rate in the earlier stages of its existence, that the nation which is soon to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America may be said to have vindicated the wisdom of the American experiment.

Since those earlier days, with their stern experiences, the situation has greatly changed. The emergencies which challenged those who laid the foundations of a new civilization amid the wildernesses of North America have developed an energy, and stimulated an ingenuity, of which, next year in Chicago, we are to see the latest and richest fruits. There can be little doubt of the splendor of the Exposition, or of the impressive variety of its various features. Quick as is our western mind to recognize and appropriate almost everything that is excellent in older civilizations, it has been quicker still to develop the forces, and to create the instruments, by means of which tasks hitherto regarded as almost impossible have been swiftly and triumphantly achieved; and in whatever else the Exposition of 1893 may be wanting, it will not be lacking in bewildering illustrations of human ingenuity and of mechanic and artistic skill.

The tendency of the lavish production of these things is noticeable wherever we turn. Life is fuller, we are told, in these days than it was in the days of our fathers, and in more than one sense this is not to be disputed. It is fuller of conveniences, it is fuller of luxuries, it is fuller of a kind of restlessness which is not necessarily unwholesome, since out of it has come so much benevolent and beneficent activity in many forms. But whether life is really fuller in the sense that it is richer, and more worthily intelligent, and more generously aspiring, is a very different question. I shall not undertake to answer it, but it would seem as if, just now, it were in many ways, and for the highest reasons, worth answering. A people may be great in one sense by virtue of what it has. Extent of territory, variety of resources, felicity of situation (a very unique characteristic of our American community), may go far toward making it great in a sense in which nations are often so estimated. Again, a nation may be great because of what it has done; the territory it has subdued, the

railroads it has built, the towns it has planted, the institutions it has created, the feebler peoples whom it has conquered, the vast immigration which it has more or less perfectly assimilated. But it will hardly be denied that a nation is truly great not so much because of what it has, or has done, as because of what it is — the virtue of its citizens, the equity of its laws, the justice and purity of their enactment and their administration; the worthy use of its wealth, if it has wealth; if it has power, the righteous and scrupulous use of its power. And if at any time, in connection with any memorable anniversary in its history, it undertakes at once to commemorate and illustrate its achievements, it would seem as if it might wisely and worthily associate with such commemoration some serious and resolute endeavor to take account of its resources in their higher aspect, and to consider the relation of material progress to that other progress which is intellectual and moral.

It is this consideration which has suggested the title which is prefixed to this paper. A very just jealousy has already disclosed itself lest the approaching Columbian Exposition should become indirectly the means of obscuring the American ideal of the Day of Rest, and it has been affirmed that to open the Exposition for any purpose whatever on Sundays would go a long way toward precipitating this result.

In other pages than these[1] I have ventured to submit some considerations why some modification of these views might wisely be entertained. Of the danger of any substantial surrender of them I am as profoundly persuaded as any one can be; and if it is to be a question between the complete closing of the Exposition, and such surrender of it to secular uses on Sundays as makes no discrimination between Sundays and week-days, then, for one, I should be in favor of the most rigorous closing of every door. But the question which I have ventured elsewhere to raise is the question whether there might not be some uses of it which are not incongruous with our American traditions of the essential sanctity of Sunday, and whether these uses are impossible in Chicago. Says Macaulay, in his essay on Mitford's "Greece": "The history of nations, in the sense in which I use the word, is often best studied in works not professedly historical." But it is not alone its history that a people needs to study, but the tendencies and the significance of its history; and, above all, the substantial worth and helpful relations, in the highest aspect of them, of the things which it has achieved. And so it would seem that if we could enlarge and emphasize the teaching power of a great Exposition, we would be doing the best kind of service to those whom it will attract. It is not, surely, merely for the gratification of our national vanity, or for the exhibition of our national complacency, that we are heaping together our material achievements, and inviting the rest of the world to compete with us!

But if there is to be serviceable teaching, it may reasonably be demanded that there should be competent teachers. In one sense, certainly, a dumb and motionless construction may be an eloquent teacher. But it will be a much more eloquent teacher if it has some one to explain and interpret it. And it will be eloquent most of all if it has some one who is competent to show its significance, and to point out its relations to those higher aspects of our civilization which have to do with its highest aims. It is here, as I think, that some uses of Sunday suggest themselves which certainly are not incongruous with its sanctity, and which are as certainly far better than to dismiss great numbers of people to a day spent largely, if not wholly, in mere idleness. For the moment we may leave out of sight the eminent probability that very few people will consent to spend it in this way. We may assume, if we will, that a large majority of them will devote at least a part of it to acts of religious worship and a part of it to absolute rest. We may dismiss from our minds the apprehension that many persons will find in the enforced idleness of Sunday in a strange city temptations to some evil uses of idle hours. All this, I say, we may for the moment leave wholly out of account. The question still remains whether there may not be uses for Sunday, in connection with an anniversary so exceptional, which may be not unworthy of association with a very sacred day and of those whose aims and interests are not exclusively material.

For in what, after all, does the true wealth of nations consist? Adam Smith to the contrary, it may safely be said that it consists in the possession of noble ideals. It is the maintenance of these that gives us a State which "raises men"; it is the quickening of these which gives us a character which achieves enduring results. But it is the misfortune of a national or international exposition that it is an illustration mainly of the achievements of human handiwork. Whether it be in tools or machinery, or even in pictures and sculpture, it is mainly an exhibition of what has been wrought in material elements. But suppose that one whose good fortune it will be to see all this marvelous assemblage of what machinery and the handicrafts have wrought, could enjoy the greater good fortune of seeing them in the company of one who was wise and able and clever enough to com-

[1] See "Sunday and the Columbian Exposition," in "The Forum," October, 1892.

prehend them in their relations to other things, and in their larger relations to that complex thing which we call modern life. Suppose that as one came into the presence of this great object-lesson there moved beside him one who knew how, adequately, to interpret it. This, at any rate, would be to bring us into contact with something nobler and more interesting than matter, because it would be the mind that wrought in and triumphed by means of it. And, to go a step further, suppose that there were some one who could gather up for us the larger lessons of this or that or the other department of a great exposition, and make us sensible of its significance as a part of the onward march of modern civilization. This surely would be not alone to see something, but to learn something; and so, in the loftiest sense, a great exposition would become not merely a colossal show, but a mighty and ennobling educator.

Is such a thing impossible? Are there not men in our American universities and colleges, in public life, in the full tide of successful professional activity, scores and hundreds of whom could render luminous and edifying a whole range of themes which a great international exposition would easily and immediately suggest? There are men scattered all over the continent whom many of us know through their pens, but whom it would be an inestimable privilege to know through the living voices. In every department of science, of art, of letters, there are teachers competent to turn Chicago into a glorious school in which all that one saw there was but the prelude to what one heard and learned with the ear and the mind. And does anybody who recalls the names and the gifts of these teachers doubt that, if opportunity were given them, they could speak to the multitudes who would gladly hear them of the higher significance of the intellectual and material achievements of the last four hundred years — not in the dry tones of merely scientific or technical analysis, but with that larger and finer vision which sees in things material the sign and emblem of truths and forces which are part of a higher realm? We talk of civilization, and of the mechanism of it, but can we go even a little way in its study without discovering how closely it is related to the moral history of nations and the progress of ideas? Somebody has said that gunpowder has had almost as much to do with the spread of truth as printing; and though the phrase may sound paradoxical, it is not difficult to see how the expulsion of the old barbarisms, whether of peace or of war, like the retreat of ignorance before the onward march of knowledge, has borne no insignificant part in lifting the life of nations to a cleaner and more righteous level.

But the value of such suggestions, if they have any at all, lies chiefly in this, that they open the way for others that are at once more obviously and appropriately connected with all our traditional conceptions of the American Sunday. To most of us that day stands supremely as an institution of religion. But for what is religion, if it be not for the revelation and the inculcation of moral ideals? It may have, most surely it has, other uses, but this, no less surely, is preeminent among them. And so if, when Sunday came to the Exposition in Chicago, it could be assumed that in some great hall in the midst of it there would be some worthy and impressive presentation of these — if the nation should summon its ablest and most eloquent teachers and bid them do for us the prophet's work amid such profoundly interesting and suggestive surroundings, it would hardly summon them in vain. For *Hamlet* was right:

> Sure, he that made us with such large discourse
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused.[1]

And no appeal made to that faculty will be made wholly in vain.

And if, then, in connection with such occasions, or as included in the scheme of which they were a part, it could be so ordered that the mighty forces of music could be invoked, — if on Sunday afternoons or evenings the multitudes assembled in Chicago from hamlet and village and prairie that rarely or never hear the great works of the great masters, Mozart and Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Wagner, and their compeers, could be lifted for a little on the mighty wings of grand and majestic harmonies, and made conscious of that subtle tranfusion of the sensible into the spiritual, which, in some aspects of it, seems to be the sole province of music, — surely that, too, would be no unworthy use of a day consecrated to lofty visions and unuttered aspirations. And then, finally, if, in addition to all this, there could be, not alone in immediate connection with the Exposition itself, but in every sanctuary and pulpit of the great city, thronged and vibrant with a great and keen curiosity, some elect and chosen voices to speak for God and Duty and Patriotism and Self-sacrifice and the Eternal Verities, that, too, would be an undertaking worthy of the best energies of those who might give themselves to it, and worthy no less of the great religious ideals of a great people. Already we are hearing much of the "religious exhibits" — Sunday-school furniture, ecclesiastical vessels and vestments, the paraphernalia of ceremonial, or the machinery of Church work. It

[1] "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 4.

will be well enough to have such things; but it will be better to have some living incarnations of the office of religion as a teacher, a guide to men in dark places, a Voice of courage and of hope amid the sorrow and burden of life.

And so may the Exposition realize its noblest result — to help men to know, to think, to compare, to remember, and to aspire. It may be that the dream which I have thus far sketched will seem to many impossible of realization; but if the same energy and ability and organized endeavor which have already shown themselves in other directions shall attempt to make it so, I am persuaded that it may become an ennobling reality.

Henry C. Potter.

REMINISCENCES OF BROOK FARM.[1]

BY A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY.[2]

I JOINED the Brook Farm, of which George Ripley may be held the founder, on the last day of May, 1841. Part of the company had already begun work there about the first of April. Some engagements prevented my joining them until the last of May, although I had enrolled myself among them some time before. Among those I found there were Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; Miss Marianne Ripley, a sister of Mr. Ripley; Nathaniel Hawthorne; and Warren Burton, who had been a Unitarian clergyman, and was the author of several little books, among them "The District School as it was."

Mr. Ripley, who had been for some time the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston, was a scholar of much metaphysical and theological acuteness and learning, of a sanguine temperament, and with a remarkable power of rapid acquisition and perception — perhaps a little hasty in his conclusions, and with other characteristics of a sanguine temperament. His mind was filled and possessed with the idea of some form of communism or coöperation, and some mode of life that seemed to produce better conditions for humanity; and was informed to some extent of what had been said and written on these subjects. Whether he was at this time acquainted with the ideas and works of Fourier, I cannot say; my own impression is that he was, but others, who are perhaps better informed than myself, tell me that he did not become acquainted with them till later, after he had been some time at Brook Farm. I think he must, at least, have known something of them through the writing of Albert Brisbane. When he became acquainted with them he was at first certainly not disposed to adopt them fully; but later he and other members tried to arrange the institution on principles of Fourier's theories. Finding many disposed to sympathize practically or theoretically with his views and plans, he went forward with an ardor and zeal that were inspiring to those who came in contact with him, with a genuine and warm interest in the idea of association, and faith in the benefits it promised to humanity. Full of enthusiasm for his hopes and schemes, he threw himself into them with disinterested zeal, and worked long and earnestly and with much self-denial for their accomplishment. Mrs. Ripley, too, who was of an energetic and enthusiastic temperament, entered into his views very heartily, and was always a prominent and important person in the conduct of the enterprise, and entered with zeal and efficiency into all the departments in which she could take part. There appeared a just and favorable notice of her in some pleasing papers on Brook Farm, in the "Atlantic Monthly," written by one of our zealous and very useful co-workers.[3]

With them came Miss Marianne Ripley, who had had a school for young children in Boston, several of whom she brought with her. She lived in a small house close by the farm,— which we called the Nest,— and had a warm interest in the enterprise.

Charles A. Dana, now editor of the "New York Sun," was an important member, and for a long time,— I think till the close of the institution. He came to us from Harvard College, which he had been obliged to leave, I think,

[1] The association continued in existence and operation until some time in 1847, after the loss by fire of a very extensive building (called phalanstery) before it was finished. The whole enterprise was abandoned mainly, I think, from financial troubles and embarrassments.

[2] The author of this paper died recently, at an advanced age. He was a man somewhat of the Emersonian type, of singular purity and loveliness of character. He was a teacher by nature as well as by profession, and one whose influence was as elevating as it has been abiding in many lives.—THE EDITOR.

[3] Miss Amelia Russell, formerly of Milton, not now living.

from some trouble in his eyes. He was sanguine in temperament, with all the ardor of youth, and of great natural energy and rather arbitrary will, of fine personal appearance and attractive qualities in some other respects. Being, as I think, somewhat of a doctrinaire, he embraced the ideas and modes of operation with ardor and systematic energy; and, as he brought with him from Harvard the latest improvements in scholarly law, filled an important place as teacher, worker, and counselor. Dana did not come at the beginning, but later than myself, in the course of the first summer.

Minor Pratt, who with his family came in the course of the first summer, was a very valuable accession to our society. He had been a printer, but was drawn to the Brook Farm enterprise by sympathy with its object and the mode of life, as well as by his taste for agriculture, which last he retained during his life. He was a man of singular purity and uprightness of character and simplicity of taste, and was in many ways a very valuable member. In the later years of his life he was much devoted to the study of botany, and had a very peculiar, personal, and most extensive practical knowledge of the plants of Concord, where he passed the remaining years of his life after leaving Brook Farm.

A man who proved to be a valuable and generally liked member of our company was John Cheever. He was said to be son of an English baronet, and once held some position, I think, in the government of Canada. What the previous life of Cheever had been I cannot say. We found him intelligent, kindly, obliging, and very capable and useful in some directions. His case was a pathetic one: from his former experience in life and a natural insight into character he seemed especially drawn to persons of superior culture and refinement, who in their turn became much attached to him; yet he always seemed to feel a sort of gulf between them and himself.

Then a very important person to us in our inexperience in farming was Tom Allen, a young farmer from Vermont who had become "interested in the idea"—this was one of our pet phrases. He was valued and rather looked up to for his knowledge of farm work, and had pleasing traits of natural refinement. Besides those I have mentioned, there were others of marked and interesting character—among them several young women, who, if not much known to fame, made a strong and lasting impression on the friends who had the good fortune to know them and enjoy their friendship.

I joined the company, as I said, the last of May. I arrived at evening, and the first impression was not very cheerful, the whole aspect of things being a little forlorn. Perhaps the company were tired out with the hard farm work, which I think the novices found more exacting than they had expected. Taken from books and comparative luxury and elegance of living, and obliged to work, day in and day out, in shoveling in the barn-yard, which Mr. Ripley called his gold-mine, they were quite wearied and naturally a little depressed. But the next day, June 1, made ample amends. It was to be a sort of holiday. Various groups of ladies who had been pupils and friends of Mrs. Ripley—many of them with their young children—came out from the city to pass a festive day. The excitement of the arrival of the successive parties; the exuberant spirits of the children on their holiday, on this loveliest of June days, and amid the very charming fields, woods, and knolls that made up or surrounded the farm, or skirted the lively brook that gave name to the place; the enthusiasm of the new devotees to a life that looked so beautiful and fascinating on such a day; the interest of those from the outside world who came to see old friends in so novel an environment, gave a sort of glamour to the whole scene, and to the enjoyment of the day. It seemed *Arcadia redux* at least, if we had not got *Astræa redux*. To the new inmates and cultivators it appeared the promise of a new, beautiful, and poetical life. We were floated away by the tide of young life around us. I dwell a little on this day, which may seem to my readers very like an ordinary picnic, because it was the type and precursor of many such golden days that at intervals came to throw a bright light over our life, mingled, as it was, with heavy and burdensome toil and care for some of us. There was always a large number of young people in our company, as scholars, boarders, etc., and this led to a considerable mingling of amusement in our life; and, moreover, some of our company had a special taste and skill in arranging and directing this element. So we had very varied amusements suited to the different seasons—tableaux, charades, dancing, masquerades, and rural fêtes out of doors, and in the winter, skating, coasting, etc. I have some vivid and pleasant recollections of exciting scenes by moonlight on the knolls, meadows, and river, with the weird aspects of its wooded banks under the wintry moon.

One great charm of the life at first, and indeed long after, was in the free and natural intercourse for which it gave opportunity, and in the working of the elective affinities which here had a fuller play; so that although there was a kindly feeling running through the family

generally, little groups of friends drawn together into closer relations by taste and sympathy soon declared themselves. For the first summer certainly, and indeed long after, the mode of life was felt to be very charming by most of those who were there. The relief from the fetters and burdensome forms of society,

> The greetings where no kindness is,
> And all the dreary intercourse of daily life,

was a constant delight to those who had suffered from them in the artificial arrangements of society; the inmates were brought together in more natural relations, and thus realized the charm of true and hearty intercourse; and at the same time the relief and pleasures of solitude were not wanting: one could withdraw to the solitude of the woods, or of his own room, without offense to any.

There was for a long time a large element of romantic feeling and much enthusiasm, especially among the young and more inexperienced, and those who knew nothing of the embarrassment of providing ways and means. For there was much in the existing conditions of our life to excite and promote this enthusiasm: the picturesque situation, with something of wild beauty, with the rocks, woods, meadows, river, and the novelty of our position, where each step was often a new experiment, and with new aspects ever developing themselves. Nor was this enthusiasm confined to the young and more ignorant; there was something of the *tête montée* pervading the family which led sometimes to those vagaries or hallucinations which afforded many a derisive laugh to the world without. But if in some instances there was a slight falsetto tone, there were a great deal of genuine faith and hope in the idea, and a conviction that this was, in many respects at least, a truer and better, as well as happier, life than that of the unfortunates who, according to our phraseology, were still in civilization (for this was a term of somewhat sinister import with us), and — perhaps among the sensitive and thoughtful carried to a foolish excess — a feeling of pity for the civilized, as we denoted those not yet emancipated and still struggling with the evils of civilized life. At the same time, let me say that it seems to me, as I recollect, that the feeling with which the more serious and thoughtful went into this enterprise was very simple, and with no special pretension or assumption of superiority.

Their motive and object was to work out for themselves a life better suited to their tastes and feelings than was possible in the common social arrangements, and which was thus deemed more consonant to the real demands of humanity.

The condition was somewhat like that of travelers in a new and unknown country. New vistas were constantly opening, and new aspects developed. The effect was a sort of exhilarating surprise and excitement, such as comes in traveling among new scenes.

Much of the work the first summer was making and getting in the hay from our very extensive meadows and fields. This was pleasant work, and I have very agreeable recollections of raking and otherwise working over many an acre in close company with Hawthorne, with whom I first became acquainted here. He, as I understood him, was attracted to the enterprise by the hope of finding some more satisfactory and congenial opportunity of living according to his tastes and views than in the common arrangements of society, and also of uniting successfully manual with intellectual work. But he was, I think, disappointed in this, and found it not easy to combine writing with severe bodily toil; and as the former was so manifestly his vocation, he gave up farm work at the end of the first summer, and although he remained there some time longer, part of the following winter it was as a boarder, not as a worker. The younger people, as usual, had their admiration and their worships, and Hawthorne was eminently fitted to be one of these, partly from the prestige of his reputation, partly from a real appreciation of his genius as a writer, as well as from the impression made by his remarkable and fine personal appearance, in which manly vigor and beauty were combined. He was shy and silent, and, though he mingled with the rest of the company in the evening gatherings in the hall and parlor of the Hive, he was apparently self-absorbed, but doubtless carefully observing and finding material for his writing. The incident introduced into "The Blithedale Romance" which is commonly considered as giving the result of his life and observation at Brook Farm,— the drowning of one of his characters — with its ghastly features, did not really occur here, but in another place at some distance, and really had no connection. We had a good deal of enjoyment in becoming acquainted with and practising some of the industries of life unknown to us before, and in this, besides the excitement and novelty, was an accession of power in the exercise of some branches of this knowledge, humble as they may seem. Besides the agricultural knowledge and experience so interesting to many of us, there was a feeling of healthy reality in knowing and coming into close contact with some of the coarser forms of labor and drudgery which go to make up that "demd grind" of life so distasteful to Mr. Mantalini.

For instance, we spent some pleasant days working in a peat meadow. Interesting, indeed,

was the charming situation, surrounded as it was by woods, and lying along the pretty Charles River near Dedham, Massachusetts; the learning something of a very old, but to us new, kind of industry in the various operations of paring, cutting, and stacking the peat.

I think Hawthorne was with us on some of these occasions. Then there was the great work of the wash-room, into which a large number of our company were drawn or thrown out, according to experience of fitness or the needs of the household. I may perhaps be allowed to dwell rather fully on some personal experiences, and indulge in some egotistic narration, on the ground of the "magna pars fui"; for, besides serving a while in the wash-room, and pounding the clothes in a barrel or hogshead with a sort of heavy wooden pestle,— in which process I learned something of the mystery of that remarkable disappearance of buttons from garments in passing through the laundry, so inconvenient and vexatious to bachelors,— and wringing them out, not so simple a process as it might seem, I had for a considerable time the chief care of the clothes-line and of hanging out; for it was a part of our chivalry, in order to save labor and expense to the women, for the men to take on themselves, or have assigned to them, some of the harder and more exposing portions of the work. I have labored in the above-mentioned process of pounding the clothes by the side of some since well known and distinguished in the literary and political world. Mrs. Ripley, too, whose most important function, besides a sort of general superintendence, was teaching, but whose zeal and energy led her to take part in various industries, sometimes shared in the labors of the wash-room.

Then there was the experience of milking the cows, which could not be omitted by those bent on agricultural education; so some of us learned and practised the mystery of this accomplishment, somewhat to our own satisfaction, but apparently not so much so to that of the animals. But in time matters arranged themselves, and we came to the conclusion, reluctantly perhaps, that the old Philistine way might, after all, be the better, more sensible, and more economical; viz., that work requiring skill and experience should be executed by those who had had the proper training, rather than by amateurs, however our culture might suffer by the loss. But let it not be supposed that we had none but unskilled workers. There were some men of skill and experience in various departments, and incapable amateurs could be easily reformed out of office, as our system was flexible and readily yielded to the demands of our household work.

I may mention, as an instance of the way in which we accommodated ourselves to our needs, our arrangements of the waiting department. When our table had grown so large that it was found inconvenient to pass the dishes backward and forward, and as the getting up from the table to help ourselves as we might want anything seemed not quite orderly, a special corps of waiters was detailed for this work, and to this were assigned some of the younger and more ornamental members of the company.

A difficulty we found in the attempt to unite work of the head and the hands was the loss of time in passing from one to the other, especially for those engaged both in out-of-door work or other manual labor and in teaching. Thus, something of this kind might be likely to occur: we might leave our hoeing, weeding, haying, etc., and go from the fields to the house for a lesson with some pupil who, himself zealously engaged in hunting or trapping woodchucks, muskrats, or squirrels, or like absorbing occupation, might not be mindful of the less important lesson.

The question is naturally asked, What were the financial resources, and whence the funds for the daily support of the family? The purchase of the estate, and the carrying on of the farm and household were, at first, and for a few months (through the first summer perhaps), the private enterprise of Mr. Ripley; and those of us who went there did so by some arrangement with him, most of us working for and with him, and receiving in return our daily support without any very definite or exact bargain. There were also boarders and scholars from whom, as well as from the sale and use of some of the various products of the farm — milk, hay, vegetables, etc. — the necessary funds and means of support were derived.

After a while the company resolved themselves into a community, with a systematic organization and with certain conditions, and soon, I think, were regularly incorporated as a sort of joint-stock company. In course of time several trades were introduced, and with the farm products contributed something to the necessary fund; but the income at first, and for some time, was mainly derived from boarders and scholars, some of the latter paying a part or the whole of their board by their work in various ways. This brief sketch of the ways and means is very imperfect, as it is aside from my general design, which is to give mainly my personal reminiscences and impressions.

The situation of our farm was very pleasant. It lay between the towns of Dedham, Newton, and West Roxbury, of which it formed a corner. About the house were wooded knolls, fields, and hills sinking down into a wide

meadow that extended to Charles River and bordered on it. The place was well adapted to some of our winter pastimes,— sledding, coasting, skating,— of some of which scenes on moonlight nights many of us have a vivid and agreeable recollection.

Through the meadows ran the lively brook from which we had our name; at a little distance from the houses was a fine upland pasture which also sloped down to the river, and was a favorite resort for sunset views and twilight walks.

But the farm, though having many picturesque charms, was not adapted to be a very profitable one, as much of the land was not well suited for culture, consisting largely of a meadow that bore little but coarse grass, and pastures with rocky ledges — picturesque, indeed, but clothed with a thin, hard soil. There were beautiful and interesting localities in our neighborhood, where we found pleasant walks, or which we utilized for our rural fêtes.

The Hive, the original farm-house and first residence of our company, was soon found insufficient for our growing numbers, and considerable additions were made from time to time; but our numbers still increasing, the Hive could not well hold us all, and we were obliged to swarm. So the Eyrie, after much planning and discussion, was decided on and begun. It was planned with much care and deliberation, but one might perhaps think that more regard was had to esthetic considerations than to those of ordinary comfort and convenience. It was pitched high on a rock, whence its name, and with fine picturesque rocks all around; but to climb the shelf on which it stood in wet, snowy, or scorching weather was not easy or comfortable; neither was the journey in the deep snow and mud through which our path lay to and from the Hive, where the operations of cooking and eating were carried on. Besides, there was no well, only a rain-water cistern, which want involved the trouble of fetching water for some purposes.

But the situation was charming, and very near was a beautiful grove of pines — so well known to the inmates, habitués, and loving visitors of Brook Farm — where so many delightful days were passed, and so many charming fêtes and entertainments of various kinds enjoyed by those who had the luxury of being idle. Many of our company had a fancy for climbing these trees, and some a still more odd one of perching or roosting like birds or squirrels on the highest branches. Besides the Eyrie, there were added to our building, in course of time, the Cottage, a pleasant and pretty building where were held many of the gatherings for amusements, and later the Pilgrim House; still later, shops and buildings for the various kinds of industry were introduced.

The Eyrie itself was a sort of romance of houses: it had no kitchen or fireplace, and so was dishonored or degraded by no culinary uses. One striking thing about it was its acoustic character: it seemed constructed on some, I know not what, acoustic principles by which the sounds of each and all the rooms were, as it seemed, audible in every other; as it was the place for musical instruction, and the scene of the musical exercitations of troops of young beginners, one can, or perhaps cannot, imagine the discomfort of this remarkable property in this singularly constructed building; and though I had at one time a charming room there, I have not very charming recollections of the dreary monotony of scales and exercises through the long, sleepy summer days.

I have some pleasant recollections of the large parlor in the Eyrie, which was designed with special reference to our evening gatherings of various kinds for amusement or improvement. We had many visitors from the outside world of *civilization*, among them some persons of interest and distinction.

Miss Margaret Fuller (afterward Countess Ossoli) was one of these, and was often there as a friend of the Ripleys and of others of the company, as well as from interest in the enterprise and sympathy with its objects. She was to us an interesting and instructive visitor, and would sometimes hold conversations, a favorite mode of teaching with her. Then, too, among our visitors was Orestes A. Brownson, whose active brain led him to the various new movements of which the air was full at that time, and finally to a very old institution. He was also a friend of George Ripley — whether then a Romanist I cannot say. One of the visitors best known to the world was Robert Owen of Scotland. He was naturally interested in our experiment, as he had been engaged in something of a coöperative or communistic character at New Lanark, Scotland. I recollect that I received an agreeable impression of his great simplicity and transparency of character, as well as his earnestness and warm humanity. Then Miss Frances Ostinelli, afterward well known in opera as Madame Biscacciarti, spent some time with us. Her fine voice in its youthful purity and freshness was a great delight to us, as her youthful beauty and charm were very fascinating to some of the younger members of our company. Then there were the Hutchinsons, a family well known at that time, and a marvel for their sweet singing, and this especially in the interests of antislavery and temperance. The accord of their voices was very pleasing. A great charm of their singing was a sort of

wild freshness, as if brought from their native woods and mountains, and their earnest interest in the objects that formed so much the theme of their songs.

We had in our vicinity some agreeable neighbors: among these Theodore Parker, who was a personal friend of Mr. Ripley and others of us, whose church some of us attended, and who often came to see us; for though he did not enter fully into the idea and plans of the "Association," he of course looked with generous interest on all that promised benefit to humanity. There were also near us other families to whose broad and liberal sympathy, generous assistance, and genial society we were much indebted.

Besides, there came from time to time to see us reformers of a humbler or milder stamp, with various schemes and dogmas for reforming society: vegetarians, come-outers from Church and State, to some of whom no doubt the former was, in the rather strong language current at the time, the "Mother of Abominations." Then there were long-bearded reformers dressed all in white, which was in itself a protest against something, I hardly know what; for a very liberal hospitality was exercised from the beginning, for which I think great credit is due to Mr. Ripley.

There were also those who came to observe and make trial of our mode of life, or as candidates for admission on a sort of probation; for, in the narrowness of our means and accommodations, we could not take all that offered themselves. Mr. Ripley, who, as I have said, was somewhat sanguine in his way of looking at persons and things, would bring us from time to time accounts of applicants that looked to him very desirable, but who on further consideration were not accepted; for a very important question in regard to those who wished to join us was the Shylock one, "Is he a good man?"—and this in the Shylock, and not in the ethical sense,—and "Is he sufficient?" and perhaps our applicants were not so apt to have the former sort of goodness as the other, that of a more transcendent kind.

Our enterprise attracted a good deal of attention and interest, and we certainly had the satisfaction of being much talked about, for good or for evil—chiefly the latter. Indeed, it seems strange that it should have been looked upon so unfavorably, and have excited, I may almost say, such bitter hostility.

If the world chose to think us very silly and childish and ridiculous in our mistakes, hallucinations, and vagaries, and that we had a foolish pretension and self-complacency, it was fair and reasonable enough in them to have their laugh at us; but these follies of ours, if they were so, were very harmless, good-natured, and well-intentioned, and with these there were a real earnestness of philanthropy and worthiness of purpose, which certainly deserved some respect, and were not properly marks for ridicule and malice. This prejudice was no doubt due in some measure to false or exaggerated accounts of our doings which were circulated and, naturally enough, in many cases innocently believed. There were criticisms on our fare, which was sometimes not very sumptuous, and on our style of living, which was not very elegant. But we did not go there for luxury, and if there was no elegance, there was certainly a good degree of refinement—as far as consistent with our conditions. As an instance of this I may mention that the attempt was made to give, as far as possible, separate rooms to those who desired it. One very current and common misapprehension was that the members of our company were agreed, for the most part in views of extreme radicalism and hostility to the common beliefs and institutions of society. But in fact no such uniformity existed; on the contrary, there was a great variety of shades of opinion and feeling.

Indeed, there were some who might be considered quite conservative, and often children from families of conservative parents, who were well enough acquainted with the leading persons to have confidence that they would get no harm. Some of the stories to which I have alluded related to the way in which Sunday was regarded and treated—stories of disrespect and desecration of the day, as it was considered, which shocked some persons, but I think without much ground. Quite a number inclined to go to church, some to Boston, some to Theodore Parker's church, which was at that time in West Roxbury. Others chose to spend the day walking in the woods or other beautiful localities about us. But if not observed with much rigor, it was generally, as far as I recollect, a quiet and peaceful day, and this was in accordance with the wishes and tastes of the principals of the company. At one time, I recollect, Mr. Ripley gave on Sunday afternoons some account or explanation of Kant's philosophy to those who wished to hear him. It should be considered that great freedom existed and pervaded our mode of living, and the company in general did not feel responsible for the eccentricities of some individuals, or authorized to interfere with them, except perhaps in extreme cases.

One of the interesting features of our life was the pleasant and favorable influence with which the young were surrounded. With great freedom in the modes of instruction and discipline, there was no lack of thoroughness, for the most part; and, what was important, there was an inspiring influence either in the circum-

stances surrounding, or in the modes of imparting knowledge of a very varied character in an informal and genial way, by a variety of teachers with whom the pupils were thrown into near and friendly relations. In our easy way the teachers and pupils interchanged functions, the pupils becoming teachers and *vice versa*. Some of the pupils have become well known in various ways. General Frank Barlow, so honorably distinguished in our civil war, and politically since, was then but a young boy. George Weeks, who went from us to the Williamstown college, where he graduated with honor, became a lawyer, and also had some judicial position. At the first sound of the call to arms to suppress the Rebellion, he joined the volunteers, I think as captain in the First Massachusetts Regiment, distinguished himself as an officer, and after a gallant career died or was mortally wounded on the field, in some battle of western Virginia, having risen to the rank of general.

Then there was George William Curtis, of late so prominent in the literary and political world, and a number of others since esteemed and honored in the community.

Isaac Hecker was there for some time, attracted by the object and character of the enterprise. He afterward went over to the Romish Church, where he has been a good deal distinguished, and active in the formation of a new order called the Paulist Fathers.

John L. Dwight, so well known to the musical world for his zeal and services in the cause of the higher music in our neighborhood, came early with the others of his family, and remained a long time, till the final abandonment of the enterprise. Of course his taste and zeal in the interest of the best music could not fail to be of very great value in our community, among whose objects artistic cultivation held a high place. There were many others whose memory and friendship are sacredly and lovingly cherished by many of us, but this seems hardly a place to give publicity to their names.

I have spoken of the gatherings at the Eyrie, where were passed many pleasant and profitable evenings; when some lion of special note came along, it often was an occasion for discourse or conversation on his specialty. The young people had a fancy for sitting on the floor or on the stairs. The scene was pretty and interesting.

In the evenings of our washing-day the folding of the clothes gave occasion for pleasant and social meetings.

An amusing and rather odd practice was the frequent writing of notes among those who were constantly meeting each other for work, etc. Perhaps it was that the various sentiments could not be so well expressed *viva voce*, and pen and paper gave better opportunity for more full and considered explanatory statements and epilogues, as needed, than the winged words of speech. One of our number, quite a singular character, had the habit of administering advice and reproof, of which he was rather lavish, on little scraps of paper, which he left on the floor or ground where the objects of his censure might find them. The notes I mentioned above were generally put on the table at the plate of the persons for whom they were designed. These may seem poor and trifling details, but some of those who were at Brook Farm may be pleased to recall the amusing, the trifling details and incidents of our life. But I must not omit among our social pleasures the gatherings in the barn in summer for preparing vegetables for the market, and other social work. Those who have not had the experience cannot know what a stately room for company a large barn is, with its lofty roof, the sweet scent of hay for perfume, the twittering of the swallows overhead for music, and the cool breezes passing so freely through. Our meetings here were at times enlivened by what we pleased ourselves with thinking was wit. Various classes were from time to time formed for reading and studying together. One I recollect was a very agreeable opportunity of reading Dante in the original (we read in turn, the whole or nearly the whole) with a number of cultivated, intelligent, and appreciative persons, those of better knowledge of the language helping the others. Mrs. Ripley was one of this class. In the summer we often had our readings out of doors, sometimes on one of those pleasant wooded knolls I have mentioned.

But I find that the limits to which I must confine myself will not allow me to speak of many of the varied aspects and features of the life at Brook Farm, or to give any detailed account of its course, progress, or final abandonment, which, besides, would be beyond the scope of this paper, professing as it does to give my personal reminiscences — in a somewhat discursive manner.

And now I wish to express for myself the very agreeable and, more than this, very affectionate remembrance of this rich and interesting episode of our lives, which feeling, I believe, is shared by many others. There were, no doubt, some dissatisfied or discontented on one ground or another, and, of course many shortcomings and imperfections in carrying out the idea and professed object of the institution. But I fully believe that many, very many, who were there look back upon it as one of the most profitable as well as delightful parts of their lives, and with warm feelings

of affection and respect for its objects, and on the whole for the way in which the attempt was made to realize them. To many young people especially it was an opportunity of great and lasting benefit as well as of enjoyment. To such persons of high aims and aspirations, but whose life had been straitened and hampered by unfavorable conditions, this opportunity of a life freed from many of the embarrassing conventions of society, and where feelings of humanity, sympathy, and respect for all conditions of life and society were cherished and professed as the basis of the association,— in habitual intercourse, too, with persons of cultivation and refinement, of varied acquaintance with society and the world, surrounded by those of friendly and kindly character and of aims at least theoretically humane and unselfish, to many of whom, too, they were drawn by the elective affinities into close and confidential intimacy,— was a very valuable and precious one, and was felt and appreciated as such by them at the time, and remembered with a tender and grateful interest. And some there are who still revere all the dreams of their youth, not only those that led them there, but those also that hovered around them while there and gave a color of romance to their life, and some of whom perhaps still cherish the hope that in some form or mode of association, or of coöperative industry, may be found a more equal distribution of the advantages, privileges, and culture of society — some mitigation of its great and painful inequalities, a remedy, or at least an abatement, of its evils and sufferings. But it may be thought that I have dwelt too much on the pleasantness of the life at Brook Farm, and the advantages in the way of education, etc., to the young people, which is all very well, but not quite peculiar to this institution, and some may ask what it really accomplished of permanent value in the direction of the ideas with which it was started. This I do not feel that I can estimate or speak of adequately; neither is it within the scope of this paper. But I would indicate in a few words some of the influences and results that I conceive to belong to it. The opportunity of very varied culture, intellectual, moral, and practical; the broad and humane feelings professed and cherished toward all classes of men; the mutual respect for the character, mind, and feelings of persons brought up in the most dissimilar conditions of living and culture, which grew up from the free commingling of the very various elements of our company; the understanding and appreciation of the toils, self-denial, privations which are the lot to which so many are doomed, and a sympathy with them, left on many a deep and abiding effect. This intercourse or commingling of which I have spoken was very simple and easy; when the artificial and conventional barriers were thrown down it was felt how petty and poor they are; they were easily forgotten, and the natural attractions asserted themselves. So I cannot but think that this brief and imperfect experiment, with the thought and discussion that grew out of it, had no small influence in teaching more impressively the relation of universal brotherhood, and the ties that bind all to all, a deeper feeling of the rights and claims of others, and so in diffusing, enlarging — deepening and giving emphasis to — the growing spirit of true democracy.

George P. Bradford.

G. P. BRADFORD.

GENTLEST of souls, of genius bright,
Wavering, but steadfast for the right;
Doubtful on many a trifling theme,
Faithful to every noble dream,
Spotless in life, and pure in heart,
Loving the best in books and art.

All secret nooks of wood and field
To him their hidden treasures yield.
Anxious about each devious way
As o'er the earth his footsteps stray,
He started on the heavenly route
Without a question or a doubt.

George Bradford Bartlett.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Great Citizen.[1]

OF all the praise that has been uttered in memory of George William Curtis,—editor, author, orator, true gentle-man,—the highest and most significant is the praise accorded him as one of the greatest citizens of the republic. It is true that the loss to the American people of Curtis the writer, of Curtis the orator,—the vanishing of that exquisite and lofty personality from current literature and from the modern platform,—is a most deplorable event; but it is not the calamity that is suffered in the sudden cessation of the disinterested and patriotic activities of one of our few really influential critics of public events, one of the few leaders of public thought and action.

For, strange as it seemed to those educated in a different school, this modest, musical-voiced, courteous, scholarly persuader was an element of which the "practical politicians" of both parties learned that it was necessary to take account. He could easily suffer the gibes of men whose ideas of government were based upon opportunities for cash returns or of personal aggrandizement, knowing as he did the purity of his own motives, as well as the telling effect of his well-delivered blows.

In American citizenship Curtis stood for the theory—as little disputed as it is rarely acted upon by those in power—that government, city, state, national, must not be for a ring, or for a faction, but truly and absolutely for the people. He believed that in a political contest there were no "victors" in the barbaric sense; and that, therefore, there were no "spoils" to divide, but only duties to distribute, policies to be carried out, and always the people to be served.

The death of Curtis should not carry dismay into the ranks of his comrades and followers in the great cause of good government in which his brilliant abilities and pure fame were so completely enlisted. It should rather give new sacredness to that cause; it should enlist larger numbers in the warfare; and be the occasion of greater and still more effective zeal. His ideal of the public service was not a vain and chimerical one. It was practical in the truest sense; it is attainable; and upon its accomplishment depends the very life of the republic.

The Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Law.

MASSACHUSETTS continues to hold the lead among American States in the movement for electoral reform. It was the first State to enact an Australian ballot-law, which has served as a model for similar laws in many other States, and it has the honor also of enacting the most stringent, comprehensive, and carefully considered Corrupt Practices Act yet made a law in this country. Other States—New York, Michigan, and Colorado—have preceded it in point of time in passing such laws, but none of them has a law which can bear favorable comparison with that passed by the Massachusetts legislature at its last session.

We do not wish to be understood by this praise of the law as pronouncing it a perfect statute. On the contrary, it has some defects which are likely seriously to impair its usefulness as a means of suppressing the undue and corrupt use of money in nominations and elections. Yet it has fewer such defects than any other similar American law, and it has many merits which no other such American law possesses. As it is likely to prove a model for other laws, it is worth while to consider somewhat in detail its provisions.

It requires all political or campaign committees, or combinations of three or more persons who shall assist or promote the success or defeat of a political party or principle in a public election, or shall aid or take part in the nomination, election, or defeat of a candidate for public office, to have a treasurer, who shall keep a detailed account of all money, or the equivalent of money, received by, or promised to, the committee, and of all expenditures, disbursements, and promises of payment or disbursement made by the committee or any person acting under its authority or in its behalf. Every such treasurer who shall receive or expend twenty dollars in money or its equivalent is required to file, within thirty days after election, a statement "setting forth all the receipts, expenditures, disbursements, and liabilities of the committee, and of every other officer and other person acting under its authority and in its behalf," such statement to include the "amount in each case received, the name of the person or committee from whom it was received, and the amount of every expenditure or disbursement, and the name of the person or committee to whom the expenditure or disbursement was made." In every instance the date of the receipt or disbursement is to be given, so far as practicable. The statement must also include the "date and amount of every existing unfulfilled promise or liability, both to and from such committee, remaining uncanceled and in force at the time the statement is made," with the name of the person or committee involved, and the purpose clearly stated for which the promise or liability was made or incurred.

It will be seen at a glance that these provisions cover the monetary and other actions of the committee so completely that it will be exceedingly difficult for illicit conduct of any kind to escape full publicity after the campaign is ended. In regard to persons other than committees, including candidates, who receive or disburse twenty dollars, a similar sworn statement is required as from the treasurers of committees, except that candidates may pay their own personal expenses for traveling, stationery, postage, printing of circulars, etc., and need not include such expenditures in their sworn returns. All persons are forbidden to give any money or other valuable thing, or to promise any office, directly or indirectly, to aid or promote their nomination or election to any office, and all demands upon candidates for contributions are forbidden; but

[1] See biographical sketch of Mr. Curtis, by S. S. Conant, in THE CENTURY for February, 1883, in connection with which the engraving by Mr. Cole, reprinted in this number, first appeared.

any candidate "may make a voluntary payment of money, or a voluntary and unconditional promise of payment of money, to a political committee for the promotion of the principles of the party which the committee represents, and for the general purposes of the committee."

We regard this last quoted provision as the chief defect in the measure. Under it any candidate may give a large lump sum, which, though professedly given voluntarily, will really be the price which he will pay for his nomination. The law seems thus to sanction and legalize the "assessment" evil, which is one of the most objectionable in modern politics. To be sure, the report of the committee will show the exact amount of this contribution, and the exact uses to which it is put, but experience with the New York law has shown that candidates do not shrink from this exposure so far as it reveals the sums which they give. Candidates will be forced, not directly, but none the less surely, to pay the expenses of the campaign, and as no limit is placed upon these, it will follow under the new law, as under the old, that in many cases the man who pays the highest price for the nomination will be likely to get it.

The provision which permits candidates to incur personal expenses without including such in their returns is also susceptible of abuse. In striking at the corrupt uses of money in our elections we cannot do better than to follow the English statute, for that has accomplished completely what we are striving for — the annihilation of the evils. The English act compels the complete publication of every penny received and spent, personally or otherwise, in promoting an election, and it fixes a maximum limit in each case beyond which the total expenditure must not be carried. Until we carry our laws to the same extreme, we must be prepared to see them only partly successful in practice, merely restricting the evils somewhat, but not eradicating them.

Road-Building Exhibit at Chicago.[1]

ALTHOUGH the advocates of good roads were unable to induce Congress at its last session to pass a bill appropriating one million dollars for a special building to be used for a comprehensive road-building exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago, they are not discouraged. They propose to renew their request at the present session, and though they may not succeed in getting it granted, they declare their purpose of making an exhibit. If they cannot get a building, they will use tents, or some other inexpensive method of inclosure, and they will have a mile or more of roadways in various stages of construction.

This is a patriotic determination. That there is a great and steadily increasing interest in the subject of good roads was shown in a very striking manner by the memorial which the advocates of the proposed exhibit sent to Congress. It was a pamphlet of more than one hundred pages, and contained letters of approval from the President and several members of his cabinet, a large number of senators and congressmen, the governors of nearly all the States, the mayors of many leading cities, prominent army officers, and the presidents of our leading colleges. All these persons expressed hearty sympathy with the movement, and declared their conviction that no more worthy or patriotic cause could be represented at the Fair. These letters, accompanied as they were by a great mass of favorable newspaper comment, gave most encouraging evidence that public sentiment in all parts of the country has been aroused to the pressing need of road reform, and to the importance of using the best means for bringing it about.

What the advocates of good roads propose is a comprehensive exhibit of all that is known of scientific road-building, which will serve as a school of instruction to the thousands of Americans who will visit the Fair. They will give sample sections of the best road-construction in this country and in Europe. They will have skilled workmen actually engaged in constructing sections of the various kinds of roads, the most expensive and the cheapest as well, and will have competent engineers and chemists in attendance to explain the process of building the roads, constructing artificial stone, and preparing cements. All machinery used in the work, and the various kinds of material, will be seen in daily practical operation. In short, the visitor who wishes to see not only what a scientific road is, but the exact way in which it is built, will have full opportunity of doing so.

It is scarcely necessary to comment upon the great public value of such an exhibit. Thousands of men in all parts of the land will have their interest in the subject not only aroused to fresh activity, but directed in intelligent channels toward the accomplishment of the most desirable results. Road-building will receive a truly national impulse, with the ultimate effect of incalculably increasing the happiness as well as the prosperity of the whole people. It is not improbable that the people of the United States, now slowly awaking to the fact that they are more than one hundred years behind other civilized countries in the science of road-building, may date the general beginning of their determination to catch up with the rest of the world in this matter from the World's Fair of 1893.

That we are far behind other nations in the construction of our highways no one denies, but few persons realize how long the older countries of the world have been engaged in the work of scientific road-building. In that delightful book, "Young's Travels in France," we come almost constantly upon such tributes to the roads of that country as the following, under date of June 9, 1787:

> The immense view from the descent to Donzenac is equally magnificent. To all this is added the finest road in the world, everywhere formed in the most perfect manner, and kept in the highest preservation, like the well-ordered alley of a garden, without dust, sand, stones, or inequality, firm and level, of pounded granite, and traced with such a perpetual command of prospect, that had the engineer no other object in view, he could not have executed it with a more finished taste.

That was written over a hundred years ago about a road which had been built long before, yet it will stand to-day as a perfect description of the best road which modern science is able to construct. What a civilizing influence such a road must be in any country through which it runs!

[1] See also "Our Common Roads" in THE CENTURY for April, 1892.

Sunday at the World's Fair.

THE Day of Rest is too important an institution in its relation to the physical, moral, industrial, and spiritual interests of the nation to be subjected to any supposed financial necessity. The World's Fair should not be kept open seven days of the week for any sordid reason. If Congress is to change its decision, it must be for sanitary, educational, and moral reasons, and not for merely financial ones. The Sabbath must not be bartered away; it must be put to its best uses — the uses of man. If the gates are to be opened, it must be in the spirit of the statesmanlike, patriotic, and inspiring program outlined by Bishop Potter in his paper printed in this number of THE CENTURY and of the Rev. Dr. Gladden's admirable statement in our "Open Letters."

If the gates are to be opened during any part of Sunday, it should be for a silent exhibition: no hum of machinery; no confounding of the Day of Rest with the days of labor. Sunday should be the day devoted especially to the higher phases of the great Exposition — the natural beauties of the situation, the architecture, the landscape-gardening, the art, the music — to the opportunities of listening to learned, patriotic, or spiritual discourse. Religion should not stand at the gates to drive away with thongs and reproaches the crowding myriads of humanity; but with outstretched hands it should welcome men, women, and children to all within those gates that is noblest and most saving. The World's Fair at Chicago can and should be made an object-lesson of the humane and genuinely Christian use of the first day of the week.

OPEN LETTERS.

Sunday in Chicago.

THE enforcement by law of Sabbath observance from a religious point of view or for a religious purpose has always seemed to me equally opposed to the spirit of our Government and to the spirit of our religion. All that we can seek through legal enforcement is a weekly rest-day; and we seek this in the interest of the national health and the national vigor. We may believe that it is better for the whole people, and especially for the working-people, that one day in seven should be a day of rest. The principle on which the law of the Sabbath is founded is the old Roman precept — *Salus populi suprema lex esto.* That the national vigor is seriously impaired by the failure to keep the weekly rest-day is, I believe, pretty clearly recognized just now in Germany, where strenuous efforts are being made to recover a lost Sabbath, in the interest of the working-classes. If the opening of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday should seem to justify and encourage Sunday labor, it would be a national injury. The working-classes, in whose interest it is to be opened on Sunday, are the very persons who are chiefly interested in strengthening the barriers which divide the weekly rest-day from the other days of the week. It is they, above all others, as experience shows, who suffer from the overthrow of the Sunday rest.

The proposition to make the Exposition itself a great illustration of the fact that Sunday in America is in this respect different from other days, by stopping the processes of labor, and enforcing in all this enormous hive of industry the law of Sabbath rest, seems to me reasonable. If the visitors from all lands, admitted on Sunday afternoon, could see all the machinery standing still, and be conscious of the Sabbath silence that has fallen upon all this toil and traffic, they would get some impression of the meaning of Sunday in our national life. They would see that while continental Europe permits its laborers to be driven to their toil seven days in the week, the American rest-day stands between the greed of wealth and the toiling millions for their shelter and defense. The lessons to be learned at the Exposition on Sunday afternoons would be different from those taught on week-days, but they might be no less valuable. There would be much to see and enjoy in those quiet hours; to the vast majority of the visitors the silent halls would afford an educational opportunity more valuable, in some respects, than that of the noisy week.

All this may be conceded without yielding much to the implied threat of Chicago that if the Exposition is not opened on Sunday, Chicago will debauch the crowd of visitors. It might occur to Chicago that, whether the Exposition is open or shut, it is her first business to see to it that order be preserved, and that a strong hand be laid upon the dealers in debauchery. It is manifest that Sunday in Chicago, during the continuance of the Fair, might be a perilous day for the multitude, whether the doors of the Exposition were open or not. It is evident that it will be, unless Chicago takes good precaution against the peril. This measure of precaution the nation has a right to demand of Chicago. We have bestowed upon Chicago a great privilege and a great bounty; we have a right to ask that she behave herself decently. We shall be sending our youth by the hundred thousand to sojourn for a season within her borders. We want her to make her streets safe and orderly while they are there. We call upon her to restrain and suppress those classes of her population who thrive by the corruption of their fellow-men. Chicago is burning to show us her tall buildings and her big parks. It is a thousand times more important that she show us a city well governed. The nation has done Chicago an immense service by giving her this exhibition. The one return that the nation has a right to require of Chicago is that she order her municipal life in such a way that the nation shall take no detriment, in its reputation or in its morals, by the sojourn of this great multitude within her gates.

Washington Gladden.

COLUMBUS, O., September 7, 1892.

Female Humorists and American Humor.

WHY, in literature, are there no female humorists? Is it not because our sister has been, so far, com-

pelled by nature to make idols, and because she is too much in earnest over her devotion to them to lapse into what would seem to her to be frivolity? Whether erected rightly or wrongly, these idols become a part of herself, and must be propped up at any cost. If, in spite of all her effort, some other power throws them down, or if they throw themselves down, she may become bitter, or sad, or savage, or religious — but never humorous.

A glance at the origin and effects of humor in men does much to answer the above question. Man's humor is the outcome of his capacity to see truth, or at least to discern untruth, and thus to make comparisons. Accustomed since childhood to find the sawdust dropping out of everything, and losing belief in all kinds of wonderment-myths, he ceases to allow his early and more effeminate passion for something to adore and idealize to override his growing desire for truth. The deities which have become mythological, the misplaced affections and trusts, the mistaken respect for the great families of Bulstrode and Pecksniff, in fact, every thing in which he has been disillusionized, has gone to form his education to form an aggregate past of "general smash" at which Jove may smile.

The man smiles, too — if he can. Every day, every hour, he sees the more effeminate of both sexes placing on a heart-altar for adoration images, ideas, heroes, beliefs — all of which have been for him, in turn, fetishes which once possessed every magic power with which fancy could endow them. He therefore smiles when he sees others in the purgatory of the world's schooling, which teaches unpalatable truth and the healthy self-reliance which comes with full knowledge of sawdust and cheese-cloth.

But his smile is not unkind; for he remembers the hurt which iconoclasm brought. The necessity he finds for making the best of things, and the habit he has fallen into of giving a sort of mental snap of the fingers at the unhappiness of each disillusionment, often produce a certain philosophic mirth which provides one avenue of escape from the inevitable difficulty that education and love for truth force upon him — certainly a better one than is afforded by despondency. There is nothing so sane as good humor.

No matter how various may be the channels into which his sense of humor may afterward lead him, it first proceeds from his being convinced of the worthlessness of a great deal that passes as valuable, and from that passion for truth which exhibits things as they are, and not as they seem, and which compensates him, most of the time, for the loss of the visionary's happiness.

Women's idols are so much a part of their lives that when these are broken they cannot snap their fingers. They suffer, and their suffering seems to them sacred. To seek man's avenue of escape from wretchedness in the *laisser-aller* of mirth would seem, to them, the worst kind of sacrilege. If possible, in time, they seek other idols — perhaps embrace the religion which happens to offer the first consolation, taking care afterward to shut out any truth that might again disillusionize them. With them it is always a mere change of idols, never a total giving up of them. They will not face truth which means unhappiness. While man learns that happiness must be confined to quiet and normal limits, woman still seeks ecstasy. She does not love truth — in a masculine way. She loves satisfaction. The woman who gives up a comforting belief merely because it has no *raison d'être* is rarer than the black swan.

Fanatics and very single-minded people, such as the ancient Hebrews or present Arabs, are not humorous. So with women. The idols of fanaticism must be smashed before the whimsicality of human life finds speech. When men learn by education that they know nothing, there is fellowship upon the common ground of mutual loss. When satisfied that the questions of the universe will never be answered, they politely ignore the tragedy of man's position by saying, "Is it not absurd?" As long as women cannot break their idols, or suffer injury when these get broken, just so long will they never produce humor.

Yet they appreciate many kinds of humor when these are put before them; when, for instance, it is made clear that Pecksniff was not what he pretended to be. But (George Eliot excepted) they have not created a Pecksniff. Not being convinced of the worthlessness and absurdity of much that is considered valuable, their minds are not in the habit of placing the real and the unreal side by side; and if they do arrive at a knowledge of human weakness, they write of it only to condemn it, not being so accustomed to it that they can express or even discern the absurdities with which it often appears to men. The sermon or novel which causes change is generally, now, the one which makes weakness seem absurd. Vanity can be touched when religion is nowhere; and with well-informed Americans human error, and in fact almost everything else, is passed through a sort of compassionate whimsicality which appreciates what is valuable, and casts out or makes sport of the absurd. But, dazzled by her ideals, blind to all else when gazing on her idols, woman does not arrive at the comprehensive and whimsical view of the humorist, and consequently loses in her writing the great moral uses of the sense of absurdity, which has done more to kill out error than all the argument of centuries, and has made Americans a free people more than any Declaration of Independence that ever was signed.

Again, women generally exist in one of two conditions — the imagining of a happiness to come, or the seeking for consolation because it is lost, or never arrives. Now this makes them, in a limited way, much more serious than the men who have given up hoping for ecstasy, and have learned to smile, or to try to smile, at all life as it comes. This serious concentration; this continuous necessity for making herself, for either joy or consolation, a part of an adored idol; this picturesque passion for reverential wonderment; this utter disregard for a *raison d'être* in anything she desires — all these phases are poles apart from the mind that has been hammered by the brutality of truth into seeing the world as it is, and can pause to portray the humorous side of its events.

Let me not be understood to suggest that "motley 's the only wear," or that heart-empty humorists have the best of it in life, though it must be admitted that the pleasantest men met with are often those who are so deeply conscious of the terrible realities of life that their humor is simply a well-bred effort to make the pathetic endurable, or to conceal their own distress. On many faces stamped with lines of grief may be seen playing a quaint humor, seeming like an essence which has come

through life's furnaces purified; a something, call it what you will — a pleasing play of fancy backed by compassion and good will, making trouble lighter and gaiety brighter for all; a glimmer of satisfaction, perhaps, in not being responsible for the making of this world; an attempt to make the best of things where perhaps the only answers to the cries of the desolate and anguished are in the hearts of human beings.

Then it is asked, "Why, if witty women exist, does not their humor appear in books?" The witty ones discern laughable incongruities in channels outside those in which their devotions run. They are the least reverential of women, and generally so cold of nature that their gods are few. Some womanly instincts which blind others are so absent from them that they can see *some* absurdities of life without attaining the general view, so that they do not discern the comic side of things so extensively as some men; and in their writings the thoughts which sway them — thoughts which are part of or analogous to the worship of such gods as they possess — always absorb them first.

Satiric and ironic women are partly accounted for in the same way. They do not become humorists because their satire or irony is the only form of humor — not always healthy — which they possess. Women whose natures are so strong in them that they feel themselves different from those who chiefly rule society often feel like hurling something at any negative saint who assumes to be more valuable. Especially satiric are they after they have transgressed a social law; and often with such a "plentiful lack of wit" in their bitterness that literature suffers little by not knowing of it.

The study of George Eliot and her works goes far to suggest that for some time female humorists will be scarce. She, more than any other authoress, attained the general view. But always present with her was her woman's hunger for something to adore; and she never recovered from the heart-starvation which a perfect education and love for truth forced upon her. With her insight into human nature, even her satire was full of a fathomless compassion that yearned over the very weaknesses she amused us with; and, bravely as she faced the eternal impossibilities, her sex's absolute need for a certainty, and the divinity of her ideals, made it impossible for her to be content with the humorist's conviction that this world, apart from its tragedy, is highly absurd.

Humor mingles strangely with the compassion and sense of decency which help to form the composite religion in which an American seeks to be valuable rather than holy; and if women are not up to his humoristic level, it is because they cannot as yet tread the same arduous path. For his part, he thinks they suffer too much already; and he is content that they retain their power for worship — especially of him.

How odd that woman's idols answer prayer! Certainly, at least, she produces only while her idols exist. When life ceases to be in some way holy, or at any rate ideal, for her, then her creative faculty terminates. She ends where man's talent as a humorist begins.

Speaking vaguely, then,— and hoping that the foregoing will explain my meaning,— men may become humorists as they find that they know nothing. Women are not humorists because they never cease to think they know something.

Stinson Jarvis.

A Coöperative Failure and its Lessons.

About a dozen years ago a coöperative scheme of considerable magnitude was begun and carried forward toward completion in a town in the Far West. It did not owe its conception to a strike, which with its accompanying heedlessness might have urged the investors to inconsiderate action. The business venture was of sober judgment, planned in quiet times. Casually investigated, the undertaking seemed, even to shrewd business men, to have many elements assuring its success. The business was not a new one to the investors. To nearly all of them it had been in one way or another their daily toil since early youth. Among the number financially interested were some who, by their intelligence and faithfulness, had risen to positions of foremen and superintendents in just such work as the enterprise was to give for them. No wonder, therefore, that the coöperators had resolute faith in their undertaking. It was often their boast that this was "the poor man's scheme," one that in every way they were specially fitted for. When once they had it in running order they would show the bloated bondholders at present employing them how to make money.

Capital was speedily raised among these workmen, foremen, superintendents, and such of their friends as they were willing to have share with them. In an enterprise so safely guarded, the investment was, in their estimation, surer than a bank-account. To mortgage their homesteads would not endanger them, when such certain profits were to accrue to the money so borrowed. So bank-accounts and borrowed money — a lien upon their homesteads — were accumulated to make a capital of about one hundred thousand dollars. In felicitating themselves upon the bright hopes of immense profits, the first plan of a blast-furnace only was amplified to include puddling-furnaces, a merchant-bar mill, and even a foundry — adjuncts which could only add to the lucrativeness of the scheme.

All went well so long as the capital lasted. Later the day came to this enterprise, as it has to many another, when an empty treasury and an unfinished plant represented the status of affairs. Hitherto it had been easy sailing. They had had money and visible property individually upon which to borrow. They had the ability to plan the works and to direct the construction of the various parts. They were familiar with the machinery to be used, and so had found no difficulty in selecting to advantage. This practical knowledge had been in their estimation all that was necessary to make an absolute success of their scheme. Financial skill with them was of a lower order of merit, while business ability and practical knowledge of their trade were synonymous terms. But money must be provided, and they did not now have it among themselves. How and where it must be raised was the question. They were henceforth for a time compelled to attempt a solution of another and to them a new side of the business problem,— the financial part, which they had held in light esteem. So hopeful were they of their scheme that they sought no outside advice, nor did they court assistance where experience could give it. They felt themselves equal to the emergency. Money was borrowed on their furnace property, the loan being secured in a region where the current rate of interest was twenty-four per cent. per annum.

Difficulties soon met them again, and at a new turn, for the borrowed money was insufficient in amount to complete the works. Experience was teaching them that the duties of their business had many complexities. They had just struggled with a very unfamiliar combination of duties — the making of estimates of the cost of work and the paying for it. This was very unlike their daily toil, which had been directed by men possessing great financial skill and business ability. Their estimates were far too low to complete even the blast-furnace, which on the score of economy was nevertheless pushed toward completion.

It was at this stage of affairs that they became thoroughly awakened to the saddest of business straits — inability to borrow, and their unfinished works mortgaged at a ruinous interest. Overwhelming ruin was impending. It was evident that only financial skill could secure the needed aid. To solicit such help now, after their earlier boastings, must have caused them much chagrin. A friend was sought in whose business ability and integrity they reposed much confidence. They proposed to him the transfer of the controlling interest and the management of their scheme at a great sacrifice, if he would but help them to success. He gave them encouragement, for, as mentioned earlier, the scheme appeared to casual inspection as possessed of substantial merits. The financial part he investigated without discovering any troublesome perplexities. But when the basis of the scheme was carefully examined by an expert sent by the capitalist to look over the property, the fact was discovered, or, to speak accurately, was verified (for the coöperators had been advised of it early in the history of their enterprise), that there was no suitable fuel economically accessible. What they had deemed a bituminous coal was in reality a lignite, which would in no way serve for iron-smelting; and unless proper fuel could be obtained in the vicinity there was no reason for the existence of their scheme.

The adverse report was the death-knell to the bright hopes of all interested. With some of their number the shock made reason totter as their fair dream vanished.

It would have been a happy event, and not less notable as an example, had the coöperators succeeded. Their signal failure is an instructive lesson. These unfortunate investors have come to know by costly experience that a coöperative scheme is subject to all the laws which circumscribe any business venture. No special commercial deity presides over coöperation. In fact, such enterprises have inherent weaknesses which render them even less exempt than others from danger of wreck. Skill in labor is not the sole essential to success in business, nor does capital allied with it make it sure. If that were so, then but a brief interval would elapse before the united workmen of the world would control its capital. To achieve commercial success the combination of financial skill and business ability is far more essential than the combination of labor and capital. The former qualities may be likened to the abilities of a victorious general, the latter qualities to the attributes of an army. The army may be ever so courageous, ever so strong in numbers and equipment, but without a skilful captain no real battles can be won.

N.

Suggestions on the Labor Question.

I SHOULD be glad to see a careful consideration of the following points by some capable writer on the labor question:

First. The misdirection of associated strength. The mere possession of power and opportunities does not give the party controlling them infallible wisdom in their use.

Second. The policy of confining the associations to a few well-defined objects of beneficial character. Squandering strength by meddling with questions that can be settled by other means brings a stormy and expensive life and an early death to an association.

Third. The growing tendency all over the world to localize administration, and to keep communities free from entanglement with the errors and mistakes of their neighbors. The labor movement seems to reverse this plan, and to endeavor to make every personal difficulty wide-spread and national.

Fourth. The irresponsible action by secret societies to effect objects that should be controlled by open and regular laws, affecting all citizens alike. If the laws are not right, let them be properly amended.

Fifth. The wisdom of compelling all associations of employers or employees to take out State charters making them responsible corporations that can sue and be sued; that is, making them responsible for the use of their great power for either good or evil. To make this provision complete, the officers controlling strikes or lockouts should be required to give substantial security that they will conduct their duties lawfully and with discretion. A provision of this kind would send reckless and impracticable agitators to the rear, and bring the more prudent elements of society to the control of the various associations.

A Reader.

General McClellan's Baggage-Destroying Order.

IN THE CENTURY for May, 1889, pages 157, 158, there are letters from General J. F. Rusling and George E. Corson, referring to a foot-note (page 142 of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1888) of Messrs. Hay and Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln." The foot-note quotes from testimony of Lieutenant-colonel Alexander before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, to the effect that he saw on the evening of June 28, at General McClellan's headquarters at Savage's Station, an order directing the destruction of the baggage of the officers and men, and he thought also the camp equipage, and that he "remonstrated with the general against allowing any such order to be issued," and that he heard afterward that "the order was never promulgated, but suppressed." General Rusling states conclusively that the order was issued and executed (as does George E. Corson), but he thinks it singular that nobody has ever produced a copy of the baggage-destroying order, and that General McClellan does not mention it either in his official report or in the writings included in "McClellan's Own Story." General Rusling relied apparently upon Messrs. Hay and Nicolay's omission to correct Colonel Alexander's statement as to its suppression as evidence that it was in fact suppressed, so far as accessible publications could demonstrate.

This order, however, was published in full, together with the other circular orders of the same date (June

28, 1862), in Part III. of Vol. XI. of the War Records, p. 272, and has been accessible to any one since that volume was issued in 1884, five years before the date of General Rusling's letter, and four years before the publication by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay of Colonel Alexander's statement. In the next column and same page of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE these authors quote from the same volume of War Records, and from the third page preceding the circular, which is its own refutation of Colonel Alexander's statement as to its scope, as well as its non-promulgation and suppression. The circular order applied only to "tents and all articles not indispensable to the safety or maintenance of the troops, and to officers' unnecessary baggage," and distinctly provided for the carrying by every division and army corps of its entire supply of intrenching-tools, showing that it was an order preparatory for battle, and not for contemplated disaster. Since many of the severely wounded were necessarily left behind in the field-hospitals, with surgeons and medical supplies, it must be believed that there were not wagons enough to transport this unnecessary baggage, and as these wagons, used for ammunition and necessary forage and subsistence, were all brought in safely to Harrison's Bar, the presumption is that McClellan knew his business, for a furious and successful battle was fought on every day of the journey.

This baggage-destroying order was, in fact, an ordinary incident of army life, very shocking, doubtless, to Colonel Alexander,—who was then new in experience of actual war,—and to civilians; but common enough in all campaigns. In fact, the same thing occurred when Sherman began his march to the sea; and when Grant began the Wilderness Campaign the superfluous impedimenta of the army were destroyed. "War Records," Vol. XXXVI., Part II., page 382, contains Burnside's order of May 4, 1864, to "abandon and destroy" the "large amount of forage and subsistence stores" accumulated for issue to his own troops, and which were at Brandy Station, *between* Grant's army and Washington, with no enemy within many miles, and directly on the railroad then in operation to Washington; and this merely in order to make a more rapid junction with Grant's army, then about to cross the Rapidan. Every soldier of the war is familiar with many such instances, which occurred in every department and in every campaign.

I. W. Heysinger, M. D.,
Late Captain U. S. A.

The Sea-Serpent at Nahant.

THAT the traditions at Nahant about the "sea-serpent" were not evanescent may be shown by the following remarks, arising from the article in the June CENTURY. When serving as a midshipman in H. M. S. *Warspite* in 1842 or 1843 I was allowed to accompany Lieutenant Dickson and Mr. Jacob, purser of that ship, to Nahant. During our visit, one of us said to the consul's wife that we had been surprised to see fishing-boats out on Sunday in the bay.

"Oh," she said, "are they out? Then I suppose there are shoals of fish" (I think she named the fish) "in the bay; they say they almost always precede the appearance of the sea-serpent." Of course I cannot say that those were exactly the words used, but I remember that there was some little talk on the subject, more in joke than in earnest, and we went away to an hotel to get our dinner before going back to Boston.

After dinner a man ran up and rather excitedly asked for a telescope, as the sea-serpent was in sight. Somebody furnished one, and we all hurried up to the group. There, sure enough, was "something" very much like what appears in the very minute sketch in the article referred to. It was certainly moving; not, we thought, with the tide, and was not a shoal of fish. How far off it was I cannot say, but probably not more than a couple of hundred yards, traveling along at a rate of something between five and ten knots, with a slight, undulatory motion, and leaving a wake behind it. I cannot particularize any shape as to the head, which was not raised clear of the water, though showing like other lumps of dark-colored body above the surface. I suppose we saw it for four or five minutes, and I know that we three Englishmen thought we had seen something very unusual. I wrote home about what I had seen, and I think my account gave rise to a friendly altercation between my father (then Lord Francis Egerton) and Professor Owen, and, if I mistake not, to an article in one of the quarterlies. The subject was little talked of on board the ship, probably because we were afraid of being chaffed about our credulity; but I am sure that, except what I have said of the lady's remark, we had had no reason to expect to see anything strange at Nahant, nor had we ever heard of a sea-serpent as a frequenter of the bay.

Francis Egerton, Admiral.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL, WEYBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE. (SEE PAGE 29.)

WHATEVER place posterity may award Mr. Chase as an artist, whatever the merits of his works may be in the estimation of the older or younger generation of artists, no one conversant with the art progress of this country can doubt that he is one of the strongest personalities in our modern art life, and a most important factor in its development. By nature an optimist, possessed of a fervent enthusiasm, artistic in everything, an honest believer in himself, and in the future of American art, he has impressed his thoughts and theories, fancies and ideas, upon hundreds of students and younger artists, and has raised their enthusiasm to the diapason of his own.

The Art Students' League of New York has always been fortunate in the choice of its professors, and in the third and fourth years of its babyhood perhaps especially so. In 1878 Mr. Walter Shirlaw took charge of the weakling; the year following Mr. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. Chase were added to its staff. Shirlaw and Chase had just returned from Munich, Beckwith from Paris. With the knowledge of European methods possessed by these three, the artistic faithfulness and calm gentleness of Shirlaw, the vigor and tact of Beckwith, and the enthusiasm of Chase, the weak baby became a sturdy child, and at the end of its fourth year the school had an attendance of one hundred and forty, and a surplus of eighteen hundred dollars. Mr. Chase has been identified with the League from that time to the present, and is now one of the ten professors who instruct its students, nearly one thousand in number.

His enthusiasm for teaching, and his sympathy for and helpfulness to the students, are probably largely the outcome of his own early struggles. Born in Indiana in 1849, he was destined by his father for a business career; but this was so uncongenial that he broke over the traces, and after a few lessons from a western painter entered the schools of the National Academy of Design in New York, where he remained for two years. During his stay in this city he was befriended by the portrait-painter J. O. Eaton, to whom many others beside Mr. Chase are indebted for help and encouragement in their early art aspirations. In 1871 he went to St. Louis, where he had some success as a portrait-painter; in 1872 to Germany, where he became a pupil of Piloty. He returned to New York in 1878.

Mr. Chase is a National Academician, and President of the Society of American Artists, and has been the recipient of many honors both at home and abroad.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EDITOR.

By the Author of "Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace."

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

SOME men are born newspaper men; some achieve experience as newspaper men; and others have journalism thrust upon them. I do not know which is productive of the best results.

My parents designed that I should be a lawyer, and so I studied the law faithfully for five years, which time was necessarily broken into a good deal by vacations of two or three months at intervals, which I devoted to working by the month, an occupation of which I was passionately fond. Whenever the study of Coke and Blackstone began to grow irksome, and the world began to seem colder to me when I came in contact with it in my sedentary life as a student, I would start up impulsively and secure outdoor employment, by means of which I obtained a great deal of fresh air and new clothes with the price-mark still on them.

After this broken term of study I applied for admission to the bar of Wisconsin twice, and was told both times that I had better study some more. Some would have resented this action on the part of the bar of Wisconsin, but I knew that there was no malice in it, and so I studied some more.

What I liked about the study of the common law, and of Blackstone especially, was that I could read the same passage to-day that I read yesterday, and it would seem as fresh at the second reading as it did at the first. On the following day I could read it again, and it would seem just as new and mysterious as it did on the preceding days.

One winter I studied in the office of Bingham and Jenkins. It was a very cold winter indeed. It was one of those unusual winters so common in Wisconsin. An unusual winter in Wisconsin may be regarded as the rule rather than the exception. I slept in the office, partly because I wanted to be near my work, and where I could get up in the night to read what Justinian had to say, and partly because hall bedrooms were very high at that time except in the matter of ceilings, and money was tighter in the circles in which I moved than I have ever known it to be since.

The first day in the office was devoted to general housework, and learning the combination of the safe. This safe was in fact a large fireproof vault which contained valuable documents, also pleadings, and my blankets. I had a bed-lounge, which was used for consultations during the day, and opened out for sleeping purposes at night.

After reading a chapter on riparian rights and a few *bon mots* from Justinian, I found that it was very late, and so cold that I determined to go to bed. Then I attacked the combination of the safe in order to get my blankets, but Justinian and Blackstone had so taken possession of my newly fledged mind that it had yielded slightly to the strain, and forgotten everything else. The

"I ATTACKED THE COMBINATION."

gray dawn found me still turning the knob of the safe eleven times to the right, stopping on eleven, then nine times to the left, stopping on seven or some other number, but always scoring a failure, and pausing each time to warm my hands under the friendly shelter of the roof of my mouth.

That night was the coldest in the history of the State of Wisconsin, and the woodshed was also locked up at the time. The following summer I went up into Burnett County to look up a location for the practice of the law in order to have it all ready in case I should be accidentally admitted to the bar. The county-seat of Burnett County consisted at that time only of a boarding-house for lumbermen, surrounded by the dark-blue billows of a boundless huckleberry patch. There was also a log hovel with a dirt floor, in which a paper was published.

It subsisted on "the county printing," which must have been worth at least $85 per year or even more at that time. Afterward the price was cut down.

When I went into the office, the editor was bemoaning his sad lot, most of which was overgrown with jack pine and Chippewa Indians. He wanted much to "get away from the steady grind of journalism," he said. He had been there over eight weeks, and had had practically no vacation whatever. He wanted to get away for a week to rest his tired brain. In fact he wanted to go up on Lake Superior for a week's fishing, but could get no one to "assume editorial control" of the paper. I said that I would. I said that I should be glad to associate myself with the paper for a week, and to work his public-opinion molds for him.

He went away in the early morning, leaving me in charge of the paper and a middle-aged cat with nine newly fledged little ones. Charlie Talboys (the compositor) and I ran the paper that week, and I tried to learn from the back part of the dictionary how to mark proof, but got interested in some pictures of the human frame in health and disease, and so neglected the proof till time to go to press.

I wrote two scathing editorials for this paper, which had a good deal to do with bringing on the war, it was said. When I see now what that war cost in blood and bitterness and vain regret, of course I am sorry about it; but then I was young and impulsive, and had never brought on a war. I would know better now.

The year after this I went to Wyoming Territory, thinking that in the crude state of affairs there at the time I might possibly be admitted to the bar under an assumed name. I had of course given bonds in Wisconsin for my regular, annual examination for admission, but I decided to jump my bail and go west, where the bar was less conservative.

In Laramie City the regular term of court for the Second Judicial District was in session, Judge Blair presiding. Just here let me step aside to say a word of Judge Blair, a gentleman from West Virginia, who took charge of me, and whose memory will always have a large, expensive frame around it in my heart. I applied for admission to the bar, as I had been in the habit of doing wherever I had lived, and Judge Blair appointed a committee of kindly but inquisitive lawyers who talked with me all of one summer afternoon. I can still remember how warm the room was. As the gloaming began to gloam on the foot-hills, and the bull-skinner's song came across the river, the committee reported that I had, on cross-examination, so contradicted my answers made on the direct examination, that my testimony was of little value; yet it was decided to admit me to the bar of Wyoming, provided I would agree not to practise.

On the day of my arrival in Laramie, however, Judge Blair had said to me that the prospects for a young lawyer in Wyoming who had very little money, and no acquaintances, were very poor indeed; but if I could do newspaper work, he thought he could help me to a place.

As I saw right away that the Judge was my friend, I told him that it might be well to do that while waiting for my library to arrive. He laughed, and led me to the office of "The Daily Sentinel," owned by Dr. James H. Hayford, to whom I was introduced. Dr. Hayford was a keen-eyed man with chin-whiskers, who wrote with a hard pencil sharpened from time to time on a flat file. He wrote with such earnestness that one could read his ablest editorials on any of the ten sheets of blank paper under the one he was writing on. He said that the paper could not afford to pay me what I was really worth, very likely, but if $50 per month would make it interesting, he would be glad to have me try it for thirty days. Fifty dollars per month was so much better than the grazing at that season of the year, that I accepted it; not too hurriedly, but after counting 100 in my mind, and giving the impression that I was not too prompt to avail myself of the offer.

"The Sentinel" was a morning paper, but I used to be able to wash up about seven o'clock in the evening, and attend Alexander's Theater while the boys went to press. The performance on the stage at Alexander's was not of a high order. The talent was not great, and the performance far from meritorious, but in the audience it was more thrilling. It took me five weeks to heal up the scalp of my room-mate so that the hair would cover the furrow made by a bullet one evening at the theater. Finally the paper was left almost entirely in my hands, and I became more enterprising, till at last we got to press sometimes as early as five or half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we got to horoscoping the theatrical news up to eleven o'clock, and printing it as fact. This was dangerous business. Forecasting the evening news and going to press at tea-time are always hazardous. It used to be done very successfully in Washington, D. C., but I was never successful.

Once we had a concert for the benefit of the church, for I was quite a church-worker at that time. Even now old citizens of Laramie City point with pride to their church debt, and if you ask them who organized it and fostered it, they will tell you with tears in their eyes that I did it. This concert I desired to see, and yet I wished to get the paper off my hands first, so I wrote it up in an unbiased way, and then dressed for the evening by removing my trousers' legs from the tops of my boots, and having the wrinkles ironed out at Beard's tailor-shop while I waited.

Among the features of the concert I wrote up a young lady who was on the program for a piano solo. She could play first-rate, was fair to look upon, and I gave her what "The London Times" would call a rattling good notice. But she did not play, and so I was jeered at a good deal by both of our subscribers.

I remember her especially because as one of the entertainment committee I had to move her piano to the hall. She could not use the one that belonged to the hall, but wanted her very own instrument, a hollow-chested old wardrobe of a thing with deformed legs.

It cost five dollars to move a piano in those days — five dollars each way. So I paid that to cart the old casket over to the hall, and five dollars to cart it back, making, as the ready calculator will see almost at a glance, ten dollars for the round trip. She did not play at all, but when I had the machine taken back, she ordered it delivered at another house. The family had taken this time to move, and I had simply moved the piano for them.

Even now I cannot read with dry eyes the fulsome description of her playing which I prematurely wrote, and which, in the light of a more thorough knowledge of musical terms, should have been edited by our home band.

At this time the Indians began to become restless, and

PETER HOLT'S RESTAURANT.

to hold scalp *fête champêtres* along the road to the Black Hills. Sitting Bull had taken a firm stand, and thirty-eight milch cows belonging to a friend of mine. He had also sent into the post his ultimatum. He sent it in, I believe, to get it refilled. War was soon declared. I remember writing up the first Indian victims. They were a German and his wife and servant who were massacred on the road outside of town, and buried at Laramie. It was not a pleasant experience.

At this time I was asked by Charles De Young of the "San Francisco Chronicle" to join General Custer on the Rosebud, and to write up the fight which it was presumed would take place very shortly. Mr. De Young was to pass through our place at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and I was to report to him then at the train. This was a great promotion, but I feared that it would be too sudden. From the pasty little think-room of the "Sentinel" to a bright immortality beyond the grave was too trying to the lungs, I feared. I thought it all over, however, and had decided to go at five o'clock. I bade good-by to all those friends to whom I was not indebted, and resolved to communicate with the others by mail. I could have reached the train myself, but I was too late to get my trunk checked, and I could not go on the war-path without my trunk. So I did not go; I remained on the staff of "The Sentinel," and went through some privations which I shall never forget while I live. I allude especially to the time when I boarded out a twenty-five dollar account for advertising a restaurant owned by Peter Holt. I was about to say that the restaurant was run by Peter Holt, but that would betray a hectic imagination on my part, for it just ran itself. I had been reared tenderly, and the restaurant of Peter Holt did more to make me wish I was back home in the States where nice clover hay and cut feed were plenty than anything that ever happened to me.

Dr. Hayford was a good man, and his soul, I think, was as pure as any soul that I ever saw which had been exposed as much as his had; but I have always wondered why, instead of salary, he gave me power of attorney to collect claims against restaurants in a poor state of preservation, and stores that did not keep my class of goods.

From "The Sentinel" I went into official life for a time as a justice of the peace, and then, with Judge Blair as the moving spirit, the old "Boomerang" was started. I bought the material, and then edited the paper about three years, during which time I got together a collection of poverty and squalor which is still referred to with local pride by the pioneers there.

It was at this time also that I was chosen by the governor to act as notary public. The appointment came to me wholly unsought on my part. When I went to bed at night I had no more idea that I would be a notary public in the morning than the reader has. It was a case where the office sought the man, and not the man the office. I held this position for six years, and no one can say that in that time I did a wrong official act as notary public. My seal cost me $6, and in the six years that I held the office I swore eighteen men at twenty-five cents each, two of whom afterward paid me. I was obliged to give a bond, however, as notary public. I do not know why, exactly, for the fees were my own, if I got any. I used to deal with a boot and shoe man whom I will call Quidd, and we were on friendly terms. I bought my boots of him, and scorched the heels thereof on his hot stove on winter evenings, when times were dull and the wintry blast outside reduced the profits in the cattle business.

I casually asked Mr. Quidd to sign my bond as notary public, and told him what a sinecure it would be for him; but to my astonishment his chin quivered, his eye grew dim with unshed tears, as he told me, with his hand trembling in mine, that he wished he could, but that he had promised his dying mother, just as the light of the glory world lighted up her eyes, that he would never sign a bond or note with any one.

I said: "Do not mind this, Mr. Quidd; it is a trifling matter. Others will sign. I will get some comparative stranger to sign with me. Do not feel badly over it." On the way home I got Edward Ivinson, General Worth, Otto Gramm, Henry Wagner, Abraham Idleman, Charles Kuster, Dr. Harris, William H. Root, and James Milton Sherrod, the squaw-man of the Buffalo Wallow, to sign my bond. All of these were men of probity and property, and the bond was said to be the best notarial bond that was ever floated in Wyoming.

On the following day a case in my court as justice of the peace required a bond on the part of a saloon-keeper, and he went out a moment to get a surety. He was hardly out of the office before he returned with the name of Mr. Quidd. After that I bought my boots elsewhere. I could not trust a man who would so soon forget his promise to his dying mother. Years have flown by, and gray hairs have come on the head of Mr. Quidd, though I have n't a gray hair yet, and may not have for years, but I have always purchased my boots elsewhere.

"The Boomerang" was first printed over a shoe-store; but the quarters were small, and, I might also add, extremely seldom from a box-office standpoint, and our insurance was two per cent. per annum; so we removed to the parlor floor of a thrifty livery-stable on a side street. The only vacation I had while there was at one time when I wrote two weeks' editorials ahead, and went away for a fortnight. No one who has not tried it can realize how hard it is to prepare two weeks' editorials ahead and have them appropriate. Unforeseen changes are always certain to occur, and I am sure that now, after years of study and experience, I would not again try to do that on the salary I then thought I would get.

It was during these days that I got mixed up in a fight for the post-office. I did not want the post-office, but I wanted Charlie Spalding to have it, and so I used

our columns for that purpose. Our columns were ever open to almost anything, and so I used them. But we could not get Spalding appointed, so he said to me one day, "You get the office, and I will run it for you." At this time the other paper irritated me by a personal editorial which referred to me in a way that would irritate the ice-cream cast of Patience. It was then that I telegraphed my application, and it was acted upon at once by the President. I wrote to him, expressing my thanks, and offering to correspond regularly with him, and to aid him always whenever he got into hot water; "for," I added, "I live for those who love me, whether I lay up anything or not."

This letter Mr. Arthur permitted to go to the press and the correspondents at Washington, for, of course, he was naturally proud and happy over it; but it was an official letter, or else it was a private letter, and in either event it was not for the public. Besides, it drew out adverse criticism, especially from the London press. The London press asserted that this was no way to write to a President.

I held the post-office a year, and then startled the ranks of the Republican party by resigning. I left the office and a fire-proof safe, which was too heavy to travel with, and which the porter told me he could not allow me to bring into the car.

"The Boomerang" newspaper was regarded as a prosperous enterprise by those who did not have to pay the bills. It was extensively copied by the press of America, and even abroad. The news companies began to order it, and one copy was taken in Europe. All this made me proud and cheerful, but it did not seem to appeal to the Chinaman who was my laundress at the time.

I can see now that a paper like "The Boomerang," in the natural course of events, could not by any possible means have become a valuable piece of property, except as a sort of gymnasium for the editor to practise industry and economy in. For that purpose it afforded good, light, airy room, and while not in actual training I could go and play in the haymow across the hall. Papers of this character have never paid. We had everybody in the Territory on our subscription list,— everybody outside the reservation,— and after the summer massacre was over, and the Indians came back to the reservation for the winter, some of them used to subscribe also; but even if we had every man who read, we did not have more than enough to squeeze along. Kind-hearted exchanges copied us, and credited us day after day and week after week; but still we languished, and even the stockholders could not seem to understand that a paper might be copied all over several continents and yet die of inanition. I proved to my own entire satisfaction that a paper may be cheered, copied, and indorsed abroad when no one will indorse the editor's own paper at the home bank, and that approval of the editorial policy may overwhelm him at the moment when he is deciding whether to put the molasses in the roller composition or to eat it himself.

There is a grim and ghastly humor — the humor that is born of a pathetic philosophy — which now and then strikes me in reading the bright and keen-witted work of our American paragraphers. It is a humor that may be crystallized by hunger and sorrow and tears. It is not found elsewhere as it is in America. It is out of the question in England, because an Englishman cannot poke fun at himself. He cannot joke about an empty flour-barrel. We can; especially if by doing it we may swap the joke for another barrel of flour. We can never be a nation of snobs so long as we are willing to poke fun at ourselves. It saves us from making asses of ourselves. To-day many a well-fed special writer goes on Saturday evening to the cashier of a prosperous metropolitan journal for the reward he earned years ago on some struggling, starving, wailing bantling that is now sleeping in the valley.

There are gray streaks in his hair, and a wrinkle here and there that came when he walked the floor of nights with that feeble, puling, colicky journalistic child; but with those gray hairs he got wisdom and he learned patience. He learned to be more prodigal with his humor, and more economical with his moans, and when he got a little grist of sunshine, he called in the neighbors, and when one woe came as the advance agent of a still greater, allied woe, traveling by means of its own special train, he worked it up into a pathetic story and made some one else the hero of it.

Edgar W. Nye.

A Thanksgiving Dozen.

USE to think Thanksgivun Day
Was jist made to preach an' pray!
Now'days whole endurun meetun
You jist set an' think of *eatun*.
Preacher talks, but ever' sinner
Sets his mouth for turkey dinner;
An' to say *Thanksgivun* — why,
Means to feast an' jollify:
Harvest over, work all done,
Ready for the winter's fun,
All the fambly home ag'in
Round the table pitchun in!
Then they set around an' look
Like the picters in a book
All the afternoon, jist glad
To be back with mam an' dad!

Las' Thanksgivun I went down
T' ole man Good's, not fur from town;
Jist a dozen people there,
After church at Zion's Hill,
Come to talk an' eat their fill.
Ole man Good, with high-roached hair,
Soap-suds white, an' long an' thin;
Whiskers underneath his chin,
Tryun to dodge the specs, I s'pose,
That was reachun down his nose.
Then *Mis'* Good, home-like an' smirkun,
Short an' dumpy, allays workun,
Makun all the comp'ny feel 's
Ef they 's comun *home* to meals!
Gran'ma Good in specs an' cap,
With her knittun in her lap,
Tilly hangun on her cheer,
Talkun loud in granny's ear.
Then the folks begin to come:
Uncle Joe Biggs, thinks he 's *some*,
Dressed up slick as our ole cat
In black broadcloth an' plug hat,
With gold cane an' finger-ring,
Lookun peart as anything;
Then that fat Aunt Sally Biggs
Waddles 'long in all her rigs —
Black silk dress, bonnet an' shawl,
Veil an' gloves an' parasol —
Never missed a feast or show,
First to come an' last to go!
"My, oh, my! I 'm tired to death;
Lemme rest an' git my breath
'Fore I speak," says she. "I thought

I 'd jist drap afore I got
Hyur; my head roars like a drum.
How 's yer folks? the preacher come?
Hyur, Joe, take my things," says she.
An' Mis' Good says: "No; let *me.*"
Then the preacher, slim an' tall,
Rever'nt Peter Mendenhall,
Solemn-like, white tie an' collar —
Seemed as if he could n't swaller!
He come leadun his boy Dick,
'At was up to ever' trick;
Worst boy in the neighborhood,
'Cept to little Tilly Good.
Preacher shuk han's with the others:
"Howdy, sister Good, an' brothers
Good an' Biggs, an' sister too;
Mother Good, an' how are *you?*
Bright day, friends, but somewhat chilly —
Dick, my son, shake han's with Tilly."

Then come, clost behind the preacher,
Mary Ann Kincaid, our teacher,
Plump an' sweet an' full o' fun,
With her feller, young 'Lishe Dunn;
Then our Kaintuck politician,
Colonel Isaac Slathers, fishun
For a' office, changun coats
See 'f 'e could n't make some votes.
He was with Lucindy Mitten,
Ol' maid come from Boston, gittun
Younger to him ever' day,
With the wrinkles blushed away!
That 's the dozen — huh? — what, *me?*
Baker's dozen, don't ye see!

Purty soon Mis' Good says, "Walk
Out to dinner; you kin talk
Jist as well around the table."
"Then, Mis' Good, we won't be able
To do jistus to your cookun,"
Uncle Joe Biggs says, a-lookun
At the others with a wink.
"I could eat a *bar'l,* I think,"
Says Lucindy, with a grin at
Colonel Ike. "Ef *you-all 's* in it,
I could too," he says to her.
"Colonel Slathers! Sakes!" says she,
"What a cannibull you be!"
What 'Lishe said I could n't he-ur;
All I know is Mary Ann
Blushed an' hid behind her fan,
An' Dick whispered loud to Tilly:
"Oh, what spoons! They 're awful silly."
When the comp'ny all was sot,
Dinner spread out smokun hot,
Good says: "Brother Mendenhall,
Ast a blessun." Jist as all
Bowed their heads, Lucindy Mitten
Screams out: "*Wait! They 's thirteen settun*
At the table!" Well, Mis' Good
An' Aunt Sally jumped an' stood
Pale as death; the others laft,
An' said: "Pshaw! Set down!" an' chaffed,
Like: "Now you don't b'lieve such stuff!"
That put 'Cindy in a huff,
An' she snapped out: "*Yes, I do;*
An' it allays does come true:
Ef thirteen eats dinner he-ur
One will *die* before a *yur!*
Me or some'n' else must wait —
Don't ketch me a-temptun fate!"
An' she stood there in her place,
Preacher waitun to say grace —
Gittun purty ser'ous case,
An' somehow they looked at *me!*
On'y one way I could see,
So I gits up from my cheer,
An' says I: "Now, looky he-ur:
Cain't spare gran'ma or the preacher;
Would n't take 'Lishe from the teacher;
Colonel Ike is 'Cindy's beau;
Dick an' Tilly 's friends, I know;
Others is two married pair —
Guess *I 'm* 'bout the one to spare!
Now I 'll jist shove boots down he-ur,
An' ast 'Nervy Whittaker;
An' if Mis' Good don't object,
She 'll come eat with us, I 'spect.
You jist drive ahead," says I;
"We 'll ketch up on cake an' pie!"
"That 's the ticket!" "Yes; go on!"
"Hurry, 'fore the turkey 's gone,
For it 's ready now to serve."
"Yes, Tom; go an' *show yer Nerve!*"
Ort to heerd 'em clap an' shout
As I left 'em an' skinned out!

Reg'lar Injun summer day;
Air was blue, an' woods was gray,
Sun a-shinun lonesome red,
'Nervy's orchard lookun dead;
But her chimbly smokun there
Stirred my blood, an', I declare,
I was *'feard* to go see *her* —
Little 'Nervy Whittaker!
Never felt that way before,
An' when I was at their door,
An' she opened it, I stood
Stoopud as a log o' wood;
Could n't speak or could n't stir,
Could n't even *look* at her,
Till she said: "Why, come in, Tom;
Whur on earth did *you* come from?"
Then I looked down at her — laws,
What a purty girl she was!
Brown eyes dancun in her head,
Lips an' cheeks a-flamun red,
Makun whiter them white teeth
An' her white neck underneath!
Did n't know what I was 'bout!
But I mumbled somp'un out.
An' she speaks up: "Well, I 'd say!
Me leave home Thanksgivun Day?
No, sir; you must stay with *me* —
Sha'n't he, paw?" An' *paw,* says 'e:
"Why, of course, he 'll eat with us,
Or they 's go'n' to be a fuss!"
Well, I stayed, as you might know —
Nothun could 'a' *made* me go;
An' 'fore night I plainly seen
'Cindy 's right about *thirteen,*
An' my beun the odd *one*
Is whur my good luck begun!

So, as I was go'n' to say,
Comun *this* Thanksgivun Day,
'Cindy Slathers an' her man,
'Lishe an' *his* wife, Mary Ann,
Biggses, Goods, an' Mendenhall,
Gran'ma, Tilly, Dick, an' all
'Nervy's folks, a dozen more,
They 'll be down to *our* house, *shore,*
To git up for 'Nerve an' me
Our Thanksgivun jubilee!

Richard Lew Dawson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

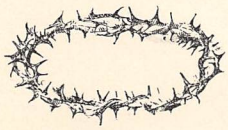
MADONNA AND CHILD.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 2.

A MADONNA OF DAGNAN-BOUVERET.



I.

OH, brooding thought of dread!
Oh, calm of coming grief!
Oh, mist of tears unshed
Above that shining head
That for an hour too brief
Lies on thy nurturing knee!
How shall we pity thee,
Mother of sorrows—sorrows yet to be!

II.

That babyhood unknown
With all of bright or fair
That lingers in our own
By every hearth has shone.
Each year that light we share
As Bethlehem saw it shine.
Be ours the comfort thine,
Mother of consolations all divine!

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PICTURESQUE NEW YORK.[1]

I.

IN the last century, Sir Uvedale Price, preaching the new gospel of reaction against formality in gardening art, tried through a whole volume to explain picturesqueness. By dint of piling up descriptions, in very pretty phrases, he succeeded. But he nowhere hit upon a good quotable definition, and I do not think that any writer since his day has found one. However, many writers have tried to define beauty with no better success, and yet most people know, although they cannot tell, what beauty and picturesqueness are.

Of course, with the one as with the other, individual estimates differ. But divergence in taste is greater, I think, as regards beauty than as regards picturesqueness. Only that long practice of the eye and mind which we call cultivation can fully reveal the higher kinds of beauty; but picturesqueness instantly appeals to the natural man. Its charm — if I must attempt a bit of defining myself — is made up of harmonious and alien elements. It must have some elements which speak to the esthetic sense, and also some which speak to that love of sharp and telling contrasts, to that delight in the fortuitous and surprising, which is equally innate in our souls.

Thus the essence of picturesqueness is variety; and the charm of variety is more easily appreciated than the charm of simple and pure perfection. More attractive to the average tourist than even the cathedrals, which stand undisturbed, are the ruined abbeys of England — those abbeys to which the destroying hand of the Reformer and the decorating hand of Nature have given a greater amount of variety, a larger element of the unexpected, a higher degree of picturesqueness. There must be many persons who would rather look at the Parthenon in fragments than see it as it was before the Turkish bomb exploded. I am sure that a quite naïve, untrained eye would rather see its fragments picturesquely overgrown with ivy and sprinkled with wild flowers than beautifully naked under the un-

THE BATTERY. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

[1] With nine etchings by Charles F. W. Mielatz, reproduced by wood-engraving, and three pen-and-ink drawings by T. R. Manly, on page 174.

ENGRAVED BY A. GAMM.

COENTIES SLIP.

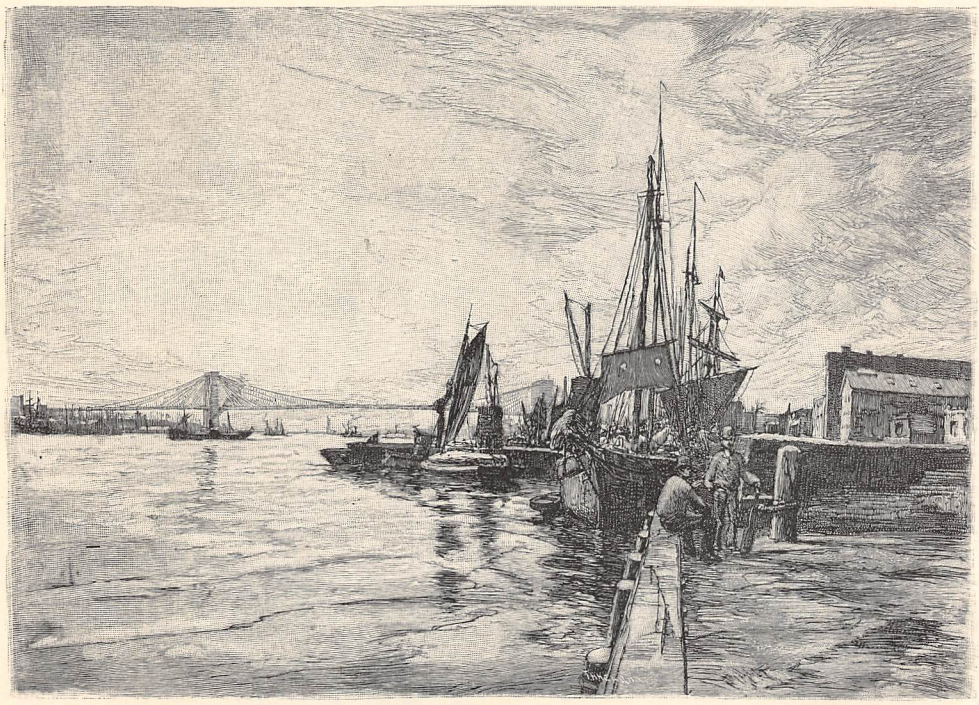
clouded sun. And such an eye would admire Alcibiades more in the peaked cap, scalloped jerkin, and pointed shoes of the fifteenth century, than draped in the straight folds of a chiton, or passing unclothed from the wrestling-ground to the bath.

Nevertheless, not all eyes can appreciate picturesqueness wherever it occurs. While esthetic cultivation leads one gradually to rank the beautiful above the picturesque, at the same time it opens the senses to many forms of picturesqueness hitherto unperceived. It is a truism to say that a landscape-painter finds a hundred things paintable, pictorial (and this comes very near to meaning picturesque), which the Philistine finds absolutely uninteresting or actually repulsive. Why should this be? It is because, as I have said, some elements of real beauty must enter into the picturesque, and the artist's eye is so trained to seek out beauties that it finds them, very often, where the untaught eye sees unmitigated ugliness.

Among the things it has learned to value are beauties of light and shadow. Ordinary folk seldom notice these. To them a landscape is the same landscape at dawn, at noon, and at dusk. To the artist it is three different landscapes at these different hours; and at one hour, perhaps, is totally uninteresting, at another exquisitely lovely. Again, the artist notes charms of color with especial keenness. And, again, he has trained himself to see things as

a whole, when they look best that way, without being disturbed by their details, and, in a contrary case, to forget the whole in admiration for certain features or effects.

Thus the artist sees more in nature, and sees it better, than the ordinary man. And as it is with the spontaneous products of the earth, so it is with those huge artificial products we call cities. The painter will agree with you when you say that Paris is beautiful and New York is not, or that, compared with Nuremberg, New York is prosaic. But, whether you assert or deny the fact, he will insist that there are many picturesque things and places in New York, and that, under certain conditions, it presents many broadly picturesque effects; and he may even tell you that it is a picturesque city in a queer New World fashion of its own.



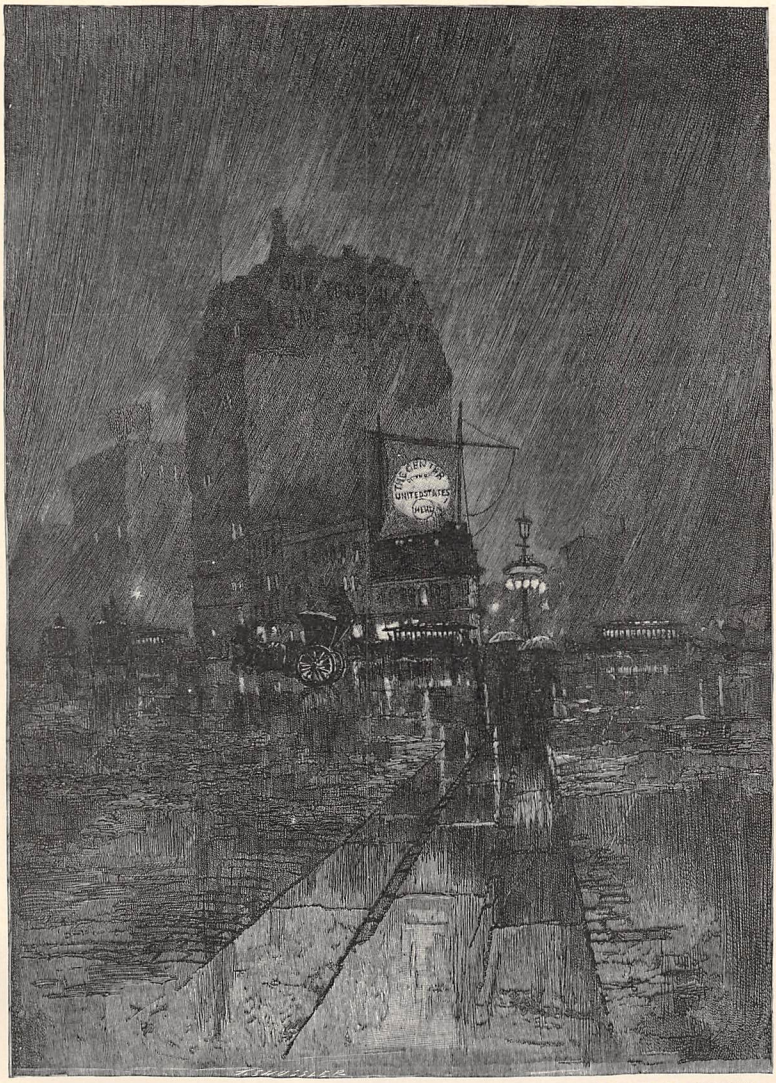
ON THE EAST RIVER. ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

II.

One great influence determining the aspect of a city is the quality of its atmosphere. This quality is not alike in any two large towns unless they are geographically and industrially very near akin. Doubtless the atmosphere of Birmingham is quite like that of Manchester. But the smoky air of London is not the same as the smoky air of Chicago. The delicate, grayish atmosphere of Paris can nowhere be matched. And the clear, pure, crystalline air of New York, which seems to sparkle with Atlantic salt, also stands by itself to the eye. Even the air of Philadelphia seems duller and less vital, and the air of Boston colder and more raw.

The quality of the atmosphere influences not only the aspect of sky and cloud, the intensity of sunshine, and the look of long street-perspectives, but every minor fact of color, and of light and shadow. Put our party-colored New York buildings in London, and we should hardly recognize them, even while their surfaces were still unstained by soot; the thickness of the air would effectually disguise them. Put the dull-looking buildings of London in New York, and they would be transfigured to something new by our brilliant sky, our crisp lights, and our strong, sharp shadows.

Ugly as the American tourist thinks the smokes and fogs of London, they have a great attraction for the artist, lending themselves to the most powerful effects of chiaroscuro, and removing the need to draw details with prosaic accuracy. The fact that London has so seldom been portrayed by English artists simply shows that there have not been many sensitive artists in England. On the other hand, the much thinner, purer, but still slightly misty air of Paris, has had a thousand devotees. It subdues without shrouding facts of local color, and softens details into manageable shape without conceal-



ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

A RAINY NIGHT, MADISON SQUARE.

ing them. The transparent, almost metallic air of New York is more difficult to deal with. It keeps our city incomparably clean, and cleanliness is not so artistic as it is godly. I am glad of this chance to celebrate the cleanliness of New York, for we are always being told how dirty it is. It is certainly very dirty underfoot in many of its streets. But the eye which is looking for beauty or picturesqueness — the eye which is really seeing a city — does not care chiefly about pavements. And above our pavements we are so extremely clean that an artist of any previous generation would have declared us impossible to paint. The modern artist, however, is not afraid of subjects which lack "tone." He has washed the old traditional palette, and set it anew with fresh, cheerful colors; he has learned how to portray the brightest sunshine; and he can rejoice in a place where he must paint sunlight falling on clear whites and yellows, bold reds, bright browns, and vivid greens, no less than one where, as in London, he can confine himself to neutral tones, or where, as in Paris, he can veil his whites, his pale light blues, his soft greens, and occasional notes of a more brilliant kind, with a delicate gauze of airiest gray. Indeed, the more modern in temper he is, the more he is attracted by the "toneless" problem; for it is the more difficult one, the newer one, and, therefore, the one with which he has the best chance to do something that was not hackneyed long before he was born.

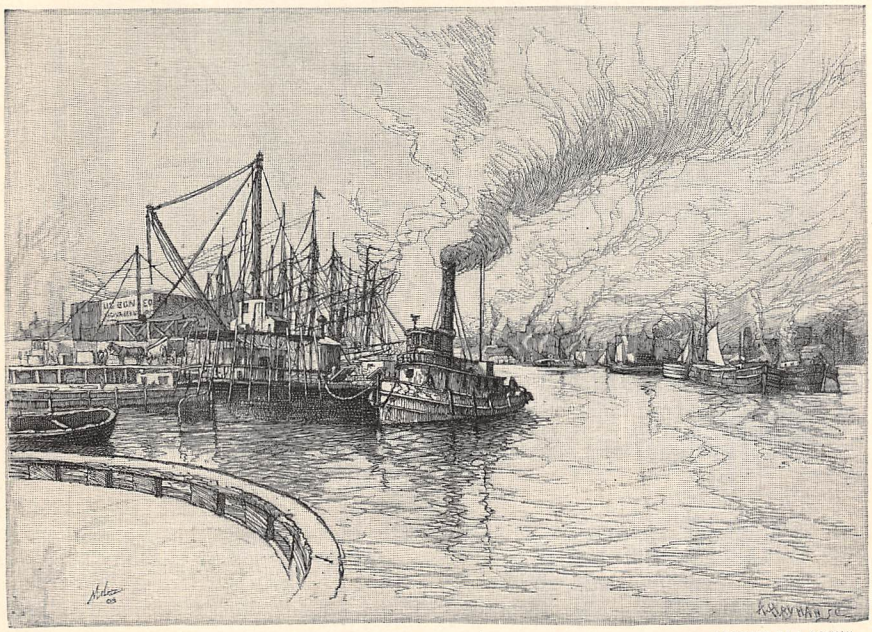
So our young artists are beginning to draw

and to etch and to paint New York, and here and there they find corners and vistas of delightfully novel flavor. They are excited by those frank, big irregularities of form which drive an architect to righteous despair, and which tune the Philistine tongue to less discriminating contumely. They are stimulated by our high, clear notes of color. And they take particular pleasure in seeing how finely an occasional stream of black smoke from a chimney, or billowy rush of white steam from an elevated train, cuts into and contrasts with the crystal air and the azure sky, and then dies away, leaving them unpolluted. They do not say that New York is beautiful, but they do say that it is "most amusing"; and this is the current studio synonym for picturesque.

The most picturesque of all the sights that New York offers is its general aspect when seen at night from a boat on the water. The abrupt, extraordinary contrasts of its sky-line are then subdued to a gigantic mystery; its myriad, many-colored lights spangle like those of some supernally large casino; and from the east or south we see one element of rare and solemn beauty — the sweep of the great bridge, defined by starry sparks, as though a bit of the arch of heaven had descended to brood over the surface of the waves.

In the daylight the city's sky-line, all along the western shore, is much too pronounced and yet prosaic to be picturesque. But on the more winding eastern shore there are many picturesque points of view, with the bridge always playing its part. When we get further northward, the big islands in mid-stream look much too pleasantly varied and bright to be the abodes of poverty, illness, and crime. And there is nothing in any land which, to the searcher for broadly picturesque effects, can be more satisfying than the southward outlook from the bridge itself, when the afternoon sun is shining on the gray-and-silver bay.

One of the most beautiful views I have ever beheld, one far too nobly beautiful to be called picturesque, is the view of Paris, seen from the top of the towers of Notre Dame. None of New York's towers can show us anything which equals this panorama of pale gray and verdant tones, slipping away to the encircling hills, and cut through the middle by the shining line of the many-bridged Seine. Yet we get a very entertaining panorama of ruddy architectural irregularities, spotted by the more aggressive tall white or yellow irregularities of recent years, from the tower on Madison Square, while the desirable element of beauty is supplied by the distant boundary-lines of water and further shore. And from the top of the "World" tower down-town, where the adjacent buildings are loftier and the wide waters are much nearer, the prospect is astonishingly picturesque, astonishingly beautiful even, although in a wilder, cruder way than the one from the towers of Notre Dame.

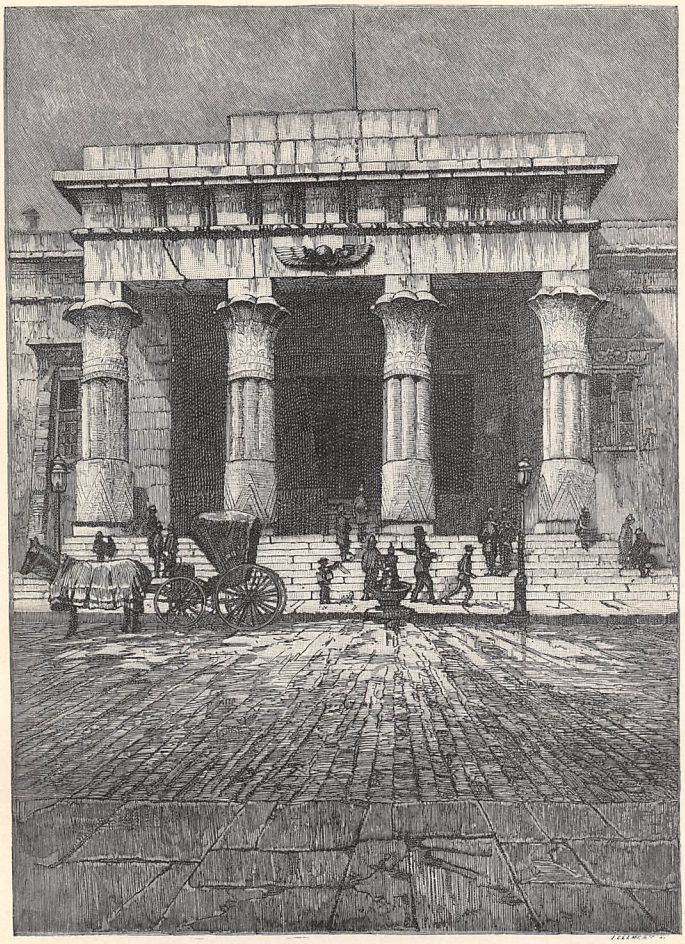


ENGRAVED BY A. HAYMAN.

EAST RIVER AT GRAND STREET.

III.

WHEN we walk through our streets we want to appreciate all the picturesqueness they con-



ENGRAVED BY J. CLEMENT.

THE TOMBS.

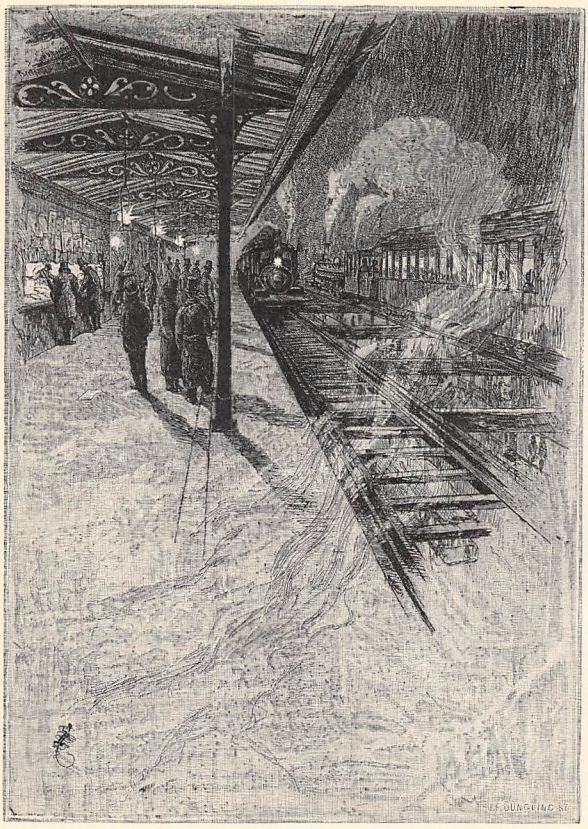
tain, we must cultivate the artistic faculty of seeing only just as much at a time as we ought to see. We must sometimes note the general effect without considering special features, and sometimes contemplate a special feature to the exclusion of its neighbors. And we must put all rules of enjoyment learned in other towns out of mind, and all respect for ancient architectural canons.

For example, we may walk a long way upon Fifth Avenue without finding a truly picturesque feature. But do you want to see a finely picturesque general effect? Take an hour toward sunset, stand near Thirty-fifth street. Look to the southward, first down the slope of the long, gentle hill, and then down the longer level reach beyond, and let your eye rest on the far roseate mist and the crimson southern sky. This is more than a picturesque sight. It is a beautiful sight, and there are so few of its kind in New York that it ought never to be offered to unheeding eyes.

Continue your course down the avenue, and perhaps you will be lucky enough to round the shoulder of the Brunswick while the shadows lie heavy on the trees in Madison Square; but the sky is still vivid overhead, and a strong beam of sunshine still lingers far up on Diana's saffron tower. This too is a beautiful sight, if you look only at the tower. But, seen from a more southerly point, with alien buildings around it, and a mat of foliage at its feet, the tower is eminently picturesque even at noontime, still more at sunset, and especially at night when it is wreathed with flashing lamps. But it grows purely beautiful again in a clear midnight, when there is no light but the stars' light, yet this suffices to bring out its pallid grace against a sky which, being the sky of New York, is, even at midnight, definitely blue.

A little further to the southward still, and you stand at the corner of Twenty-third street. Here you will be happiest in winter, for then

a carpet of snow may give a key-note of color repeated in the white fronts of certain big shops, and again in the clouds which mark the flight of an elevated train at the end of the vista. This is not a beautiful view, but it judge them collectively as an element in a tangled street-perspective. Our elevated roads have certainly "spoiled" many of our avenues; yet they bring numerous picturesque notes into the vistas of our cross-streets; and when we



ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

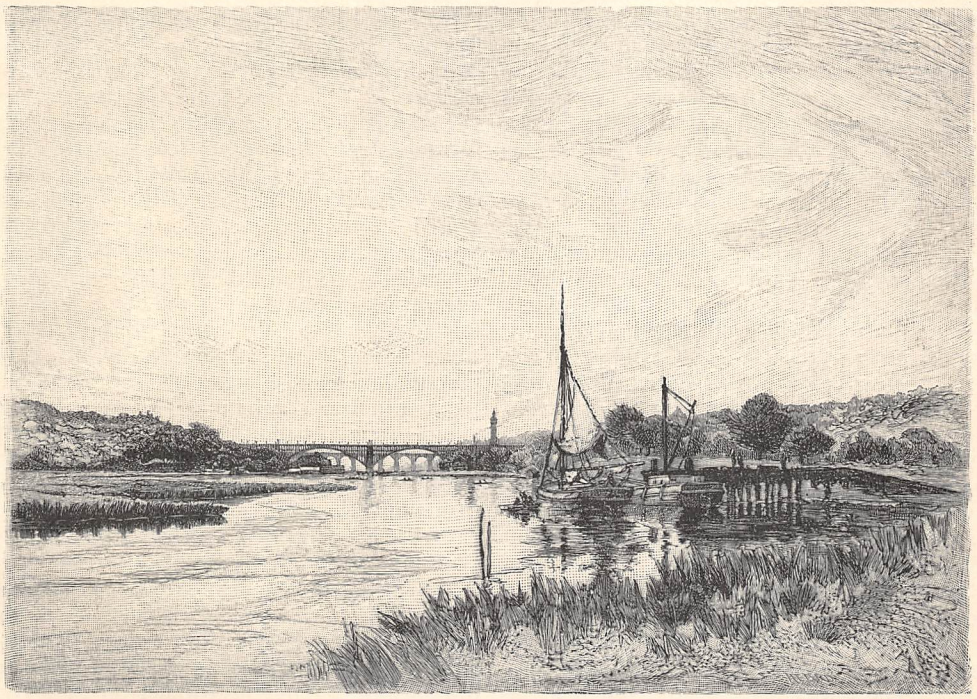
ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.

is a picturesque one, and picturesque in a bold, careless, showy way quite characteristic of New York. For in other American towns where architecture is as audacious and irresponsible as here, there are not the same high colors distributed in the same effective large masses, and bathed in the same almost yet not quite metallic air. Chicago uses more different kinds of building-material than do we; but even if her smoke did not subdue their tints, she would still lack the coloristic decision of New York; for we make a much larger use of white and pale-yellow stone and brick and terra-cotta.

Twenty-third street is a good place in which to learn that there are two sides to many optical questions. Our women, for instance, clothe themselves much too gaudily outdoors if we judge them individually by the standard of good taste in dress; but they do not if we travel by them, especially at night, they delight our eyes with striking effects never seen until they were built. And it is the same with our flaunting sign-boards. Architecturally criminal, and destructive of that look of dignified repose which may be even better in a city than picturesqueness, they add to the accidental contrasts which a painter of modern temper loves.

The whole of Madison Square is picturesque to a painter of this sort, by day and night, in summer and winter. Or it would be if only some one would build, on its sharp southern corner, another tall light-colored tower to challenge Diana's across the trees. Even this same shabby corner, as our etcher shows, is not unpicturesque when veiled by night and a rainstorm; and there are many other places in New York which assume a surprisingly pictorial aspect under these conditions.

But these are not our characteristic conditions. They do not show our picturesqueness as most distinctly different from that of any other town. Our atmosphere and our light are our chief glories, with the splendid sapphire sky they give, and the sumptuous masses of white clouds they allow to brood or fly above us. Therefore we have been wise of late years to run so decidedly to architectural whites and yellows. And therefore a shining spring day is the one on which we prefer that a stranger shall first behold us; or a snow-clad but equally shining winter day — the sort of day which comes rarely now, as regards the snow, but, if we may believe veracious elders, used to come by months at a time. Then, when the sleighs are out, and every note of color in house or dress is keyed up to a double intensity by the white background, and the sleigh-bells do not ring more gaily than the brisk wind greets our cheeks, it must be a dull eye which finds the upper part of New York dully prosaic.



ENGRAVED BY T. H HEARD.

TWO BRIDGES ON THE HARLEM.

IV.

BUT it is not only up-town, in the central, respectable streets, that the picturesqueness of New York resides,— not only and, in one sense, not chiefly,— although here our color-effects are most brilliant. Picturesqueness of detail is unending along the river-fronts. Even the grimy, filthy water-streets show touches of it, and from the water itself there unrolls a perpetually new grouping of those many-sized hulls and tangled spars and cordages which, in every century and every maritime land, have been the artist's joy. Queer, sordid and ramshackle are many of these waterside pictures, but often good to paint, and still more often very good indeed to draw.

New York has nothing, alas, to recall the clean, stately quays which are a distinctive feature in most European seaports. But around the Battery there is a dignified promenade, and the prospect it offers of restless water and protean craft need not fear a rival. South street is more respectable than most of our water-streets, and seems distinctly picturesque to me. But perhaps this is because, as a child, I used to sit there in my grandfather's office and marvel at the giant bowsprits which almost came in at the window. Farther north lies Coenties Slip, with some rare remaining bits of old-time architecture — "stores" whose quaint, Dutch, bourgeois quietude is emphatically brought out by the self-assertiveness of the big square red tower of the Produce Exchange behind them.

Then, as we penetrate toward the center of the down-town district, there are picturesque glimpses of verdure, lighted up by flaming flower-beds, at Bowling Green and near the City Hall; and there are the varying reaches,

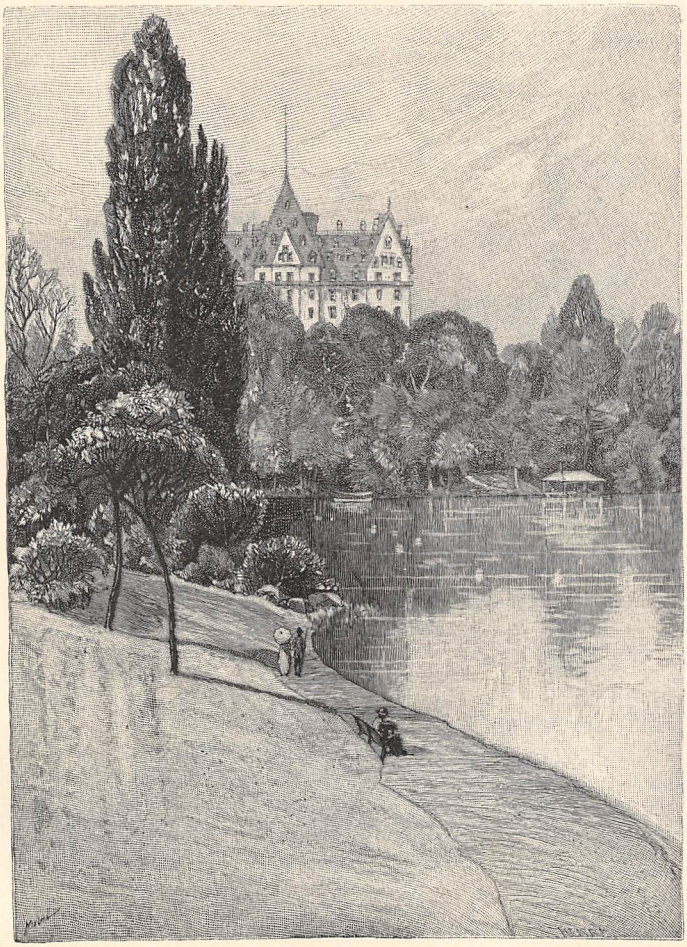
now straight, now curving, now narrow, and now broad, of the teeming business streets. Here is the famous slant of Wall street, made almost tunnel-like in recent years by the height of its reconstructed buildings. And from it we get another of New York's best sights—the sight of Trinity Church, and of that peaceful graveyard which looks doubly peaceful amid this riot and roar; church and graveyard impressing not only the eye but the mind as witnesses that beauty and righteousness have their claims no less than money-making and architectural display.

But we cannot appreciate the picturesqueness which New York wears to both mind and eye unless we go immediately from the stately commercialism of its down-town streets to the adjacent tenement-house districts. Pest-holes to the sanitarian and the moralist, loathsome abodes of filth and horror to the respectable citizen, many parts of these districts gratify the eye that seeks pictorial pleasure. I have seen Grand street at Christmas-time when the East-siders had on their best clothes, and were wandering in crowded groups along the booth-lined pavement, and the big shops seemed to have disgorged half their contents outside their windows; and Grand street was almost as picturesque as a German *Jahrmarkt*. I have seen Hester street on a Friday afternoon in May, when it swarmed so thickly with Jews of a dozen lands—hucksters and buyers inextricably mixed—that there seemed no room for another, and all were as little like Americans as though they had never left their outlandish homes, and not a sound in their loud Babel was a recognizable part of civilized speech; and Hester street was amazingly like those foreign ghettos which traveling New-Yorkers take such pains to visit. I have seen Mulberry Bend on an October day, when it was just as full of Italians, lounging, eating, working, gossiping out of doors, with faces as beautifully brown and ruddy, teeth as white, smiles as quick, speech as voluble, jewelry as profuse, and garments as party-colored, as though they were at home in their Naples; and the New York sun gilded them as radiantly as though it had been the sun of Naples. I have seen the Bowery at night, when it is not a Parisian boulevard, but is something the like of which one could not see in any Paris; and a Chinese theater filled with Chinamen as absolutely celestial as though they had come through instead of around the globe. And while of course I know that there are many other odd sights to be seen in New York, these have been enough to prove that he who says it is unpicturesque has never looked at it at all.

Even yet we are by no means at the end of it. We must not forget the City Hall Park, which, with the giant newspaper buildings around it, would be so fair a center for the down-town districts had not Uncle Sam seen fit to truncate it and shut it in with his great ugly Post-office. Still, however, it is shady, flowery, and attractive, as the newsboys always know, and as scores of tramps daily discover. And it still holds unchanged that old City Hall, which is perhaps the most beautiful of all our buildings, and which ought never to be changed, no matter how much money and how many other alterations it may cost us to preserve it. A couple of miles up-town is Washington Square, where, again, there are many tramps, but, instead of the newsboys, a sprinkling of baby-wagons and white-capped nurses; for this is the boundary-line between very poor and crowded and very well-to-do and roomy streets of homes—South Fifth Avenue, with its teeming French, German, Irish, and negro population, ending against one of its sides, and the true Fifth Avenue starting from another. This square shows at its best, perhaps, when from the window of some tall apartment-house we look over its crowding tree-tops at the flushing morning or evening sky. But even at the street-level its foliage gives a double interest to the University building, which, architecturally, is a poor imitation of English collegiate structures, but pictorially has considerable charm; to the neighboring gray church whose qualities are of a similar sort; to our new white Washington Arch; and to the beautiful Italianesque campanile of the new yellow-and-white Baptist church. This arch and this tower have made Washington Square really picturesque, especially when, standing near the one, we see the other against a sunset sky, and its great crowning cross begins to glow with electric flame—a torch of warning and of invitation alike to the outwardly righteous dweller on Fifth Avenue and the openly sinful dweller on South Fifth Avenue.

Buildings which are pictorially, if not architecturally, very valuable can here and there be found in every quarter of New York. The Tombs is one of them. Jefferson Market is another. Grace Church is a third, when we stand so far off to the southward that it seems to finish Broadway once and for all. And still another, very different in character, is the Quaker Meeting-house on Stuyvesant Square, which, with its simple shape, big trees, and little plot of well-tended grass, looks as though it had been bodily transported from some small Pennsylvanian town.

Picturesqueness is hardly thought of when we go miles to the northwestward and find the Riverside Drive. It is beauty that greets us here, in the drive itself and the quite matchless river-view. But both beauty and pictur-



IN CENTRAL PARK. ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

esqueness can be found by him who seeks along the Harlem River, and, still further away, along the Bronx. And if he has time to search out here and there those scattered, fringing spots which go by the general name of Shanty-town, he will find perpetual picturesqueness in their tottering, pitiful, vanishing, yet often greenly environed, relics of bucolic days.

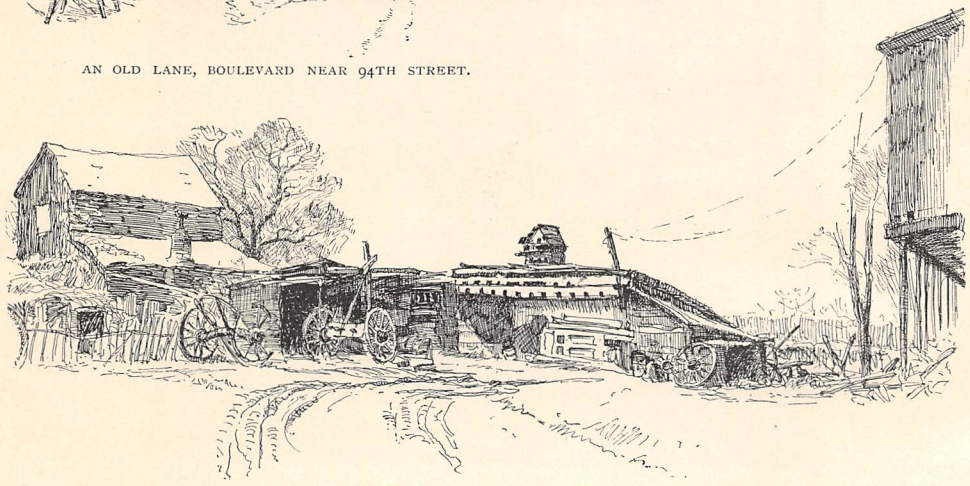
But even if all that ought to be said could be said about every other quarter of Manhattan, how should one describe the Central Park? I shall not try. You, across the bridge, who own Prospect Park, may say you have a more beautiful pleasure-ground. But scarcely any other people in all the world can say this, and no one can say that he has a more picturesque pleasure-ground. Out of the nettle difficulty Mr. Olmsted, great artist that he is, plucked the finest flower of achievement in this especial line. Out of the most unpromising park-site that men ever chose, he made the most picturesquely lovely park that men ever created. Few New Yorkers know it; few know more of it than its eastern and western drives. But the artist is finding it out; and whether or not he cares to bring into his canvas bits and glimpses of adjacent streets, he will not soon exhaust its capabilities of pictorial service.

V.

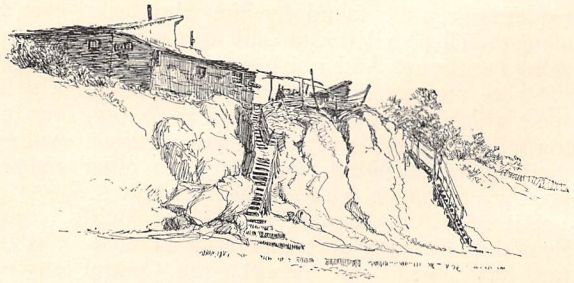
PERHAPS the most characteristic trait of our city is the quick and thorough way in which it makes good New Yorkers of its immigrants, foreigners or Americans, and the tenacious way in which it retains its hold, no matter how far off its sons may stray. The New Yorker who lives abroad may fancy himself a cosmopolite; but he always remembers he is a New Yorker, and can never even fancy himself a simple American, much less a semi-German or a semi-Frenchman. But the Berliner who lives here is not a Berliner, a simple German, or even a mere German-American. He is a New York

German, and this, as a florist would say, is a well-marked subvariety of the German species. And I need not speak of the Irishman who so instantly identifies himself with his new home that he instantly thinks it ought to belong altogether to him. Then, if one of us removes to Boston, he or she remains, to the end of the chapter, a New Yorker who happens to live in Boston; but a Bostonian who comes here is transformed at once into a New Yorker who happens to have been born in Boston. Manhattan is for all the world, and all the world has taken possession of it; but Manhattan retaliates by taking possession of every man who comes, and marking him with earmarks which no one can mistake.

AN OLD LANE, BOULEVARD NEAR 94TH STREET.



BOULEVARD NEAR 95TH STREET.



IN SHANTYTOWN.

This is partly, of course, because we who were born here care so little where our neighbors were born. We care only what they are, and they are all good New Yorkers. They are not proud of their city, perhaps, as Parisians are proud of Paris, Bostonians of Boston. At least it is the fashion to say that they have no filial feeling in the sense of historic vanity, municipal self-respect, local public spirit. But they love their city so well that they shudder at the thought of living anywhere else. They are deeply hurt if a stranger is dull enough to question where they belong. And if they were born here, they never pay any other city the compliment of discussing how it would seem to have been born there, while the proud Bostonian is apt to show his pride by declaring he is glad he is not a native of New York. We are all good New Yorkers, I say, whether we were born on Fifth Avenue, in a far European village, at North Granite Ledge in Vermont, or near the head waters of the Yellowstone. And yet there is a difference between the merely good New Yorker and the true, or born, New Yorker.

John, who came by rail from Buffalo three years ago, feels in the same way about his present home as James, who came forty years ago, by an older path, trailing his little clouds of glory straight from heaven. But he does not see this present home in the same way. He sees our actual, visible New York. But James—

even if he came only thirty years ago — sees this and an earlier, vanished one as well; and his constant perception of the vanished one vastly increases the picturesqueness of the actual one.

As I, a born New Yorker, take my walks abroad, I note a series of composite pictures, much more striking in their contrasts, unexpected in their variety, than any which you, a recently adopted New Yorker, can behold. My mother's composites are more picturesque still, for often she sees three bits of New York mistily standing together on the same piece of ground. And if my grandfather could come back,—I am proud to say he was born in New England, but I am sure he thinks less of this fact now than of the fact that he lived nearly seventy years in New York,—if he could come back, he would behold, as a setting for his composites, the open fields and gardens upon which most of our New York has been built since he left Connecticut; and so their picturesqueness would be green and flowery.

There is a city in the West which, within twenty years, has sprung up, new in body and feathers, from the ashes of its predecessor. And there are younger cities in the farther West which have been born, and have grown to architectural maturity, within the same brief period. But the deliberate hand of man has, during this period, done for New York almost as much as flame did for Chicago. Old New York has been torn down, and another city has arisen on its site, since the days when our streets rang to the tread of the returning armies of the Union. For a parallel to what we have done with this city of ours, we must look far back to some English cathedral where the still sturdy work of earlier generations was destroyed simply that living men might rebuild it bigger and taller and more in accordance with their own ideas of architectural excellence.

To realize what this change means to the true New Yorker, we need not examine those districts within a mile of the City Hall where transformation has been most audacious. We need only look, I will say, at Union Square, and only with the eyes of one who holds the day of Lincoln's assassination among her earliest clear memories. Union Square is a lively place now and an amusing; and when we see it from upper Broadway, with, over the trees, the tall Domestic Building in the far distance, it is not an unpicturesque place. But this is how I behold it: Tiffany's store stands on a certain corner, and it is commonplace and prosaic enough. But on this same corner I see a pale-gray stone church with a square tower, plausibly like that upon some English parish-church, and with a thick mantle of ivy exactly like an English one. There are no sky-scraping business buildings anywhere, and not a single shop, and no horse-cars except along the Fourth Avenue side. The tallest structure is the Everett House, and elsewhere there are merely rows of modest high-stoop dwellings, with vines on their balconies and trees along their sidewalks. The trees in the square itself are much more numerous than you think, and spread out much farther, so that there are only narrow streets between them and the houses; and they are mingled with dense thickets of shrubs, and inclosed by a high picket-fence. Under their shadow all of us — all the boys of the neighborhood and one or two bad little girls as well — are playing "I spy" among the bushes, digging shallow pits in the earthen paths for our game of marbles, and drawing circles out of which we hope, with our pet lignum-vitæ top, to drive the tops of the other fellows, perhaps — oh, bliss! — splitting them in two in the act. There are no tramps or other doleful figures on the benches; there is only a rare policeman, who takes a fatherly interest in our sport; and there is a stall at one corner, where a fat Irishwoman in a red shawl dispenses pinked-out gingersnaps of a heavenly essence which, cannot be purchased, even by bad little girls, within a mile of the sophisticated Union Square of to-day.

Now, this quiet old Union Square that I see, lying like a pretty cloud over the variegated and noisy one that you see, makes with it a very picturesque composite scene. And picturesque, too, is the Broadway I see, looking northward from the square; for there, mingling with the lofty stone and iron shops, are the ghosts of rows of little two-storied shops, with broad wooden platforms in front of them such as still exist in small New Jersey towns. And high up, before one of these shops (*the* toy-shop of my youth, kept by a Frenchman named Phillipoteaux, for whose sake I have always liked to praise the painter of panoramas), stands the ghost of a life-size figure of Santa Claus, picturesquely promising next Christmas while the trees are still in their budding season.

Even you, young artist, born on the Pacific slope and now fresh from Parisian boulevards, can see that your New York is picturesque. But I wish that I could show you mine — mine, which is not mine of my infancy or mine of to-day, but the two together, delightfully, inextricably, mysteriously, perpetually mixed.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS VINCENT DU MOND.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MADONNA.

THE sloping street ran down a little hill
And touched the tide;
The clustered town was lying warm and still
By the waterside.

I wandered up amid the noonday heat
Through humble doors,
Where leafy shadow lay on path and seat
And open floors.

A tiny town it was of yellow walls
For toiling folk,
Where river boom and hurrying engine-calls
The silence broke.

But like a vision on the narrow way,
Divinely sweet,
Within the mother's arms a baby lay
Beside the street.

'T was under shadow of the maple boughs
She sat at rest,
A lowly mother by her simple house,
Her babe at breast;

A slender matron of a score of years,
With soft black eyes;
Full of delights that trembled into fears
Young-mother wise.

Bending, she gazed upon the little head,
Nor heard a sound;
Her lips, drawn up to bless, were tender red
And kissing-round.

But fainter than her cheek's autumnal rose,
A pale sweet glow
Lay round her, as if wings in white repose
Guarded her so.

Most like it was the magic color made
By some old brush:
A halo like a light within a shade,
A holy hush!

And I — what though the steaming mills awoke
The heated air?
What though the rattling engine through the smoke
Made echo there? —

I crossed the barrier years and won the land
Of tenderest art,
And knew the golden masters hand to hand
And heart to heart.

Harrison S. Morris.

MY COUSIN FANNY.

By the Author of "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," etc.

CHRISTMAS always brings up to me my cousin Fanny; I suppose because she always was so foolish about Christmas.

My cousin Fanny was an old maid; indeed, to follow St. Paul's turn of phrase, she was an old maid of the old maids. No one who saw her a moment could have doubted it. Old maids are a peculiar folk. They have from most people a feeling rather akin to pity — a hard heritage. They very often have this feeling from the young. This must be the hardest part of all — to see around them friends, each "a happy mother of children," little ones responding to affection with the sweet caresses of childhood, while any advances that they, their aunt or cousin, may make are met with indifference or condescension. My cousin Fanny was no exception. She was as proud as Lucifer; yet she went through life — the part that I knew of — bearing the pity of the great majority of the people who knew her. This seemed to be quite natural.

She lived at an old place called "Woodside," which had been in the family for a great many years; indeed, ever since before the Revolution. The neighborhood dated back to the times of the colony, and Woodside was one of the old places. My cousin Fanny's grandmother had stood in the door of her chamber with her large scissors in her hand, and defied Tarleton's red-coated troopers to touch the basket of old communion-plate which she had hung on her arm.

The house was a large brick edifice, with a pyramidal roof, covered with moss, small windows, porticos with pillars somewhat out of repair, a big, high hall, and a staircase wide enough to drive up it a gig if it could have turned the corners. A grove of great forest oaks and poplars densely shaded it, and made it look rather gloomy, and the garden, with the old graveyard covered with periwinkle at one end, was almost in front, while the side of the wood — a primeval forest, from which the place took its name — came up so close as to form a strong, dark background. During the war the place, like most others in that neighborhood, suffered greatly, and only a sudden exhibition of spirit on Cousin Fanny's part saved it from a worse fate. After the war it went down; the fields were poor, and grew up in briers and sassafras, and the house was too large and out of repair to keep from decay, the ownership of it being divided between Cousin Fanny and other members of the family. Cousin Fanny had no means whatever, so that it soon was in a bad condition. The rest of the family, as they grew up, went off, compelled by necessity to seek some means of livelihood, and would have taken Cousin Fanny too if she would have gone; but she would not go. They did all they could for her, but she preferred to hang around the old place, and to do what she could with her "mammy," and "old Stephen," her mammy's husband, who alone remained in the quarters. She lived in a part of the house, locking up the rest, and from time to time visited among her friends and relatives, who always received her hospitably. She had an old piece of a mare (which I think she had bought from Stephen), with one eye, three legs, and no mane or tail to speak of, and on which she lavished, without the least perceptible result, care enough to have kept a stable in condition. In a freak of humor she named this animal "Fashion," after a noted racer of the old times, which had been raised in the county, and had beaten the famous Boston in a great race. She always spoke of Fash with a tone of real tenderness in her voice, and looked after her, and discussed her ailments, which were always numerous, as if she had been a delicate child. Mounted on this beast, with her bags and bundles, and shawls and umbrella, and a long stick or pole, she used occasionally to make the tour of the neighborhood, and was always really welcomed; because, notwithstanding the trouble she gave, she always stirred things up. As was said once, you could no more have remained dull where she was than you could have dozed with a chinkapin burr down your back. Her retort was that a chinkapin burr might be used to rouse people from a lethargy (she had an old maid's tongue). By the younger members of the family she was always welcomed, because she furnished so much fun. She nearly always fetched some little thing to her host,— not her hostess,— a fowl, or a pat of butter from her one old cow, or something of the kind, because, she said, "Abigail had established the precedent, and she was 'a woman of good un-

derstanding'—she understood that feeding and flattery were the way to win men." She would sometimes have a chicken in a basket hung on the off pommel of her old saddle, because at times she fancied she could not eat anything but chicken soup, and she did "not wish to give trouble." She used to give trouble enough; for it generally turned out that she had heard some one was sick in the neighborhood, and she wanted the soup carried to her. I remember how mad Joe got because she made him go with her to carry a bucket of soup to old Mrs. Ronquist.

Cousin Fanny had the marks of an old maid. She was thin ("scrawny" we used to call her, though I remember now she was quite erect until she grew feeble); her features were sharp; her nose was inclined to be a little red (it was very straight); her hair was brown; and her eyes, which were dark, were weak, so that she had often to wear a green shade. She used to say herself that they were "bad eyes." They had been so ever since the time when she was a young girl, and there had been a very bad attack of scarlet fever at her home, and she had caught it. I think she caught a bad cold with it,—sitting up nursing some of the younger children, perhaps,—and it had settled in her eyes. She was always very liable to cold.

I believe she had a lover then or about that time; but her mother had died not long before, and she had some notion of duty to the children, and so discarded him. Of course, as every one said, she 'd much better have married him. I do not suppose he ever could have addressed her. She never would admit that he did, which did not look much like it. I think we used to speak of her as "sore-eyed"; I know she was once spoken of in my presence as "a sore-eyed old maid"—I have forgotten who said it. Yet I can now recall occasions when her eyes, being "better," appeared unusually soft, and, had she not been an old maid, would sometimes have been beautiful—as, for instance, occasionally, when she was playing at the piano in the evenings before the candles were lighted. I recollect particularly once when she was singing an old French love-song. Another time was when on a certain occasion some one was talking about marriages and the reasons which led to or prevented them. She sat quite still and silent, looking out of the window, with her thin hands resting in her lap. Her head was turned away from most of the people, but I was sitting where I could see her, and the light of the evening sky was on her face. It made her look very soft. She lifted up her eyes, and looked far off toward the horizon. I remember it recalled to me, young as I was, the speech I had heard some one once make when I was a little boy, and which I had thought so ridiculous, that "when she was young, before she caught that cold, she was almost beautiful." There was an expression on her face that made me think she ought always to sit looking out of the window at the evening sky. I believe she had brought me some apples that day when she came, and that made me feel kindly toward her. The light on her hair gave it a reddish look, quite auburn. Presently she withdrew her eyes from the sky, and let them fall into her lap with a sort of long, sighing breath, and slowly interlaced her fingers. The next second some one jocularly fired this question at her: "Well, Cousin Fanny, give us your views," and her expression changed back to that which she ordinarily wore.

"Oh, my views, like other people's, vary from my practice," she said. "It is not views, but experiences, which are valuable in life. When I shall have been married twice I will tell you."

"While there 's life there 's hope, eh?" hazarded some one; for teasing an old maid like her, in any way, was held perfectly legitimate.

"Yes, indeed," and she left the room, smiling, and went up-stairs.

This was one of the occasions when her eyes looked well. There were others that I remember, as sometimes when she was in church; sometimes when she was playing with little children; and now and then when, as on that evening, she was sitting still, gazing out of the window. But usually her eyes were weak, and she wore the green shade which gave her face a peculiar pallor, making her look old, and giving her a pained, invalid expression.

Her dress was one of her peculiarities. Perhaps it was because she made her clothes herself, without being able to see very well. I suppose she did not have much to dress on. I know she used to turn her dresses, and change them around several times. When she had any money she used to squander it, buying dresses for Scroggs's girls or for some one else. She was always scrupulously neat, being quite old-maidish. She said that cleanliness was next to godliness in a man, and in a woman it was on a par with it. I remember once seeing a picture of her as a young girl, as young as Kitty, dressed in a soft white dress, with her hair down over her ears, and some flowers in her dress (that is, it was said to be she; but I did not believe it). To be sure, the flowers looked like it. She always would stick flowers or leaves in her dress, which was thought quite ridiculous. The idea of associating flowers with an old maid! It was as hard as believing she ever was the young girl. It was not, however, her dress, old and often queer and ill-made as it used to be, that was the chief grievance against her. There was a much stronger ground of opposition; she

had *nerves!* The word used to be strung out in pronouncing it, with a curve of the lips, as "ner-erves." I don't remember that she herself ever mentioned them; that was the exasperating part of it. She would never say a word; she would just close her thin lips tight, and wear a sort of ill look, as if she were in actual pain. She used to go up-stairs, and shut the door and windows tight, and go to bed, and have mustard-plasters on her temples and the back of her neck; and when she came down, after a day or two, she would have bright red spots burnt on her temples and neck, and would look ill. Of course it was very hard not to be exasperated at this. Then she would creep about as if merely stepping jarred her; would put on a heavy blue veil, and wrap her head up in a shawl, and feel along by the chairs till she got to a seat, and drop back in it, gasping. Why, I have even seen her sit in the room, all swathed up, and with an old parasol over her head to keep out the light, or some such nonsense, as we used to think. It was too ridiculous to us, and we boys used to walk heavily and stumble over chairs,—"accidentally," of course,—just to make her jump. Sometimes she would even start up and cry out. We had the incontestable proof that it was all "put on"; for if you began to talk to her, and got her interested, she would forget all about her ailments, and would run on and talk and laugh for an hour, until she suddenly remembered, and sank back again in her shawls and pains.

She knew a great deal. In fact, I recall now that she seemed to know more than any woman I have ever been thrown in with, and if she had not been an old maid, I am bound to admit that her conversation would have been the most entertaining I ever knew. She lived in a sort of atmosphere of romance and literature; the old writers and their characters were as real to her as we were, and she used to talk about them to us whenever we would let her. Of course, when it came from an old maid, it made a difference. She was not only easily the best French scholar in our region, where the ladies all knew more or less of French, but she was an excellent Latin scholar, which was much less common. I have often lain down before the fire when I was learning my Latin lesson, and read to her, line by line, Cæsar or Ovid or Cicero, as the book might be, and had her render it into English as fast as I read. Indeed, I have even seen Horace read to her as she sat in the old rocking-chair after one of her headaches, with her eyes bandaged, and her head swathed in veils and shawls, and she would turn it into not only proper English, but English with a glow and color and rhythm that gave the very life of the odes. This was an exercise we boys all liked and often engaged in,—Frank, and Joe, and Doug, and I, and even old Blinky,—for, as she used to admit herself, she was always worrying us to read to her (I believe I read all of Scott's novels to her). Of course this translation helped us as well as gratified her. I do not remember that she was ever too unwell to help us in this way except when she was actually in bed. She was very fond of us boys, and was always ready to take our side and to further our plans in any way whatever. We would get her to steal off with us, and translate our Latin for us by the fire. This, of course, made us rather fond of her. She was so much inclined to take our part and to help us that I remember it used to be said of her as a sort of reproach, "Cousin Fanny always sides with the boys." She used to say it was because she knew how worthless women were. She would say this sort of thing herself, but she was very touchy about women, and never would allow any one else to say anything about them. She had an old maid's temper. I remember that she took Doug up short once for talking about "old maids." She said that for her part she did not mind it the least bit; but she would not allow him to speak so of a large class of her sex which contained some of the best women in the world; that many of them performed work, and made sacrifices, that the rest of the world knew nothing about. She said the true word for them was the old Saxon term "spinster"; that it proved that they performed the work of the house, and that it was a term of honor of which she was proud. She said that Christ had humbled himself to be born of a Virgin, and that every woman had this honor to sustain. Of course such lectures as that made us call her an old maid all the more. Still, I don't think that being mischievous or teasing her made any difference with her. Frank used to worry her more than any one else, even than Joe, and I am sure she liked him best of all. That may perhaps have been because he was the best looking of us. She said once that he reminded her of some one she used to know a long time before, when she was young. That must have been a long time before, indeed. He used to tease the life out of her.

She was extraordinarily credulous—would believe anything on earth any one told her, because, although she had plenty of humor, she herself never would deviate from the absolute truth a moment even in jest. I do not think she would have told an untruth to save her life. Well, of course we used to play on her to tease her. Frank would tell her the most unbelievable and impossible lies, such as that he thought he saw a mouse yesterday on the back of the sofa she was lying on (this would make her bounce up like a ball), or that he believed he heard—he was not sure—that

Mr. Scroggs (the man who had rented her old home) had cut down all the old trees in the yard, and pulled down the house because he wanted the bricks to make brick ovens. This would worry her excessively (she loved every brick in the old house, and often said she would rather live in the kitchen there than in a palace anywhere else), and she would get into such a state of depression, that Frank would finally have to tell her that he was just "fooling her."

She used to make him do a good deal of waiting on her in return, and he was the one she used to get to dress old Fashion's back when it was raw, and to put drops in her eyes. He got quite expert at it. She said it was a penalty for his worrying her so.

She was the great musician of the connection. This is in itself no mean praise; for it was the fashion for every musical gift among the girls to be cultivated, and every girl played or sang more or less, some of them very well. But Cousin Fanny was not only this. She had a way of playing that used to make the old piano sound different from itself; and her voice was almost the sweetest I ever heard except one or two on the stage. It was particularly sweet in the evenings, when she sat down at the piano and played. She would not always do it; she either felt "not in the mood," or "not sympathetic," or some such thing. None of the others were that way; the rest could play just as well in the glare of day as in the twilight, and before one person as another; it was, we all knew, just one of Cousin Fanny's old-maid crochets. When she sat down at the piano and played, her fussiness was all forgotten; her first notes used to be recognized through the house, and the people used to stop what they were doing, and come in. Even the children would leave off playing, and come straggling in, tiptoeing as they crossed the floor. Some of the other performers used to play a great deal louder, but we never tiptoed when they played. Cousin Fanny would sit at the piano looking either up or right straight ahead of her, or often with her eyes closed (she never looked at the keys), and the sound used to rise from under her long, thin fingers, sometimes rushing and pouring forth like a deep roar, sometimes ringing out clear like a band of bugles, making the hair move on the head and giving strange tinglings down the back. Then we boys wanted to go forth in the world on fiery, black chargers, like the olden knights, and fight giants and rescue beautiful ladies and poor women. Then again, with her eyes shut, the sound would almost die away, and her fingers would move softly and lingeringly as if they loved the touch of the keys, and hated to leave them; and the sound would come from away far off, and everything would grow quiet and subdued, and the perfume of the roses out of doors would steal in on the air, and the soft breezes would stir the trees, and we were all in love, and wanted to see somebody that we did n't see. And Cousin Fanny was not herself any longer, but we imagined some one else was there. Sometimes she suddenly began to sing (she sang old songs, English or French); her voice might be weak (it all depended on her whims; *she* said, on her health), in that case she always stopped and left the piano; or it might be "in condition." When it was, it was as velvety and mellow as a bell far off, and the old ballads and *chansons* used to fill the twilight. We used even to forget then that she was an old maid. Now and then she sang songs that no one else had ever heard. They were her own; she had composed both the words and the air. At other times she sang the songs of others to her own airs. I remember the first time I ever heard of Tennyson was when, one evening in the twilight, she sang his echo song from "The Princess." The air was her own, and in the chorus you heard perfectly the notes of the bugle, and the echoes answering, "Dying, dying, dying." Boy as I was, I was entranced, and she answered my enthusiasm by turning and repeating the poem. I have often thought since how musical her voice was as she repeated,

> Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever.

She had a peculiarly sentimental temperament. As I look back at it all now, she was much given to dwelling upon old-time poems and romances, which we thought very ridiculous in any one, especially in a spinster of forty odd. She would stop and talk about the branch of a tree with the leaves all turning red or yellow or purple in the common way in which, as every one knows, leaves always turn in the fall, or even about a tangle of briers, scarlet with frost, in a corner of an old worm-fence, keeping us waiting while she fooled around a brier patch with old Blinky, who would just as lief have been in one place as another, so it was out of doors; and even when she reached the house she would still carry on about it, worrying us by telling over again just how the boughs and leaves looked massed against the old gray fence, which she could do till you could see them precisely as they were. She was very aggravating in this way. Sometimes she would even take a pencil or pen and a sheet of paper for old Blinky, and reproduce it. She could not draw, of course, for she was not a painter; all she could do was to make anything look almost just like it was.

There was one thing about her which excited much talk; I suppose it was only a piece of old-maidism. Of course she was religious. She was really very good. She was considered very high church. I do not think from my recollection of her that she really was, or, indeed, that she could have been; but she used to talk that way, and it was said that she was. In fact, it used to be whispered that she was in danger of becoming a Catholic. I believe she had an aunt that was one, and she had visited several times in Norfolk and Baltimore, where it was said there were a good many. I remember she used to defend them, and say she knew a great many very devout ones. And she admitted that she sometimes went to the Catholic church, and found it devotional; the choral service, she said, satisfied something in her soul. It happened to be in the evening that she was talking about this. She sat down at the piano, and played some of the Gregorian chants she had heard, and it had a soothing influence on every one. Even Joe, the fidgetiest of all, sat quite still through it. She said that some one had said it was the music that the angels sing in heaven around the great white throne, and there was no other sacred music like it. But she played another thing that evening which she said was worthy to be played with it. It had some chords in it that I remembered long afterward. Years afterward I heard it played the same way in the twilight by one who is a blessed saint in heaven, and may be playing it there now. It was from Chopin. She even said that evening, under the impulse of her enthusiasm, that she did not see, except that it might be abused, why the crucifix should not be retained by all Christian churches, as it enabled some persons not gifted with strong imaginations to have a more vivid realization of the crucified Saviour. This, of course, was going too far, and it created considerable excitement in the family, and led to some very serious talk being given her, in which the second commandment figured largely. It was considered as carrying old-maidism to an extreme length. For some time afterward she was rather discountenanced. In reality, I think what some said was true: it was simply that she was emotional, as old maids are apt to be. She once said that many women have the nun's instinct largely developed, and sigh for the peace of the cloister.

She seemed to be very fond of artists. She had the queerest tastes, and had, or had had when she was young, one or two friends who, I believe, claimed to be something of that kind; she used to talk about them to old Blinky. But it seemed to us from what she said that artists never did any work; just spent their time lounging around, doing nothing, and daubing paint on their canvas with brushes like a painter, or chiseling and chopping rocks like a mason. One of these friends of hers was a young man from Norfolk who had made a good many things. He was killed or died in the war; so he had not been quite ruined; was worth something anyhow as a soldier. One of his things was a Psyche, and Cousin Fanny used to talk a good deal about it; she said it was fine, was a work of genius. She had even written some verses about it. She repeated them to me once, and I wrote them down. Here they are:

LINES TO GALT'S PSYCHE.

Well art thou called the soul;
  For as I gaze on thee,
My spirit, past control,
  Springs up in ecstasy.

Thou canst not be dead stone;
  For o'er thy lovely face,
Softer than music's tone,
  I see the spirit's grace.

The wild æolian lyre
  Is but a silken string,
Till summer winds inspire,
  And softest music bring.

Psyche, thou wast but stone
  Till his inspiring came:
The sculptor's hand alone,
  Made not that soul-touched frame.

They have lain by me for years, and are pretty good for an old maid. I think, however, she was young when she addressed them to the "soul-touched" work of the young sculptor, who laid his genius and everything at Virginia's feet. They were friends, I believe, when she was a girl, before she caught that cold, and her eyes got bad.

Among her eccentricities was her absurd cowardice. She was afraid of cows, afraid of horses, afraid even of sheep. And bugs, and anything that crawled, used to give her a fit. If we drove her anywhere, and the horses cut up the least bit, she would jump out and walk, even in the mud; and I remember once seeing her cross the yard, where a young cow that had a calf asleep in the weeds, over in a corner beyond her, started toward it at a little trot with a whimper of motherly solicitude. Cousin Fanny took it into her head that the cow was coming at her, and just screamed, and sat down flat on the ground, carrying on as if she were a baby. Of course we boys used to tease her, and tell her the cows were coming after her. You could not help teasing an old maid like that.

I do not see how she managed to do what she did when the enemy got to Woodside in the war. That was quite remarkable, consid-

ering what a coward she was. During 1864 the Yankees on a raid got to her house one evening in the summer. As it happened, a young soldier, one of her cousins (she had no end of cousins), had got a leave of absence, and had come there sick with fever just the day before (the house was always a sort of hospital). He was in the boys' room in bed when the Yankees arrived, and they were all around the house before she knew it. She went downstairs to meet them. They had been informed by one of the negroes that Cousin Charlie was there, and they told her that they wanted him. She told them they could not get him. They asked her, "Why? Is he not there?" (I heard her tell of it once.) She said:

"You know, I thought when I told them they could not get him that they would go away, but when they asked me if he was not there, of course I could not tell them a story; so I said I declined to answer impertinent questions. You know poor Charlie was at that moment lying curled up under the bed in the boys' room with a roll of carpet a foot thick around him, and it was as hot as an oven. Well, they insisted on going through the house, and I let them go all through the lower stories; but when they started up the staircase I was ready for them. I had always kept, you know, one of papa's old horse-pistols as a protection. Of course it was not loaded. I would not have had it loaded for anything in the world. I always kept it safely locked up, and I was dreadfully afraid of it even then. But you have no idea what a moral support it gave me, and I used to unlock the drawer every afternoon to see that it still was there all right, and then lock it again, and put the key away carefully. Well, as it happened, I had just been looking at it — which I called inspecting my garrison. I used to feel just like *Lady Margaret* in Tillieludlam Castle. Well, I had just been looking at it that afternoon when I heard the Yankees were coming, and by a sudden inspiration — I cannot tell for my life how I did it — I seized the pistol, and hid it under my apron. I held on to it with both hands, I was so afraid of it, and all the time those wretches were going through the rooms down-stairs I was quaking with terror. But when they started up the stairs I had a new feeling. I knew they were bound to get poor Charlie if he had not melted and run away,—no, he would never have run away; I mean evaporated,—and I suddenly ran up the stairway a few steps before them, and, hauling out my big pistol, pointed it at them, and told them that if they came one step higher I would certainly pull the trigger. I could not say I would shoot, for it was not loaded. Well, do you know, they stopped! They stopped dead still. I declare I was so afraid the old pistol would go off, though, of course, I knew it was not loaded, that I was just quaking. But as soon as they stopped I began to attack. I remembered my old grandmother and her scissors, and, like General Jackson, I followed up my advantage. I descended the steps, brandishing my pistol with both hands, and abusing them with all my might. I was so afraid they might ask if it was loaded. But they really thought I would shoot them (you know men have not liked to be slain by a woman since the time of Abimelech), and they actually ran down the steps, with me after them, and I got them all out of the house. Then I locked the door and barred it, and ran up-stairs and had such a cry over Charlie. [That was like an old maid.] Afterward they were going to burn the house, but I got hold of their colonel, who was not there at first, and made him really ashamed of himself; for I told him we were nothing but a lot of poor, defenseless women and a sick boy. He said he thought I was right well defended, as I had held a company at bay. He finally promised that if I would give him some music he would not go up-stairs. So I paid that for my ransom, and a bitter ransom it was too, I can tell you, singing for a Yankee! But I gave him a dose of Confederate songs, I promise you. He asked me to sing the 'Star-spangled Banner'; but I told him I would not do it if he burnt the house down with me in it. Then he asked me to sing 'Home, sweet Home,' and I did that, and he actually had tears in his eyes — the hypocrite! He had very fine eyes too. I think I did sing it well, though. I cried a little myself, thinking of the old house being so nearly burnt. There was a young doctor there, a surgeon, a really nice-looking fellow for a Yankee; I made him feel ashamed of himself, I tell you. I told him I had no doubt he had a good mother and sister up at home, and to think of his coming and warring on poor women. And they really placed a guard over the house for me while they were there."

This she actually did. With her old empty horse-pistol she cleared the house of the mob, and then vowed that if they burned the house she would burn up in it, and finally saved it by singing "Home, sweet Home" for the colonel. She could not have done much better even if she had not been an old maid.

I did not see much of her after I grew up. I moved away from the old county. Most others did the same. It had been desolated by the war, and got poorer and poorer. With an old maid's usual crankiness and inability to adapt herself to the order of things, Cousin Fanny remained behind. She refused to come away; said, I believe, she had to look after the old place, mammy, and Fash, or some such non-

sense. I think she had some idea that the church would go down, or that the poor people around would miss her, or something equally unpractical. Anyhow, she stayed behind, and lived for quite a while the last of her connection in the county. Of course all did the best they could for her, and had she gone to live around with her relatives, as they wished her to do, they would have borne with her and supported her, though it would have been right hard on them. But she said no; that a single woman ought never to live in any house but her father's or her own; and we could not do anything with her. She was so proud she would not take money as a gift from any one, not even from her nearest relatives.

Her health got rather poor—not unnaturally, considering the way she divided her time between doctoring herself and fussing after sick people in all sorts of weather. With the fancifulness of her kind, she finally took it into her head that she must consult a doctor in New York for her ailments. Of course no one but an old maid would have done this; the home doctors were good enough for every one else. Nothing would do, however, but she must go to New York; so, against the advice of every one, she wrote to a cousin who was living there to meet her, and with her old wraps, and cap, and bags, and bundles, and old stick, and umbrella, she started. The lady met her; that is, went to meet her, but failed to find her at the station, and, supposing that she had not come, or had taken some other railroad, which she was likely to do, returned home, to find her in bed, with her "things" piled up on the floor. Some gentleman had come across her in Washington, holding the right train while she insisted on taking the Pittsburg route, and had taken compassion on her, and not only escorted her to New York, but had taken her and all her parcels, and brought her to her destination, where she had at once retired.

"He was a most charming man, my dear," she said to her cousin, who told me of it afterward, in narrating her eccentricities, "and, to think of it, I don't believe I had looked in a glass all day, and when I got here, my cap had somehow got twisted around and was perched right over my left ear, making me look a perfect fright. He told me his name, but I have forgotten it, of course. But he was such a gentleman, and to think of his being a Yankee! I told him I hated all Yankees, and he just laughed, and did not mind my stick, nor old umbrella, nor bundles a bit. You 'd have thought my old cap was a Parisian bonnet. I will not believe he was a Yankee."

Well, she went to see the doctor, the most celebrated in New York—at the infirmary, of course, for she was too poor to go to his office; one consultation would have taken every cent she had. Her cousin went with her, and told me of it. She said that when she came downstairs to go, she never saw such a sight. On her head she had her blue cap, and her green shade, and her veil, and her shawl; and she had the old umbrella and long stick, which she had brought from the country, and a large pillow under her arm, because she "knew she was going to faint." So they started out, but it was a slow procession. The noise and bustle of the street dazed her, her cousin fancied, and every now and then she would clutch her companion and declare she must go back or she should faint. At every street-crossing she insisted upon having a policeman to help her over, or, in default of that, she would stop some man and ask him to escort her across, which, of course, he would do, thinking her crazy.

Finally they reached the infirmary, where there were already a large number of patients, and many more came in afterward. Here she shortly established an acquaintance with several strangers. She had to wait an hour or more for her turn, and then insisted that several who had come in after her should go in before her, because she said the poor things looked so tired. This would have gone on indefinitely, her cousin said, if she had not finally dragged her into the doctor's room. There the first thing that she did was to insist that she must lie down, she was so faint, and her pillow was brought into requisition. The doctor humored her, and waited on her. Her friend started to tell him about her, but the doctor said, "I prefer to have her tell me herself." She presently began to tell, the doctor sitting quietly by listening, and seeming to be much interested. He gave her some prescription, and told her to come again next day; and when she went he sent for her ahead of her turn, and after that made her come to his office at his private house, instead of to the infirmary as at first. He turned out to be the surgeon who had been at her house with the Yankees during the war. He was very kind to her. I suppose he had never seen any one like her. She used to go every day, and soon dispensed with her friend's escort, finding no difficulty in getting about. Indeed, she came to be known on the streets she passed through, and on the cars she traveled by, and people guided her. Several times as she was taking the wrong car men stopped her, and said to her, "Madam, yours is the red car." She said, sure enough it was, but she never could divine how they knew. She addressed the conductors as "My dear sir," and made them help her not only off, but quite to the sidewalk, when she thanked them, and said "Good-by," as if she had been at home. She said she did this on principle, for it was such a good thing to teach

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

—"'*My cousin Fanny*' *was an old maid; indeed, to follow St. Paul's turn of phrase, she was an old maid of the old maids. No one who saw her a moment could have doubted it.*"

them to help a feeble woman. Next time they would expect to do it, and after a while it would become a habit. She said no one knew what terror women had of being run over and trampled on.

She was, as I have said, an awful coward. She used to stand still on the edge of the street, and look up and down both ways ever so long; then go out in the street and stand still, look both ways and then run back; or as like as not, start on and turn and run back after she was more than half-way across, and so get into real danger. One day, as she was passing along, a driver had in his cart an old bag-of-bones of a horse, which he was beating to make him pull up the hill, and Cousin Fanny, with an old maid's meddlesomeness, rushed out in the street and caught hold of him and made him stop, which of course collected a crowd, and, just as she was coming back, a little cart came rattling along, and, though she was in no earthly danger, she ran so to get out of the way of the horse that she tripped and fell down in the street and hurt herself. So much for cowardice.

The doctor finally told her that she had nothing the matter with her, except something with her nerves and, I believe, her spine, and that she wanted company (you see she was a good deal alone). He said it was the first law of health ever laid down, that it was not good for man to be alone; that loneliness is a specific disease. He said she wanted occupation, some sort of work to interest her, and make her forget her aches and ailments. He suggested missionary work of some kind. This was one of the worst things he could have told her, for there was no missionary work to be had where she lived. Besides, she could not have done missionary work; she had never done anything in her life; she was always wasting her time pottering about the county on her old horse, seeing sick old darkies or poor people in the pines. No matter how bad the weather was, nor how deep the roads, she would go prowling around to see some old "aunty" or "uncle," in their out-of-the-way cabins, or somebody's sick child. I have met her on old Fashion in the rain, toiling along in roads that were knee-deep to get the doctor to come to see some sick person, or to get a dose of physic from the depot. How could she have done any missionary work?

I believe she repaid the doctor for his care of her by sending him a charity patient to look after — Scroggs's eldest girl, who was bedridden or something. Cousin Fanny had a fancy that she was musical. I never knew how it was arranged. I think the doctor sent the money down to have the child brought on to New York for him to see. I suppose Cousin Fanny turned beggar, and asked him. I know she told him the child was the daughter of "a friend" of hers (a curious sort of friend Scroggs was, a drunken reprobate, who had done everything he could to cheat her), and she took a great deal of trouble to get her to the train, lending old Fashion to haul her, which was a good deal more than lending herself; and the doctor treated her in New York for three months without any charge, till, I believe, the child got better. Old maids do not mind giving people trouble.

She hung on at the old place as long as she could, but it had to be sold, and finally she had to leave it; though, I believe, even after it was sold she tried boarding for a while with Scroggs, the former tenant, who had bought it. He cheated her, in one way or another, out of all of her part of the money, claiming offsets for services rendered her, and treated her so badly that finally she had to leave, and boarded around. I believe the real cause was she caught him plowing with old Fashion.

After that I do not know exactly what she did. I heard that though the parish was vacant she had a Sunday school at the old church, and so kept the church open, and that she used to play the wheezy old organ and teach the poor children the chants; but as they grew up they all joined the Baptist church; they had a new organ there. I do not know just how she got on. I was surprised to hear finally that she was dead — had been dead since Christmas. It had never occurred to me that she would die. She had been dying so long that I had almost come to regard her as immortal, and as a necessary part of the old county and its associations.

I fell in some time afterward with a young doctor from the old county, who, I found, had attended her, and I made some inquiries about her. He told me that she died Christmas night. She came to his house on her old mare, in the rain and snow the night before, to get him to go to see some one, some "friend" of hers who was sick. He said she had more sick friends than any one he ever knew; he told her that he was sick himself and could not go; but she was so importunate that he promised to go next morning (she was always very worrying). He said she was wet and shivering then (she never had any idea about really protecting herself; her resources being exhausted in her fancies), and that she appeared to have a wretched cold. She had been riding all day seeing about a Christmas tree for the poor children. He urged her to stop and spend the night, but she insisted that she must go on, though it was quite dark and raining hard, and the roads would have mired a cat (old maids are so self-willed). Next day he went to see the sick woman, and when he arrived he found her in one bed and

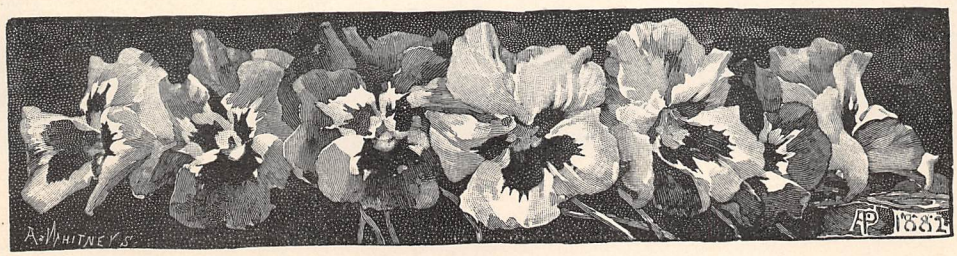
Cousin Fanny in another, in the same room. When he had examined the patient, he turned and asked Cousin Fanny what was the matter with her. "Oh, just a little cold, a little trouble in the chest, as Theodore Hook said," she replied. "But I know how to doctor myself." Something about her voice struck him. He went over to her and looked at her, and found her suffering from acute pneumonia. He at once set to work on her. He took the other patient up in his arms and carried her into another room, where he told her that Cousin Fanny was a desperately ill woman. "She was actually dying then, sir," he said to me, "and she died that night. When she arrived at the place the night before, which was not until after nine o'clock, she had gone to the stable herself to put up her old mare, or rather to see that she was fed,—she always did that,—so when she got into the house she was wet and chilled through, and she had to go to bed. She must have had on wet clothes," he said.

I asked him if she knew she was going to die. He said he did not think she did; that he did not tell her, and she talked about nothing except her Christmas tree and the people she wanted to see. He heard her praying in the night, "and, by the way," he said, "she mentioned you. She shortly became rather delirious, and wandered a good deal, talking of things that must have happened when she was young; spoke of going to see her mother somewhere. The last thing she ever said was something about fashion, which," he said, "showed how ingrained is vanity in the female mind." The doctor knows something of human nature. He concluded what he had to say with, "She was in some respects a very remarkable woman — if she had not been an old maid. I do not suppose that she ever drew a well breath in her life. Not that I think old maids cannot be very acceptable women," he apologized. "They are sometimes very useful." The doctor was a rather enlightened man.

Some of her relatives got there in time for the funeral, and a good many of the poor people came; and she was carried in a little old spring wagon, drawn by Fashion, through the snow, to the old home place, where Scroggs very kindly let them dig the grave, and was buried there in the old graveyard in the garden, in a vacant space just beside her mother, with the children around her. I really miss her a great deal. The other boys say they do the same. I suppose it is the trouble she used to give us.

The old set are all doing well. Doug is a professor. He says the word "spinster" gave him a twist to philology. Old Blinky is in Paris. He had a picture in the salon last year, an autumn landscape, called *Le Côté du Bois*. I believe the translation of that is "The Woodside." His coloring is said to be nature itself. To think of old Blinky being a great artist! Little Kitty is now a big girl, and is doing finely at school. I have told her she must not be an old maid. Joe is a preacher with a church in the purlieus of a large city. I was there not long ago. He had a choral service. The Gregorian music carried me back to old times. He preached on the text, "I was sick, and ye visited me." It was such a fine sermon, and he had such a large congregation, that I asked why he did not go to a finer church. He said he was "carrying soup to Mrs. Ronquist." By the way, his organist was a splendid musician. She introduced herself to me. It was Scroggs's daughter! She is married, and can walk as well as I can! She had a little girl with her that I think she called "Fanny." I do not think that was Mrs. Scroggs's name. Frank is now a doctor, or rather a surgeon, in the same city with Joe, and becoming very distinguished. The other day he performed a great operation, saving a woman's life, which was in all the papers. He said to an interviewer that he became a surgeon from dressing a sore on an old mare's back. I wonder what he was talking about. He is about to start a woman's hospital for poor women. Cousin Fanny would have been glad of that; she was always proud of Frank. She would as likely as not have quoted that verse from Tennyson's song about the echoes. She sleeps now under the myrtle at Scroggs's. I have often thought of what that doctor said about her: that she would have been a very remarkable woman, if she had not been an old maid—I mean, a spinster.

Thomas Nelson Page.



PAINTED BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

RINGING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE NEW CASHIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FAITH DOCTOR," "THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER," ETC.

MY friend Macartney-Smith has working theories for everything. He illustrated one of these the other day by relating something that happened in the Giralda apartment-house, where he lives in a suite overlooking Central Park. I do not remember whether he was expounding his notion that the apartment-house has solved the question of coöperative housekeeping, or whether he was engaged in demonstrating certain propositions regarding the influence of the city on the country. Since I have forgotten what it was intended to prove, the incident has seemed more interesting. It is bad for a story to medicate it with a theory. However, here are the facts as Macartney-Smith relates them with his Q. E. D. omitted.

I do not know [he began] by what accident or on what recommendation the manager of the Giralda brought a girl from Iowa to act as clerk and cashier in the restaurant.

The new cashier had lived in a town where there were differences in social standing, but no recognized distinctions, after you had left out the sedimentary poverty-stricken class. She not only had no notions of the lines of social cleavage in a great apartment-house, but she had never heard of chaperonage, or those other indelicacies that go along with the high civilization of a metropolis. I have no doubt she was the best scholar in the arithmetic class in the village high school, and ten to one she was the champion at croquet. She took life with a zest unknown to us New Yorkers, and let the starchiest people in the house know that she was glad to see them when they returned after an absence, by going across the dining-room to shake hands with them and to inquire whether they had had a good time. Even the gently frigid manner of Mrs. Drupe could not chill her friendliness; she was accustomed to accost that lady in the elevator, and demand, "How is Mr. Drupe?" whenever that gentleman chanced to be absent. It was not possible for her to imagine that Mrs. Drupe could be otherwise than grateful for any manifestation of a friendly interest in her husband.

To show any irritation was not Mrs. Drupe's way — that would have disturbed the stylish repose of her bearing even more than misplaced cordiality. She always returned the salutations of Miss Wakefield, but in a tone so neutral, cool, and cucumberish, that she hoped the girl would feel rebuked and learn a little more diffidence, or at least learn that the Drupes did not care for her acquaintance. But the only result of such treatment was that Miss Wakefield would say to the clerk in the office: "Your Eastern people have such stiff ways that they make me homesick. But they don't mean any harm, I suppose."

Some of the families in the Giralda rather liked the new cashier; these were they who had children — the little children chatted and laughed with her across her desk when they came down as forerunners to give the order for the family dinner. If it were only lunch-time, when few people were in the restaurant, they went behind the desk and embraced the cashier and had a romp with her. The smallest chaps she would take up in her arms while she pulled out the drawers to show them her paper-knife and trinkets; and when there were flowers, she would often break off one apiece for even those least amiable little plagues that in an apartment-house are the torment of their nurses and mamas the livelong day. This not only gave pleasure to the infantry, but relieved an aching which the poor girl had for a once cheerful home, now broken up by the death of her parents and the scattering abroad of brothers and sisters.

The young men in the house thought her "a jolly girl," since she would chat with them over her desk as freely as she would have chatted across the counter with the clerks in Cedar Falls, where she came from. She was equally cordial with the head-waiter, and those of his staff who knew any more English than was indispensable to the taking of an order. But her frank familiarity with young gentlemen, and friendly speech with servants, were offensive to some of the ladies. They talked it over, and decided that Miss Wakefield was not a modest girl; that at least she did not know her place, and that the manager ought to dismiss her if he meant to maintain the tone of the house. The manager, poor fellow, had to hold his own place against the rivalry of the treasurer, and when such complaints were made to him what could he do? He stood out a while for Miss Wakefield, whom he liked, but when the influential Mrs. Drupe wrote to him that the cashier at the desk in the restaurant was not a well-behaved girl, he knew that it was time to look out for another.

DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SHE WOULD CHAT WITH THEM OVER HER DESK."

If the manager had forewarned her, she could have saved money enough to take her back to Iowa, where she might dare to be as friendly as she pleased with other respectable humans without fear of reproach. But he was not such a fool as to let go of one cashier till he had found another. It was while the manager was deciding which of three other young women to take that Mr. Drupe was stricken with apoplexy. He had finished eating his luncheon, which was served in the apartment, and had lighted a cigar, when he fell over. There were no children, and the Drupes kept no servant, but depended on the housekeeper to send them a maid when they required one, so that Mrs. Drupe found herself alone with her prostrate husband. The distracted wife did not know what to do; she took hold of the needle of the teleseme, but the words on the dial were confused; she quickly moved the needle round over the whole twenty-four points, but none of them suited the case. She stopped it at "porter," moved it to "bootblack," carried it around to "ice-water," and successively to "coupé," "laundress," and "messenger-boy," and then gave up in despair, and jerked open the door that led to the hall. Miss Wakefield had just come up to the next apartment to inquire after a little girl ill from a cold, and was returning toward the elevator when Mrs. Drupe's wild face was suddenly thrust forth upon her.

"Won't you call a boy — somebody. My husband is dying," were the words that greeted Miss Wakefield at the moment of the apparition of the despairing face.

Miss Wakefield rushed past Mrs. Drupe into the apartment, and turned the teleseme to the word "manager," and then pressed the button three times in quick succession. She knew that a call for the manager would suggest fire, robbery, and sudden death, and that it would wake up the lethargic forces in the office. Then she turned to the form of the man lying prostrate on the floor, seized a pillow from the lounge, and motioned to Mrs. Drupe to raise his head while she laid it beneath.

"Who is your doctor?" she demanded.

"Dr. Morris; but it 's a mile away," said the distracted woman. "Won't you send a boy in a coupé?"

"I 'll go myself, the boys are so slow," said the cashier. "Shall I send you a neighboring doctor till Dr. Morris can get here?"

"Do, do," pleaded the wife, now wildly wringing her hands.

Miss Wakefield caught the elevator as it

landed the manager on the floor, and she briefly told him what was the matter. Then she descended, and had the clerk order a coupé by telephone, and then herself sent Dr. Floyd from across the street, while she ran to the stable, leaped into the coupé before the horse was fairly hitched up, and drove for Dr. Morris.

Dr. Morris found Mrs. Drupe already a widow when he arrived with the cashier. The latter promptly secured the addresses of Mr. Drupe's brother and of his business partner, again entered the coupé, and soon had the poor woman in the hands of her friends.

The energetic girl went to her room that night exhilarated by her own prompt and kind-hearted action. But the evil spirit that loves to mar our happiness had probably arranged it that on that very evening she received a note from the manager notifying her that her services would not be required after one more week. On inquiry the next day she learned that some of the ladies had complained of her behavior, and she vainly tried to remember what she had done that was capable of misconstruction. She also vainly tried to imagine how she was to live, or by what means she was to contrive to get back to those who knew her too well to suspect her of any evil. She was so much perplexed by the desperate state of her own affairs that she even neglected to attend Mr. Drupe's funeral, but she hoped that Mrs. Drupe would not take it unkindly.

It was with a heavy heart that the manager called Miss Wakefield into his office on the ground floor in order that he might pay her last week's wages. He was relieved that she seemed to accept her dismissal with cheerfulness.

"What are you going to do?" he asked timidly.

"Why, did n't you know?" she said. "I am to live with Mrs. Drupe as a companion, and to look out for her affairs and collect her rents. I used to think she did n't like me. But it will be a good lesson to those ladies who found fault with me for nothing when they see how much Mrs. Drupe thinks of me."

And she went her way to her new home in Mrs. Drupe's apartment, at the end of the hall on the sixth floor, while the manager took from a pigeon-hole Mrs. Drupe's letter of complaint against the former cashier, and read it over carefully.

The thickness of the walls at the base of so lofty a building made it difficult for daylight to work its way through the tunnel-like windows, so that in this office a gas-jet was necessary in the daytime. After a moment's reflection, the manager touched Mrs. Drupe's letter of complaint to the flame, and it was presently reduced to everlasting illegibility.

Edward Eggleston.

SEEMING FAILURE.

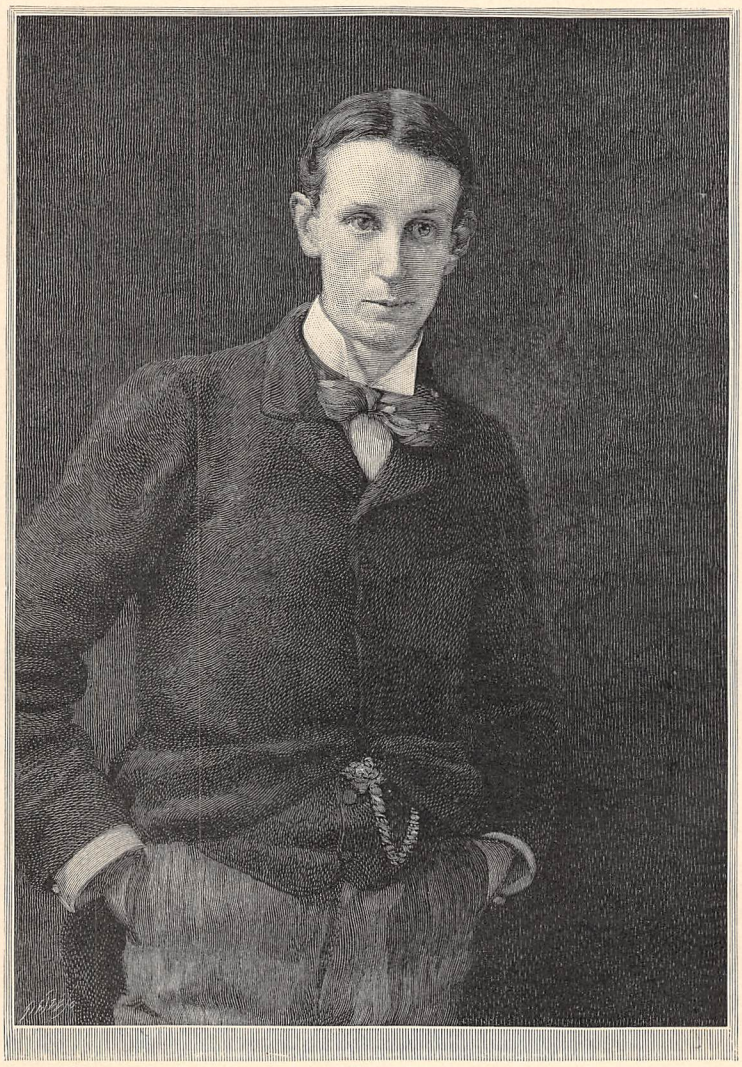
THE woodland silence, one time stirred
By the soft pathos of some passing bird,
Is not the same it was before.
The spot where once, unseen, a flower
Has held its fragile chalice to the shower,
Is different forevermore.
Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

O thou that breathest year by year
Music that falls unheeded on the ear,
Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!
Thou that with tints of earth and skies
Fillest thy canvas for unseeing eyes,
Thou hast not labored futilely.
Unheard, unseen,
A spell has been!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

I.

IT was James Deed's wedding-morning, and the town knew it. Deed himself was so full of the knowledge of it that his face would break from time to time, without his will, into a fond and incommunicable smile of happiness as he rode alone toward Maverick on his horse. His eye measured the crisp and sparkling Colorado morning; and he took the sun upon his large, wholesome, likable face, with the pleasant feeling that its shining was for him. The agreeable world seemed to have him in thought, and to be minded to do the handsome thing by his wedding-day. And the evil things, the blizzards and sand-storms, and the winds that will be howling at all hours in Colorado, shunned the face of this thrice-blessed day.

The cattle pony which Deed was riding had got the news of the kindling morning air, though he lacked word of the wedding; but

it was enough that he also knew what it was to be happy. Deed patted his flank affectionately, as they swung into town together; and he was of a mind to give good morrow to the herd that came to the barbed-wire fence to observe his happiness with impassive eyes. It was too early to see Margaret; but when he had waked at the ranch house on his cattle-range, where he had spent the last few days, he had found it impossible to remain quietly within doors, and since he must ride, it was the nearest thing to seeing her to ride in her direction.

The curtains were still down at the windows of the house where Margaret had been staying with Beatrice Vertner for a month. The Vertners occupied the largest dwelling in Maverick except the brick house which Snell had built since he had made his strike at Aspen; its architecture was in the journeyman carpenter Queen Anne manner common to Western towns which have reached their second stage. The pony, accustomed to stopping, swerved in toward the gate, and Deed was obliged to restrain him, unwillingly. There was no one in sight to mind that he should kiss his hand to a certain curtain in the second story; but he was obliged to content himself with this. He gave the pony the rein, and went swinging into Maverick by way of Mesa street.

His eye roved anxiously, with another thought, as he galloped along, over the circle of snow-peaks that separated Lone Creek Valley from the world outside, and rested on a cleft in the white hills through which his younger son, Philip, should at the moment be making his way from Piñon on horseback, to be present at the wedding in the afternoon.

Zacatecas Pass, which found its way through this breach in the Sangre de Cristo Range, led down, at a point thirty miles above Maverick, to the railway by which Philip should be taking a train within a few hours. A dusty cloud, of which Deed feared he knew the meaning, hung above the trail. It seemed probable that it was snowing in the mountains. If it was, Philip would almost certainly fail to arrive in time: it was equally certain that he would be in danger.

There had been a thaw, succeeded by freezing weather, and the crusted snow clung to the huge mountain shapes as if it were molded on them.

It was charming to follow the modeling of their mighty bulks under the conforming vesture of white, swelling and dying away in divine suggestions of hidden grace, with the effect of a maiden's raiment. The edged lines by which the hills mounted to the summits lay crumpled on one another, buried in softness. The snow plumped the hollows; and pursued their climbing sides to the most secret fold. The angles were curves, and the curves glistering reaches of satin; for at every point the sunlight meshed itself in a gleam of white, and the whole field of snow shone with a blinding glitter.

In fact, the polished radiance of the hills gave off a glare which the eye could not meet with patience, and Deed, withdrawing his glance from the mountains, fixed it on the scattered town into which he was coming. He knew every building in it: he had seen most of them go up. He remembered when the general supply-store of Maverick had stood—if a tent may be said to stand—where the post-office now reared its ugly splendor of brick, stone-trimmed and mansard-roofed. In the road over which he was riding there was a familiar spot where an embattled squatter had held his own against the town for a twelve-month, refusing to move the log cabin which he had built in the center of Mesa street before there was a Mesa street. Deed had contributed to the building of the Episcopal church, past which he was riding at the moment; and as he glanced at its roof and front, he was sorry that he had not put aside more profitable business long enough to get himself appointed a member of the committee on its architecture. He tried to excuse himself by remembering that he had insisted on the simple and genuine Gothic interior, carried out in pine, which made it a very tolerable little church within.

He had had nothing to do with the roller skating-rink, nor with the Grand Opera House, which depressed the observer by its resemblance to Libby Prison, though it was an achievement of wood, and clapboarded up to the summit of its false front. The ingenuousness of the pretense with which the false front faces down the spectator in the new towns of the West would be almost a thing to disarm criticism if the front, in itself, were more beautiful; certainly if it were less hideous one would hardly like to humiliate it by going around behind and spying out the nakedness of the device.

As Deed's eye ranged over the roofs of the main street behind the fronts, he smiled at the disproportion between the actual height of the squat buildings, and the height which the fronts alleged for them. His happiness gave an edge to his observation; he saw familiar things as if for the first time. On the treeless plain over which Maverick was dispersed nothing obstructed the vision for miles, and from so slight an elevation as that along which Deed was cantering one commanded a panoramic view of the entire place. The hotel at the station, the public school with its high central tower, the post-office, and the railway hospital, were the only structures, besides the church, which lifted themselves above the level of the pre-

vailing one- and two-storied buildings. Except in the main street, the dwelling-houses lay isolated from one another in archipelagoes, marking the push of the real-estate boom to one and another corner of the young city.

As Deed came into the business center of the place, distinguished as such by the board sidewalk that went loftily along the thoroughfare on each side of the way, by the blazonries in red, black, and chrome-yellow on the muslin signs tacked upon the fronts of the shops, and by the tethered cattle-ponies, burros, and Studebaker wagons of the ranchmen who began to come into town, he was hailed by a loitering group gathered about a telegraph-pole in front of the post-office.

"Goin' the wrong way round, ain't you, Mayor?" inquired one of the group.

Deed had served the unexpired term of a mayor of Maverick who had suffered the inconvenience of being shot in the early days of the town; and the usual military titles refusing to fasten themselves readily to a certain dignity which the town recognized in him, it had compromised upon "Mayor," as being a fortunate combination of the respectful and the jocular.

Deed's answering smile owned the impeachment of the humorous reference; but the etiquette of Western chaff is not to sanction such an understanding with speech. It is, rather, *de rigueur* to meet such references with a heavenly unconsciousness of innocence, and to own them only deep within the understanding eye, which admits both parties to such amenities into the open secret of the no-secret.

"Well, yes; for Aspen and some places up Eagle River way I 'm going a good ways around, Burke," said Deed, with twinkling eyes, as he checked the pony; "but I 'm headed right for the telegraph-office, I think, unless I 've taken my observations wrong."

He was giving his pony the rein as some one said, "There was some tell about town here, Mr. Mayor, of your having asked unanimous consent to make another matter a special order of business for to-day." The postmaster, who had served a term in the legislature, was fond of the phrases he had learned at Denver.

"Yes; anything we can do for you, you know," darkly intimated the young fellow on whom the town's repute for the possession of the hardest drinker in the county depended. On Sundays Sandy was the sexton of the Episcopal church; other days he divided between Ira's and certain odd jobs.

"To be sure; that reminds me — there *is* something you can do for me, Sandy. Ira has my orders. Call on him this evening, and take the camp."

"Make it a dozen, Mayor," wheedled Sandy.

"Could n't," responded Deed. "I 've made it two." He smiled at the group. Sandy guffawed his enjoyment of the prospect. The rest coiled their tongues deep in their cheeks, shifted the pain of sustaining their bodies from one leg to the other, and gazed at the "Mayor" with a broad smile.

"Denver?" asked some one.

Deed shook his head. "Y. and Z.'s."

"Bottles?"

"Kegs."

He surveyed the grinning group with a smile, as he caught up the reins. The points at which he differed from them were perhaps rather more obvious at the moment than those by which he was allied to the life of the place and of the West. In spite of eight years spent in the West, broken only by occasional visits to his old home in New York, and, while Margaret was still in question, by a single visit to Europe, his bearing retained a sort of distinction which no measure of consent to a civilization that surveys life with its hands in its pockets, and its trousers in its boots, was likely to vitiate.

In being unaggressive, this bearing escaped the condemnation under which all forms of aloofness from the common lot properly lie in the West; and in being on humorous terms with itself, it rather commended itself than otherwise to a people who must see life as a joke if they would escape seeing it as a tragedy. It was far from being his manner of distinction that gave Deed his place in the regard of Maverick, and of Lone Creek County, of course; and it was scarcely by it that he prevailed in his practice before the Supreme Court at Denver, or in his fights for mineral claims at Leadville. He counted, as every one does in the West who counts at all, by pure force.

Deed liked the West as men like what serves their ends, and for something more. There was a kind of obligation of gratitude upon him to like it, for it had been his rescue from lethargy after the death of his wife in New York ten years before. He had had no wish to live when he came West, and his friends were surprised to hear after six months that he was still alive. He was what is called "a very sick man" when he reached Maverick; and as he was also a very miserable one, the chances that he would presently be borne to the desolate little graveyard on the *mesa* just outside the limits of Maverick were rather better than the chances of his pulling through to find a new strength with his reviving interest in life. In the event he not only "came around," as the neighbors said, but, in laying hold upon the practice of his profession again, discovered a pleasure in pursuing the application of its principles to new conditions.

He chaffed the West, now, when he met a man who, like himself, had once been a New-Yorker or a Bostonian; but this was by way of reminding himself to remember how absurd the whole affair was, after all. The real fact was, that, absorbed in his work in creating a future for his boys, and finally in accumulating the fortune which he had seen might be his one day for the use of the needful energy, he had forgotten to philosophize the West, as he had been used to do while from his sick-bed he lay staring idly on a range of mountains which he remembered thinking too big. Consciously or unconsciously, he had cast in his lot with this huge, crudely prosperous, blundering, untutored land; and if he had still reserves, there was never time left from his mines, his cattle, and his law to think of them.

He was putting spurs to his horse as Snell, the leading merchant of the place, who had just joined the group, inquired suggestively, "The young men will hardly arrive in time for the ceremony, I take it, Mr. Deed?"

"I don't know, Mr. Snell," said Deed, restraining the pony, which was chafing to be off again. "I hope to see Philip. He 's dropped his mining experiment up at Piñon, at my suggestion, and he will get through by the two-thirty train, I hope, if he gets over the Pass all right. I don't know whether to hope that he has left Laughing Valley City or not. I 'm just on my way to the telegraph-office to inquire." He cast a doubtful look toward Zacatecas Pass.

"Looks some like snow up around the Pass," commented one of those young men of middle age who, in the West, somehow keep the sap of youth jogging lustily in their veins at an age when it has dried out, or soaked down into the roots, of New England men. It is possible that the speculative fancy of man does not engender a new scheme with every moon for nothing.

"It does look like snow," owned Deed, as he glanced anxiously again toward the mountains; and some one ventured to ask him about Jasper. "He was detained by business in New York," he said, at which Snell exchanged a significant glance with his neighbor. He hardly expected him for the wedding, Deed added. It was pretty well known in Maverick that Jasper wasted no approval on his father's second marriage; and there were persons who saw dubious things beneath the peremptory summons which he had given out a fortnight ago as calling him to New York.

As Deed, to cut short the embarrassment of this line of questioning, definitively caught up the reins, and gave the pony a cut with the quirt, the group gathered about him lifted their sombreros, or such rakish or merely slovenly caps as they wore, and swung them about their heads in the burlesque by which Western manners express their condescension to the customs of a superseded civilization. It was not a bow, nor precisely a ceremony of farewell, but a mixed expression of thanks for the "irrigation" to be offered at Ira's in the evening, and of an embarrassed sentiment of congratulation on the event of the day, which did not quite know the smartest way of conveying itself.

When some one inquired, "What 's the matter with James Deed, Esquire?" and the crowd gave the foreordained answer with a single voice, they had really done for him all that one sovereign can do for another in the way of expression of good will: it was frankincense and myrrh, and oil and wine and precious stones, offered him on a tray of gold, if you like. It was meant for the same thing, and Deed did not like it less. He turned in his saddle, and waved his own wide-brimmed hat to them in acknowledgment, his fine smile on his lips.

THE Colorado sunshine was flooding the room in which Margaret awaited his coming, without let from blinds or shades. She stood in the big patch of radiance flung upon a rag carpet past fear of fading, and looked wistfully out of the window. The house stood a little apart, at the head of Mesa street, the chief thoroughfare of Maverick, near the outskirts of the town, and, in the clear mountain air she could see for a long distance down the road.

Breakfast was over, and Beatrice Vertner had left her to attend to some household duties, which weddings apparently do not make less important in their process of dwarfing all other concerns.

A quarrel between father and son, Margaret was saying to herself, as she stood by the window,—it had not come to that yet, but that Jasper's opposition to his father's second marriage had been saved from that only by the moderation and temperance of her husband who was to be, she felt sure,—seemed, at best, a wretched business; but this was, she felt, unbearably sad. In the foolish days when she was saying Deed nay because she did not yet know herself, and he was following her from New York to Paris, and from Paris to Geneva, and from Geneva to Naples, patient, decently doubtful of himself, but persistent, she had seen what it cost him merely to be separated from his sons. Later, she had come to understand how the obligation he had felt to find something within himself to replace the tender care of the mother his boys had lost before they were old enough to know the meaning of such a loss must have reacted upon and enriched his feeling for them. She remembered how, seeing that his concern for their welfare was the substance and texture of his life, she had warned him—it was at Naples—that such

affection as his played with high stakes; and how his face had darkened almost angrily at her hint of the possibility that sons might disappoint one's faith in them.

Just before their first meeting Deed had bought and stocked for his boys the cattle-range from which she hoped he was riding in at this hour, and Jasper was established there in undivided charge until Philip, then in the first year of one of his foolish boy's experiments in Chile, should be ready to come back and take his share in the management. She recalled well enough how she had rallied their father's unwitting boasts of Jasper's success, how she had assisted with inward amusement at the pretense that he kept his fatherly fondness covert by bantering it with her, and how, when that was his mood, she had seemed to consent to his transparent vainglory in the shrewdness of his clever young men of twenty-four as a natural enthusiasm about a successful venture of his own. But constantly she had the sense of his loving pride in both his boys; and she liked it.

Deed could not have told her, even if his knowledge of it had got out of the region of half-perceptions in which we keep our reluctances about the faults of those we love, that Jasper belonged to the Race of the Magnificent, who have their own way—a happy provision arranging that no one shall find it worth quite what it costs to oppose such ways. When Margaret discovered it for herself, she had only to put it with familiar characteristics of Deed to understand how the partnership papers in the range, which were the origin of the present difficulty, had got themselves signed.

When Deed, in good-humored recognition of Jasper's successful management of the range, had offered him a half-share in the profits from it until Philip should be ready to claim the third already belonging in all but form to each of the boys, it was like Jasper to say that it was very good of his father, and that they ought to "put the thing on a business basis." But it was rather more like Deed, whose pride in Jasper's business shrewdness commonly took shape before the young man himself in a habit of ridiculing him indulgently about it, to have laughed at him, and consented. And it was not less of a tenor with their usual relation that he should have let Jasper have his way about giving this profit-sharing, for a limited term, the form of a partnership.

About his own way Margaret knew he would have no conceit, while regarding the symmetry of his act in giving Jasper something like the reward his faithfulness and sagacity in the management of the ranch had earned he would have a certain pride. For Margaret, who, for her own part, had ever frugalities and cautions to be satisfied before she could be about a matter, both understood and admired the recklessness with which Deed was accustomed to do a nice thing thoroughly. To her it was an inevitable touch of character that he should have glanced over the papers of partnership which Jasper had drawn up, should have signed with a smile for his gratification in doing an entirely gratifying thing, and then should have had the boy to supper with him at the only restaurant in town, where they drank to the success of the range in the champagne which had been left over from the previous night's supper of the Order of the Occidental Star.

Deed had not meant to marry again, then, of course, and the cattle-range was then an incident of his fortune, instead of one of the main facts of it, as it presently became.

When he first thought of Margaret he congratulated himself that there was still the ranch, for, at a little past forty, he found himself, through the scoundrelly trick of a man he had trusted, almost as entirely on his own hands as he had been at twenty—with a fortune to be won again, and with life to be begun pretty much afresh. When this trouble came on him he thought of the boys; remembered with satisfaction that they were provided for, whatever came; shrugged his shoulders; took a look at himself in the glass, measured himself thoughtfully against the future, brushed the black lock down over the fringe of gray in front; smiled; went out and had a good dinner; and began again that afternoon. A year later, when he first offered himself to Margaret, it was pleasant to know that the ranch was now not quite all (some of his mining stocks were doing better); but the third interest, that would still remain to him when Philip should have claimed his share in the range had not lost its importance to him. And Jasper had done wonderful things with the enterprise since they had pledged each other in the bad wine of the "Delmonico of the West."

It was a little later that there began to be discoverable in Jasper's manner the hints of opposition to his father's second marriage which had lately come near ending in an estrangement between father and son. The difference between them was, after all, but scantily patched up; and on the head of it Jasper had set out for New York, knowing that he could not be back in time for the wedding, and leaving word that he would write his father regarding another matter which Deed had broached to him just before his departure. The other matter was the reorganization of the arrangement at the ranch to

include Philip, who had given over mining, after a twelvemonth in the mountains.

He had gone to Piñon on his return from Chile, with his young man's interest in anything rather than the usual and appointed thing lying ready to his hand; but he was now willing enough to accept his father's advice of a year before, and to join Jasper in looking after the ranch, where an assured income awaited him. Deed had wished to see this wandering, impulsive, hot-blooded, unsettled son of his actually established on the range before his marriage to Margaret. Unexpected events at Piñon had prevented this; but when he should come down for the wedding it was arranged that he was not to return, but was to take up his residence at the ranch immediately.

If this provision for Philip's future had not already been made when Margaret first began to be in question, Deed could not have asked her to marry him. He felt, in a degree which it would be difficult to represent, his responsibilities to his boys; and the long habit of making them the first concern of his life must have prevailed with him, whatever his feeling for Margaret, if they had needed anything done for them. But the ranch was a property which, conducted with any skill, must yield them both a handsome revenue, when both should be established on it.

Margaret liked the faithfulness to the future of his sons, which would not suffer him to put even her, or their common happiness, before it. He was determined to leave nothing at loose ends; and he was even awaiting the formality of Jasper's assent to the new arrangement at the ranch, as if it were an assent which he was free to withhold — as if all property of his boys in the ranch were not derived from his generosity, and as if Jasper's present tenure were not peculiarly by grace of his father's good humor. It was only a form; but Margaret knew that Deed regarded it as a sacred preliminary to their marriage; and when she saw him riding up to the door, waving a letter in his hand, she knew what letter it must be.

She ran out into the frosty air to meet him. Standing on the porch, under the shadow of the scroll-saw work, which was as much in the Queen Anne manner as anything about the house, she waited for him to tie his horse, cuddling her arms about her waist. The air had an edge. She gathered herself together: there was the cold to keep out; and there was a soft, interior content which she was willing to keep in.

It was hard not to be afraid of some of her feelings lately.

"Watch your horse!" she adjured, with a little nervous shiver. He was trying to tie the pony while he kept his eyes on her, and the tying was on the way to failure. He had taken the letter in his mouth for greater convenience. They both began to laugh, so that he had to take it out.

"Dearest!" he whispered, as he caught her to him in the porch. But she would not give him his kiss until they were in the hallway.

"It 's come!" she said, with a joyous nod toward the letter in his hand, as they went into the sitting-room, which was as discreetly empty as the whole house seemed suddenly to have become in the hush of their happiness.

"Yes," he said, alternately offering and refusing it to her, as he held her away to make certain that she was the same Margaret with whom he had parted the night before for the last time, and who was to give herself to him in a few hours.

She sniffed at the flowers he had slipped into her hand in the hallway; and, to make sure she did not cry, laughed at the smile of love on his face, which often oppressed her with the obligation it seemed to lay on her to keep it always there. And then she clapped her hands and laughed again to perceive in herself a kind of girlish pride in his being handsome and manly, and altogether very fine and impressive this morning.

It was true that he was a striking figure as he stood holding her at arm's-length, and not less so when he left her side and went over to the mantel, where he leaned his head upon his hand and watched her for a moment in silence, as he struck at his riding-boots with the quirt he had brought in with him. His hair was a bit gray where his large round head had begun to grow bald on each brow; but this, with his grizzling eyebrows, and the strongly marked lines about his mouth, which, in a younger man, would have seemed merely the outward sign of resolution, were the only tokens by which one would have known him to be more than thirty-five. His hair, like his mustache, which was the only adornment of his face, was worn clipped rather short; and this, coupled with his rather careful habit of dress, gave him a certain effect of trimness and well-being uncommon in the West. He had the habit of resting his weight firmly upon the ground; and the dignity and ease of his bearing were not lost in the most impetuous of his habitually rapid movements. His eyes had a tinge of blue in some lights, but it was the indefinable gray in them which gave the look of power and firmness to his face. It is doubtful if these eyes were really bluer in his kindly moments; but it is not doubtful that they seemed so. That which distinguished his look and his manner, however, after the force which no one could fail to feel in him, was an effect of unconquerable youth-

fulness and buoyancy. His eager, mildly searching glance, his manner of unceasing alertness and energy, gave one the sense of a man much alive.

He glanced with keen liking about a room which he had known for a long time, but which, somehow, had never been as interesting a room as it was this morning. He was almost in a mood to forgive the wall-paper, which insulted the remnant of Eastern taste in him; and as he turned and, with his hands in his pockets, stared into the fire, not knowing what to say in his happiness, it gave him a warm feeling about the heart to see what a gay time the combustible piñon-wood of the mountains was having of it in the little grate. There was even a certain light-heartedness about the what-not in the corner, on which the collection of mineral specimens — part of the religion of Colorado housekeeping — was reflecting the Colorado sunshine from unexpected facets of ore; while the iron pyrites winked in the sun at some possible tenderfoot mistaking it for gold.

Beatrice Vertner's taste had contrived to give a homelike expression to such furniture as there was; but the room was rather bare. The big photograph of Veta Pass, in which a train had stopped to be taken, hung in frameless, fly-spotted solitude above the tennis-rackets and riding-crops in one corner. There was a good engraving above the fireplace, framed in unplaned scantling, and two clever oil-paintings by some of Beatrice's Eastern friends brightened one corner of the room, which was further lighted up by a brilliant-hued Navajo blanket, hung as a *portière* at one of the doorways. The home-made rag carpet, in its modest propriety of coloring, caused the Western villainy in wall-paper to wear a self-conscious smirk. At the side window there was a burst of color, where the lower sash pretended, not very seriously, to be stained glass.

"Such a spick-span conscience as I 've got this morning, Margaret," he said, coming over to her and taking her hands again, while he looked down into her eyes, which she straightway dropped. "There is n't an unswept corner nor an undusted piece of furniture in it. I 've had out all the couches, and had all the pictures down, and gone in for a general housecleaning. The boys are safe and settled, both of them, and in seven hours —"

"Seven and a half," she corrected smilingly, with the precision which seems never to leave a woman who has once taught school.

"Half, is it? To be sure; half-past four. But everything must be whole this morning, Margaret, like our happiness. Have you noticed how every one feels responsible and — interested about this affair? They were all at the windows as I rode up the street, — or rather they were behind the curtains, — and I had to try to look the disinterested morning caller on my way to pay a sort of duty call. But they saw through me. My foolish joy leaks through my eyes, I suppose. Margaret dear," he asked, taking her doubtful and feebly reluctant form in his arms (for, even on the eve of her wedding, the indomitable Puritan in her must have its shamefaced way with her will), "tell me, does it distress you that I can't conceal it? You are so much better at it. Let me see your eyes. Come, you are not fair. Look up!" And then, as she tremulously took his glance for a moment, he put back his big head, and laughed greatly. "I see; you *were* thinking it: that it is unbecoming that they should be laughing over our happiness — indecorous — um — unseemly. O Margaret, you are great fun!"

"Am I?" she asked, with a shy smile, keeping her eyes on the button she was twisting on his coat.

"Yes, yes," he cried through his laughter, as he drew her to the sofa; "you don't know what you miss in not being able to enjoy yourself." He caught her to him, and she hid her head on his broad breast for happiness.

And with his arm about her he opened the letter. "Is n't it fine, dear, to know that Philip is settled down and done for, before we begin with each other, and that we need not fear for him? Otherwise I should have felt as if I were running away from him. I like to get this letter from Jasper just at this time. It 's only a form, but it makes everything quite sure. I 'm afraid we are too happy," he sighed, as he glanced over the first lines of the letter; and as he turned the page he looked up in a daze, and could not believe that there had ever been such a thing as happiness in the world. He bit his lips, not to cry out.

Margaret watched him in silent fright as he read on. A pallor deepened over his face. It went, and he appeared to regain himself. But the thought, whatever it was, seemed suddenly to clutch him at the throat, and he buried his face in his hands with a groan.

Margaret's arms, for the first time of their own motion, stole gently about him. And so they sat for a long time in silence.

Once she said softly, "I 'm so sorry, dearest." Questions, she saw, could not help him, and she did not know how to say her sympathy. She understood without words that Jasper had in some way played his father false, and she yearned over the man who in a few hours was to be her husband, with an awed sense of what such a falsity must mean to him.

The letter shocked her when she read it, but it could not sharpen her pain for him.

Jasper explained that he could not hold him-

self bound by the understanding under which his father apparently supposed him to have taken a half share in the profits of the range, and that he must decline to surrender to Philip any share in it. He "stood upon the articles of partnership, giving him the rights of an equal partner, for a term of years." The rest was made up of phrases. He would be very glad to offer his brother employment on the range; would be "most happy to afford him every" . . . trusted that "such an arrangement between them might be mutually" . . . hoped that this "would be accepted in the spirit in which" . . . ; was sure that his father must feel that "business is always business"; and, disclaiming any motive of greed or animosity, begged him to believe that he remained his "most affectionate son."

Margaret did not dare look at the stricken man beside her when she had finished this.

"If he had only died!" he moaned.

"Oh, I know, James; I know!" she murmured, with an uncertain caress.

"Do you, dear?" He looked up dully. Something vital seemed to have gone out of him. His haggard look appalled her. She shrank from it with a fluttering glance. "No, no," he said; "you don't know. You should be glad you can't. You must have cared for a child in sickness and in health, and done things for his sake, and been through all sorts of weather with him, and scolded his badness, and loved his lovableness, to know."

"Of course, of course," whispered Margaret, mechanically, because she could not find the right words, if, in truth, there were any.

"You can guess, dear," he said, "and it 's good of you; but to know you ought to have watched his growth, with its touching likeness to your own growth; and have seen the little armful of flesh, with the tiny, beating heart, that you were once afraid you would stop with a rough clasp, grow to be a man, with a man's comfortable power over the world into which he came so unknowingly—and with a man's awful capacity for right and wrong." He sighed. "Yes, yes," he went on with a note of bitterness; "you must have done what you could to help him to a place in the world,"—his voice broke,—"and perhaps you ought really to have been both father and mother to him," he added, with the ghost of his smile: "his friend, as you stood in the place of his mother; his comrade, as you were in fact his father, to know. Thank heaven, you don't know, Margaret!"

The patient desolation of his tone touched her inexpressibly. She took his hand in both of hers, studying it absently a moment, and one might have thought she meant to raise it to her lips; but, struggling against the tears in her voice, she said, "Ingratitude, though, James—is n't it much of a piece wherever you find it, and—and suffer from it? I can understand that, I think." She paused, biting her lip for self-control. "Oh, it is cowardly!" she broke out. "Does n't it seem so, dear? Cowardly and brutal!" Her arm slipped about him again, as she searched for these blundering words of helpfulness. She would have given the world to reach and soothe the pang which she seemed to herself to be merely moving about in a helpless circle. The unyielding tradition in which she had been nurtured, and which possessed her less since she had let herself love him, but which still was mistress of her, had never been so irksome.

At the moment she longed to be the creature of some sunnier land, the women of which do not have to wonder how they shall comfort those they love, who have a natural language for affection. But the honesty in her would not suffer her to express more than she could feel instinctively. "Who—who but a coward," she went on chokingly, "could wrong so unanswerably as ingratitude wrongs—so far past help, so deep beyond protest; so deep, deep down that the mere thought of lifting a voice against it is a misery, a nausea, a degradation!"

He leaped up. "Yes, yes," he cried, with impatient energy; "but one can act, *must* act when the thing's past talk. Where did I leave my hat, Margaret?" He took her by both shoulders, with a sudden impulse, and looked for a moment into her eyes. She took fright at his set face, in which, save the tenderness for her, there was scarce anything of sanity.

"What—what are you going to do?" she asked, under her breath.

He clenched his hands, as he turned from her, and caught up his hat, which lay on the sofa. "Oh, I don't know, my girl! I don't know! My worst, I suppose."

He was flinging himself out of the door. "James!" she murmured reproachfully. He turned and kissed her. "In an hour," he whispered, and was gone before she could utter one of all the pleadings that hung upon her lips. She tremblingly watched him untie his horse. Every movement of his hands was charged with an angry energy that terrified her. Her heart leaped in fear at the wrathful twitch with which he loosed the knot that they had been laughing at together twenty minutes back; and she cowered at the ugly cut under which the pony shrank, as Deed set off at a gallop.

Was this the good, the gentle man she loved? She put her hands to her eyes to shield them from the memory of the look on his face, as he parted with her. It was like the look of unreason—such a look as one recalls in explanation of a terrible event, after it has befallen.

II.

It was rather more than an hour before he returned, and Margaret had time to think of many things. She trembled at the thought of what he might be doing at any moment of her watching, and waiting, and poking of the fire. She recalled all that she knew of his hot and reckless temper; she told over to herself all that she had ever heard from others of the relentless fixity with which he carried out a thing on which he was resolved.

She knew sadly the quality of his temper, of course; her experiences of it could hardly have failed to be numerous and bitter, in the time which had elapsed since she had known him. It was the chief flaw in his character. In accounting for it to herself, she said, when she was not fresh from suffering from some manifestation of it, that no doubt it went along inevitably with his generous and impulsive heart. She was ignorant about such things, and about men in general, but she had never known any one so entirely good, and kind, and open-hearted, and she told herself it was not for her to measure or question the correlative fault that must always go with a great virtue like that. She had moments of grave doubt about this, of course, and her doubt had been a minor reason among the controlling ones which had caused her to refuse him at first. When she finally discovered that she loved him, it did n't matter; nothing seemed to matter then. She now thought of his temper as one of the things she would set herself to modify — or, rather, to help him about — when they were married. What was marriage for, if not for some such mutual strengthening and improvement?

Something Vertner had told her when she first came, and at which she had laughed at the time, recurred to her. It still made her smile, but in a frightened way. Vertner had heard it in Leadville. It was apropos of the grim strength of purpose which every one felt in Deed. Some one had come to a young lawyer there, to offer him a case in which Deed was engaged on the other side, and had been asked to "come off!" "Ain't you got more sense," inquired the practitioner, expressively, "than to take half a day out of a ten-dollar-a-day job to come and set me on to Deed in a case where he 's got the ghost of a show? Never saw him grip his fist, like that, in a court of law, did you? Thought not. Must is *must* about that time, young man. There ain't no two ways to a burro's kick. I 've been there. In fact, I was there day before yesterday. Beaten? No, sir; I was n't beaten. I was cyclonized. I was taken up by the toes of my boots, and swung round and round with one of the prettiest rotary motions you ever saw, and banged against the top of Uncompaghre Peak, out there. No one but myself would have thought it worth while to pick up what was left of me, I suppose. But I did it; and I picked up too much sense at the same time to try it again. Why, that man 's got more knowledge of the law, and more raw grit, and hang on, and stick to 'n —" he questioned the air with uplifted arm for a comparison — "well," he ended hopelessly. "I 'll tell you what it is," he went on, with renewed grip of language; "for them that likes monkeying with the buzz-saw, there ain't nothing like it, short of breaking a faro-bank. It 's strawberries and cream to that sort. But to peaceably disposed citizens like you and me, Charlie, there ain't nothing at all, anywhere, like staying pleasantly and sociably to home, and letting the saw hum its merry little way through the other fellow's fingers."

From time to time Margaret would go to the window, and look wistfully down the road. The expression on her round, shrewd, suggestive, wise little face at these times would have helped an observer to understand the look which made her seem older than her twenty-nine years; it was the authoritative look of experience. The look of over-experience that sometimes fixes itself, to the sadness of the beholder, on the face of a woman who has been down into the fight for bread with men, had passed by Margaret's inextinguishable womanliness; but she had not led an easy life; and one saw it in her face — a face proportioned with a harmony that strangely failed to make it beautiful.

Her eyes, which were small and bright, were deeply set under a high and well-modeled brow, from which the hair was brushed straight back in a way that must have been unbecoming to another type of face, but which was admirably suited to her own. In falling over her shapely little ears, the silky brown hair waved in a fashion pleasant to see. Her mouth, which was small and daintily made, wore an expression of unusual firmness.

In conversation she would fix her animated hazel eyes in absorbed attention on the face of the person with whom she spoke, and when the talk was of serious things, a deep, far-away look would suddenly possess these eyes. She had an extraordinarily sweet smile, and there was a gentle and kindly soberness in her expression. She was well and compactly made, yet her effect was unimposing. She seemed short and slight. She had a well-kept little effect in her dress and the appointments of her person; but no one would have accused Margaret of knowing anything about dress. She was rather discreetly clothed than dressed in the sense of adornment. She wore white cuffs

at her wrists and a narrow collar at her throat, fastened by a brooch of gold wrought in an old-fashioned pattern.

Margaret was not smiling when Beatrice came in, some time after Deed had gone, and found her with her head pressed against the pane. She turned her tearful face away as Beatrice drew her to her.

Mrs. Vertner, one saw, had been quite recently a pretty woman, and she was still young — a year or two younger than Margaret. The brilliant expression which had distinguished her among all her acquaintance in her young girl days in Newton (the Boston Newton), where she was still remembered as a clever girl who had made an inexplicable marriage, was overlaid, for the most part, by a look of anxiety and harassment, due to the conditions of her life. She made her housekeeping as little a sordid, crude, and ugly business as she could, and took its difficulties light-heartedly; but housekeeping in a Western town that has still to "get its growth" is at best a soul-wearing affair. Just now she suffered under the rule of a Swedish maid-servant who knew no English, and whose knowledge of cooking was limited to a fine skill in broiling steak insupportably, and a vain address in the brewing of undrinkable coffee.

"Crying, little one?" she asked affectionately. "Won't you do something a wee bit like some one else, dear, one of these days, and let me be by to see it? That 's a good girl." She kissed her, with a laugh. "But stay odd all the rest of the time, Margaret. I should n't like you if you were n't odd, you know — not even if you were ever so little less odd. If I want you to be conventional, it is only for a moment, to see how it would seem. Come! Other brides smile. Try one smile!" she pleaded. And at Margaret's helpless amusement, she snatched her from the window, and, humming a vague air, which defined itself in a moment as one of the Waldteufel waltzes, she beat time for a second, laughing in Margaret's bewildered, tear-stained face, and caught her away into a romping dance.

"There!" she cried, as she sank upon the sofa, breathless with laughing and dancing. "I 've shaken you into sorts, I hope, and you 're ready for the ceremony — or will be, if you 'll ever get yourself dressed. Not that I call it dressed, to wear that gray — oh, I don't mean that, Maggie dear," she exclaimed at a pained look on Margaret's face. She crushed Margaret to her in a devouring embrace. "Or, rather, I do," she added honestly; "but I did n't mean to say it. No; you 'd better wear it," she went on, at some sign of hesitation from Margaret. "It will go beautifully with all the rest of it. Margaret Derwenter," she cried, with an affectation of seriousness, "shall I tell you something? You will never be married." She retired for the effect, but fell upon her with all the armory of woman's peacemaking at Margaret's start. "Literal!" she cried. "Will you never take things less hard? As if I meant it! What I did mean sounds foolish after you 've taken it like that. But I may as well say it. I don't believe the marriage ceremony is going to marry you as it does other women, Margaret; and you need n't tell me it is. If you are ever married, it will be by yourself; yes, I mean it — by a kind of slow process of consent to the affair. Of course you will have a proper respect for the ceremony, and you will think it has married you. But women like you, Maggie, — not that there are any, — are not married in that way. Now, I was married when I left the church, and everybody knew it."

Margaret laughed, not on compulsion this time, and, catching her arm about Beatrice's waist, drew her to the window to look down the road with her for Deed's coming.

Almost any part of Margaret's history, before the time when she began to teach, and, by a curious arrangement of her own, to see the world, must wrong, or at least misspeak, in the telling the gentle and sweet-natured woman she had become.

From the first she had ideas; and it would be hard to say what one must call the ambition which gave purpose and meaning to her young days. From the point of view of her grandmother's farm-house on a bleak New England hill, the pursuit of what she called culture represented to Margaret during these days an inspiration, an intellectual stimulus, and a rule of life. It would be a quarrelsome person who would not suffer any one to get what fun he might out of the idea of culture for culture's angular dear sake; and as an alternative to the apples and cider, the mite-societies, the "socials," and the lectures which in winter stand for mental diversion in the back country of New England, it has advantages.

But if some one said that the theory of life which it implies lacks ease, atmosphere, curves, lacks even, to say the worst of it at once, the sense of humor, only one who had a great many such New England winters in him ought to say a word.

Margaret, in her pursuit of this mystic culture, conceived education to be, until her education was done, an affair possessing length, breadth, and thickness. It is to be feared that she even "improved" her opportunities. They were not many, poor girl, until she left the New Hampshire village for her first stay in New York, where she studied at a school in which she spent a year learning that she was the only

pupil who regarded its advantages as precious privileges. Then she left it for Vassar, which was, at least, not touched with sham. She found here other girls with her thought about education; and she went about the erection of her structure of intelligence with an energy which presently sent her home to her grandmother ill. The structure remained her point after her return, however; and the reader who knows anything of this habit of thought should not need to be told that she looked upon it, not as a dwelling that she should one day inhabit, much less as a temple which should one day inhabit her, but as a shrine the graceful proportions of which it was the final privilege to set forever within one's blessed sight. At nineteen Margaret was more in the way to becoming that distressing product of our felicitous new ways of thinking about women and about education — the female prig — than a friendly biographer would like to record.

Her escape from such a fate was due to circumstances outside her control. In the midst of one of the summer vacations she took up a copy of the "Springfield Republican," to learn that the little competence left her by her father had been embezzled, with more important trust funds, by an unscrupulous executor. Soon after, her grandmother died. Every Sunday morning, from the time when Margaret had come to her as a child, she had lain in bed, this estimable lady, thinking how she would change on Monday in Margaret's favor the will which bequeathed all she had to a charity. On Sunday morning a late breakfast gave time for reflection on such subjects; but on Monday there was never any time at all. And on one of the Mondays which was to have witnessed the fulfilment of her resolve, she died in Margaret's arms.

The double catastrophe had many lessons for Margaret. She sorrowed for her grandmother bitterly out of the simple and loving heart which no system of cultivation could have educated out of her; and she never thought of blaming the neglect which had left her with the problem of earning her living close upon her. The money lost through the executor's rascality troubled her solely as an educated girl — a girl with duties, with responsibilities to her self-development. It would be putting it too crudely to say that she grieved for the loss of the money because one might have bought such a lot of culture with it: travel, that is, and the leisure for study, and the sight of good pictures, and the knowledge of all the "cultivated" things. But it is only the expression that is at fault: her idea hovered very near this thought. As she could not have the thing in one shape, she determined to buy it for herself in another.

It was necessary that she should provide for herself, and she conceived the enterprising notion of making this necessity serve her purpose. She "taught"; but she gave the heavy-hearted word a meaning of her own by procuring, through a friend of her father in Boston (after a year spent in school-teaching), a position as traveling governess with a family which put several of her favorite novels to shame by treating her as one of the species.

She made the tour of Europe with these people, with what she called, in her letters to one of her college friends, "most satisfying results." She did not mean to the business man's children whom she was teaching, but to what she might have called her own "mental progress." The business man, when he called the results "satisfactory," meant something separated by the distance between any two of the planets from the idea contained in Margaret's word; but his word was at least as much reward as she had expected, outside her salary, for her faithful efforts to decant some of her knowledge into the minds of the business man's children.

When she was back in America again, she recklessly sat down and waited for another engagement looking to the same ends. This time she wanted to go to Japan, and she kept the advertisement in which her wishes were succinctly stated in the "Nation" and in the "Tribune" until a family discovered itself intending toward Japan, and desiring a governess of Margaret's capacity, temperament, and terms.

It will be seen that this was a woman of energy, of independence, and of original ideas; but so much lies on the surface. To make it at all clear how she contrived to reconcile these rather aggressive qualities to the softest and gentlest womanhood there need be, one must have known her. To be sweetly firm; to be gifted with the kind of lucidity that does not roil one's own commonplace muddle of a mind by its mere existence; to know, and not to know you know; to hold immoderate opinions in a moderate way; to be transfigured by energy, and yet consent to the propriety of your neighbor lying on his sofa; to perceive that the boundaries of the State of New York, or even — though this is asking a good deal — the confines of the British Isles, do not limit the imaginable, not to say ladylike, regions of our globe: in a word, to be tolerant — these are great matters. It can hardly discredit Margaret with any reasonable soul to own that she failed, for the most part, to realize all these excellences; but they had become the tormenting measure of her ideal some time before she met Deed, on a visit to Beatrice Vertner (the one friend she had made at her New York school) at her home in Colorado.

It was mainly the travel which she had sought as gratifying her aspirations toward culture which disabused her of her young feeling about that *ignis fatuus;* the sight of the various, the populous, the instructive world furnished her with an altogether new point of view, from which she grew to pity the provincial Diana who had set out with such a fine courage to hunt down culture with her little bow and arrow. And yet the Diana remained; and the Margaret of ten years after the Vassar days was at least as remarkable for her likeness, in remote, illusive ways, to the Margaret who had one and the same conscience for the Temple of Culture, and for the Temple of Pure Right, as she was remarkable for her exquisite, her admirable, and her surprising difference.

The new notions of life begotten of going about and seeing things had led the way; but no one who knew her well could have been at a loss to perceive the molding force which had done the real work of change. It was her womanliness coming in upon her, at the same time, with its incomparable enrichment, which had taught her old vagaries the way to the graces of the new Margaret; it was what one might almost have called her natural gift for womanliness which finally chastened her edges, and which, in shaping her young strenuousness to softer lines, lost for it none of the validity and justness and simple strength which had gone with her maidenly ways of thinking.

And yet it is certain that one is not reared in New Hampshire for nothing; that one does not spend four years at Vassar without bearing the Vassar mark; above all, it is clear that no one can teach for ten years — it may be that no one can teach for an hour — and live to hide the fact.

It was Beatrice who first caught sight of the familiar figures of the pony and his rider, coming up the road at a gallop, pursued by a swirl of dust. She could not be persuaded that she did not hear the baby crying, and descended upon the sound before Deed could reach the porch.

Margaret would rather he had not tried to find a smile for her. He looked a year older than when he had left her side. They stood for a moment, when she opened the door to him, looking into each other's eyes. Then she cast her arms about him, and drew him to her with an impulse of protection,— the kind of refuge against the vexations of the world that a woman offers to the man who is dear to her, as if he were the sole sufferer from them on the planet,— and whispered some words in his ear.

"I am so sorry," she said simply, as she took his arm, and led him into the room, where she had made up a brighter fire against his return.

He sat heavily on the sofa, and stared at the blazing piñon sticks with the look of a man whose fight is done.

He looked away from her. "We must n't talk of it," he said, after a moment. "It 's no stuff to make wedding-days of. I don't know," he went on, biting his lip, "how I am going to get my forgiveness that this should have happened as it has."

She came and stood by his side. "Do you begrudge my sharing your trouble, James?" she asked. "Would you rather have borne it alone? I thought that was what it meant to be —"

"What, dear?" he asked tenderly. He drew her down to him, and put his arm about her. She sank on the floor beside him.

"A wife," she said, blushing faintly, and looking down.

Their romance was not less dear to them than if they had been younger: it was more sober, but not less valiant.

"Um," commented Deed, with a wan smile, patting her hand affectionately. She sat for a moment in a reverie that took no account of their trouble, and was almost happy. But, catching sight of his tense and stricken face, "Something has happened," she said tremulously.

"Yes; the law can't help me," he answered wearily. "If there were nothing else, I must have let him go with his plunder, and have found heart, somehow, to tell Philip that I had let myself be done out of his future, with a fool's trust."

"Nothing but the law? Then there is something else? There *is* a remedy?"

He did not respond to the joy in her tone. "Yes," he answered gravely.

She started back, and rose from his side, all her fears alive in her face.

"James!" she cried incriminatingly. He sat silent, with his head in his hands. She regarded him for a moment in anxious perplexity. Then she reached forth her hand, and laid it softly on his shoulder. "You — you are quite sure you are doing right?" she asked gently.

He withdrew himself. "Margaret!" he cried reproachfully. "How could I do a wrong to him?"

"You can do a wrong to yourself. You can let a longing to right yourself carry you too far," she said bravely.

"Don't talk in that way, Margaret. There was but one right and one wrong in the world. I had to have that right. What I have done is just."

"Oh, I hope so!" she cried.

He was silent for a moment. He was thinking of many things. Suddenly he turned his eyes to hers, and regarded her piercingly. He took her hands in an eager pressure. "What would you do for me?" he asked at last abruptly.

"My dear James, I—" began Margaret, startled.

"Would you give up all that I have meant to make yours for—for me?"

His intense gaze was unbearable. She turned away. "You know I would," she murmured.

"Don't think that because I am giving I have the right to take away. It 's not so."

"Rights, dear? Must we talk of them? Don't you think—"

"Well?" he asked, trying to be gentle; but his restless anxiety got into his voice.

"That they stop, I was going to say, where love begins. But, James, you seem so far off—so strange." She laid a hand doubtfully upon him, and looked into his face with a questioning glance. "Would it reach you, if I said a thing like that?" she asked. Her smile was pitiful. "O my dearest, of course I don't care. How should I? Did I ever care? And now, if it would make you happy—"

"Must it make me happy?" he asked.

"Would it be worth while to you if it did not?"

"Ah, well!" he exclaimed inconclusively, and for some minutes they did not speak. Margaret watched his absorbed face and knitted brows with a thousand rising doubts.

He may have seen the pained look of inquiry on her face, for he took her clasped hands and stroked her hair thoughtfully. With her elbow on the sofa, and her head in her upturned hand, she coiled herself on the floor, and regarded the crackling fire for a long time in wistful silence.

She was glad when he spoke, though all her fears cried out against what he might say. As he bent over her, speaking in a low voice, she kept her eyes on the fire. "Tell me again it would not pain you to lose it all, Margaret. It is not merely money. It has many sides and meanings. It is all worldly comfort, advantage, leisure, of course; but, besides, it is freedom—freedom to do the things you have wished to do, Margaret; the things you have not been able to do. It 's not fair to ask you until you have tested it. You don't know how much you would be giving up."

She smiled. "I know how much I shall be gaining if—if it can serve you," she said softly, her head turned from him.

He observed her with keen, grave eyes, which, as he looked, filled with tenderness. He rose and took her in his arms.

"Is this my reserved Margaret?" he asked. "Is this the quiet little woman who, a few months since, would scarcely own she loved me, and only the other day was protesting that her training had not taught her the language of affection?"

She hid her face. "What is it that you wish to do, James?" she asked anxiously, when she could raise it again.

He released her without answering. After a moment he took a turn up and down the room.

"You won't believe it!" he said suddenly. He went back, and flung himself upon the sofa, with a half groan. The fire had blazed up, and in its play upon his face Margaret read the torture that was going on in him. She was beside him again in a moment. "Margaret," he said, as he caught her hand once more, "do you remember the story of Samson?"

"Surely," she answered in wonder. "Why?"

"His locks were traitorously shaven. His strength, which was all his riches, was basely taken from him by one he trusted. Then his enemies believed they had conquered him, for his power was gone, and they had put out his two eyes. But in Gaza,—do you remember, dear?—when they were gathered to see his shame, he put forth one last, mighty effort, and pulled down the temple over their heads and his. The story has always had a noble ring to me, I don't know why. To-day it comes back with special meaning. Would you mind reading it over to me, dear?"

Margaret gazed at him in trouble and uncertainty; but she went for the Bible which was her single inheritance from her mother. At home she always kept it on the table near her bed. Just now it was in the trunk, up-stairs. When she had found it, she brought the volume to him, and, kneeling down with her arm on his knee and her face to the blaze, where she could see him by turning her head, opened quickly to the place.

"'But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes,'" she began, "'and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass—'"

"No; a little further on, please," said he, keeping his eyes closed.

"'And it came to pass,'" she began again, toward the end of the chapter, "'when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars.

"'And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. . . .

"'And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.'"

Deed rose abruptly, and paced the floor. Margaret read on, fearful of she knew not what.

"'And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

"'And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines, And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein.'"

Margaret dropped the book, and looked at Deed. He was standing quite still, listening in absorption.

"Was it not great? Was it not well done, Margaret?"

"I don't know," she said, with a touch of preciseness which, without her will, would often make its way into her tone when matters of propriety or morality were in question. She reflected a moment. "Was it right to kill so many for revenge only?"

"It was just. His loss was not a common one. It was his two eyes."

"But barbarous justice, don't you think so, dear? It would be better to suffer under the sense of the worst wrong."

"No, no," said he, earnestly, almost eagerly; "to me it seems nobly done. He did not try to save himself. He perished of his own will in the general ruin."

Margaret had long been watching him anxiously; but now, terrified beyond control, she burst forth, "O, James, what has Samson's story to do with you or me?"

"Everything! Everything!" he cried. "Has not Jasper taken my strength in teaching me to know him? Has he not taken my eyes in robbing me of himself, and of Philip's future, at a stroke?"

He paced the floor impatiently. She put forth her hand with an instinctive gesture of deprecation. His haggard face, with its look of determination, awed her. When she tried to cry out her voice failed her.

"Margaret," he cried, pausing suddenly in his walk at some look in her face, "you would not have me bear it!"

"O James," she answered, "it is hard, very hard, I know; but yes, I would bear it. What else is there for it?"

"What else?" he cried. "All else! Why, Margaret, can you ask? Do you think I could live, and not strike back? Am I so weak a thing? Am I cheated of *all* my power, even in your eyes? Why, dearest—" he drew her to him, as she rose, with a tremulous motion, and surveyed her face—"why, dearest," he repeated, "I have still Samson's power."

"Still Samson's power?" She repeated the words helplessly.

"The power to make him suffer with me," he said sternly. "The power to pull down the temple over his head."

"And yours?"

"Surely. Did you think I could not find Samson's courage for Samson's remedy?"

"But you will not! Surely you will not!"

"I have," he said, as he turned away.

Margaret bowed her head. "Oh," she cried, "you said well that I could not believe it." She kept her face in her hands, catching her breath with the sobs that shook her.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he besought her. But she did not heed. He turned away in desperation.

"Is it—is it irrevocable?" she asked, when she could command herself.

"Could Samson have built the temple again?"

"There must be some retreat."

"I have given my word."

"You can buy it back again."

His face hardened. "So Jasper might say," returned he. "Listen, Margaret," he entreated; "I am within my rights—my legal rights. What would you have? May I not do what I will with my own? In his letter he says that he reckons his 'half interest,' as he calls it, at $75,000, and that he 'can't be expected to give up a thing like that.' An hour ago I sold the entire range and cattle for $25,000, without inquiring his preferences. He *has* given it up," he said grimly.

She looked into his eyes for a moment in silence. At last she said, "Is this sale completed?"

"No; but I am morally bound to complete it."

"You shall not."

"What?"

"My dear James, you shall not. Oh, how can I argue such a thing, if you don't see it? It is cruel, it is wrong, it is wicked!"

"You must let me be the judge of that, Margaret," said Deed, gravely.

"O James, why am I what I am to you, if I may not be your conscience, when yours—under frightful trial, I know—has left you? You have no right to do this thing." She came close to his side.

"Oh, there comes your teacher's theory of life," he cried, in unbearable irritation, "your hidebound New England conscience, that will not see circumstances, that refuses the idea of palliation as if it were a snare, that finds the same wrong in an act under all conditions, as if killing were always murder."

"James, James," begged Margaret, quite calm and brave now, "don't talk of me. I am anything you say. Think of yourself. Consider the life of remorse you are condemning yourself to. Distrust the false passion and pride that tell you you are right now. You are wrong. Listen to me, who have nothing to gain by telling you so. You are wrong." She spoke the words that came to her.

"Have I not the right to make him suffer as I suffer?" he asked coldly.

"I don't know. You have not the right to use all your rights. I am sure of that. It is what they are always telling us, but is it the less true — the world would be intolerable if every one demanded all he is entitled to? You must feel that. Self-surrender, self-denial, all that — are they only phrases in the books? Are they too big and fine for our every-day world?"

She paused for a thoughtful moment, and with a glance of infinite tenderness regarded him, where he stood restlessly gnawing at his mustache, and snapping his fingers.

"As if I need ask!" she exclaimed. "As if you had ever needed anything better than just ordinary Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for your goodness, dear! Don't I know it? Who ever used more every-day generosity and kindli—"

"Hush, hush, Margaret!" he insisted. "The thing 's done, I tell you."

The fire, which had been dying down, leaped up, and glowed upon his face. The look she saw on it taught her patience. "Listen, James," she begged, fighting back the sudden tears, which, somehow, had slipped by her guard.

He shook himself free from her hand with a kind of courteous impatience, and walked to the other side of the room.

"Don't preach, Margaret, of all things."

She gazed at him sadly. "Suppose we wait until to-morrow morning to speak of this, dear," she said gently. "I can talk to James Deed; but his evil spirit I don't know." She tried to smile.

"I am quite myself," he said almost stiffly. "Was it not I who was wounded, and in the best part of me — my love for him? Why should it not be the best part which answers it?" He spoke with a kind of fierce calmness, as if he were endeavoring to be gentle and reasonable with her, and found it hard.

"Is it the best part which tempts to vengeance?" she asked wearily.

"I fancied you were calling it that in your heart," he said with bitterness. "And if it were? Did not Samson call on heaven for vengeance — that was his word — 'vengeance on the Philistines,' and was he not richly answered? Was he not given strength for it?"

"O James," she cried in despair, "how can I argue against such frightful sophistries?"

They were both in the tense mood in which the added word snaps the bond of friendship, of blood, of love itself.

"You need not," he said, as he turned from her. "We have had more than enough of argument. It does not change my intention. I shall complete the sale in the morning."

He was about to leave the room, but she called:

"James!"

"Well?"

"You must not." She caught her breath, and sat hastily upon the sofa.

"Pshaw!"

"I tell you you must not. I — I will not have it. I have my — my rights, as well as you; my rights as your wife who is to be. I will not have your property — *my* property — thrown away for a whim."

He came toward her quickly. She shrank involuntarily. Her face was white; she set her teeth.

"Do you mean that?"

She nodded painfully.

"It would have been simpler to say so in the beginning — not to say honester," he said with slow bitterness. "You might have spared me the pain of knowing that you could promise to give it all up, when you thought yourself secure from being held to your word. You might have saved your sermons."

It was like the agony of death to hear these things from him; but she shut her lips, and bore it. If she spoke now, she knew that her tone must belie her words.

"A moment ago you said," he went on coldly, "that you had nothing to gain. Pardon me if I say that you seem to have had much. It may make your sleep easier to-night, if I tell you that you have gained it."

He put his hands to his head in bewilderment, caught up his hat, and, without a glance at her, left the room.

Margaret rose, and closed the door behind him. She stood a long time at the window, trying not to cry.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

JENNY LIND.

IT has been observed by Emerson that the actual achievements recorded of great men often seem insufficient to account for the reputations they leave behind them; and he attributes this to what he calls the reserved force of *character*, which acts directly by "presence and without means."

It would be untrue to say of Jenny Lind that her artistic career did not fully justify her fame, for that career was quite Napoleonic in its splendid and unbroken success; her conquest of Europe was no less rapid and complete than that of the great world-shaker himself. Yet no one can read the recently published volumes of her memoirs without feeling that in her too was present that reserved force of which Emerson speaks. She was not merely one of the greatest operatic artists of her age, but an absolutely unique character and personality—a personality which found its highest expression, it is true, in her art, but which was always perceived, even by those who most appreciated her art, to be something quite independent of it, and impressed profoundly even those to whom music had nothing to say.

Among the latter was the late Dean Stanley, who was so entranced by Jenny Lind when he first met her in 1847 that he confessed that "great as is the wonder of seeing a whole population bewitched by one simple Swedish girl, it sinks into nothing before the wonder of herself." And Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the bishop of Norwich, who, unlike her son, was able thoroughly to appreciate music, declared that, wonderful as Jenny's singing was, she would rather hear her talk than sing.

It was this peculiar intensity of character, independent of and beyond her artistic genius, that, from her early girlhood, attracted to Jenny Lind the leaders of cultivated society wherever she went. A Swedish lady who knew her from childhood tells us that the impression left on her memory by the great singer was of one "possessed by a sort of sacred responsibility for her mission of art in its lofty purity, which she felt that God had confided to her." Even those whose business it was merely to review her performances on the stage never failed to observe that the wonderful impression which her singing and acting produced was due in large measure to the purity of soul which penetrated all her dramatic impersonations. Thus, at Berlin, the critic Rellstab writes, "One sentiment pervades all her art-pictures, the spirit of holiness." Again, at Vienna, we are told, "She is the perfect picture of noblest womanhood." The same judgment was expressed everywhere. Indeed, the chief significance of the excerpts from contemporary critiques with which the memoirs abound, full of interest as they are for lovers of the lyric drama, will be missed by the reader who fails to appreciate the tribute which was constantly paid to the moral worth of her character, even by those who were mainly concerned with her artistic work.

As to that work, it is difficult, even with the help of elaborate descriptions of the effects she produced, for those who never heard her sing to form any real conception. Actors and singers cannot leave their work for the judgment of future generations, as authors, composers, and painters do. We may read of the exquisite sonority of Jenny Lind's voice; of her matchless shake; of her wonderful F-sharps, which so entranced Mendelssohn; of the sympathetic timbre which brought tears to the listener's eyes: but all this gives but little idea of the sensation which a single note would have produced on our own ears. And yet it is not difficult to perceive in the record of her career how consummate a genius she must have been, who, in the deliberate judgment of Mendelssohn, was "as great an artist as ever lived; the greatest he had known."

With the great composer, during the last two years of his life, Jenny Lind was on terms of affectionate intimacy, and the correspondence between them, now published for the first time, is full of interest. At this time Mendelssohn was composing the "Elijah," and he constructed the work so as to give prominence to the peculiar beauties of his young friend's voice, every separate note of which he had carefully studied. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have felt a very special love and reverence for the music of the "Elijah," and that after her retirement from the stage she should have identified herself more closely with this oratorio than with any other musical work.

It is impossible in a short paper to say anything of the extraordinary succession of Jenny Lind's triumphs in all the art centers of Europe. The details of them, and the analysis of her method and effects, given in the memoirs will be studied with attention by all to whom music is a delight. But, strangely enough, one

of the most picturesque incidents of her operatic career in London has been almost entirely overlooked. In narrating what took place at Her Majesty's Theater on May 4, 1848, when the Queen appeared in public for the first time since the famous 10th of April in that year, the memoir merely says that the Queen's entrance was greeted with demonstrations of loyalty. What actually took place — and it was characteristic both of the Queen and of Jenny Lind — was this:

It was, indeed, her Majesty's first public appearance since the memorable Chartist day; but it was also the great artist's first appearance for the season on the boards where she had won unparalleled fame the previous year. Her Majesty entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped from the wings upon the stage. Instantly, a perfect tumult of acclamation burst from every corner of the theater. Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting till the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The Queen, refusing to appropriate to herself what she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment. The cheering continued, increased, grew overwhelming; still no acknowledgment, either from the stage or from the royal box. At length, the situation having become embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights, and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by orchestra, chorus, and audience. The Queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Jenny Lind's judgment of books, though undirected by anything like literary training, always showed independence and penetration. She was a devoted lover of Carlyle's writings, and the last book she read before her death was Mr. Norton's volume of the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson. No doubt her admiration for the great denouncer of shams was largely due to the intense sincerity of her own character, which made it impossible for her to tolerate even those slight deviations from strict truthfulness which are seldom taken seriously, but are looked upon as the accepted formulæ of society. "I 'm so glad to see you" would hardly have been her greeting to a visitor whose call was inconvenient or ill-timed. But, on the other hand, her downrightness of speech had nothing in common with that of *Mrs. Candour;* it carried no discourtesy with it, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is characteristic. One day,—it was many years after her marriage,— when she was staying with a relative of mine not far from Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who, probably without much critical musical judgment, thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Madame Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied with an emphasis which could not be mistaken, "Oh, Mr. Dean, your *cathedral* is indeed most beautiful!"

One matter which must be of interest to every lover of dramatic art, and which has been an enigma to many people, is now for the first time dealt with by one with authority to discuss the question. Why did Jenny Lind quit the stage at the moment of her greatest glory, and many years before her unrivaled powers had begun to suffer any decay? Some have perhaps reluctantly accepted the widely prevalent idea that she had come to regard the dramatic profession as an unholy thing which no pure-souled woman could remain in without contamination. Happily this notion can be entertained no longer. Her intimate friend Fröken von Stedingk with reference to it says: "Many suppose this resolution to be the result of pietism. Jenny Lind is as God-fearing as she is pure, but had pietism been the cause, she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared she liked to do, to see others act." The fact is that to appreciate her motive for leaving the stage is to understand the whole character of the woman. Her distaste for it seems to have begun with her first great European success, and steadily grew as her fame spread. In 1840 she had lived for ten years a life of incessant hard work on the stage; yet in the following year she wrote from Paris, "Life on the stage has in it something so fascinating that I think, having once tasted it, one can never feel truly happy away from it." But in 1845, just after her transcendent success in Berlin, the idea of leaving the stage had not merely occurred to her mind, but had already become a fixed determination. Among the dominant notes of her character were love of home and craving for domestic peace. This craving was to a great extent satisfied while she remained at Stockholm, and especially during the time she lived with the Lindblad family. But when her destiny drew her in relentless triumph to Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, London, her domestic instincts were wrenched and tortured, and she found no compensation in all the glitter of her success. "I am convinced," said Herr Brockhaus, in April, 1846, "that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple homely happiness." That was the secret of the whole matter. And so she formed the resolution to quit the stage forever, a resolution in which she never wavered from 1845, when it first took definite shape, till she carried it out in London in the summer of 1849.

She continued, however, to sing frequently in concerts and oratorio, generally for charity.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CANNES, FRANCE, 1866. ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

One instance of her constant readiness to help any good cause is a treasured memory of a relative of my own. In 1861 this gentleman, on finding himself in need of funds for carrying on a work he was engaged in near the Victoria Docks, consulted the wife of the Bishop of London. "Why don't you ask Jenny Lind to help you?" she said, when he told his difficulty. "Simply because I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance," was his reply. "Oh," said Mrs. Tait, "I 'll give you a letter of introduction." Jenny Lind gladly promised her help, and arranged for a performance of the "Elijah" at Exeter Hall. She had not sung in London for some years, and the excitement was intense. So great was the rush for seats that a letter actually appeared in the "Times" complaining that four hundred seats in the hall had to be sacrificed to — crinoline! and suggesting that ladies should dispense for the occasion with that fashionable ornament. The Bishop of London declared that on the evening of the concert his carriage was three quarters of an hour in the Strand before it reached Exeter Hall. He was well repaid, however, for the voice of the Nightingale, according to the "Times," was no less pure, no less powerful, no less bewitching, than when it first startled London fourteen years before. No doubt this was true, for in the opinion of the highest authority on the question, Madame Goldschmidt's voice, when she sang in the Rhine Festival as late as 1866, had not yet begun to show any signs of deterioration.

The published memoir does not deal with her life beyond the point where she quitted the stage in 1849, and therefore no account is given of her American tour in the following year. Needless to say, the Americans were not less anxious than usual to see and hear a visitor with a great European reputation. On one occasion two young men were so determined to see and speak to the *diva*, that they arranged to accomplish their purpose by stratagem. Having ascertained that she was in her sitting-room in her hotel, they went quietly to the lobby leading to it, and there began quarreling in loud tones which became every minute more violent. At last, as they had hoped, the door opened, and the famous singer appeared, in evident perturbation, to find out the cause of the disturbance. Never was there a more successful peacemaker. With an apology to the lady for having given her any alarm, the combatants went off arm-in-arm, more than content with the result of their plot. There was, however, one young citizen of the Republic — perhaps not more than ten or eleven years old — who was less appreciative of fame and art. It must be remembered that it was under the guidance of Mr. P. T. Barnum that the "greatest singer on earth" was "doing the States." The young citizen in question was taken by his mother to hear Jenny Lind; and the parent was much struck by the look of absorbing interest in her son's face, which no doubt indicated an artistic soul. What was her feeling on leaving the concert-hall when, instead of any expression of rapturous delight, the boy said in a tone of relief, "And now, mother, let us go and see the fat woman."

The entire proceeds of the American tour, amounting to more than £20,000, were devoted by Jenny Lind to various benevolent objects. From the days of her early girlhood it had been her chief delight to use for the good of others the wealth which her genius brought her. She was ever ready to sing for a hospital, or a college, or a poor fellow-artist, or for the chorus, orchestra, or scene-shifters of the theaters where she appeared. "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so?" she exclaimed when she was told that a large number of children would be saved from wretchedness by a concert she had given for their benefit. The volumes which contain such a record might well bear the label which Jenny Lind's old Swedish guardian placed round the packet containing her letters to him, "The mirror of a noble soul."

Ronald J. McNeill.

NOËL.

I.

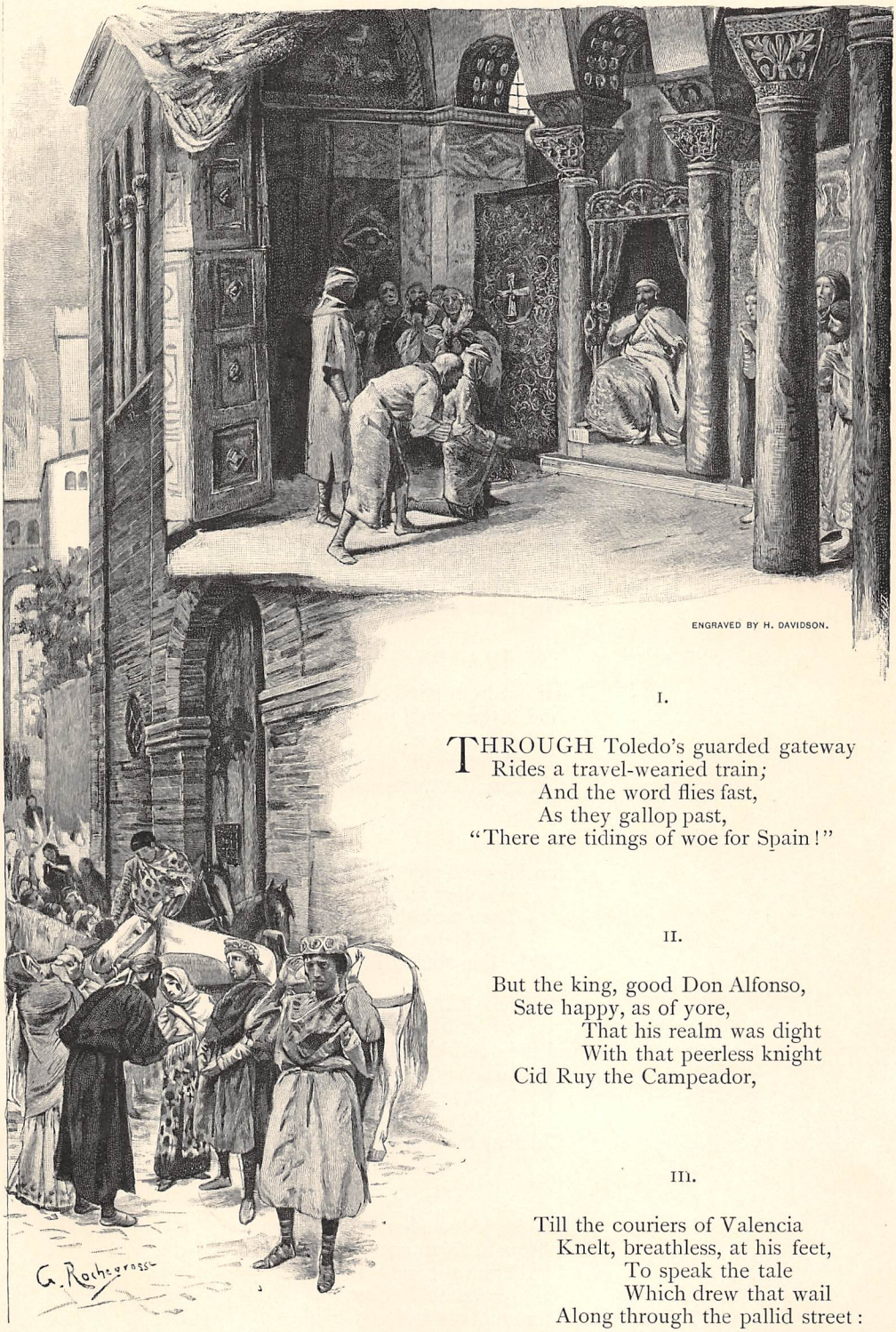
STAR-DUST and vaporous light,—
The mist of worlds unborn,—
A shuddering in the awful night
Of winds that bring the morn.

II.

Now comes the dawn — the circling earth,
Creatures that fly and crawl;
And man, that last imperial birth,
And Christ the flower of all.

R. W. Gilder.

CID RUY THE CAMPEADOR.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

I.

THROUGH Toledo's guarded gateway
Rides a travel-wearied train;
And the word flies fast,
As they gallop past,
"There are tidings of woe for Spain!"

II.

But the king, good Don Alfonso,
Sate happy, as of yore,
That his realm was dight
With that peerless knight
Cid Ruy the Campeador,

III.

Till the couriers of Valencia
Knelt, breathless, at his feet,
To speak the tale
Which drew that wail
Along through the pallid street:

IV.

"Ah, woe to Castile and Leon!
The lists of life no more
Shall rejoice with the voice
Of that spirit choice,
Cid Ruy the Campeador!

V.

"And woe to the land of Aragon
And the fields of proud Navarre!
For death has cast
His pall at last
On the valor of Bivar!

VI.

"On his steed good Baviéca
Our hero's corse we bore;
And the moor Bucar
Fled fast and far
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

VII.

"And now to San Pedro Cardeñas,
The shrine he loved the best,
From the battle he won
After life was done,
They bear him to holy rest."

VIII.

Then out from fair Toledo
And leagues well nigh threescore,
Alfonso sped
To greet his dead
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

IX.

From his good steed Baviéca,
All panoplied for war,
They took the cold
And lifeless mold
Of the lion-souled Bivar;

X.

And the good king Don Alfonso,
On Cardeñas' sainted floor,
Knelt low in prayer
As they carried there
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

XI.

Then the widowed spouse Ximena
Besought them not to hide
From the light of day
In the chilly clay
Her comrade leal and tried.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"THE BATTLE HE WON
AFTER LIFE WAS DONE."

XII.

So, erect, in his chair of ivory,
The sacred fane before,
With sword in hand
They set the grand
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

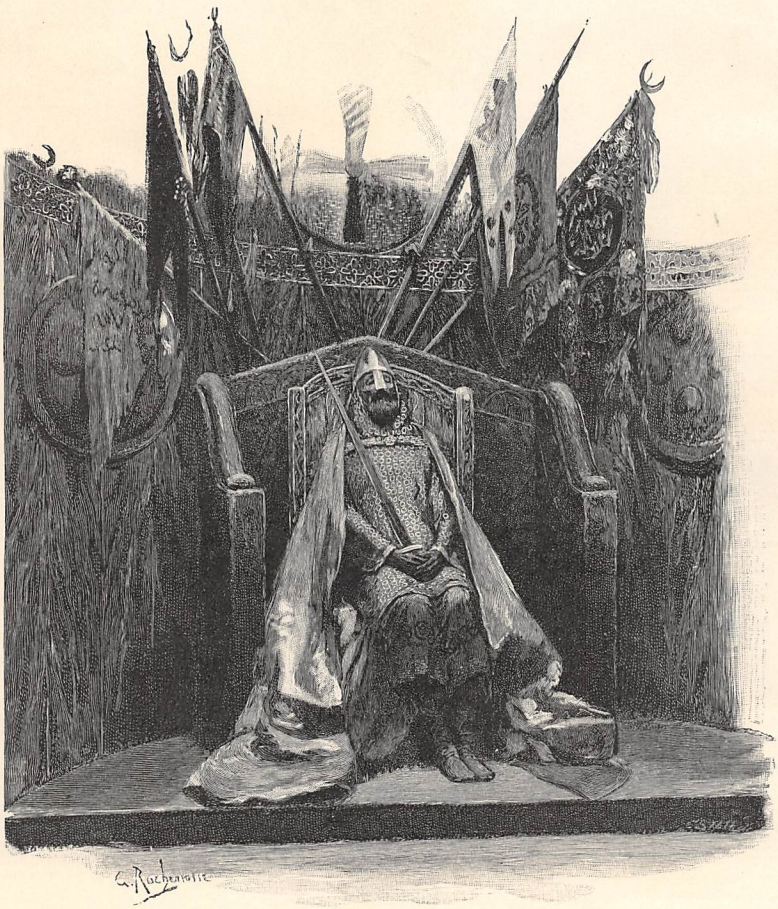
XIII.

And there, to this day, he sitteth
In calm and silent state,
And waiteth the call
That shall summon us all
To the final justiciate;

XIV.

And from mosques of far Granada
To Christian Callahor,
Under crescent and rood,
They pray for the good
Cid Ruy the Campeador.

John Malone.



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

IV.

TO all appearance, Eleanor had hardly moved since Gerald left her, when he hurried back.

"I think you had better come now," he said in a constrained voice. "The wind is getting up, and it is no fun pulling across these lakes in the teeth of a blow."

They found the negro curled fast asleep in the boat hauled up on the beach, and, when aroused, he looked critically at the sky and water.

"I dunno, boss, how I kem to oversleep," he said. "Reckon 't was dancin' wid dem hotel gals at de breakdown till sun-up dis mornin'. I 'se jes got to row fer all I 'se wuth to git you an' de lady roun' dat p'int."

"We 're all right," Jerry answered, with new animation in his tone. Stripping off his flannel coat, loosening his shirt at the neck, and tossing aside his cap, he placed Nell in the stern of the boat, which the negro had run swiftly down the diamond sand into the water, and, when they took their places, possessed himself of a pair of oars, and the seat nearer his wife.

Without further warning the lake now whipped itself into an angry sea. The cumbrous boat, laboring against a wind so chilled and fierce that it might have caressed an iceberg on the way, cut the waves briskly. Jerry, no longer the *fainéant* of the morning, alert, vigilant, prodigal of his great strength, his bare head rough, his brown cheeks reddened, his eye gleaming, moved his shoulders and steel-strung arms with the swing of a perfect machine. The negro, to whose experience hitherto it had not fallen to entertain the ex-stroke of a 'varsity crew unawares, gaped in open-mouthed admiration, trying to conform his slouching methods to Jerry's science. Eleanor, powdered with spray, disheveled by wind, huddled under her rug almost as excited as was the bow-oar. Sorrow banished, her heart swelled with pride in her gallant, beautiful young mate. No thought of danger assailed her with Jerry to the fore. She rejoiced in the mad bout against wind and waves. When, finally, they pulled in to the hotel-landing, and Jerry hoisted her upon the wharf from the little bobbing craft, she was too happy to notice at once the anxious faces gathered there, peering at a sail-boat far out upon the lake.

"It 's a boy, the son of the widow stopping at the hotel. She 's out driving, and knows nothing. All the other rowboats are away with a big party to Heron Bluffs. He 's a green hand, an' 'll swamp, sure as a gun."

These bits of information, afforded by one and another of the group of watchers, had but reached Eleanor's understanding, when she saw Gerald with a quick glance at the situation make ready to reëmbark.

"Who 'll come out with me—" Jerry had begun, and the big boatman had answered, "I 'se yo' man, boss. I 'se good fer it, if you is," when a flying form came down the path from the hotel. It was the boy's mother, her face gray with terror, her lips hardly able to frame a question. With instinctive tenderness, Eleanor put an arm around the poor creature's waist, and allowed the agonized face to hide itself upon her breast as the boat pushed off.

She got no good-by from her husband. He was rowing for dear life, and yet it seemed intolerably slow progress to the lookers-on, who alternately watched his boat and the little reeling speck of white out on the yeasty water, under which they could plainly see a slight figure crouched against the mast.

IT was over at last, the ordeal of waiting. Eleanor, who had closed her eyes and tightened her clasp around the stranger in her arms, heard shout after shout from the watchers announce that the lad was saved.

"Here you are, youngster," Jerry said, later, thrusting the dripping boy into his mother's embrace. "None the worse for your little adventure, if I have n't made your head ache tugging at that tousled yellow mop. For heaven's sake, Nell, come along," he added, *sotto voce*, shaking himself like a water-dog to get rid at once of the wet, the pæans of lookers-on, and the hysterical blessings of the mother. "All this fuss about a pull such as I have often taken on rough water and in greater danger; it was

"AWFULLY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO OUR LITTLE SHANTY IN THE WILDERNESS."

nothing. But we timed it well, I must say, for the kid's boat capsized just as we reached the spot."

Nevertheless, when they were alone in their own room, Eleanor, who had kept down her feelings, cast herself with sudden fervor upon her husband's neck.

"Hullo!" said Jerry, good-humoredly.

"Oh, my own glorious darling!" she cried. "How could there have been a shadow between our hearts? Jerry, I don't believe I ever knew what love is, till now!"

V.

"I DON'T mind telling you, Nell," Gerald said the day following his adventure in the boat, "that Shafto, who is the most generous fellow living, came to my aid once when I was in the biggest kind of a scrape in Paris — hauled me out of it, set me on my feet, saved me from having to appeal to my mother, who was already cutting up pretty rough about my extravagance, et cetera. Would n't take thanks, much less money, though I 've squared that since — bound me over never to mention his name in the affair. And how was I to say a downright no to anything *he* asked me —"

"Don't speak of it, dearest," she cried, growing pale at the memory of their brief estrangement. "It 's I who was silly not to divine. What does anything matter if we love and understand each other? There, give me his note again. On Thursday, by the 11.30 train to Badajoz, he says, to stay till Monday afternoon. Jerry, it 's all settled, of course, dear. As you say, we must make the best of it; but don't you think she — they — would be satisfied if we left them on *Saturday?*"

"Easy enough to manage that when we get there," answered Jerry, in high good humor. "You brave creature, you look like the leader of a forlorn hope."

"Oh, if you only knew," she said, leaning down to rest her cheek on his, in the great need of love that was to this woman, as to all women, the impulse overpowering judgment, "how wickedly happy I am in doing what pleases you!"

"You 're a greenhorn to show your cards thus early in the game," he answered, feeling convinced, however, that she was really a sage. "And about this visit to the Shaftos bothering you, it really need n't be such a bugbear if you go in for it pluckily. It may end in quite a lark for you; who knows?"

Eleanor, in spite of her heroism, shivered a little here.

"Oh, no, no; I 'm rather a coward, Jerry, for all I look so brave. For Major Shafto's sake,— he must be a noble if mistaken man,—

let us try to be resigned. It will be a bore to you, Jerry; I 'm sorry to think of that. They have friends stopping there, he says—a small house-party. Now, who can her friends be?"

"Your mother's Aunt Penfold, perhaps," suggested Jerry, with malice prepense.

"You wretched boy, how dare you? Aunt Penfold is her godmother, I think, and there has always been a dread in the family lest the old lady, who is what Betty calls pig-headed, should leave all her money to Sophy King—Shafto, I mean. I saw her at Aunt Penfold's in my school-girl days—a showy creature with black hair and snapping black eyes. I was wild with ambition to dress like her, I remember."

"Her hair 's red now,—or blonded, as I believe you women say,—and she 's a bouncer in size and style. I believe in my soul that Shafto married her because he thought he 'd stand by her before the world. He 's an awful flat where women are concerned; but he 's only to see you, to know you 're of a different sort, and he won't push the thing again. And she—why, you 'll no more mix than oil and water; she 'll be wanting to get rid of you instead of holding on. Don't bother your head about that, my pretty Puritan."

"But I can't help wondering why, when she knows what mama has always thought of her, she should want to get me to be her guest. O Jerry, you men are bigger and broader than we! Here am I, doubting and suspecting, and you, having made up your mind to do a generous thing, never change or falter, but go straight ahead, almost as if you like the idea of going to that racketing woman's house."

"I forgot to say," he answered, waiving discussion on the last suggested point, "you may as well prepare yourself. I 'll bet ten to one Kitty Foote will be one of their party."

"Kitty Foote?" echoed Eleanor, faintly.

"She was traveling bridesmaid, or what do you call it, on their late trip to Alaska, and she and Sophy Shafto are as thick as thieves just now. Of course that horsey, doggy kind of girl is n't to your taste, but, at least, she 's accepted everywhere. The Van Loons had her at Newport stopping with them last year, and she goes into the best houses. I think that kind of boy in petticoats is a first-class bore, myself; and most men agree with me. They call her 'good old Kitty,' at the clubs. She is n't clever, she 's as ugly as a mud-fence, and her people are of no consequence; but she 's invited more than any girl I know, simply because she 's a social stop-gap, and always can be had."

"Is n't she the intimate friend of your friend Hildegarde de Lancey?" asked Eleanor.

"I 've met her there," Jerry answered.

"Look below, at this funny old darky, Nell, trying to get his mule past the gate-post with a load of garden stuff. He is remonstrating with the beast as if it were a brother or a son."

The side window of their sitting-room looked down upon a service road, leading between dwarf-oranges and palmettos to the rear of the hotel. There was no one in sight, and the voice of the gentle old negro, his skin, hair, beard, and clothing alike as gray as the hanging-moss of his native woods, was heard, unconscious of observation, in soft rebuke.

"Hi, muel! What you doin' dar, muel? I done told you 'bout dat ar pos' day befo' yistiddy."

"O Jerry dear, to think of leaving this Arcadian place!" said Nell, as the listeners laughed together. "I shall always remember it as heaven on earth."

"If monotony 's your standard—" began he.

"Hush! I forbid you," she said, putting her hand over his mouth.

"For a man who is not running a railway, or booming land, or growing oranges, or—spooning—" he succeeded in getting out.

"Jerry!"

"The uses of rural Florida may *be*—but—"

"Oh, please don't, dearest! What you are going to say will give me a real pang. I don't know how it is, but I am getting to be afraid to let you know how much I think of—things," she concluded irrelevantly.

"I know enough to be convinced that you are what my mother's chef said of a salad of lettuce sprinkled with fresh violets and old Bordeaux he sent up recently—'*vraiment lyrique*.' There let 's kiss and be friends, and forgive me for teasing you."

She stood a while with his arm around her waist, looking out in the fullness of contentment at the dancing waters of the lake under the white and green and gold of an arch of orange-boughs.

"Only two days more of this, and then to the busy world again," she murmured. "Who would believe there is an actual New York? How still it is to-day! One could almost hear a pin drop."

"No such good luck as to hear a pin drop," Jerry laughed, taking out his watch, and discovering with animation that he had just time to walk to the railway station for the daily excitement of seeing the northern train halt on its southward way.

THERE was nothing lyrical in the next appearance before the callous outside world of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon. They went down to Badajoz on the 11.30 train on Thursday, like any other pair of smart tourists, in a compartment to themselves, with the valet and

maid in seats just outside of it, those two long-suffering underlings having the appearance of subdued rejoicing at a move in no matter what direction. The usual paraphernalia of silver-mounted traveling-bags, rugs as soft as down, umbrellas, sticks, and parasols strapped together into an obese roll, top-coats, and English waterproofs, littered their sofa and filled their racks. The great bunch of violets that Gerald had ordered to follow his wife during every day of her absence from New York scattered its sweetness from the breast of Eleanor's jacket. The young couple bore every mark of prosperous conventionality. Nell, who in her secret soul would have preferred, at that moment, to be sitting alone with Gerald on a desert island, as Paul and Virginia are pictorially seen, under the shelter of a single palm-leaf, could not understand the rather exhilarated manner with which her husband went off for a visit to the smoking-car, "just to see if any one he knew was on the train." It did not occur to her that Jerry, mannlike, now that he knew their dawdling time was over, rejoiced in their swift rush onward, keenly relished contact with his kind, and found new satisfaction in railway sights and sounds. During their short expedition, he was liberal to the porter to the extent of filling that sated soul with gratitude, burdened Hughes and Elsa with "all the latest novels and magazines," and, for one brief moment, even felt a pang of regret that he could not bring himself to make a purchase from the peddler of travelers' caps.

Badajoz, where the train, speeding on, left them under the Queen Anne roof of a pretty little station, was one of the speculative products of modern Florida — a brand-new town, built on the edge of a little sapphire lake where herons stalked, surrounded by woods full of redbud, with yellow jasmine garlanding the trees, and all manner of sweet wild flowers sharing an undergrowth with moccasins and black-snakes and other reminders of a subtropical region. Streets and town-lots, big with intention, were staked off on all sides, but of actual village there was little, and what there was bore the appearance of having been taken out of packing-boxes, newly painted and varnished, and set up over-night. Hidden by the station, Major Shafto's dog-cart was in waiting, the Major himself occupied with soothing a pair of fretting bays. He was a bluff, bearded man, of a matter-of-fact demeanor, and as Eleanor accepted the seat beside him, Jerry perching behind, and the servants following in a trap with the grooms and luggage, she could hardly believe that this commonplace personage was the hero of a marriage as recklessly chivalric as that of any figure in romance. While the horses, released from durance and suspicion of the engine, shot forward on a sandy road through the gloom of a pine-wood, she ventured a glance sidewise at her charioteer, half expecting, as Jerry afterward declared, "some development of the bucaneer variety." It was almost a disappointment that, what between her husband and the horses, their host found time to bestow on her only a few of those meager conventional civilities that make a woman feel her presence thrown away. It was when they turned in at an avenue hedged with oleander and twinkling laurel that the first surprise was accorded her.

"As I wrote you, there are people stopping here," Major Shafto said indifferently. "Friends of my wife's, you know. Man you 've met perhaps, Vernon,— Lord knows what women like in him,— that English fellow, Carteret Leeds; then, Miss Foote and her brother, and Mrs. de Lancey, that Mrs. Shafto wired to come down from the Ponce de Leon; and — so, Beauty; quiet, Booty, you brute — I believe young Van Loon is due to-night."

"Timothy?" began Jerry, with a whistle, but the horses, shying at a watering-pot supplementing a wheelbarrow near the drive, obviated the necessity of a reply. He was on the ground to help his wife when they pulled up at the door.

An ideal retreat for Loves and Graces was the Bungalow, massed in verdurous shrubbery, its slanting roof and verandas overrun with Cherokee roses, between tall palmetto-trees, under a sky of intense blue — sufficiently far from the madding crowd of Florida tourists, and yet near enough for convenience; like the "desert" of Lady Juliana, the spoiled London beauty in Miss Ferrier's delightful old novel, "a beautiful place, all roses and myrtles, not absolutely out of the world, where one can give fête champêtres and déjeuners to one's friends."

It was a marvel to see how the ambulating proprietors, who had come south in their yacht not a fortnight before, had contrived to give the Bungalow an air of luxurious finish, as if they had lived there since the planting of the first vine. The broad veranda, spread with rugs, had the customary array of little tables containing brass pots of growing plants, reviews, magazines, and paper-knives, drawn up at the elbows of wicker chairs, under hanging lamps set with bosses of colored glass, and much ironmongery in spirals and curlicues. There was a hammock of yellow-and-white netting, dangling with tassels like the mount of a Spanish muleteer; and this was filled with cushions of silk in rainbow hues. There were screens and sofas, porcelain garden-seats, a medley of the picturesque effects with which we are all familiar nowadays. From somewhere at the rear of the house arose the sound of voices over a game of tennis, and, issuing from a hall crowded with Japanese curios, appeared a smug butler attended by a fresh-faced young under-

ling in maroon livery with a striped waistcoat, both of whom might have just emerged from a class-meeting, so guileless did they appear. Eleanor, whose heart had begun to beat at the nearness of the dreaded encounter, was relieved by these every-day apparitions; nor was she further alarmed upon the arrival from the tennis-ground of their hostess, holding over her bare head a large white lace parasol, and letting float behind her a graceful trail of crinkled stuff cleverly adjusted to conceal the tendency to flesh that afforded her continual concern. Mrs. Shafto came toward them swiftly, a little nervously, but carrying it off with a fine show of hearty welcome, and talking to preclude the possibility of answer.

"Awfully kind of you to come to our little shanty in the wilderness," she said to Eleanor when the first bustle of arrival lulled. "I told Shafto I thought you might like to bring Mr. Vernon to visit so old a friend. *I* won't claim acquaintance for myself, though I saw you as a school-girl at your Aunt Penfold's long ago."

"I remember perfectly," Eleanor answered, blushing, and looking about her. "What a pretty place you have! This is not my idea of the wilderness at all."

"The modern conception of roughing it," chimed in Jerry, who had kept close to his wife's elbow.

"Oh, it was easy enough. We sent a lot of people down before us, and they did it all," said Mrs. Shafto, superbly. "Come in and see our 'living-room,' as we call it. I made Lebel get this glazed chintz with the big gillyflowers from Paris, and he sent a Frenchman to drape the walls and curtains. The rest is, as you see, principally Florentine mirrors and brocade photograph-frames, and a lot of easy-chairs and couches. What shall they fetch you — shandy-gaff, or lemon-squash, or a B. & S., till luncheon time? When you 're ready, we can go out on the tennis-court a bit."

"Shafto tells me you 've got a houseful," Jerry said, over his shoulder, as he bent down to look at a glass case of miniatures.

"Yes; we brought all but Hilda in the yacht. She was at the Ponce de Leon nursing a wretched cold, and we wired at once for her, poor dear, and she came over with Miss Shaw."

"Miss Shaw?" asked Jerry, as they set out to stroll around the house and through the grounds.

"Yes; her companion, the sheep-faced old thing who used to knit in corners — don't you remember? Began as governess to the little girls, who are with Hilda's mother, now. Well, she 's here, and Kitty and Leeds do nothing but run rigs on her, and she never finds it out. Did Shafto tell you we 're to have Timothy to-night?"

"I heard he is in these parts under the delusion he is trying for tarpon."

"That 's a new name for it," said Mrs. Shafto, shooting at him a gleam from her eye. "You *have* been out of the world not to know that since your young sister-in-law turned the cold shoulder upon the heir of the Van Loons, he has developed another flame."

"Confound him for a jackanapes!" said Jerry, flushing a little. "The fellow 's always getting into messes with feminines. I wonder his dear mama don't send a nursery-maid along to keep him from making acquaintance with strange little girls."

They had fallen behind Major Shafto and Eleanor, and she dropped her voice.

"Oh, but you are the one to make allowances in this case. A year ago you might have even sympathized — she has quite turned his brain."

"His *what?*" growled Jerry, blackly.

"Oh, well, what passes for that organ in his anatomy. He is fairly infatuated, and would marry her to-morrow if —"

"If what?"

"If he were not chiefly dependent on his affectionate parents, who are nothing if not respectable, and could n't stand a blot in the Van Loon escutcheon. That 's not such an out-of-the-way, unheard-of condition of affairs, eh? It seems to me I was the confidante, a year ago, of a greatly superior young man, in very much the same predicament."

"For heaven's sake, take care," he said hurriedly.

"Don't be afraid. I am discretion itself. Even Shafto don't know how near you came to — but the best of the joke about Timothy is that Hilda has ceased to laugh at him. That is always dangerous, I 've found. You know he inherited from an old aunt a year or two ago, and there 's enough cash for them to wait on till the family comes around —"

"Look here," he said bruskly, as they turned the corner of the house where Shafto had stopped to point out to Eleanor his pet grove of oranges. "I thought I knew you pretty well, but I 'll be hanged if I understand what you brought us here for."

"It was Major Shafto, who quite longed to see his dear old friend," she answered demurely. "How could I suppose you 'd be getting excited over Hilda's affairs of the heart, now you are a married man? Pray calm down. I know those sudden tempests of yours, and how hard you used to find it to hold them in when you and I and Hilda were at Sioux Falls last year. But I could n't have expected to see one *now*, could I?"

"I wish I had n't let you worm my folly out of me that time," he said bitterly. "Though

you pretended to stand my friend in the matter, it is certain you never did me any good."

"Oh, come, come!" she said chidingly. "It is your mother who should be charged with all the blame of interference and disaster. But what does it matter now? This is a poor time to quarrel. You must behave yourself, and help me to make it pleasant for — we must all be on our good behavior — your beautiful young wife."

"One word only," he said. "I would have written this beforehand, but I thought I could trust it to your good nature. Eleanor knows nothing of that affair. You will let — sleeping dogs lie?"

"Of course. What possible motive could I have to do otherwise? We are talking of Major Shafto's dogs, Mrs. Vernon," she said smoothly, as the others came up with them. "You must make him take you to his kennels. Our man has had such wonderful luck this year with dachshunds — yes; that tree covered with yellow jasmine is pretty, is n't it? Here we are. You know every one, I believe? I really think myself very clever to get up such a meeting of old friends."

Gerald had run upon the Shaftos the year before, when they had gone West to be rid of the odium of newspaper comment upon their marriage, and, presented by the Major to his wife, had been speedily established as a confidential friend of the menage. In his then frame of mind it had been an immense comfort to tell somebody — and especially a nice, jolly, kind-hearted woman who had herself felt the world's rubs, and could sympathize — about his mad passion for that loveliest and most ill-used of creatures, Hildegarde Smithson, then a resident of Dakota, awaiting her freedom from a hateful bond. Finding such congenial society, Mrs. Shafto persuaded her Major to stay his steps in Sioux Falls for a while, and the four had spent their days together in riding and driving and such other amusements as the place afforded. Under these circumstances, it was not long before Mrs. Shafto became possessed of the secret aspiration of Jerry's heart — to marry Hildegarde as soon as the law should set its fairest victim free. Now, as the canons of modern story-writing allow no suggestion of a mystery in the story's plot, we may make haste to say that this discovery did not please Mrs. Shafto in the least. She was jealous and mischievous, and, like the Grim Reaper, wanted all men for her harvest. Her first move was to let her Hercules-in-toils, the big Major, who was ignorant of women's wiles, go off on a hunting expedition, taking Jerry with him, in search of deer and bear, which at most times will comfort man for the absence of his feminine enslaver. When they returned, and Gerald flew to the presence of Mrs. Smithson, he was encountered on the way by an imperative telegram from his mother in New York, bidding him come home in the interests of important business. And when he had at once packed his portmanteau, and started for home, Mrs. Shafto, in the most complacent manner in the world, rubbed her hands as if to be rid of a tiresome episode, and informed the Major that it was time to set forth upon their still farther western journey. Before leaving, she breathed a tender adieu to her charming Hildegarde, who, whatever she felt, was in no position to give token of discomfiture.

When the triumphantly liberated Mrs. de Lancey, late Smithson, again encountered Gerald Vernon, in Lenox, six months later, he was in the train of a girl who, everybody said, would marry him if he really meant business. Gerald had meant business, had married Eleanor Halliday, and had compromised with his conscience about forsaking Hildegarde by inducing his mother-in-law to send her an invitation to the wedding.

Now, when they met at the Bungalow, he sat quite content on a little iron bench beside her, talking commonplaces, and watching Kitty Foote jump about performing prodigies of tennis in a match of singles with Mr. Carteret Leeds. Spite of his little spasm of resentment of the enamored Timothy, Gerald looked from Hilda over at his blooming, innocent Nell, and asked himself if it were just a year ago that he had gone off from Sioux Falls ready to blow his brains out for the sake of this woman, whose face looked a little worn in the full light of day. He was even critical about the lines of Hildegarde's figure, hitherto esteemed peerless, and decided that it did not compare with that of his young Diana, tall and slim and long-waisted, her head so grandly set upon her long, full throat. And when he asked Mrs. de Lancey as to the health of her two little darlings, — "so pretty and quaint with their hair like spun silk," — he felt a sense of devout gratitude that he was not at the moment sharing, as it were, the paternal rights over these blessings with the very objectionable Smithson, who was still living in the family mansion, and conducting business in his usual place in New York, and was liable to be met in the usual haunts and thoroughfares. He recalled with forgiveness the tremendous outburst of temper with which his mother had favored him when he acknowledged to her charge his intention to wed Mrs. Smithson. He had long ceased to smart over the convincing argument — a threat of utter disinheritance — by which his mother had conquered him. And he never once suspected whose had been the hand that had set the machinery in motion to alter the current of his life. Altogether, he was

proud to have stood the test of meeting Hilda so successfully.

By dinner-time Nell had begun to feel more at ease in what her mother would have called this dubious house. So long as nothing appeared to shock the eye and sense, there was even something rather fascinating in her feeling of independence as a young wife, with no one to account to but a facile, smiling husband, who made light of so many of her inherited prejudices. Mrs. Shafto, brusk and jovial, amused her. She liked the Major, and Mrs. de Lancey was one of those women whom all women admire and pet. Even the tomboy Kitty Foote showed to better advantage in a bungalow than at the gatherings of conventionality in town. But Eleanor could not be lenient to Mr. Carteret Leeds.

He was an Englishman who had been wafted on his way into American society by favoring gales. Five or six leading families, like Homer's cities for Homer dead, disputed for him the first winter he appeared; but when interrogated, no member of any family could say who had discovered or introduced him. For a while inquiry had been appeased by a rumor that he was a younger son of Lord Kirkstall, come to New York to go into trade; but to a visiting American his lordship had indignantly disclaimed any offshoot whatever in America, adding incidentally, that he did n't think one of his sons would fancy living in the States, where it must be so uncommonly nasty to be served only by blacks, you know. The disclaimer being duly reported upon the visiting American's return, found Mr. Carteret Leeds in full swing at Newport, where he was of too decided a social value to be lightly cast away. He was an authority on polo and cricket, on horse-play in English country houses, and in the hunting-field, and no one liked to think of the void his absence would create; so it was decided to ask no more questions, but to accept this nice, mysterious man without home or friends or country. Still, ignorant people would occasionally err, and Leeds was once put upon a committee of arrangement to draw up a schedule of unprecedented gaieties in honor of an English prince who never came; this honor, however, he declined without explanation of any kind — which, in the opinion of some conservatives, was the best evidence of sense Mr. Leeds had yet afforded.

Mrs. Halliday's home in New York had been one of those that had not opened its portals to Mr. Leeds, and Eleanor disliked extremely being thrown in the intimacy of a house-party with a person who was more than suspected of using his social opportunities to furnish personalities at so much per column to journals of the baser sort. So she greeted him with bare civility, and, in response to a venture upon his part congratulating her upon "leavin' the fossils," and "comin' in with the knowin' set," straightened her back and stared at him with such cold surprise that for once Leeds was subdued, and reckless Mrs. Gerald had an enemy the more written upon her list.

Little Foote, Kitty's brother, a shadowy presentment of his own idea of a "swagger" Englishman, was more amusing than injurious to society. His innocent pleasure was to be forever changing clothes that he had lately bought in London. He was voluble in lisping about the movements of the fashionable world, in a curious dialect compounded of Americanese and Mayfair English. And he looked up to Mr. Carteret Leeds as to a Mentor whom it were pride to heed.

Dinner brought with it Mr. Timothy van Loon, of whom it cannot be said that his distinguished position in the American aristocracy was manifest in his appearance. He was tall and thin, with pale hair and pinkish eyelids, and a feathery, pale mustache. At his coming, the matrons and maids of society were so wont to melt into exceeding friendliness, so accustomed was he to see men of mature age, of distinguished achievement, of personal attraction, forsaken at his approach, that in his own infallibility to please he had come to put a trust no circumstance could shake. As to him was allotted the hostess to take in, and Eleanor sat upon the Major's right, Gerald and Mrs. de Lancey were partners during the dinner hour, and it was plain to behold the discomfort poor Timothy endured. He grew sullen, drank freely, left his hostess to sustain a monologue; and Eleanor, seeing her husband for the first time bestowing on another woman the attention that had been hers exclusively, sighed while chiding herself for a weakness she contemned. She resolved to make up for this her unconscious cerebration by an especial overture of friendliness to Mrs. de Lancey when the women should meet after dinner in the drawing-room.

The evening, like the day, passed without incident. The absent spirit of Mrs. Halliday might have been placated by its restraint. "It was so deadly dull," Mrs. Shafto told Leeds in the smoking-room afterward, "we thought of asking some one to recite." When the ladies assembled in the hall to take their bedroom candlesticks, Gerald spoke for a moment to his wife.

"I shall be late, probably," he said; "we 've a game of cards on, and you must n't keep awake."

While Mrs. Vernon's maid was still brushing her brown hair, and Eleanor, her eyes fixed

upon the floor, was deciding that she should certainly hold to her first plan of leaving the Bungalow on Saturday, female forms clad in trailing tea-gowns were stealing past her door, and flitting down the stairs. A little later, when Elsa had been dismissed, Eleanor heard strange sounds from the bowling-alley near the house—music, dancing, and shrieks of hilarious laughter that were not all from the ruder sex. Feeling uncomfortable, the young wife stole out into the corridor with a vague hope of summoning her husband to her side. There, hovering over the banister, in a frilled short-gown and petticoat, she encountered the spectral figure of Miss Shaw, who was bathed in tears.

"Oh, my dear, this is too much!" moaned the ancient maiden, wringing her hands. "It's bad enough to see ladies smoking cigarettes and playing cards till all hours every night; but here they have got up a sort of fancy ball in the bowling-alley, and—I 'm ashamed to tell you—*that* Mr. Leeds has gone and got on my—my night-things over his dress-suit, and has been dancing a skirt-dance with Miss Foote in her brother's clothes."

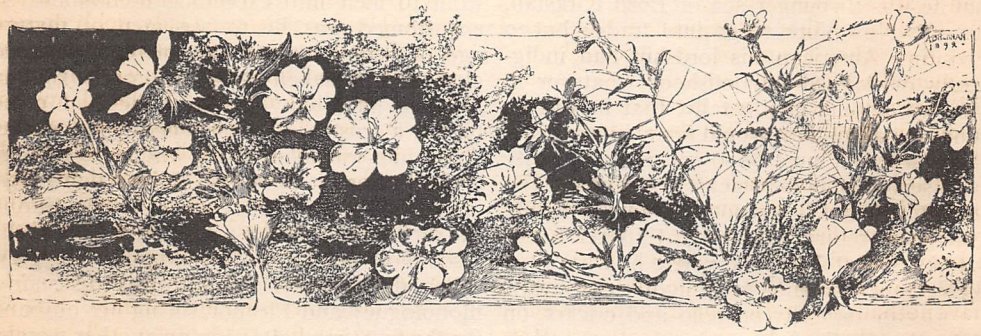
"I must see my husband," said Eleanor, hotly. "This must be stopped—Jerry will stop it *at once;* there is *nothing* so despicable to him!"

But, alas! at this moment, full in their sight, Jerry, wearing a fool's costume and bells, with a lighted cigar between his teeth, pranced through the hall below, followed by the untiring Kitty Foote attired as Columbine, and Mr. Timothy van Loon as Harlequin, all three evidently on their way to appear in a new variety of entertainment before the audience awaiting them in the impromptu theater.

Poor Eleanor, too proud to mingle her tears with those of the disconsolate Miss Shaw, ran back to her room, and cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.



COMPENSATION.

PINDAR, the Theban, sang to Hieron
In Doric verse, rich as rough-hammered gold,
The Immortals deal to men, now as of old,
Two ill things for one good. These words, forth blown
From such a trumpet, through the ages groan
A note of misery. And yet I hold
That though they deal us evils manifold
We owe the High Powers gratitude alone.
For one good may be worth a thousand ills.
And all the sum of wretchedness that fills
The travailing earth, the sea, the arching blue,
Cannot exceed the wealth of joy that lies
In sweet, low words, in smiles and loving eyes—
Cannot compare with love, if love be true.

John Hay.

A KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."

IT was in the smoking-room of a Cunarder two days out. The evening had been spent in telling stories, the fresh-air passengers crowding the doorways to listen, the habitual loungers and card-players abandoning their books and games.

When my turn came,—mine was a story of Venice, a story of the old palace of the Barbarozzi,—I noticed in one corner of the room a man seated alone wrapped in a light shawl, who had listened intently as he smoked, but who took no part in the general talk. He attracted my attention from his likeness to my friend Vereschagin the painter; his broad, white forehead, finely wrought features, clear, honest, penetrating eye, and flowing mustache and beard streaked with gray—all reminding me forcibly of that distinguished Russian. I love Vereschagin, and so, unconsciously, and by mental association, perhaps, I was drawn to this stranger. Seeing my eye fixed constantly upon him, he threw off his shawl, and crossed the room.

"Pardon me, but your story about the Barbarozzi brought to my mind so many delightful recollections that I cannot help thanking you. I know that old palace,—knew it thirty years ago,—and I know that cortile, and although I have not had the good fortune to run across either your gondolier, Espero, or his sweetheart, Mariana, I have known a dozen others as romantic and delightful. The air is stifling here. Shall we have our coffee outside on the deck?"

When we were seated, he continued, "And so you are going to Venice to paint?"

"Yes; and you?"

"Me? Oh, to the Engadine to rest. American life is so exhausting that I must have these three months to make the other nine possible."

The talk drifted into the many curious adventures befalling a man in his journeyings up and down the world, most of them suggested by the queer stories of the night. When the coffee was served, he lighted another cigar, held the match until it burned itself out,—the yellow flame lighting up his handsome face,—looked out over the broad expanse of tranquil sea, with its great highway of silver leading up to the full moon dominating the night, and said as if in deep thought:

"And so you are going to Venice?" Then, after a long pause: "Will you mind if I tell you of an adventure of my own—one still most vivid in my memory? It happened near there many years ago." He picked up his shawl, pushed our chairs close to the overhanging life-boat, and continued: "I had begun my professional career, and had gone abroad to study the hospital system in Europe. The revolution in Poland—the revolt of '62—had made traveling in northern Europe uncomfortable, if not dangerous, for foreigners, even with the most authentic of passports, and so I had spent the summer in Italy. One morning early in the autumn, letters requiring my immediate presence in Berlin, I bade good-by to my gondolier at the water-steps of the railroad station, and bought a ticket for Vienna.

"On entering the train I found the carriage occupied by two persons: a lady, richly dressed, but in deep mourning and heavily veiled; and a man, dark and smooth-faced, wearing a high silk hat. Raising my cap, I placed my umbrella and smaller traps under the seat, and hung my bundle of traveling shawls in the rack overhead. The lady returned my salutation gravely, lifting her veil and making room for my bundles. The dark man's only response was a formal touching of his hat-brim with his forefinger.

"The lady interested me instantly. She was perhaps twenty-five years of age, tall, graceful, and of distinguished bearing. Her hair was jet-black, brushed straight back from her temples, her complexion a rich olive, her teeth pure white. Her lashes were long, and opened and shut with a slow, fan-like movement, shading a pair of deep-blue eyes, which shone with that peculiar light seen only when quick tears lie hidden under half-closed lids. Her figure was rounded and full, and her hands exquisitely modeled. Her dress, while of the richest material, was perfectly plain, with a broad white collar and cuffs like those of a nun. She wore no jewels of any kind. I judged her to be a woman of some distinction—an Italian or Hungarian, perhaps.

"When the train started, the dark man, who had remained standing, touched his hat to me, raised it to the lady, and disappeared. Her only acknowledgment was a slight inclination of her head. A polite stranger, no doubt, I thought, who prefers the smoker. When the

train stopped for luncheon, I noticed that the lady did not leave the carriage, and on my return I found her still seated, looking listlessly out of the window, her head upon her hand.

"'Pardon me, madame,' I said in French, 'but unless you travel some distance this is the last station where you can get anything to eat.'

"She started, and looked about helplessly. 'I am not hungry. I cannot eat — but I suppose I should.'

"'Permit me,' and I sprang from the carriage, and caught a waiter with a tray before the guard reclosed the doors. She drank the coffee, tasted the fruit, thanking me in a low, sweet voice, and said:

"'You are very considerate. It will help me to bear my journey. I am very tired, and weaker than I thought; for I have not slept for many nights.'

"I expressed my sympathy, and ended by telling her I hoped we could keep the carriage to ourselves; she might then sleep undisturbed. She looked at me fixedly, a curious expression crossing her face, but made no reply.

"One is always more or less drawn, I think, to a sad or tired woman. There is a look about her eyes that makes an instantaneous draft on one's sympathies. So, when these slight confidences of my companion confirmed my misgivings as to her own weariness, I at once began diverting her as best I could with some account of my summer's experience in Venice, and with such of my plans for the future as at the moment filled my mind. I was younger then,— perhaps only a year or two her senior,— and you know one is not given to much secrecy at twenty-six: certainly not with a gentle lady whose good-will you are trying to gain, and whose sorrowful face, as I have said, enlists your sympathy at sight. Then, to establish some sort of footing for myself, I drifted into my own home life; telling her of my mother and sisters, of the social customs of our country, of the freedom given the women,— so different from my experience abroad,— of their perfect safety everywhere.

"We had been talking in this vein some time, she listening quietly until something I said reacted in a slight curl of her lips — more incredulous than contemptuous, perhaps, but significant all the same; for, lifting her eyes, she answered slowly and meaningly:

"'It must be a paradise for women. I am glad to believe that there is one corner of the earth where they are treated with respect. My own experiences have been so different that I have begun to believe that none of us are safe after we leave our cradles.' Then, as if suddenly realizing the inference, the color mounting to her cheeks, she added: 'But please do not misunderstand me. I am quite willing to accept your statement; for I never met an American before.'

"As we neared the foot-hills the air grew colder. She instinctively drew her cloak the closer, settling herself in one corner and closing her eyes wearily. I offered my rug, insisting that she was not properly clad for a journey over the mountains at night. She refused gently but firmly, and closed her eyes again, resting her head against the dividing cushion. For a moment I watched her; then arose from my seat, and, pulling down my bundle of shawls, begged that I might spread my heaviest rug over her lap. An angry color mounted to her cheeks. She turned upon me, and was about to refuse indignantly, when I interrupted:

"'Please allow me; don't you know you cannot sleep if you are cold? Let me put this wrap about you. I have two.'

"With the unrolling, the leather tablet of the shawl-strap, bearing my name, fell in her lap.

"'Your name is Bosk,' she said, with a quick start, 'and you an American?'

"'Yes; why not?'

"'My maiden name is Boski,' she replied, looking at me in astonishment, 'and I am a Pole.'

"Here were two mysteries solved. She was married, and neither Italian nor Slav.

"'And your ancestry?' she continued with increased animation. 'Are you of Polish blood? You know our name is a great name in Poland. Your grandfather, of course, was a Pole.' Then, with deep interest, 'What are your armorial bearings?'

"I answered that I had never heard that my grandfather was a Pole. It was quite possible, though, that we might be of Polish descent, for my father had once told me of an ancestor, an old colonel, who fell at Austerlitz. As to the armorial bearings, we Americans never cared for such things. The only thing I could remember was a certain seal which my father used to wear, and with which he sealed his letters. The tradition in the family was that it belonged to this old colonel. My sister used it sometimes. I had a letter from her in my pocket.

"She examined the indented wax on the envelop, opened her cloak quickly, and took from the bag at her side a seal mounted in jewels, bearing a crest and coat of arms.

"'See how slight the difference. The quarterings are almost the same, and the crest and motto identical. This side is mine, the other is my husband's. How very, very strange! And yet you are an American?'

"'And your husband's crest?' I asked. 'Is he also a Pole?'

"'Yes; I married a Pole,' with a slight trace of haughtiness, even resentment, at the inquiry.

"'And his name, madame? Chance has given you mine — a fair exchange is never a robbery.'

"She drew herself up, and said quickly, and with a certain bearing I had not noticed before:

"'Not now; it makes no difference.'

"Then, as if uncertain of the effect of her refusal, and with a willingness to be gracious, she added:

"In a few minutes — at ten o'clock — we reach Trieste. The train stops twenty minutes. You were so kind about my luncheon; I am stronger now. Will you dine with me?'

"I thanked her, and on arriving at Trieste followed her to the door. As we alighted from the carriage I noticed the same dark man standing by the steps, his fingers on his hat. During the meal my companion seemed brighter and less weary, more gracious and friendly, until I called the waiter and counted out the florins on his tray. Then she laid her hand quietly but firmly upon my arm.

"'Please do not — you distress me; my servant Polaff has paid for everything.'

"I looked up. The dark man was standing behind her chair, his hat in his hand.

"I can hardly express to you my feelings as these several discoveries revealed to me little by little the conditions and character of my traveling companion. Brought up myself under a narrow home influence, with only a limited knowledge of the world, I had never yet been thrown in with a woman of her class. And yet I cannot say that it was altogether the charm of her person that moved me. It was more a certain hopeless sort of sorrow that seemed to envelop her, coupled with an indefinable distrust which I could not solve. Her reserve, however, was impenetrable, and her guarded silence on every subject bearing upon herself so pronounced that I dared not break through it. Yet, as she sat there in the carriage after dinner, during the earlier hours of the night, she and I the only occupants, her eyes heavy and red for want of sleep, her beautiful hair bound in a veil, the pallor of her skin intensified by the somber hues of her dress, I would have given anything in the world to have known her well enough to have comforted her, even by a word.

"As the night wore on the situation became intolerable. Every now and then she would start from her seat, jostled awake by the roughness of the road,— this section had just been completed,— turn her face the other way, only to be awakened again.

"'You cannot sleep. May I make a pillow for your head of my other shawl? I do not need it. My coat is warm enough.'

"'No; I am very comfortable.'

"'Forgive me, you are not. You are very uncomfortable, and it pains me to see you so weary. These dividing-irons make it impossible for you to lie down. Perhaps I can make a cushion for your head so that you will rest easier.'

"She looked at me coldly, her eyes riveted on mine.

"'You are very kind, but why do you care? You have never seen me before, and may never again.'

"'I care because you are a woman, alone and unprotected. I care most because you are suffering. Will you let me help you?'

"She bent her head, and seemed wrapped in thought. Then straightening up, as if her mind had suddenly resolved:

"'No; leave me alone. I will sleep soon. Men never really care for a woman when she suffers, or life would be happier.' She turned her face to the window.

"'I pity you, then, from the bottom of my heart,' I replied, nettled at her remark. 'There is not a man the length and breadth of my land who would not feel for you now as I do, and there is not a woman who would misunderstand him.'

"She raised her head, and in a softened voice, like a sorrowing child's, it was so pathetic, said: 'Please forgive me. I had no right to speak so. I shall be very grateful to you if you can help me; I am so tired.'

"I folded the shawl, arranged the rug over her knees, and took the seat beside her. She thanked me, laid her cheek upon the impromptu pillow, and closed her eyes. The train sped on, the carriage swaying as we rounded the curves, the jolting increasing as we neared the great tunnel. Settling myself in my seat, I drew my traveling-cap well down so that its shadow from the overhead light would conceal my eyes, and watched her unobserved. For half an hour I followed every line in her face, with its delicate nostrils, finely cut nose, white temples with their blue veins, and the beautiful hair glistening in the half-shaded light; the long lashes resting, tired out, upon her cheek. Soon I noticed at irregular intervals a nervous twitching pass over her face; the brow would knit and relax wearily, the mouth droop. These indications of extreme exhaustion occurred constantly, and alarmed me. Unchecked, they would result in an alarming form of nervous prostration. A sudden lurch dislodged the pillow.

"'Have you slept?' I asked.

"'I do not know. A little, I think. The car shakes so.'

"'My dear lady,' I said, laying my hand on hers,— she started, but did not move her own,— 'it is absolutely necessary that you sleep, and at once. What your strain has been,

I know not; but my training tells me that it has been excessive, and still is. Its continuance is dangerous. This road gets rougher as the night passes. If you will rest your head upon my shoulder, I can hold you so that you will go to sleep.'

"Her face flushed, and she recovered her hand quickly.

"'You forget, sir, that —'

"'No, no; I forget nothing. I remember everything; that I am a stranger, that you are ill, that you are rapidly growing worse, that, knowing as I do your condition, I cannot sit here and not help you. It would be brutal.'

"Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled. 'I believe you,' she said. Then, turning quickly with an anxious look, 'But it will tire you.'

"'No; I have held my mother that way for hours at a time.'

"She put out her hand, laid it gently on my wrist, looked into my face long and steadily, scanning every feature, as if reassuring herself, then laid her cheek upon my shoulder, and fell asleep.

"WHEN the rising sun burst behind a mountain-crag, and, at a turn in the road, fell full upon her face, she awoke with a start, and looked about bewildered.

"'I must have slept, for I am so rested.' Then her mind cleared.

"'And you? You have not closed your eyes. And you have held me thus all night? How could I have been so selfish?'

"With this her whole manner changed. All the haughty reserve was gone; all the cynicism, the distrust, and suspicion. She became as gentle and tender as an anxious mother, begging me to go to sleep at once. She would see that no one disturbed me. It was cruel that I was so exhausted.

"When the guard entered, she sent for her servant, and bade him watch out for a pot of coffee at the next station. 'To think, monsieur had not slept all night!' When Polaff handed in the tray, she filled the cups herself, adding the sugar, and insisting that I should also drink part of her own — one cup was not enough. Upon Polaff's return she sent for her dressing-case. She must make her toilet at once, and not disturb me. It would be several hours before we reached Vienna; she felt sure I would sleep now.

"I watched her as she spread a dainty towel over the seat in front, and began her preparations, laying out the powder-boxes, brushes and comb, the bottles of perfume, and the little knickknacks that make up the fittings of a gentlewoman's boudoir. It was almost with a show of enthusiasm that she picked up one of the bottles, and pointed out to me again the crest in relief upon its silver top, saying over and over again how glad she was to know that some of her own blood ran in my veins. She was sure now that I belonged to her mother's people. When, at the next station, Polaff brought a basin of water, and I arose to leave the car, she begged me to remain — the toilet was nothing; it would be over in a minute. Then she loosened her hair, letting it fall in rich masses about her shoulders, and bathed her face and hands, rearranging her veil, and adding a fresh bit of lace to her throat. I remember distinctly how profound an impression this strange scene made upon my mind, so different from any former experience of my life — its freedom from conventionality, the lack of all false modesty, the absolute absence of any touch of coquetry or conscious allurement.

"When it was all over, her beauty being all the more pronounced now that the weary, nervous look had gone out of her face, she still talked on, saying how much better and fresher she felt, and how much more rested than the night before. Suddenly her face saddened, and for many minutes she kept silence, gazing dreamily down into the abysses white with the rush of Alpine torrents, or hidden in the early morning fog. Then, finding I would not sleep, and with an expression as if she had finally resolved upon some definite action, and with a face in which every line showed the sincerest confidence and trust,— as unexpected as it was incomprehensible to me,— she said:

"'Last night you asked me for my name. I would not tell you then. Now you shall know. I am the Countess de Rescka Smolenski. I live in Cracow. My husband died in Venice four days ago. I took him there because he was ill — so ill that he was carried in Polaff's arms from the gondola to his bed. The Russian government permitted me to take him to Italy to die. One Pole the less is of very little consequence. A week ago this permit was revoked, and we were ordered to report at Cracow without delay. Why, I do not know, except perhaps to add another cruelty to the long list of wrongs the Government have heaped upon my family. My husband lingered three days with the order spread out on the table beside him. The fourth day they laid him in Campo Santo. That night my maid fell ill. Yesterday morning a second peremptory order was handed me. I am now on my way home to obey.'

"Then followed in slow, measured sentences the story of her life: married at seventeen at her father's bidding to a man twice her age; surrounded by a court the most dissolute in eastern Europe; forced into a social environment that valued woman only as a chattel, and

that ostracized or defamed every wife who, reverencing her womanhood, protested against its excesses. For five years past — ever since her marriage — her husband's career had been one long, unending dissipation. At last, broken down by a life he had not the moral courage to resist, he had succumbed and taken to his bed; thence, wavering between life and death, like a burnt-out candle flickering in its socket, he had been carried to Venice.

"'Do you wonder, now, that my faith is gone, all the sweetness of my girlhood turned to bitterness, my young life dead within me, my heart broken?'

"We were nearing Vienna; the stations were more frequent; our own carriage began filling up. For an hour we rode side by side, silent, she gazing fixedly from the window, I half stunned by this glimpse of a life the pathos of which wrung my very heart. When we entered the station she roused herself, and said to me half pleadingly:

"'I cannot bear to think I may never see you again. To-night I must stay in Vienna. Will you dine with me at my hotel? I go to the Metropole. And you? Where did you intend to go?'

"'To the Metropole, also.'

"'Not when you left Venice?'

"'Yes; before I met you.'

"'There is a fate that controls us,' she said reverently. 'Come at seven.'

"When the hour arrived I sent my card to her apartment, and was ushered into a small room with a curtain-closed door opening out into a larger salon, through which I caught glimpses of a table spread with glass and silver. Polaff received me with a stiff, formal recognition, rigid and perpendicular. I do not think he quite understood, nor altogether liked, his mistress's chance acquaintance. In a moment she entered from a door opposite, still in her black garments with the nun's cuffs and broad collar. Extending her hand graciously, she said:

"'You have slept since I left you this morning. I see it in your face. I am so glad. And I too. I have rested all day. It was so good of you to come.'

"There was no change in her manner; the same frank, trustful look in her eyes, the same anxious concern about me. When dinner was announced she placed me beside her, Polaff standing behind her chair, and the other attendants serving.

"The talk drifted again into my own life, she interrupting with pointed questions, and making me repeat again and again the stories I told her of our humble home. She must learn them herself to tell them to her own people, she said. It was all so strange and new to her, so simple and so genuine. With the coffee she fell to talking of her own home, the despotism of Russia, the death of her father, the forcing of her brothers into the army. Still holding her cup in her hands she began pacing up and down, her eyes on the floor (we were alone, Polaff having retired). Then stopping in front of me, and with an earnestness that startled me:

"'Do not go to Berlin. Please come to Cracow with me. Consider. I am alone, absolutely alone. My house is in order, and has been for months, expecting me every day. It is so terrible to go back; come with me, please.'

"'I must not, madame. I have promised my friend to be in Berlin in two days. I would, you know, sacrifice anything of my own to serve you.'

"'And you will not?' and a sigh of disappointment escaped her.

"'I cannot.'

"'No; I must not ask you. You are right. It is better that you keep your word.'

"She continued walking, her eyes still on the floor. Then she moved to the mantel, and touched a bell. Instantly the curtains of the door divided, and Polaff stood before her.

"'Bring me my jewel-case.'

"The man bowed gravely, looked at me furtively from the corner of his eye, and closed the curtains behind him. In a moment he returned, bearing a large, morocco-covered box, which he placed on the table. She pressed the spring, and the lid flew up, uncovering several velvet-lined trays filled with jewels that flashed under the lighted candles.

"'You need not wait, Polaff. You can go to bed.'

"The man stepped back a pace, stood by the wall, fixed his eye upon his mistress, as if about to speak, looked at me curiously, then, bowing low, drew the curtains aside, and closed the door behind him.

"Another spring, and out came a great string of pearls, a necklace of sapphires, some rubies, and emeralds. These she heaped up upon the white cloth beside her. Carefully examining the contents of the case, she drew from a lower tray a bracelet set with costly diamonds, a rare and beautiful ornament, and before I was aware of her intent had clasped it upon my wrist.

"'I want you to wear this for me. You see it is large enough to go quite up the arm.'

"For a moment my astonishment was so great I could not speak. Then I loosened it and laid it in her hand again. She looked up, her eyes filling, her face expressive of the deepest pain.

"'And you will not?'

"'I cannot, madame. In my country men do not accept such costly presents from women,

and then we do not wear bracelets, as your men do here.'

"'Then take this case, and choose for yourself.'

"I poured the contents of a small tray into my hand, and picked out a plain locket, almond-shaped, simply wrought, with an opening on one side for hair.

"'Give me this with your hair.'

"She threw the bracelet into the case, and her eyes lighted up.

"'Oh, I am so glad, so glad! It was mine when I was a child—my mother gave it to me. The dear little locket—yes; you shall always wear it.'

"Then, rising from her seat, she took my hands in hers, and, looking down into my face, said, her voice breaking:

"'It is eleven o'clock. Soon you must leave me. You cannot stay longer. I know that in a few hours I shall never see you again. Will you join me in my prayers before I go?'

"A few minutes later she called to me. She was on her knees in the next room, two candles burning beside her, her rich dark hair loose about her shoulders, an open breviary bound with silver in her hands. I can see her now, with her eyes closed, her lips moving noiselessly, her great lashes wet with tears, and that Madonna-like look as she motioned me to kneel. For several minutes she prayed thus, the candles lighting her face, the room deathly still. Then she arose, and with her eyes half shut, and her lips moving as if with her unfinished prayer, she lifted her head and kissed me on the forehead, on the chin, and on each cheek, making with her finger the sign of the cross. Then, reaching for a pair of scissors, and cutting a small tress from her hair, she closed the locket upon it, and laid it in my hand.

"Early the next morning I was at her door. She was dressed and waiting. She greeted me kindly, but mournfully, saying in a tone which denoted her belief in its impossibility:

"'And you will not go to Cracow?'

"When we reached the station, and I halted at the small gate opening upon the train platform, she merely pressed my hand, covered her head with her veil, and entered the carriage followed by Polaff. I watched, hoping to see her face at the window, but she remained hidden.

"FILLED with her presence, and tortured by the thought of the conditions that prevented my following her,—my sympathies being so wrought upon, her tired, hopeless face haunting me,—I turned into the Ring-strasse, called a cab, and drove to our minister's. Mr. Motley then held the portfolio; my passport had expired, and, as I was entering Germany, needed renewing. The attaché agreed to the necessity, stamped it, and brought it back to me with the ink still wet.

"'His excellency,' said he, 'advises extreme caution on your part while here. Be careful of your associates, and keep out of suspicious company. Vienna is full of spies watching escaped Polish refugees. Your name'—reading it carefully—'is apt to excite remark. We are powerless to help in these cases. Only last week an American who befriended a man in the street was arrested on the charge of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and, despite our efforts, is still in prison.'

"I thanked him, and regained my cab with my head whirling. What, after all, if the countess should have deceived me? My blood chilled as I remembered her words of the day before: recalled by the Government she hated, her two brothers forced into the army, the cruelties and indignities Russia had heaped upon her family, and this last peremptory order to return. Had my sympathetic nature and inexperience gotten me into trouble? Then that Madonna-like head with angelic face, the lips moving in prayer, rose before me. No, no; not she. I would stake my life.

"Five minutes later I entered my hotel, and walked across the corridor for the key of my room. Standing by the porter was an Austrian officer in full uniform, even to his white kid gloves. As I passed I heard the porter say in German,

"'Yes; that is the man.'

"The Austrian looked at me searchingly, and, wheeling around sharply, said:

"'Monsieur, can I see you alone? I have something of importance to communicate.'

"The remark and his abrupt manner indicated so plainly an arrest, that for the moment I hesitated, running over in my mind what might be my wisest course to pursue. Then, thinking I could best explain my business in Vienna in the privacy of my room, I said stiffly:

"'Yes; I am now on my way to my apartment. I will see you there.'

"He entered first, shut the door behind him, crossed the room; passed his hand behind the curtains, opened the closet, shut it, and said:

"'We are alone?'

"'Quite.'

"Then, confronting me, 'You are an American?'

"'You are right.'

"'And have your passport with you?'

"I drew it from my pocket, and handed it to him. He glanced at the signature, refolded it, and said:

"'You took the Countess Smolenski to the station this morning. Where did you meet her?'

"'On the train yesterday leaving Venice.'

"'Never before?'

"'Never.'

"'Why did she not leave Venice earlier?'

"'The count was dying, and could not be moved. He was buried two days ago.'

"A shade passed over his face. 'Poor De Rescka! I suspected as much.'

"Then facing me again, his face losing its suspicious expression:

"'Monsieur, I am the brother of the countess — Colonel Boski of the army. A week ago my letters were intercepted, and I left Cracow in the night. Since then I have been hunted like an animal. This uniform is my third disguise. As soon as my connection with the plot was discovered, my sister was ordered home. The death of the count explains her delay, and prevented my seeing her at the station. I had selected the first station out of Vienna. I tried for an opportunity this morning at the depot, but dared not. I saw you, and learned from the cabman your hotel.'

"'But, Colonel,' said I, the attaché's warning in my ears, 'you will pardon me, but these are troublous times. I am alone here, on my way to Berlin to pursue my studies. I found the countess ill and suffering, and unable to sleep. She interested me profoundly, and I did what I could to relieve her. I would have done the same for any other woman in her condition the world over, no matter what the consequences. If you are her brother, you will appreciate this. If you are here for any other purpose, say so at once. I leave Vienna at noon.'

"His color flushed, and his hand instinctively felt for his sword; then relaxing, he said:

"'You are right. The times are troublous. Every other man is a spy. I do not blame you for suspecting me. I have nothing but my word. If you do not believe it, I cannot help it. I will go. You will at least permit me to thank you for your kindness to my sister,' drawing off his glove and holding out his hand.

"'The hand of a soldier is never refused the world over,' and I shook it warmly. As it dropped to his side I caught sight of his seal-ring.

"'Pardon me one moment. Give me your hand again.' The ring bore the crest and motto of the countess.

"'It is enough, Colonel. Your sister showed me her own on the train. Pardon my suspicions. What can I do for you?' He looked puzzled, hardly grasping my meaning.

"'Nothing. You have told me all I wanted to know.'

"'But you will breakfast with me before I take the train?' I said.

"'No; that might get you into trouble — serious trouble, if I should be arrested. On the contrary, I must insist that you remain in this room until I leave the building.'

"'But you perhaps need money; these disguises are expensive,' glancing at his perfect appointment.

"'You are right. Perhaps twenty rubles — it will be enough. Give me your address in Berlin. If I am taken, you will lose your money. If I escape, it will be returned.'

"I shook his hand, and the door closed. A week later a man wrapped in a cloak called at my lodgings and handed me an envelop. There was no address and no message, only twenty rubles."

I LOOKED out over the sea wrinkling below me like a great sheet of gray satin. The huge life-boat swung above our heads, standing out in strong relief against the sky. After a long pause, — the story had strangely thrilled me, — I asked:

"Pardon me, have you ever seen or heard of the countess since?"

"Never."

"Nor her brother?"

"Nor her brother."

"And the locket?"

"It is here where she placed it."

At this instant the moon rolled out from behind a cloud, and shone full on his face. He drew out his watch-chain, touched it with his thumb-nail, and placed the trinket in my hand. It was such as a child might wear, an enameled thread encircling it. Through the glass I could see the tiny nest of jet-black hair.

For some moments neither of us spoke. At last, with my heart aglow, my whole nature profoundly stirred by the unconscious nobility of the man, I said:

"My friend, do you know why she bound the bracelet to your wrist?"

"No; that always puzzled me. I have often wondered."

"She bound the bracelet to your wrist, as of old a maid would have wound her scarf about the shield of her victorious knight, as the queen would pin the iron cross to the breast of a hero. You were the first gentleman she had ever known in her life."

F. Hopkinson Smith.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.

WHEN I was a little boy I ran away from home because of some fancied harshness, and three days later was found in a distant city and brought back by our old family servant. My father's bearing toward me after this escapade made a profound impression on me; for, instead of punishing me severely, he chose to pass my misdeed by in absolute silence. His kindness caused a complete change in my boyish character, and I resolved to be a source of trouble to him no more, but to seek in every way to gain his esteem and love. I remained with him a year after this, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that during that year I was scrupulously obedient and attentive to my duties.

My father saw that it would be impossible for my brother and me to make serious progress in our studies in the midst of the nomadic life that we were leading with his theatrical company, and he determined to place us at Florence with our uncle and aunt, and to send me to the Law School, and my brother to the School of Fine Arts. It was my father's wish that I should be a lawyer, and my brother a painter. Our uncle and aunt lived in the Via Romana, near the gate of the Boboli Gardens, and it was not pleasant, especially in winter, to walk on every work-day quite across the city from the Via Romana to the Via Martelli, and to the end of the Via del Cocomero (now Via Ricasoli). Our uncle walked with us, and from habit took steps of such great length and velocity that we trotted after him, panting. Occasionally, however, on account of indisposition or business, he had to let us go alone, and then we used to take our revenge. We would walk at our ease, and stop on the Ponte Vecchio to admire the goldsmiths' and jewelers' shops. I won't say that the pastry-cooks' shops did n't attract us too.

When ten years old I felt no leaning toward any vocation. My father's will was mine; and I do not remember feeling distaste for any task that was given me. Whatever was marked out for me to study, it was all the same to me; history interested me, grammar attracted me, in arithmetic I found pleasure, geography amused me, and as to penmanship and spelling, I had a real passion for them. Three years later I was just beginning Latin when my father came to Florence to play for an entire season. During those three years, however, my uncle had often taken me to my father in vacation-time, particularly if he happened to be in a place not far from Florence. Upon these occasions we would see him play in the evening, which was to us a source of unmeasured enjoyment. I took especial delight in dramas and tragedies. When the company gave a comic piece, I used to ask my father to let me go to bed.

During one of my vacations, I went alone with my father to Milan, my brother being ill with measles, and I had the good fortune to see a piece played by that wonderful artist Luigi Vestri. The play was a translation from the French entitled "Malvina," and for the first time I learned that one can cry and laugh at the same time. Vestri, who had been endowed by Nature with all that she can grant to a dramatic artist, made so strong an impression on my boyish imagination, that when my father presented me to him the next day I stared at him as if under a spell, and was unable to utter a word. I fancied that I was in the presence of a divinity. He patted my face kindly, and I felt a wave of delight rush through my veins.

About this time a disaster befell my poor father's household. His second wife, whom in our short visits we had hardly learned to know, unmindful of the sacrifices which her husband had made for her, ungratefully abandoned him. He was so deeply affected that only the thought of his sons restrained him from suicide. For several months he gave himself up to grief, and to projects of vengeance which his good sense and dignity caused to come to naught; and it was after this that he came to Florence for a season, as I have said. I was then thirteen years old, but, strange to say, I looked fully seventeen. So precocious was my development that not only was I a head taller than the tallest of the boys of my age, but my whole figure was in proportion, and I needed only a little hair on my face to have the presence of a young man of twenty. When my father caught sight of me, he exclaimed:

"My goodness! what are you going to grow up to be? The giant Goliath?"

"No, father," I answered; "I prefer to be David, who killed him."

"Well, you shall come with me," said he, "and I will be your Saul in his good moments. If you can't play the harp to charm away the

grief of my soul, you can talk to me, and the sound of your voice will soothe me."

Accordingly, when, after the carnival season in Florence, my father joined the Bon and Berlaffa Company as leading actor, he took me with him, leaving my brother to his course at the Fine Arts.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE Bon and Berlaffa Company alternated in its repertory between the comedies of Goldoni and the tragedies of Alfieri.

One evening the "Donne Curiose" by Goldoni was to be given, but the actor who was to take the harlequin's part, represented in that piece by a stupid slave called *Pasquino*, fell sick a few hours before the curtain was to rise. The company had been together for a few days only, and it was out of the question to substitute another play. It had been decided to close the theater for that night, when Berlaffa asked:

"Why could n't your Tom take the part?"

My father said that there was no reason why he should n't, but that Tom had never appeared in public, and he did n't know whether he had the courage.

The proposition was made to me, and I accepted on the spot, influenced to no little extent by a desire to please the managers, who in my eyes were people of great importance. Within three hours, with my iron memory, I had easily mastered my little part of *Pasquino*, and, putting on the costume of the actor who had fallen ill, I found myself a full-fledged if a new performer. I was to speak in the Venetian dialect; that was inconvenient for me rather than difficult, but at Forte, where we were, any slip of pronunciation would hardly be observed.

It was the first time that I was to go on the stage behind the dazzling footlights, the first time that I was to speak in an unaccustomed dialect, dressed up in ridiculous clothes which were not my own; and I confess that I was so much frightened that I was tempted to run back to my dressing-room, to take off my costume, and to have nothing more to do with the play. But my father, who was aware of my submissive disposition toward him, with a few words kept me at my post.

"For shame!" said he; "a man has no right to be afraid." A man! I was scarce fourteen, yet I aspired to that title.

The conscript who is for the first time under fire feels a sense of fear. Nevertheless, if he has the pride of his sex, and the dignity of one who appreciates his duty, he stands firm, though it be against his will. So it was with me when I began my part. When I perceived that some of *Pasquino's* lines were amusing the audience, I took courage, and, like a little bird making its first flight, I arrived at the goal, and was eager to try again. As it turned out, my actor's malady grew worse, so that he was forced to leave the company, and I was chosen to take his place.

I must have had considerable aptitude for such comic parts as those of stupid servants, for everywhere that we went I became the public's Benjamin. I made the people laugh, and they asked for nothing better. All were surprised that, young and inexperienced as I was, I should have so much cleverness of manner and such sureness of delivery. My father was more surprised than anybody, for he had expected far less of my immaturity and total lack of practice. It is certain that from that time I began to feel that I was somebody. I had become useful, or at least I thought I had, and, as a consequence, in my manner and bearing I began to affect the young man more than was fitting in a mere boy. I sought to figure in the conversation of grown people, and many a time I had the pain of seeing my elders smile at my remarks. It was my great ambition to be allowed to walk alone in the city streets; my father was very loath to grant this boon, but he let me go sometimes, perhaps to get a sample of my conduct. I don't remember ever doing anything at these times which could have displeased him; I was particularly careful about it, since I saw him sad, pensive, and afflicted owing to the misfortune which had befallen him, and soon he began to accord me his confidence, which I was most anxious to gain.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

OFTEN he spoke to me of the principles of dramatic art, and of the mission of the artist. He told me that to have the right to call one's self an artist one must add honest work to talent, and he put before me the example of certain actors who had risen to fame, but who were repulsed by society on account of the triviality of their conduct; of others who were brought by dissipation to die in a hospital, blamed by all; and of still others who had fallen so low as to hold out their hands for alms, or to sponge on their comrades and to cozen them out of their money for unmerited subscriptions — all of which things moved me to horror and deep repugnance. It was with good reason that my father was called "Honest Beppo" by his fellows on the stage. The incorruptibility and firmness of principle which he cultivated in me from the time that I grew old enough to understand have been my spur and guide throughout my career, and it is through no merit of my own that I can count myself among those who have won the esteem of society; I attribute all the merit to my father. He was conscientious and honest to a scruple; so much

so that of his own free will he sacrificed the natural pride of the dramatic artist, and renounced the well-earned honor of first place in his company to take second place with Gustavo Modena, whose artistic merit he recognized as superior to his own, in order that I might profit by the instruction of that admirable actor and sterling citizen. My father preferred his son's advantage to his own personal profit.

SALVINI JOINS MODENA'S COMPANY.

In Lent of the year 1843, in the city of Padua, we joined Modena's company, which was made up almost entirely of players of less than twenty years. Now, to be exact, I shall have to say that in the contract between my father and Gustavo Modena I figured as the bone that is thrown in for good measure; I was to have no salary, but was bound to do whatever was assigned to me by the director, including appearance as a "super" in case of necessity. This was humiliating, after my little triumphs as *Pasquino* the year before; but my father soothed my susceptibility by telling me that all were subjected to the same condition, which was true. I remembered then that egoistical proverb, "An evil shared is half a joy," and my spirits went up a little. My apprehensions vanished entirely when my father said to me that the time had now come to devote myself seriously to the study of my profession; that in future I must exert myself, and that it was only right that the sacrifice he had made should be compensated by my good will and application; and that I should never have a better chance, since the rudiments and the best example of the drama would be exhibited to me by the most distinguished artist of Italy.

I kissed him, and said, "Papa, I will do the best I can." The next day we went to the theater to receive our instructions from the director.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT MODENA.

To be frank, my first impression of my future master was not wholly favorable. He looked to me more like a drover than an actor. He was fat and flabby, his nose was sunk between his cheeks, his walk was heavy, and his legs had the appearance of elephantiasis. Nevertheless, his white and beautifully formed hand, his vivacious, intelligent, and kind eye, won my sympathy on the spot. His voice, though nasal, was sonorous, and seemed to issue not from his lips, but from his ears or his eyes, or rather from his wide-open nostrils. As soon as Modena perceived my father, who in comparison with him looked like a lord, they squeezed each other's hands and embraced; then Modena turned to me and exclaimed (as was his habit) in his native dialect: "Oh, what a good David! Well, my lad, is your mind made up to study?"

"Yes, Signor Maestro," said I.

"No, no," he said; "call me Gustavo; that is better. And what have you been studying?"

"Harlequin parts, Signor Gustavo," said I.

"Good!" he said; "now you shall study this speech, and when you know it you shall say it to me, putting into it all your intelligence and all your soul." It was the speech of *Egisto* to *Polifonte* in Alfieri's tragedy of "Merope"; and the same speech had been given before me to every new member of the company as a test of his vocation for tragedy. The stage gradually filled up with others of the company, who were to rehearse "La Calomnie" of Scribe, in which neither my father nor I was to appear.

While the rehearsal was in progress, and my father was making the acquaintance of the other artists, Modena turned to me and said, "In this comedy you shall do the little Moor for me." I fancied that the little Moor was a part. Alas! he was merely a lay figure, devised to garnish the stage by the Signora Giulia, Modena's wife. I was directed to blacken my face, and to get myself up in Oriental costume to figure as the attendant of one of the personages of the play. This first assignment did not encourage me at all, and my father, seeing my disappointment, whispered in my ear, "Never mind; only study, and you will have no more 'super' work to do." The following day I was the only one who knew *Egisto's* speech perfectly by heart, and I repeated it to my father, who corrected me, and showed me the most salient points, and finally encouraged me by saying, "There, you have it well enough."

The moment of trial came, and by good luck neither my gestures, nor my voice, nor my expression betrayed the violent palpitations due to my emotion. When I got through, Modena exclaimed: "You have some foundation! you 'll make a man for me!" and with this were assigned to me the parts of *Masham* in Scribe's "Un Verre d'Eau"; of *Perez*, *Filippo*, and *Gionata*, in Alfieri's "Saul"; of *Massimiliano Piccolomini* in Schiller's "Wallenstein"; of *Pietro Tasca* in the "Fornaretto" of F. Dall' Ongaro; of the *Lover* in Manzoni's tragedy "Adelchi," and of the lovers in such plays as my father should give on Modena's off-nights. Since I appeared every night, the "super" business troubled me no more. My father had to provide my costumes for all these parts, which was no light expense; but he supported the burden willingly, since he saw the lighting of a fair dawn in the morning of my career. In order to master so many

parts in the shortest possible time, I had to sacrifice many hours of sleep. Toward the end of the season, I could have slept on a couch of thorns, and often when my father and I were returning home after supper, and he, becoming interested in some discussion with a friend, ceased to attend to me, my eyes would close, and at the first corner I would lean my head against the wall and fall quietly asleep on my feet. My father, noticing that I was gone, would turn back and take me by the arm, and when we reached home would lay me down on my bed; and the next morning I would wake up and would not know how I got there! What an admirable age youth is! It supports without complaining the inconveniences of life, and adapts itself gladly to every hard condition, if only it is spurred on by ambition. And at fifteen everything looks rose-colored.

My rose was destined soon to change to black. At the end of the year of my novitiate, in Lent of 1844, my father fell ill at Palma Nuova. Just at that time I was burdened more than ever with study, as Carlo Romagnoli had left the company, and all the parts which had been given to him the year before were transferred to me in addition to my own, among them *David* in "Saul," *Nemours* in "Louis XI," *Luciano* in "La Calomnie." The doctor pronounced my father's malady an inflammation of the bowels, and prescribed frequent baths with bran. In our house the only source of water was a very deep well, and it became my duty to draw water to fill the tub. It was a serious fatigue; but because of the purpose of the task, and perhaps a little because the muscles of my arms began to show a prodigious development from the constant exercise, I was never willing to surrender the charge to others, and performed it regularly for twenty-three days. The company was then about to finish its engagement at Palma Nuova, and my father summoned me to his bedside and told me that I must go on to Cremona with the director, who would be hampered without me. He said that as soon as he was well enough he would follow, but in the mean time it was out of the question to put that excellent man, our director, to loss, by depriving him of one of the most important men of his company. I opposed this decision with energy, but I was compelled to yield to my father's repeated commands. I left him in charge of the people of the house, and engaged a man besides to nurse him, and I took my leave of him with tears and kisses. I felt myself sadly alone without my father's accustomed guidance. It is true that he had become still more grave, and was even inclined to misanthropy: but frequently he would forget his troubles in reading to me some extracts from a play he was writing; or in declaiming a bit of Metastasio, his favorite author; or in talking to me of my poor dead mother, whom I never knew, since she died when I was two years old; or of my brother, who was pursuing his studies, or my aunt

ENGRAVED BY R. H. MULLER.

GUSTAVO MODENA.

and uncle, who lived in Florence. One evening at Venice, as we were passing in our gondola before the illuminated Piazzetta di San Marco, he embraced me with silent but profound expression of tenderness, and after a little he said:

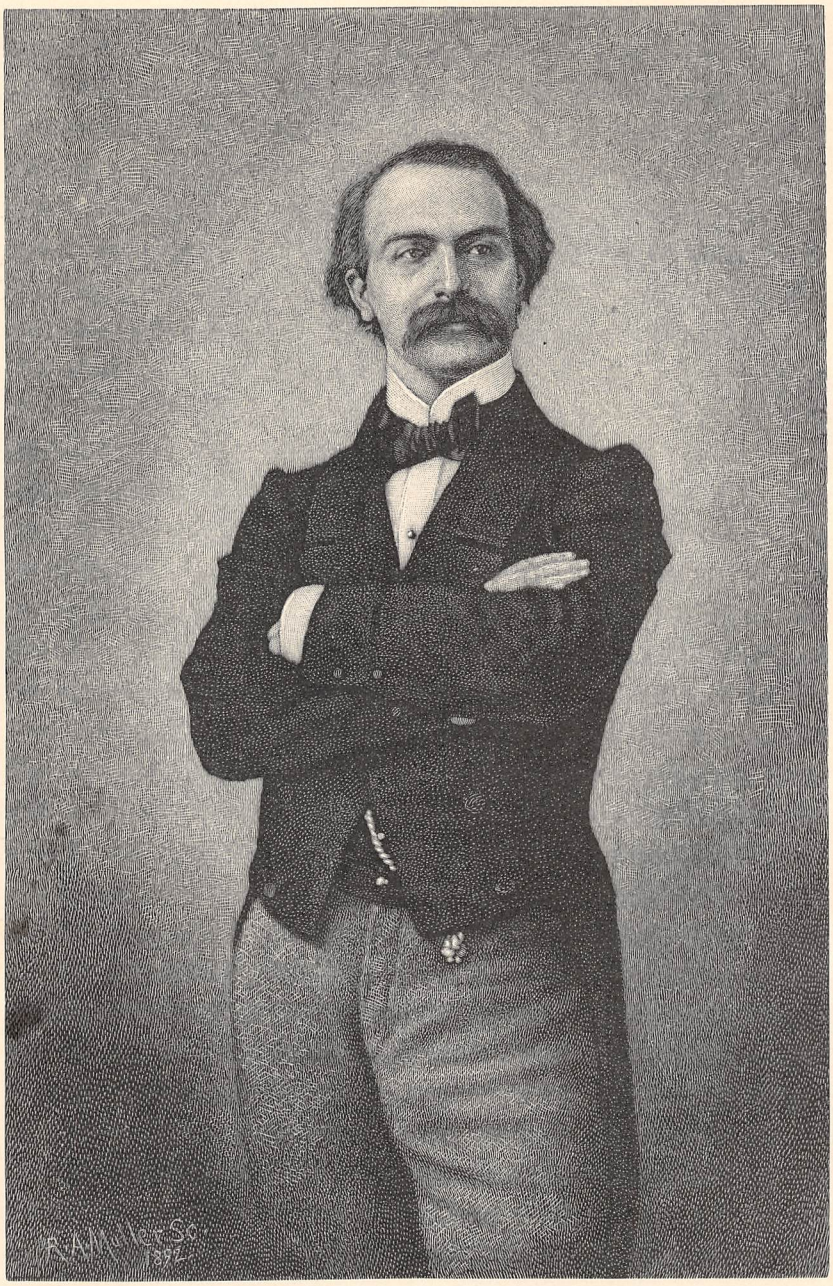
"Do you see that lamp burning there before that image? That flame commemorates the unpardonable mistake of the sentence of poor Fornaretto, whose part you play; and that light will not be extinguished so long as man is capable of calling himself infallible."

In my ingenuousness and ignorance I asked, "Papa, how long will that be?"

He smiled, and said: "Ah, my son, that lamp will burn on forever." I felt something like a weight in my soul, and that answer was perhaps the inception in me of the first germs of distrust in my fellow-men.

A GREAT AFFLICTION.

My father wrote to me from his sick-bed at Palma Nuova, exhorting me to behave well, to be studious, and to be loyal to the wishes of the director. But I noticed that with every



TOMMASO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE.

letter his beautiful handwriting was growing less firm and even, and I began to fear that he was becoming much worse. I begged Gustavo Modena for permission to visit him, but he refused me absolutely. After a few days I went to him again, and repeated my request in a tone of supplication. With a kinder manner than before he explained to me in what a dilemma I should put him if I were to go, as it was entirely impossible for him to find understudies for my parts; he said that he should have to close the theater, which would be at once a dishonor to him and a very serious loss; and he assured me that he had had direct news from his friend Beppo, as he called my father, and that he was decidedly better, and would soon be able to rejoin us. These were fair words, but they did not reassure me, for no more letters came from my father. One morning, without saying anything more to Modena, I went to the police-

bureau to reclaim my traveling-permit, which had been issued in my name when I was separated from my father; but the Austrian official refused to surrender it without the consent of the director of my company. I hurried, beside myself, to Modena, and said:

"Maestro, I get no more letters from my father, and I have no news of him. I fear that something is wrong. Now you will either give me permission to go to Palma Nuova, or I will start out on foot and take the risk of being arrested."

Modena answered very dryly: "What do you want to go there for? Your father is dead."

May God pardon him the pain he gave me at that moment, in return for all the kindness I had from him at other times! He should not be judged too harshly; he was tormented by my persistence, and the obstinacy of my determination, and by the thought of the consequences to him which must follow, and he fancied that by that brutal announcement he would at once deprive me of all hope, put an end to my plans, and relieve himself from further embarrassment. He took the view that to so grave an evil should be applied a heroic remedy. I fell to the floor like a log, senseless; and when I came to myself I was in my bed, and my young comrades were by my side, impotent to calm the hysterical spasms which sent me into fit after fit of delirium. For four days I was in bed with aching bones, bruised and sore, and with frequent spells of convulsive sobbing. I learned that during this time my uncle had gone to Palma Nuova and had paid all the last sad offices to the dead; and so at fifteen I was left an orphan, and with the responsibility of working out alone my support and my future.

SALVINI LEAVES MODENA.

It was now necessary for Gustavo Modena to accord me some salary to enable me to live, and I remember that my pay was about fifty cents a day. Sometimes when I was cast for an important part he would give me a dollar as extra compensation; this happened very seldom, but I had enough to live on with careful economy. When we came to Milan, however, three tailors, claiming to be creditors of my father, presented themselves, and asked me what were my intentions as to obligations standing against the name of Giuseppe Salvini.

"My intentions?" said I. "I will pay in full; I ask only for time." They had three notes of 1000 francs each, which my poor father had indorsed for a friend of shaky credit who had never paid them. The notes were renewed so that they provided for payment within three years, and I signed them. The reader can imagine how hard pressed I felt myself under the obligations which I had assumed, and which I must meet with what economies I could make from my meager pay. During the remainder of the year I was nevertheless able to hoard up 300 francs, which I sent in advance of the time fixed to Lampagnano at Milan, on account of my debt. With much regret, but constrained by necessity, I sold some of my father's theatrical wardrobe, and was thus able to meet all my engagements for that year.

When misfortunes befall, they never come singly; and of this I was now to have painful experience. Soon after my father's death an unlucky incident happened, which compelled me to sever my connection with Modena. I had inherited from my father, besides his costumes, of which I had sold a part, a beautiful wig of long, golden-blond hair, which he used to wear as *Charlemagne* in "Adelchi," and which I wore in the part of *Massimiliano Piccolomini* in "Wallenstein." After wearing it, I used to give it in charge to Graziadei, the hair-dresser of the theater, to put by for me in a box. One evening Signora Giulia Modena, who occupied herself with much taste and competence about the dresses of the artists, asked me to lend her my wig. Now to me this wig was a most precious possession, both because it came to me from my father, and because it was to go on my own head; so I refused her request as civilly as I could, and no more was said about it. The next evening I perceived on the head of one of the "supers" my beloved wig, which the Signora Giulia had obtained from the hair-dresser on some trumped-up pretext. With a "bee in my bonnet" (at that time such bees were numerous with me), and my wig in my hand, I presented myself before the Signora, and made my remonstrance:

"I wish to know, Signora Giulia, who gave you the right to use my wig, after I told you that you could n't have it?"

"Come to Gustavo, and you will find out," said she to me.

We went to Modena's dressing-room, and I repeated my demand. Could he in my presence blame his wife, recognize that I was right, and that she was guilty of an unwarranted act? Could he, a Modena, my master, make excuses for her to me, his pupil? He contented himself with saying, "Go, boy; go!" He did n't put his wife in the wrong, nor did he admit that I was right; it was no doubt the best thing he could do. But that word "boy" cut me to the heart, and I left the room without a word.

The next day I wrote him a letter notifying him that from that moment I ceased to belong to his company, since it was manifest that a mere "boy" could not be qualified to take the chief parts after himself. For his answer he sent to

DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

RISTORI AS MARY STUART.

me Massini, the secretary, and some of the senior members of the company, to demonstrate to me that it was not making a very good start in my profession to leave my company in the middle of the season. My friends told me further that Signora Giulia admitted that she had acted arbitrarily, and that it would be an ungrateful thing on my part to leave the director in the lurch. This last reason won my consent to remain until the end of the year. Three weeks later I was under contract for the next year with the Royal Company of Florentines in Naples, for first and second lovers' parts, at a salary of 2400 francs. Modena engaged in my place a young man from Leghorn of excellent physical and mental qualities and good artistic

promise, Ernesto Rossi by name. He has not disappointed the hopes formed of him in his youth. He, too, guided by the counsels and advice of our master, has gained the esteem of all Italy, and in his tours through Europe and America has done honor to his country.

The six months that I had still to stay with Modena passed in perfect harmony with him and his wife, for both of whom I felt real affection and respect. The nearer came the time when I must leave them, the more fond I grew of them, admiring in her the faithful consort of an exiled citizen, and honoring in him the upright man, the distinguished artist, and the unswerving patriot. Not many days before our separation, I began to realize what a great advantage it had been to me to have his advice, his precepts, his instruction, and his example, and I treasured all these up for the future. When at last we parted, I felt as if I had lost a second father; and I am sure, from his visible emotion, that he felt toward me as if I were his son.

MODENA'S METHOD OF TEACHING.

MODENA'S system of instruction was more by practice than by theory. In our day he would be blamed, now that it is considered needful that actors should know everything that has to do in any way with their subjects, no matter how little of it they may be able to put to profit. He rarely spent much time in explaining the character, or demonstrating the philosophy of a part, or in pointing out the reasons for modesty or for the vehemence of passion. He would say, "Do it so," and it would certainly be done in a masterly way. It is true that those pupils who were unable to emancipate themselves, and to act as he told them indeed, but with their own resources and expression of their personal feeling, developed into mere imitators. In proof of this it is easy to show that most of Modena's pupils, not excepting some who attained a certain reputation, copied him more in his faults than in his merits.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

AFTER leaving Modena, I turned my face toward Naples; but when I came to Leghorn I learned that I should not have to appear during Lent, as it was not the custom for new actors to play until after Easter. I was pleasantly settled with some old friends of my father's, and I determined to wait to see Adelaide Ristori, who was then playing in Leghorn, and whom I had never seen.

Ristori was at that time twenty-three, and had already won most flattering consideration. She was as beautiful as a Raphael Madonna, of graceful figure, attractive, and of polished and dignified manners. She enjoyed even then the reputation of being one of the most youthful and beautiful actresses on the stage, and at the same time one of the most gifted; and with good reason rival managers contended to secure her. She was a pupil of the noted Carlotta Marchionni, who for many years was the ornament of the Royal Company of Turin, and held the highest place among artists of distinction. From Signora Marchionni Ristori acquired a wealth of practical and theoretical knowledge, and this, with her essentially artistic nature and her strong will, made her in a few years the favorite of the public throughout Italy. Many fell in love with her, and those who escaped losing their hearts admired her. Young and ardent, almost too poetic, as I was, I could not remain indifferent to the unconscious charming of that siren; and although my heart was already inclined to other sympathies, in presence of Ristori's acting it was invaded by a sentiment of respectful affection. I remember that one evening when she played a drama from the French entitled "La Comtesse d'Altemberg," I cried, out and out, during a moving scene in which a mother reproaches her daughter for suspecting her of being her rival in love. Though I knew well that my congratulations could have but small weight, I could not refrain from assuring her of my warm admiration; and she was kind enough to appear pleased. But when she said that she was proud to receive the homage of a pupil of the reformer of dramatic art, she put so marked and ironical an accent on her words that I remained in doubt whether she was mocking me, or whether she intended to direct a shaft against the renown of Gustavo Modena. I should have preferred the first intention to the second.

Tommaso Salvini.

DRAWN FROM LIFE IN 1886 BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is a good fortune which has not infrequently befallen England. It is to have within her, living at the same time and growing together from youth to age, two great poets of such distinct powers, and of such different fashions of writing, that they illustrate, even to the most unseeing eyes, something of the infinite range of the art of poetry. The immensity of the art they practise reveals itself in their variety; and this is the impression made on us when we look back on the lives of Tennyson and Browning, and remember that they began in 1830–33, and that their last books were published in 1890. They sang for sixty years together, each on his own peak of Parnassus, looking across the Muses' Valley with friendly eyes on each other. The god breathed his spirit into both, but they played on divers instruments, and sang so different a song, that each charmed the other and the world into wonder. One of the summits, alas! is vacant now, and Tennyson sings

alone. It is a solitary height, and he must often think of his brother. Yet, while the god inspires, no singer is alone or weak; and at least once more we who, in too dark an age, still haunt the laureled ledges of the hill may hope to hear the old man sing again, and, rejoicing in the music, think also with love and regret that we shall hear his brother sing no more.

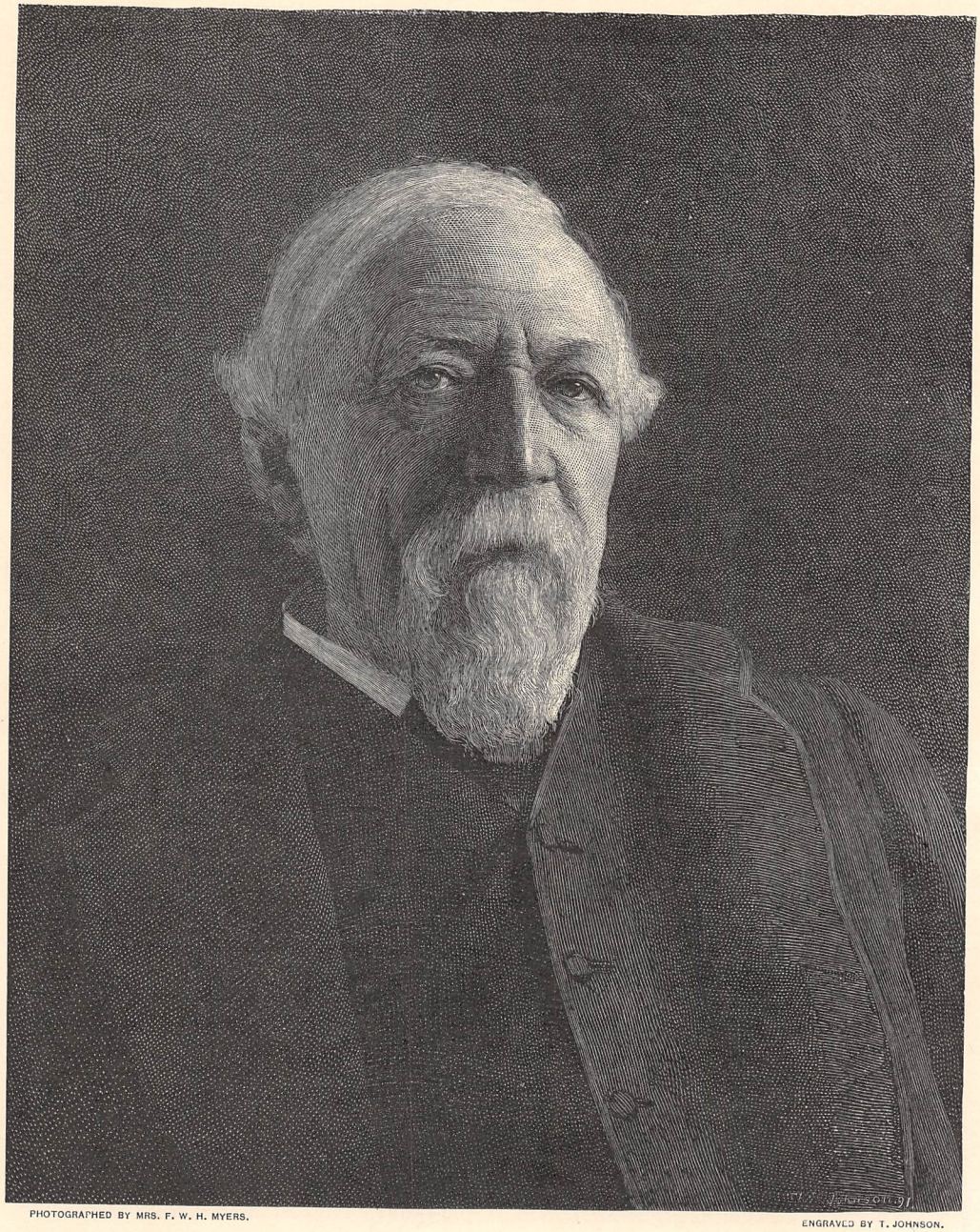
However different they were in development, their poetry arose out of the same national excitement on political, social, and religious subjects. The date of 1832 is as important in the history of English poetry, and as clearly the beginning of a new poetical wave, as the date of 1789. The poetical excitement of 1832 is unrepresented, or only slightly represented, in the poetry of these two men, but the excitement itself kindled and increased the emotion with which they treated their own subjects. The social questions which then grew into clearer form, and were more widely taken up than in the previous years,— the improvement of the condition of the poor, the position of women, education, and labor,— were not touched directly by these two poets; but the question how man may best live his life, do his work, or practise his arts, so as to better humanity — the question of individual development for the sake of the whole — was wrought out by them at sundry times and in divers manners. It is the ground-excitement of "Paracelsus," of "Sordello," of Browning's dramas from "Pippa Passes" onward, of a host of his later poems; of "Maud," of "The Princess,"[1] of the "Idyls of the King," and — to mention one of the latest of a number of Tennyson's minor poems — of "Locksley Hall, or Sixty Years After." The religious questions, both theological and metaphysical, which took in 1832 a double turn in the high-church and broad-church movements were vital elements in Tennyson and Browning. No poets have ever been more theological, not even Byron and Shelley. What original sin means, and what position man holds on account of it, lies at the root of half of Browning's poetry; and the greater part of his very simple metaphysics belongs to the solution of this question of the defect in man. The "Idyls of the King" Tennyson has himself declared to be an allegory of the soul on its way to God. I was sorry to hear it, but I have not the same objection to the theology of a poem like "In Memoriam," which plainly claims and has a religious aim.

Both men were then moved by the same impulses; and long after these impulses in their original form had died, these poets continued to sing of them. In a changed world their main themes remained unchanged. Different then as they were from each other,— and no two personalities were ever more distinct,— there was yet a far-off unity in this diversity. In all the various songs they made the same dominant themes recur.

Along with this difference of personality and genius there was naturally a difference of development. The growth of Tennyson has been like that of an equal-growing tree, steadily and nobly enlarging itself, without any breaks of continuity, from youth to middle age, and from that to old age. The growth of Browning was like that of a tree which should thrice at least change its manner of growing, not modified so much by circumstances as by a self-caused desire to shoot its branches forth into other directions where the light and air were new. He had what Tennyson had not — an insatiable curiosity. Had he been in the Garden of Eden he would have eaten the fruit even before the woman. He not only sought after and explored all the remote, subtle, or simple phases of human nature which he could find when he penetrated it in one direction, he also changed his whole direction thrice, even four times, in his life. East, west, south, and north he went, and wherever he went he frequently left the highroads, and sought the strange, the fanciful places in the scenery of human nature. Men have divided his work into three manners or periods, and if the divisions are not too defined, there is some truth in the opinion; but it must be remembered that on whatever line he was he had a habit of momentarily wearying of it and of flying back to the line he had apparently abandoned, suddenly picking up again old interests and old forms of verse. That is clearly to be seen in successive volumes, and it appears in "Asolando," his last book. In the very year he died he reverts to many of his original types. He was as unfixable as quicksilver, and Silver-all-alive fairly enough expresses him. Nevertheless, there are certain permanent elements in his work, and there is always the same unmistakable, incisive, clear individuality, persistent through all change.

I do not propose to mark out these periods, with their several interests — they lie on the surface; but various as his mind was, these changes of direction made it still more various. I am not sure that the too-restless, the too-curious in him — the overfondness he had for fresh paths and for the complex rather than the simple — did not make him less the great artist than he might have been. But we cannot unmake a man after our own fancy, and when we accept this element in Browning, which is of his very nature, making the best and not the worst of it, we find it to be part of his charm. Those

[1] "The Princess" treats one of these social questions in a way which is none the less effective because, for the sake of art, it is thrown into a mock-heroic form.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MRS. F. W. H. MYERS.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

who met him in social intercourse, much more those who companied with him at home, knew how delightful this changeful variety and curiosity made his society; and when, knowing him better, they recognized the unchangeableness of affection, of moral and spiritual ideas and their principles which lay beneath the restless movements of his intellect, they were charmed the more. They passed from delighted acquaintances into faithful friends. Moreover, what he was in society he was as a poet. He has been accused of being too much a man of the world for a poet, too much a *persona grata* in the drawing-room and at the dining-table, too desirous to shine; and the accusation would be of some weight if the cause of it had been apart from his poetic life. But all that in him gave any grounds for this accusation was an integral part of the man, and is equally a part of his poetry. What went on between hearts at the opera, in the morning and evening ride; what this man thought in a corner of the ball-room, and that woman dreamed of as she was dancing; the sudden recollection which brought five minutes' silence to an old man at the dining-table; the talk of a bishop and a nonconformist over their wine; the follies of society when Sludge crawled through it, and a thousand other aspects of that artificial life beneath which the natural heart of man is always moving, are represented by him as a poet, not as a mere looker-on might do, but as one who shared in that life, and was gracious and gentle in it, and saw below its surface things to love, to admire, and to reverence. There was but little which was artificial in Browning's interest in society; he liked as a man to move to and fro in the world, and he liked it also as a poet. We owe a great deal of keen and suggestive work bearing on the true life of men and women to the pleasure, the true sentiment, and the endless curiosity concerning human nature with which Browning went from garden-party to dinner-table, from the dinner-table to the theater, from the theater to the ball. His pleasure and his curiosity were never felt in anything which was slanderous, vile, or ugly, but always in that which belonged to the subtle changes of the nobler passions, to the deep-lying pathos of those dramatic situations which are so common in a very mixed and crowded world, to the transient moments when a great love or sorrow broke irresistibly upward to the surface of society. Of these he was curious, but curious with sympathy and tenderness. He showed the human heart below our conventional life, and he made us see it; and when he did touch what was mean or cruel, he did it with a sacred and fiery indignation. Some have said that he was spoiled by his fondness for the world. It was not the case. He was true and tender and simple in heart to the end. My wonder has always been that a man moving among all ranks in the fashionable world for more than thirty years should have remained so untainted, and kept his soul and his art so clear. He lived in Gaza, Ekron, and all the cities of the Philistines, yet he never served their lords and never made sport for them. Moreover, he was just as pleased, as happy, as interested, gave himself just as much trouble, and was just as much carried away in talk when he was with a few unknown men and women, quite out of the fashion, as he was among persons of great fame or of high rank. One of the first times I met him was in the company of a few young men of no name and position whatever, and I never remember him more brilliant. He seemed enchanted to talk to us, and told us of his youthful life when he was writing "Paracelsus," of all the men he then met, and of what kind they were, and of all his doings with the actors and the stage when he was bringing out "Strafford." As I listened, I seemed to look within and to see arranged in his wonderful memory a multitude of subjects and compositions, as it were, of the scenery of human nature; nor was I less struck with his capacity for bringing forth out of his treasures things new and old, when on a day of his later life, leaning over the balcony of the Hôtel Universo at Venice, he was moved to speak to me of his life in Italy. All that he met he remembered, and what he remembered he naturally composed, like an artist, into drama, or lyric, or narrative in his heart. He had hundreds of unwritten poems within, and could use them when and how he pleased; and if such multitudinousness would have been troublesome, for example, to Tennyson as an artist, it was not a trouble but a stimulant to Browning. He was master of the many "studies" he possessed. He gained them in his social existence, and if he had not lived in this continual to-and-fro of human life, we should have lost not only a large number of those poems which touch and fix lyric moments of passion or conscience or spiritual feeling, but also that incessant by-play of human nature which, carried on by a number of minor characters, fills the background of his larger pieces. There is no need to give examples of this coruscating by-play. Their name is legion, but the putting of them in, the incessant parentheses in which they are inserted, the side-steps he runs out of his main subject to make, the incursions off the road into the wild country, account for a great deal of the obscurity with which slothful persons have charged him, and if they are not quite good art, are at least of extraordinary interest.

Had this love of society of which I speak

made him in any sense false to his art, or led him into suiting his art to society, or using it for the sake of gaining wealth, it would have been very ill-fortuned; but Browning had the profoundest reverence for his art, preferred it to everything else in the world, and followed it with undeviating truthfulness. Had society, bringing with it fame, rank, money, offered them all to him if he would write only to please it, or would sacrifice what his impulse led him at the moment to write, he would have flung society to the winds. The history of the reception of his poetry proves this to the hilt. He was clever enough to catch the public ear if he liked. He sometimes did so in a dramatic lyric, and he might have followed that vein and sold his books. But he followed only that to which his art impelled him, what his own soul loved and enjoyed to shape. It was *not* what the public wanted; and he waited longer than Wordsworth, but with the same consistency and faith in his art, for appreciation. It came at last, and it was received without a word of reproach for past neglect, with a kind of naïve wonder, and with so natural and grateful a humility that I never remember anything so delightful in my whole life.

His knowledge, too, of all that had been done by the poets, both ancient and modern, was like that of Tennyson, very extensive. He loved his art, not only in his own hands, but in the hands of others. There was not a grain of envy or grudge or jealousy of other living poets in his conversation. Even when he did not care for the subjects or the kind of poetry, he appreciated and praised the work. It was characteristic of his searching curiosity and his love of discovery that he was not content with reading the best work of the bygone poets, but sought out the little nooks where some unknown poet had planted one flower, the sole poem of his whole life, and brought it to excellence. Long before Smart's "Song to David" had taken its place in so many collections, I remember his quoting a long passage out of it at a dinner, and well he rolled out, and with special pleasure, this fine verse:

> Strong is the lion — like a coal
> His eyeball — like a bastion's mole
> His chest against the foes:
> Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
> Strong against tide the enormous whale
> Emerges as he goes.

Eager thus concerning his art, and full of intellectual curiosity concerning human nature as seen in modern society, and in diverse times and countries of the past, it might seem that he would be too analytic or too ethical a poet, and indeed that is the view which many persons who love analysis, or who want a moral foundation for life, take of him. But though he did love to wind in and out of a character like a serpent, as Goldsmith said that Burke did into his subject, and though he had his clear view of the position and the aims of human life, and what could and ought to be done within its limits; and loved to lay these things down as he conceived them, both from the religious and the moral side — the subject-matter he felt the most, and concerning which he wrote his best poetry, was the natural passion of the human heart. It was not the theme of the bulk of his poetry,—he was sometimes too much seduced by his intellectual play and by his theological theories,— but it was at the foundation of his soul. When any phase of it was directly taken as a subject, the poem is more poetical than its comrades. Wherever the natural affections are touched on incidentally in poems which are descriptive, theoretical, or which concern, like "Sordello," the growth of a soul, these passages glow and gleam among the rest. They spring from the inmost fire in him, and kindle his intellectual analysis into life. One example of this, out of many, is "La Saisiaz," in which his friendship with Miss Egerton Smith, whose sudden death gave rise to this book on the "Soul and Immortality," inflames the whole; and I well remember walking home with him through the Park shortly after the poem appeared, and the profound and quiet emotion with which he told me the whole story of her death, of his sorrow and its questioning, and of the way in which the subject took form in his mind. It was rare, at least for me who did not know him intimately, to find Browning in this intense and open mood, and I felt how far and how apart this side of him was from that he showed to the world. Indeed, when he was at his work as an artist he was as lost to the world, as rapt away, as if he were feeding flocks alone with Apollo; yet had society claimed him in the midst of this self-isolation he would have been in fellowship with it in a moment. The last time I saw him, not long before he died in Venice, was in Kensington Gardens. He was seated on one of the benches in the Broad Walk, alone and tired, his head sunk between his shoulders, his body fallen in upon itself. It was the rarest thing in the world to see him thus, for, to the very last, he faced the world erect, like a soldier on parade, and, as I passed on, I could not help thinking with sorrow that the fires were burning low. I did not speak to him; he was so unlike his usual aspect that I felt half ashamed of surprising him, and I did not think he would be pleased. Had I spoken, he would have resumed his bright, bold carriage in a moment, and by some swift, quaint turn of phrase and thought have explained his weary attitude. But, in spite of his physical

abandonment to the hour, it was plain that he was thinking out a poem. He saw and heard nothing, lost in his work; and I was sure, from this sight of him, which I have always kept in view with reverence and pleasure, that when he was "making," as our Scotch neighbors used to say, he was as unconscious of the whole outward world, as far away from it in his own soul, as he was vividly conscious of it when he chose to belong to it. The next thing I heard of him was that he was ill in Venice, and then that he was dead.

It is not fitting, and it would not be just either to him or his art, to appraise or criticize his whole work so shortly after his death. We are as yet too near the star to see it as a whole; and the modernness of Browning makes it extremely difficult for us, who live in the same society of which he wrote, to say what is permanent and what is transient, what belongs to the best art and what to the less excellent, in his poetry. We are liable to be most interested in that which is nearest to the age to which we belong; and it depends on the character of that age whether the poetry which is close to it is likely to be lasting. I do not think that the part of Browning's poetry which has to do with our present unhappy society will continue except as the amusement or the interest of the student. Nor do I think that his special theories concerning the aim of life, its growth and its means, or his metaphysics and his theology, are likely to awaken emotion in, or to reveal beauty to, the men and women who are to come; but all that he wrote in the atmosphere of his passionate humanity will endure, whenever it is expressed in a form not too difficult or too rugged for the multitude of those who, in humility, love nature and human nature. There is nothing really obscure in Browning; his thoughts are clear enough to himself, and a few simple clues, easily won by those who will take the trouble, will lead a student to the center of any labyrinth to be found in his work. Nor are the thoughts themselves complex. The difficulty of understanding his poetry lies in the way in which thoughts in themselves quite simple are expressed. They are twisted, entangled, and broken up in a manner which I do not like to call wilful, but which has that air; and this is not good art. What is simple ought to be kept simple, not changed into riddles, or overwhelmed with fantastic ornament. He has also another fashion, and quite a different one, which makes him difficult. Sometimes he is as compressed, incisive, and vigorous as he is at other times careless and fluttering in thought. He has a way of leaping straight to his thought and clinching it at once, without taking us through any of the thoughts that led to it. We see the thing, but not the process; and we have to work out the process for ourselves. That is quite legitimate in poetry, when there is not too much of it, and the man who complains of that difficulty has no business to read poetry at all. But when a number of these completed thoughts are expressed one after another in a few lines, without any care for showing their connection; when they so jostle and trip up one another that they are not really seen as wholes but as halves—then the poetry does become more difficult than any artist ought to permit his work to be.

Some people like this; but it is for the most part the trouble it gives them which they like, and not the poetry; the intellectual exercise to which they are put, and not the passionate feeling in the verse, which is, of course, what Browning most wished them to enjoy. The thought, when they have disentangled it, is dear to them and pleases their vanity, because they had such hard work to find it out—the nut tasting sweet in proportion to the difficulty of the shell. But this is not love of poetry, but of one's own cleverness. Moreover, when the thought is found out, it is often the same as Wordsworth or Milton has expressed in luminous language, but which, being quite clear to a child, does not give these persons the pleasure of a double acrostic. Neither is that pleasure pleasure in poetry. Indeed, one evil result of the artist not caring to make his form simple and clear is that men are led to depreciate the best poetry. They get a fondness for difficulty, and ask for its peculiar flavor. Not finding it in the greatest men, who as a rule avoid the strange and the fantastic, they neglect them: and hundreds of analytic persons who proclaim their adoration of Browning never open Milton, have only heard of Chaucer, and some enjoy no other poet at all but Browning. Another evil result is that these men and women who are greedy of the difficult, deceive themselves into a belief that they enjoy poetry because they enjoy Browning. But what they enjoy is not the poetry, but their own power of unraveling a problem. And the more they enjoy that, the further away are they getting from any power of enjoying poetry, till at last, if you quote to them passages where Browning's poetic power is moving in its finest and loveliest fashion, they think these passages weak.

It is a great pity that the ruggedness and the abruptness of Browning's style should have had these results. No doubt the style *was* the man, and we accept it for the sake of the great individual it represents. But then the artist ought to have improved his style. There are poems in which he uses it with simplicity, dignity, power, and grace. That Browning did not—having created his style—make it a better ve-

hicle for beauty than he did was a fault in him as an artist.

But it would be very stupid to extend these remarks, which, indeed, are not so much on Browning as on his intellectual admirers, over the whole of his poetry. They apply only to a limited number of poems, nor do they mean to say that the poet had not the right, if he liked, to amuse himself in this fashion. But they do mean to say that the method is not to be extolled, and that Browning himself was the last man in the world to desire that it should be praised. His best work, the work which will last when the noises are done, is as simple as it is sensuous and passionate; and it is entirely original. It stands more alone and distinct than the work of any other English poet of the same wide range. There is a trace of Shelley in "Pauline," but for the rest Browning is like Melchizedek: he has neither father nor mother in poetry; he is without descent; and he will be — but this belongs to all great poets — without end of days. "Whole in himself and owed to none" may well be said of him, and it is a great deal to say.

It is even more to say that in spite of this keen distinctiveness his range was very great. A strong individuality often limits a man, but Browning had with it so much imagination that he flung himself — retaining still his distinctive elements — into a multitude of other lives, in various places, and at various times of history. In each of these he conceives himself, imagines all the fresh circumstances, all the new scenery, all the strange passions and knowledge of each age around himself, and creates himself afresh as modified by them. It is always Browning, then, who writes, but it is Browning seen again and again across the ages in transmigration after transmigration; and in this fashion his poetic range is very great. Of course it is not that highest creative work, when the poet makes men and women quite fresh, not in his own image; who have their own clear individuality which their creator feels has nothing to do with himself.

This is what the imperial poets do, and it is the greatest and most beautiful work which is done on earth. The difference between them and other men, in any sphere of intellectual power, is immeasurable. The very highest scientific intellect is a joke in comparison with the intellectual power of Shakspere, Dante, or Homer. The difference between them and the second-rate poets is also immense. No poet of the last hundred years is worthy to approach the sacred inclosure where they sit apart who, like the gods, make, beyond themselves, men and their fates.

When we look, however, at the second-rate poets of these hundred years we can mark the point at which Browning excels the rest. Others have gone closer into the heart of Nature; others have seen clearer into that which is universal in humanity; others have sung more sweetly and ideally; others have seen Beauty more face to face, and loved her better; others have far excelled him in the technic of their art; but Browning has excelled the rest in character-making, and in the multitude and variety of his characters. Nevertheless, as I said,—and it is this, as well as his want of fine form and simple aim, which differentiates him from the greater character-builders,— Browning himself always turns up in every character. When his characters are men, a sudden turn confronts us in them (even when they are so far away as Caliban) with which we are well acquainted. It is like recognizing a friend under his domino in a masked ball by some trick of voice or manner, or in his conversation by some theory of life outside of which he cannot get.

When, again, Browning's characters are women, they are more invented than the men, but they are not so good in drawing. There are two or three distinct types of them, but these types are related at several points to one another. It would have been impossible for Browning to conceive or portray women so distinct as *Portia* and *Imogen* and *Desdemona*. Moreover, the women are more built up by intellectual analysis based on Browning's own emotion — that is, on a man's specialized emotion — than created at a single jet, or by one who, like the greatest poets, makes both men and women with equal power out of that humanity in him which is not specially male or specially female. On the whole, the women in Browning are somewhat tiresome, except when, like *Pompilia* or *Pippa*,— and I choose two diverse types,— they run on the simplest lines. There are plenty of sketches of women, it is true, which are very full of interest, but their interest is the interest of sketches. He was wise to leave them as they are; he would not have been able to make a finished picture of them.

It is on account of all this that he is not a good dramatist. The essential difference of drama is the creation of a number of distinct characters, within the same set or web of circumstance, on each of whom the circumstances act differently, and whose action and thought in and through the circumstances are different and clashing; and the clashing produces the catastrophe. But in Browning's plays, Browning meets Browning more or less in every character; and the talk is a series of his soliloquies on the events. There is little or no interlocking of character and of action, and there is no necessity in the catastrophe. "The

Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which is the best of them, might with just as much of probability have ended happily. All of them are interesting as revelations of the poet's way of thinking on the problem of life, but they are not dramas, though they may be, if I may coin a word, dramatical. They are also poetical enough, but they are not half so poetical as the undramatized poems, where everything, it would seem, in earth and heaven is brought, and with extraordinary brilliancy, keenness, and swiftness,— flash after flash of lightning,— into his one subject, till its farthest recesses are lighted up, then left in darkness, and then lighted up again. In that way also we are made to see Nature in his poetry. A long essay might be written on Browning's treatment and description of natural scenery, and on the way it is always modified by the character in the poem which sees it, and even by the movement of passion in which that character is placed. There is nothing in which Browning's art is better and more instinctive than in this.

I wish I could speak as fully as I feel of some of the lyrics and of many of the lyrical poems; but to do this, or to expand the brief statements I have made, or to enter into the vast wealth of thought with which the simple main lines of his view of this life and the life to come are developed, illustrated, supported, and completed, would be beyond the sphere of this brief paper; nor do I think, as I said at the beginning, that the time for this has yet come. But still I hold fast to one thing — that the best work of our poet, that by which he will always live, is not in his intellectual analysis, or in his preachings, or in his difficult thinkings, but in the simple, sensuous, and passionate things he wrote out of the overflowing of his heart.

Stopford A. Brooke.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

Charles W. Shields. Seth Low. Francis G. Peabody.
Henry C. Potter. Richard T. Ely. William F. Slocum, Jr.
Theodore T. Munger. Hugh Miller Thompson. Edward J. Phelps.
Wm. Chauncy Langdon. Charles A. Briggs. William M. Sloane.
Samuel W. Dike. Washington Gladden. Charles Dudley Warner.

It is understood that each writer has had the benefit of suggestions from the group, but is himself alone responsible for opinions expressed in a paper to which his name is subscribed.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

STUDIES OF POVERTY.

IT might be difficult to agree upon a definition of poverty; but it ought to be possible, without disputing over definitions, to ascertain pretty accurately the conditions under which our neighbors of the less fortunate classes are living.

Such is the conclusion to which a few wise men in this generation have lately come; and we have, as the result, several studies of poverty by which our judgment of this difficult subject may be greatly assisted. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has undertaken to tell us "How the Other Half Lives" in the city of New York. The book is not strong on the statistical side, but it gives us in a series of vivid pictures a good idea of the sinking circles of that Inferno whose gates stand open every day before the eyes of the dwellers in New York. It would be a simple matter for any intelligent citizen to find out these facts for himself; but it is not probable that one in ten of the well-to-do denizens of the metropolis has any adequate conception of the depth of the degradation in which some hundreds of thousands of his neighbors live. Mr. Riis has performed a valuable service in publishing his reporter's sketches; his essay ought to incite some one with ample leisure and abundant resources to make a scientific study of the conditions of life among the poor of New York.

Mrs. Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty" is another series of sketches of life among the working-women of New York by which much light is thrown upon this dark problem. Certain phases of the subject reveal themselves most clearly to a woman's insight. The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, in a number of popular discourses delivered in Boston, and lately published, has made rather a startling picture of the condition of the "white slaves" of the metropolis of New England. And we are told that a much more careful and thorough

investigation of the tenement-houses of that city is now in progress under the direction of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. Such are some of the attempts that have been made or are being made in this country to get at the facts concerning the poverty of the cities. Still there is very little definite and reliable information, and the popular ignorance upon the whole subject is profound and universal. The facts are far worse than most intelligent Americans suspect, and there is need of thorough investigation.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE.

If the pattern for such an investigation were wanting, it is admirably supplied in the monumental work of Mr. Charles Booth, entitled "Labor and Life of the People." For the great English metropolis Mr. Booth (who must never be confounded with the head of the Salvation Army) has done what needs to be done for every great city. He has caused to be made a thorough house-to-house and street-to-street investigation of that whole vast metropolitan area; he has gathered his facts from various sources, and has diligently compared and compiled them; he has given to the world a statement the fullness and colorless accuracy of which must impress every intelligent reader. Mr. Booth's work is not yet complete. His first volume, published in 1888, dealt with East London, then supposed to be the darkest section of the metropolis; his second volume, issued during the summer of 1891, extends the census to the whole city, and treats of many phases of life in the northern and the southern districts; in the third volume he promises to give us some further account of the industrial conditions, and also to make a full report upon the various methods of relief which have been in operation, and of their results, so far as they can be ascertained. The magnitude of this undertaking can be imagined. To explore and lay bare this trackless wilderness of want calls for heroic enterprise and perseverance. Yet all may see that the work has been done, not only with thoroughness, but with tact and judgment. So far as Mr. Booth has gone, philanthropists and legislators may feel that they have sure ground to go upon; the facts are in their possession; they know what the poverty of London is, and where it is; and although they may not be clear as to its causes or confident as to its cure, the disease has been located, and the extent of its injuries pretty clearly described.

In illustration of the thoroughness with which his work has been done, it may be noted that he has given us the statistics of no less than 13,722 streets and parts of streets which have been visited, and the character of their population carefully ascertained. In these 13,722 streets dwell 3,500,000 persons belonging to the lower and the lower middle classes. The streets and squares inhabited by the upper and higher middle classes were not counted: these classes are supposed to include about 750,000, making a population of something less than four and a quarter millions, which occupies the central districts of the metropolis covered by this investigation. The colored sectional maps accompanying these volumes set before us graphically the location of the various classes, revealing to the eye the character of the population in every street and square of central London.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

One naturally wishes to know how it was possible for any man to gain information so precise and so extensive of so vast a population. Mr. Booth has had a numerous staff of helpers under his own direction. But in addition to these he has been able to make use of the whole body of School Board visitors. The entire metropolitan area is subdivided by the London School Board into districts, over each of which is set a visitor. Of these Mr. Booth says:

> The School Board visitors perform amongst them a house-to-house visitation; every house in every street is in their books, and details are given of every family with children of school age. They begin their scheduling two or three years before the children attain school age, and a record remains in their books of children who have left school. The occupation of the head of the family is noted down. Most of the visitors have been working in the same district for several years, and these have an extensive knowledge of the people. It is their business to re-schedule for the Board once a year; but intermediate revisions are made in addition, and it is their duty to make themselves acquainted, so far as possible, with newcomers into their districts. They are in daily contact with the people, and have a very considerable knowledge of the parents of the poor children, especially of the poorest among them, and of the conditions under which they live. No one can go, as I have done, over the description of the inhabitants of street after street in these huge districts, taken house by house and family by family,—full as it is of picturesque details noted down from the lips of the visitor to whose mind they have been recalled by the open pages of his own schedules,—and doubt the genuine character of the information and its birth. Of the wealth of my material I have no doubt. I am indeed embarrassed by its mass, and by my resolution to make use of no fact to which I cannot give a quantitative value.

This trained and capable force of visitors has been permitted by the authorities to assist in this investigation. In these two volumes many pages from their note-books are pub-

lished, and we may easily see for ourselves how minute and painstaking their work has been. Besides these, the Local Government Board, the Board of Guardians of the Poor, the relieving officers, the police, the Charity Organization Society, the clergy, and the many bodies of lay workers among the poor, have aided him effectively.

SOCIAL CLASSES.

ONE salient feature of this discussion is the classification of the population. In his first volume Mr. Booth divided the people into eight classes; in the second he combines some of these, in the interests of simplicity, and gives us really but five principal classes. The class represented by A in his schedules are the very lowest — occasional laborers, loafers, and semi-criminals. Class B are "the very poor" — those who subsist by casual labor and charity, who are in chronic want, and who maintain a hand-to-mouth existence. Classes C and D are the poor, — the irregularly employed, and those of small regular earnings, — those who barely manage to keep the wolf from the door. Classes E and F are the regularly employed and fairly paid working-class of all grades. Classes G and H are the middle class, and all above its level — the servant-keeping class. The four lowest grades of his first classification are, broadly, the poor. Class A is something worse than poor; it is the disorderly and dangerous class. Class B, "the very poor," needs a little further description:

> The laborers of Class B do not, on the average, get as much as three days' work a week, but it is doubtful if many of them could or would work full time for long together if they had the opportunity. From whatever section Class B is drawn, except the sections of poor women, there will be found many of them who, from shiftlessness, helplessness, idleness, or drink, are inevitably poor. The ideal of such persons is to work when they like and play when they like; these it is who are rightly called the "leisure class" amongst the poor — leisure bounded very closely by the pressure of want, but habitual to the extent of second nature. They cannot stand the regularity and dullness of civilized existence, and find the excitement they need in the life of the streets, or at home as spectators of or participators in some highly colored domestic scene. There is drunkenness among them, especially amongst the women; but drink is not their special luxury, as with the lowest class, nor is it their passion, as with a portion of those with higher wages and irregular but severe work. The earnings of the men vary with the state of trade, and drop to a few shillings a week or nothing at all in bad times. . . . The wives in this class mostly do some work, and those who are sober, perhaps, work more steadily than the men; but their work is mostly of a rough kind, or is done for others almost as poor as themselves. It is in all cases wretchedly paid, so that if they earn the rent they do very well.

Classes C and D, the irregularly employed and those of small regular earnings, are laborers whose average weekly income would not be above five dollars for a moderate family. Between these and the class below them this distinction is made:

> My "poor" may be described as living under a struggle to obtain the necessaries of life, and make both ends meet; while the "very poor" are in a state of chronic want. It may be their own fault that this is so; that is another question.

What, now, are the proportions in which these classes are found in the population? That part of London covered by this investigation is represented by the following table:

A (lowest)	37,610	.9%	In poverty 30.7%
B (very poor)	316,834	7.5%	
C and D (poor)	938,293	22.3%	
E and F (working-class, comfortable)	2,166,503	51.5%	In comfort 69.3%
G and H (middle class and above)	749,930	17.8%	
	4,209,170	100%	

Concerning the number of the lowest class, we have little more than a rough estimate. But we are assured that the figures err, if at all, on the side of safety; that is, by overestimating rather than by underestimating the evils with which he is dealing. It is some relief to believe that this disorderly and dangerous class, — or those members of it at large, — in a city like London, constitutes only nine tenths of one per cent. of the population — nine persons in a thousand.

The fact that thirty persons in every hundred of that vast population are living below the line of comfort may well furnish food for meditation to those who live far above that line. The admission that 30 per cent. of our neighbors are in poverty is one that none of us is willing to make. Would this be true of New York or Boston? It is impossible to say. Some of the experts who are thoroughly familiar with the worst portions of London tell us that they have found worse conditions in some of our American cities than any they have seen at home. If it be true, as all investigations indicate, that the greatest poverty is apt to be found in the densest populations, then the bad eminence must be assigned to New York; for while the most populous acre of London holds only 307 inhabitants, we have, according to the census, in the Eleventh Ward of New York 386 to the acre; in the Thirteenth Ward 428, and in the Tenth Ward 522. The death-rate of the two cities is also greatly in favor of London;

for while in 1889 there were in that city 17.4 deaths to every thousand of the population, in New York the rate was 25.19. One statement of Mr. Riis throws a lurid light upon this inquiry: one tenth of all the burials from New York, he tells us, are in the Potter's Field. It is not, however, necessary to assume that the ratio of poverty to the population is greater in New York than in London. Thirty per cent. is sufficiently alarming. We might admit that the rate in New York and Boston is considerably less than in London, and still have cause enough for anxiety. Such a state of things in Christian countries where the aggregate wealth is increasing with such phenomenal rapidity will not be witnessed with complacency.

It will be observed, however, that out of the thirty persons in every hundred here placed in the category of poverty, twenty-two are only a little below the English standard of comfort. Classes C and D of this analysis are persons who are struggling to keep their heads above water, and who, for the most part, succeed. If the social medium were a little more buoyant, or if their own powers were slightly reinforced, or if some of the weight that they are carrying could be lifted off, most of them would easily sustain themselves, and be found dwelling in comparative comfort. Surely here is a problem which is not beyond the reach of wise philanthropy and enlightened statesmanship. It must be possible to furnish, out of the abundance which our lands are bringing forth, some effective aid to this large class of our fellow-citizens.

The real difficulty is with Class B, "the very poor." The description of this class which I have quoted above shows us the nature of this difficulty. Whether any remedy can be found for this state of things is a question to be considered by and by; for the present let us note that this most discouraging element constitutes in London only 7½ per cent. of the population. It is to be hoped that the proportion is no greater in our American cities.

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

WHAT, now, are the causes of this poverty? Upon this point we have the results of some very careful studies. Of Classes A, B, C, and D there were taken 4076 families well known to the School Board visitors, and their cases were analyzed with a view of ascertaining the reasons why they are in poverty. Of the very poor, classes A and B, there were 1610 families. Of these 60 were reported as "loafers" —persons who will not work. The poverty of 878 of them was due to casual or irregular work, low pay, and "small profits"—the last being the condition of hucksters and other hawkers, probably. Drink was the cause of the poverty of 231. Illness or infirmity, and the great number of mouths to feed, combined with irregularity of employment, accounted for the poverty of 441. In Classes C and D there were 2466 families; of these 1668 were in poverty because of low pay, irregular work, and small profits; 322 because of drink, and 476 because of ill health and family burdens. In all these cases the causes assigned are supposed to be the *principal* causes; in most of them, doubtless, the poverty was due to more than one cause.

It will be a surprise to many that out of these 4076 cases of destitution only 553, or 13½ per cent., are reported as chiefly due to drink. I suppose that the great majority of those who attempt to account for poverty would say that 80 or 90 per cent. of it could be traced to this cause. Doubtless it is true, as Mr. Booth reminds us, that drink is a contributory cause of poverty in many of those cases which are not directly assigned to it; but the fact that this careful investigation makes it the principal cause in less than 14 per cent. of the cases may well lessen somewhat the feeling of complacency with which the well-to-do citizen is often inclined to look upon the spectacle of poverty. The common saying is that the poverty of the multitude is the fruit of their own vices. To a great degree this is true—to a greater degree than these figures indicate. For irregularity of work, and low wages, and physical infirmity, which figure in these statistics as principal causes, are themselves, in many cases, the effects of intemperate habits. Nevertheless, it is quite true that intemperance as a cause of poverty has been greatly overworked both by temperance reformers and by optimistic economists. It is a great cause, but it is not at all certain that it is the chief cause. Indeed, in a great multitude of cases it is the effect rather than the cause of poverty. There are many who are destitute because they drink, and there are many also who drink because they are destitute, and hopeless, and forlorn—because the burdens of life are crushing them, and the potent draught makes them forget, for a season, their misery.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

THE other causes of poverty need to be carefully studied. Ill health and physical debility are sometimes due to vice, but they are also due in very large measure to the conditions under which these poor people are compelled to live. Any one who will traverse the narrow and filthy alleys in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane in the east of London, or those just south of Holborn in the very heart of the great metropolis, noting the dark, forlorn, miserable apartments which serve as human habi-

tations; or who will follow Mr. Riis in his explorations through Baxter street and Mulberry street in New York, will understand why the people who live in such quarters should be irregularly employed, and why their wages should be low. It is simply impossible that laborers who get so little daylight in their dwellings, and who have so little pure air to breathe, should have the physical vigor to work continuously and to earn good wages. And the moral as well as the physical qualifications of the efficient workers are sure to be wanting. How can men and women who are huddled together in such horrible propinquity in such dreadful dens possess the self-respect, the hope, the courage, the enterprise which are the best part of the equipment for every kind of work? The lowering of the physical and the moral tone of the denizens of such dwellings is as inevitable as fate. Much of the time they will not be fit to work; when they do work they will be languid and slow; they will be the last hands taken on in the busy times, and the first ones discharged in the slack times: that their wages will be low needs no demonstration.

Now it may be said that these people are to blame for being in these tenements; that it is their own vice or improvidence that has brought them down to this level. In some cases this is true, no doubt, but by no means in all. Sickness, misfortune, failure of employment, calamities which they could neither have foreseen nor averted, have brought many of them hither. But the point to be noted is that, once down to this level, the conditions under which they live become the causes of poverty. If failure of employment, or sickness, or accident thrusts a family into these squalid, unsanitary, crowded quarters, the environment itself tends powerfully to keep them here; forms a barrier, in fact, over which it is well nigh impossible to climb. If some of these people are here because they are poor, all of them are poor because they are here. Whatever it was that brought them here, the fact that they are here is one main cause of their present poverty, one main reason why they cannot rise into better circumstances. They are under that fatal law of action and reaction which, in the social world, not only forbids progress but tends to degradation.

These people, as we have seen, work for the lowest wages. It might be supposed that they would therefore be the more likely to obtain employment. In some conditions of the labor market this is true, as we shall see, but not as a general rule. For although they work for less money than stronger and more efficient laborers will accept, they are, as a rule, the dearest laborers that the employer can hire, simply because of their untrustworthiness and inefficiency. Low-paid labor is often the most expensive to the employer. The economic laws are therefore against them. Because they are what they are they must stay where they are; and every day that they remain in their present condition makes it less probable that they will ever escape from it by any effort of their own.

INDOLENCE AND IMPROVIDENCE.

IRREGULARITY of employment and low wages are chief among the causes here assigned to poverty. But these causes need explanation, and we have discovered some of these explanations. There are others, however, which must not be overlooked. The unemployed or the irregularly employed are often the victims of their own indolence or incapacity. Not only do we find among them those who by illness, or accident, or misfortune have been thrust down into these low conditions, and thus enfeebled and unfitted for effective labor, but we find also a goodly number of those whose indisposition is due to character more than to environment — persons who would not work if their health were perfect and all the conditions were favorable. The existence of this class is demonstrated whenever the work-test is effectively applied to the tramps perambulating our streets. The great majority of these gentry will shun the towns where lodging and breakfast may be earned by an hour or two of labor in the morning, in favor of the towns where they can sleep without charge on the floor of the station-house, and beg their food from door to door. Just how large this class is, what proportion of the whole destitute community it constitutes, it is impossible to say. The figures that we are studying throw little light upon it. Of the 4000 cases of poverty investigated, about 2500, or more than 60 per cent., were poor because of insufficient work or insufficient wages; but how many of these were out of work because there was no work for them, and how many because they had become unfitted by their circumstances for efficient labor, and how many because they would rather beg than dig, it is not possible to determine. Especially difficult is it to discriminate between the last two classes. The line between "can't work" and "won't work" is very hard to draw, even by an expert who knows the cases fairly well. But it is important to remember that the line must be drawn. The sentimentalist, on the one hand, must not assume that all this poverty is the fruit of untoward circumstance; and the easy optimist, on the other, must not assume that it is all the consequence of moral depravity. Both causes are at work, and we shall not be able, until we know more than we do at present, accurately to discriminate between them, and to measure the effects which are due to each.

Family burdens are among the causes of poverty discovered in this analysis. Some of these households are in pinching want because of the number of small children. And one clear result of this census is to establish the fact that the families are largest in the poorest districts. Such is precisely the fact in our own country, as most of us are aware. Here, again, we have a cause of poverty which is also an effect of poverty. The improvidence which recklessly brings into the world children for whose maintenance there is no provision is one of the sources of poverty; but, on the other hand, the poverty which degrades and embitters life, and closes the door of hope upon its victims, is one of the reasons of this improvidence. People who are getting on in the world, and who have some hope of bettering their condition, are apt to be more prudent; it is the most ignorant and degraded who are farthest from the rule of reason.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

CERTAIN causes of poverty not mentioned in the analysis now under consideration are brought to light in other portions of this study. Some of these are closely connected with the existing economic system. One remark, casually dropped, contains a world of meaning.

> The modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin,— some reserve of labor,— but the margin in London to-day seems to be exaggerated in every department, and enormously so in the lowest class of labor. Some employers seem to think that this state of things is in their interest,— the argument has been used by dock officials,— but this view appears short-sighted, for labor deteriorates under casual employment more than its price falls.

"The modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin." This is a fact which Karl Marx has emphasized. The industrial machinery moves with great irregularity. Cycles and crises seem to occur with a periodicity which can be roughly calculated; and in almost every branch of business there is a busy season, when all the machinery is driven at the top of its speed, and a dull season, when production is greatly reduced. Unless there is an industrial reserve on which they can call in the driving times, the capitalists cannot meet the spasmodic demand, and must fail to secure their customary profits. Therefore the modern industrial system contemplates irregularity of employment on the part of many. It expects to find, at any given moment, a small army of men standing idle in the market-place. It makes provision, therefore, in all its plans and estimates, for a certain amount of poverty. It finds its account in keeping a portion of the population unemployed for a certain number of months in the year. This seems to be the inevitable fact. I do not know what can be done about it; but it is not a pleasant fact to contemplate.

THE GARRET MASTERS.

THE poverty of London has always been supposed to be most distressing at the East End, and this is the region where most of the manufacturing industries are located. The striking fact of this East London manufacture is the extent to which the work is done in the homes of the people. There are a few factories, but they are small compared with similar industries in America, or even in British provincial towns. In some cases only part of the work is done in the factory, and the rest is distributed among the home workers. Thus, among Jewish coat-makers employing hands other than their own family, we have the statistics of 901 workshops. Of these only 15 employ more than 25 hands, 201 employ from 10 to 25, and 685 employ less than 10. So also in the shoe-trade the writer says:

> Most of the London manufacturers, instead of getting all the work (except the finishing) done in their own manufactories, give much of it to outworkers. . . . Even when the output is of considerable dimensions, the factory itself may be so minute that a few rooms in an ordinary dwelling-house suffice to accommodate staff, plant, and stock. As we descend the scale we rapidly leave behind the giants of the trade,— men who turn out ten thousand and more pairs in a week,— and find ourselves among manufacturers of Liliputian proportions, whose weekly output is limited to a few gross, and whose tiny work-rooms contain little more than a sole-cutting press and a table for the clicker; until at last we reach the lowest level of all, the owner of a couple of rooms in a tenement-house, who buys his leather, cuts his uppers, gets his wife or daughter to close them, and lasts and finishes the boots himself, selling a gross, or a gross and a half, at a time to a large "manufacturer" or to a "factor."

As a rule these "chamber masters," or "garret masters," are nearly as poor as the hands whom they employ; they work as hard and as many hours as their helpers do, and the profits which they make out of the labor are infinitesimal. This is supposed to be the realm of the sweater; and it must be admitted that these thorough investigations considerably reduce the dimensions of this ogre. Says Mr. Booth:

> It is difficult, not to say impossible, to prove a negative — to prove that the monster sweating-master of the comic papers has no existence. I can only say that I have sought diligently and have not found him. If a specimen exists, he has

at any rate nothing to do with the troubles we are investigating. Among the large employers there are hard men, but the necessary conditions of their business compel them to keep on regularly a staff of competent work-people who must have fair wages, and can and do protect themselves from oppression. The sweating-master I *have* found, and who is connected with the troubles under investigation, works hard, makes often but little more, and at times somewhat less, than his most skilled and best-paid hands. He is seldom on bad terms, and often on very kindly terms, with those who work under him. There is here no class division between employer and employed; both, in fact, belong to the same class, and talk freely together, social amenities of all kinds going on naturally and easily between master and man.

It is not, then, the avarice or the cruelty of the sweater to which this misery is due: it is a case of economic disease, and the multiplication of small masters is, according to this authority, the tap-root of the disease. The diagnosis is as clear as daylight:

> Of the tendencies common to all industry, on the one hand toward the increase of successful enterprises at the expense of unsuccessful ones, on the other toward disintegration and fresh beginnings in a small way, it is the second which has prevailed. The quite small workshop, which is, in truth, no workshop at all, but an ordinary room of an ordinary house, lived in as well as worked in, stands at some advantage over the properly appointed workshop of a larger size. The capital needed for a start is very small. A few pounds will suffice, and the man becomes a master. It is a natural ambition, and one that appeals with peculiar force to the Jews. The evils which follow are patent. Men are content, at least for a while, to make less as masters than they would receive in wages as journeymen. The wholesale houses can take advantage of the competition which arises, and prices are reduced — to the immediate loss of the sweaters and the ultimate detriment of those whom they employ.

This system of production works injury to the laborers in two ways. On the one hand, the outside workers are so divided and scattered that it is impossible for them to combine for the protection of their own interests; on the other hand, the fact that there is a vast multitude of outside workers, who are always ready to take work at the lowest prices, enables the factory masters to drive a very sharp bargain with their employees. It is easy to see that the industrial system which prevails in London must tend to the oppression of the poor. Isolated workers, in the existing state of the labor-market, will always work for starvation wages. The same state of things exists in American cities. The revelations recently made by the Rev. Mr. Banks of Boston of the rates at which women are working in garrets and cellars for wealthy firms in the New England capital are quite as startling as anything in these portentous volumes.

WOMEN'S WORK.

THE relation of women's work to the general problem of poverty must also be well studied. The worst-paid work is always women's work; the reasons have already been given. And it is easy to see how the labor of women often tends directly to the depression of general wages. The wife or the daughter of the breadwinner frequently works for less than would sustain life. The main dependence is the wage of the husband and father; what is earned by the women merely adds something to the sum of comfort. It is out of his earnings that they derive the strength which they expend for the benefit of their employer. If they were compelled to subsist on what their employer pays them, they would starve. A vast amount of the labor of women is thus given for wages that will not sustain life. The vital energies by which this labor is performed are supplied from other sources. Many poor widows and deserted wives, who sew all day and most of the night for less than enough to feed themselves and their children, are kept from starving by the alms of some church or charitable association, or, perhaps, by the assistance of the overseer of the poor. Now it is evident that this kind of labor tends to poverty. Because there are so many who can work for less than enough to support life, those employers who recognize no law but competition are ready to reduce wages to this standard. Although, as we have seen, it is bad economy for the employer to pay less than will fairly support life, if his laborers are compelled to subsist upon the wages which he pays them, yet it may be good economy, from his point of view, to pay them this inadequate wage, if he can depend on somebody else to supplement it, and can thus consume the labor-force which somebody else daily replenishes. This is one of many ways in which the strong thrive at the expense of the weak.

Not only women's work, but much of the labor of young men and boys, is exploited after this fashion. Great firms and corporations employ young men at salaries far below the cost of their maintenance, because they can get them at that figure. The young men are living at home, and their fathers and mothers, many of whom are themselves poor, are made to contribute to the growing wealth of the great firms or companies by boarding and clothing their employees. The excuse for this is that the young men are receiving instruction. That is a good reason why they should not receive the full wages of trained hands, but it is not a good

reason why they should not receive enough to support life. For they are not only receiving instruction, they are performing labor — in many cases very severe and exhausting labor; and the labor of a full-grown able-bodied young man or woman ought to suffice for maintenance. It is also said that the loss which the employer suffers from the imperfect work of the learner is a reason why the learner's pay is small. These losses are greatly exaggerated. Making due allowance for them, there are few trades so technical that the apprentice does not, after a very few weeks, fairly earn for his employer enough to pay for his keeping. At any rate, the business which cannot honestly pay for the labor which it employs, but which is compelled to depend on outside contributions for the maintenance of its employees, is not, I dare assert, in a healthy condition. In former times it was not so. The apprentice, in any trade, was supported by his master. That ought to be the rule in every trade, in every business, and in every generation. The fact that it is not so is clear proof that our system of industry is radically out of joint. In all our cities there is an army of women, and not a few young men, who work for less than enough to sustain life; their labor, thrown into the scale, powerfully tends to depress the standard of wages, and to bring a great multitude down to the verge of poverty.

CHARITY AS A CAUSE OF POVERTY.

THE effect of indiscriminate charity in breeding poverty must also be taken into account. The Lord Mayor's fund of $350,000, which was flung out, by a charitable impulse, to the poor of East London a few winters ago, caused far more poverty than it cured. Many who were getting on fairly well without it left their work to depend upon this fund, and not only forfeited their self-respect but sadly demoralized themselves by the deceit which they practised in getting it. "The tendency of the fund," wrote Mr. Barnett shortly after its distribution, "has been to create a trust in lies. Its organization of visitors and committee offered a show of resistance to lies, but over such resistance lies easily triumphed, and many notorious evil-livers got by a good story the relief denied to others. Anecdotes are common as to the way in which visitors were deceived, committees hoodwinked, and money wrongly gained."[1] The effect of this distribution upon the applicants at large, as one visitor sums it up, was this: "The foundation of such independence of character as they possessed has been shaken, and some of them have taken the first step in mendicancy, which is too often never retraced." Poverty which must be relieved is always with us: the problem is to administer the relief in ways which will not tend to pauperize the recipient. That lesson has been very imperfectly learned, and the net result of a large share of our well-meant charities is the increase of pauperism.

[1] "Practicable Socialism."

CITY AND COUNTRY.

POVERTY nests in the cities, and the influx of population from the country to the city is a phenomenon worth studying. This immigration can be accounted for in part by the superior attractiveness of town life. The movement and stir of the city, the sights and sensations of the streets, powerfully allure the young men and women of the rural districts, who find life on the farm monotonous and tame. "Nothing is going on in the country," they say; they prefer to live where things are happening all the while. But there are economic as well as sentimental reasons for this migration, reasons which affect the best and the worst elements of the country population. The higher wages of labor in London are the chief attraction to countrymen; a large share of those who come into the city expect to receive and actually do receive higher wages than they can earn in the country; the gain is not merely nominal but real. Healthy lads and men coming from the rural districts into the metropolis will be given the preference, in many employments, over city-bred laborers, because they are, as a rule, stronger and more trustworthy. The average city laborer has become so enfeebled by his irregular habits and his unsanitary surroundings that he cannot perform many of the heavier and better-paid kinds of city labor; and the rural laborer comes in and takes the work away from him, crowding him down to a lower point in the social scale. Says the witness:

> The countrymen drawn in are mainly the cream of the villages, traveling not so often vaguely in search of work as definitely to seek a known economic advantage. So far from finding their position in London hopeless, as is often supposed, they usually get the pick of its posts, recruiting especially outdoor trades which have some affinity with those to which they have been accustomed in the country, and in general all employments requiring special steadiness and imposing special responsibility. The country immigrants do not, to any considerable extent, directly recruit the town unemployed, who are, in the main, the sediment deposited at the bottom of the scale, as the physique and power of application of a town population tend to deteriorate.

After a generation or two many of these robust laborers begin to drop down in the labor scale; their superiority is lost, and their places are filled by fresh levies upon the country. Some of them, of course, maintain their footing,

and even rise into independence and wealth; but the tendency with most of them is in the other direction.

To what extent this process may be going on in American cities it would be difficult to say. I am induced to think that, with the exception of New York and Boston, few of our American cities would reveal much of this kind of deterioration; but it is best not to be too confident. In the higher departments of urban industry the country-born workers do certainly supplant the city-born to a remarkable extent, and the same may be true of the wage-workers. Here, at any rate, is a question upon which we need light.

That the migration into London from the country consists mainly of the cream of the country-side seems to be established; but the dregs of the country-side also find their way into the city, lured by the hope of maintenance without labor. London offers less inducement to immigrants of this class than most of our American cities do, and therefore gets fewer of them. London distributes no public outdoor relief; it is only as inmates of workhouses or almshouses that the impecunious can obtain aid from the public treasury. Those who wish to live a dependent life, outside of the poorhouse, must therefore rely upon private charity. In our own cities the case is very different. Outdoor relief is freely given by the overseers of the poor in most of them; and even where the administration is conscientious, the number of applicants is so great that it is simply impossible to bestow this aid intelligently. Large numbers of those who are abundantly able to take care of themselves can and do receive aid from the public treasury. If, in addition to this public relief, there are known to be considerable funds in the hands of private benevolent associations, a powerful attraction is set up in the city which the ne'er-do-wells of the villages and hamlets roundabout will find it difficult to resist. To some considerable extent the rapid increase of American cities comes from this source. The family of low degree, whose claims upon charity are sharply scrutinized in the village where their history is familiar to all, know that they will be able to tell their story to the overseer of the poor or to the charitable visitor in the city with much better hope of credence. And if there is no concert of action among charitable organizations, so that the shrewd mendicant may hope to obtain aid from half a dozen different sources simultaneously, the increase of this element in the population is likely to be rapid. Of course all who come to the cities with these ends in view are added to the mass of its hopeless poverty; for those who start upon this road are very seldom turned from it.

IMMIGRATION.

WHATEVER may be true of London, it is probable that a large share of the poverty of our American cities is due to the influx of helpless and degraded people from other countries. London draws into its insatiate maw the vigor of the country and impoverishes it. New York and Boston are themselves largely impoverished by the immigration of multitudes whose standard of comfort is far below that of our own people, and who help to drag the natives down to their own level. The American policy seems to be to prevent the "pauper labor" of foreign countries from competing on its own ground with American labor, but to open the doors as widely as possible for this "pauper labor" to come to America and depress our own labor market by its desperate competition.

THE GREED OF THE LANDLORD.

I SHALL name but one other cause of poverty in the cities, and that is the exorbitance of rents. The need on the part of laborers of lodgings not too far from their work makes in many portions of the great cities such a demand for house-room that those who own tenements are able to obtain extortionate prices for them. The operation of this economic law has been checked to some extent by good-will and wise statesmanship in London; working-men's rents in that city are far lower than in New York and in Boston. Mr. Riis gives us many particulars respecting the rents of apartments in New York, and Mr. Banks furnishes the same information for Boston; and any one who will compare their figures with the full information upon this subject now before us will see that the cost of shelter is far less in the English metropolis. It is probable that the very poor of New York pay more per cubic yard for the squalid quarters they occupy than do the dwellers on the fashionable streets for their salubrious and attractive homes. At any rate, the revenues derived by the landlords from this kind of property are far greater than those received for the most costly buildings. A committee reporting to the New York Senate respecting this city stated that "more than one half of the tenements, with two thirds of their population, were held by owners who made the keeping of them a business, *generally a speculation*. The owner was seeking a certain percentage on his outlay, and that percentage very rarely fell below fifteen per cent. and frequently exceeded thirty." "Forty per cent.," says Mr. Riis, "was declared by witnesses before a Senate Committee to be a fair average interest on tenement property. Instances were given of its being one hundred

per cent. and over." When the landlord can get such returns as these upon his capital, he is not, of course, likely to refuse them; but the tribute takes the life-blood of the laborer, and hastens his descent into hopeless poverty.

REMEDIES.

SOME of the causes of this chronic social malady have come to light in this discussion. That the analysis is exhaustive is not probable; let it be accepted as a contribution toward that complete statement of the problem for which we are waiting. Even its errors may be serviceable, if they awaken thought and challenge investigation.

And now, what can be said of remedies? Here it is becoming to speak with even greater caution. The suggestions which follow are set forth tentatively, as propositions worth thinking of rather than as prescriptions for the disease.

1. *Abolish the Garret Master.*—Where such a state of industrial affairs exists as that which is found in the east of London, it is evident that some economic readjustments need to be made. The best thing that could happen to that district would be the substitution of the factory system for the domestic system which still lingers there. We are prone to think that the factory brings evils enough in its train; but the worst evils of the larger system of industry prevail in East London, and all the compensating benefits are absent. If the workers who are now huddled in little groups in stifling garrets could be brought together in large factories, the sanitary conditions, being under State inspection, would be greatly improved, and the combination of the workers which would certainly follow would enable them to make better terms with their employers. No one who will make himself familiar with the condition of the London trades will ever be able to doubt that while the wage-system continues, the combination of laborers for mutual protection is an absolute necessity. Doubtless such combinations often behave unwisely and perversely; but they are the only defense against the degradation of the laborer.

2. *Help the Poorest Workers to Combine.*—The frightful revelations respecting the wages of working-women in New York and Boston, which are quite as startling as anything shown us in Stepney and Whitechapel, suggest the inquiry whether consumers of the goods produced by starvation wages have not some responsibilities. Ought a good Christian to buy a garment covered with blood-stains because it comes cheap? Might we not encourage and promote some organization of these poor laborers by which all work for which living prices are paid should bear some kind of stamp, certifying to that fact? It is to be hoped that there are a great many purchasers who would refuse to purchase any goods that did not bear this certificate.

3. *Train the Children.*— Escape from the toils of penury might be offered to some, by furnishing a more practical education to the children of the poor. Some elementary industrial training would enlarge the resources of these boys and girls, and might prevent many of them from dropping down into the lowest grades of labor, where the struggle is severest. Especially would a little practical training in domestic economy be useful to the girls of this class. Most of them are destined to be wives and mothers, and the question whether the household shall live in pinching want or in comparative comfort often depends on the skill and thrift of the wife and mother. Here, for example, is a table with minute accounts of the expenditure for five weeks of thirty families in London; and the exhibit is a forcible illustration of the lack of thrift which accompanies poverty. One family, with an income of about five dollars a week, made seventy-two different purchases of tea during the five weeks. Inasmuch as this family never took more than two meals a day at home, it is evident that they never bought more than a single drawing of tea at a time; seventy-two purchases of tea in thirty-five days is two purchases a day (Sundays included), and two extra. Of these thirty families, it is evident that quite a number went to the grocery every day of their lives — not a few of them several times a day. This hand-to-mouth existence is at enmity with thrift; it is scarcely possible that any family should escape from poverty until it learns wiser methods of expenditure. That many of these helpless people are pitifully ignorant of the alphabet of domestic economy is plain enough; is it not possible to give the girls, in industrial schools, some practical instruction in this most important art?

4. *Organize and Humanize the Helpers.*—The fact that charity, as at present dispensed, is a great breeder of pauperism is not a reason for abandoning charitable effort, but a strong reason why it should be wisely organized. The charities of every city should be closely associated, and should be uniformly administered on rational principles. In several of our own cities this is done; in some the attempt has been made, and the work has been abandoned because it involves labor and self-sacrifice. But few of our social needs are more imperative than a careful administration of charitable relief. The conditions in many cities are such as to offer a bounty to mendicancy. The dependent class is growing, and the citizens have themselves to thank for it. It will continue to grow until they abandon their sectarian methods of administration, and unite to pro-

tect the needy against suffering, and the community against imposture.

The one truth which is hardest to learn, and which is yet the foundation of all really productive charitable work, is the truth that the deepest need of most of these poor households is not alms but friendship. Doubtless some of the sick and helpless ones need and must have material aid; but where there is one who requires food or medicine there are ten who need sympathy and companionship. "Not yours, but you" is the cry of these starved and hopeless lives. "The Life was," and always is, "the light of men." Those colonies of the children of good-will that have gone down to live in the poorest districts of London and New York and Boston and Chicago are administering charity in the most practical fashion. It has been said that the aim of the new charity is to provide every needy family with a friend. If, in this way, the strong and the weak can be brought together in personal relations, the best results must follow. Would it not be possible for every Christian minister, quietly, and with no public announcement or organization, to find for every needy family of his acquaintance one wise, patient, sympathetic friend, who would give no alms (the needful material aid should come from other sources), but would become the good providence of the household, bringing into it all manner of genial and stimulating influences?

The *rationale* of this new charity needs to be better understood. If it were possible to put into the hands of all the thoughtful and kind-hearted people of our churches the little book by Mr. and Mrs. Barnett of Toynbee Hall, entitled "Practicable Socialism," the quiet, unsensational methods there brought to light would commend themselves to many.

5. *Unite Public and Private Agencies.*—A closer alliance between public and private charities must be secured. If the public authorities continue to administer outdoor relief, they ought to be in constant communication with the private agencies engaged in the same work. There is no reason why there should not be hearty co-operation between the overseers of the poor and the agents and visitors of the benevolent societies. The lack of such coöperation is one of the gaps through which mendicancy creeps in.

6. *Abolish Official Outdoor Relief.*—Among students of this problem the abolition of public outdoor relief is, however, scarcely an open question. It is simply impossible that our overseers of the poor should intelligently administer relief to the multitude of applicants daily appearing before them. The State will not pay for the proper investigation of all these cases. Imposture flourishes under such a system, and the dependent classes are steadily recruited. Much less can the State accompany its alms with the kind of personal ministry without which it is almost sure to be pernicious and demoralizing. Therefore it would be infinitely better if the State would give no relief except in its almshouses and children's homes, leaving all the outdoor relief to be dispensed by private charity. A few of our cities have tried this experiment with the most gratifying results.

7. *Reform and Reinforce Municipal Governments.*—When, by the greed of landlordism, any quarter of the city has become a nest of squalor, and the conditions of life are such as inevitably reduce the vigor and undermine the health of the inhabitants, it should be ruthlessly destroyed, and rebuilt under stringent sanitary regulation. No city can afford to tolerate these pest-holes of pauperism. *Salus populi suprema est lex.* No maxims of non-interference can stand in the way of this highest law. The drastic measures which have been employed in several of the British cities have abundantly justified themselves. Many acres of Birmingham, Glasgow, and London, which were once covered with the vilest habitations, are now the site of comfortable and healthy tenements, and the rents for the same amount of space are no higher in the new buildings than they were in the old. The character of whole districts has thus been regenerated. Large powers are given for such purposes to the municipalities of Great Britain, and they are trusted to use them for the public welfare.

Here, it must be confessed, we encounter our most serious difficulty in dealing with the problem of poverty. Our existing municipal governments are not, as a rule, bodies of men to whom such powers could be safely intrusted. It is to be feared that too many of these officials are more interested in the propagation than in the prevention of poverty; that their sympathies and affiliations are very often with the parasitic classes—the rum-sellers, and the gamblers, and the public plunderers by whose active coöperation the poverty of the cities is constantly increased. It is a hard saying; but who will deny it? And the fact may as well be confronted, once for all, that we shall never succeed in dealing effectively with the problem of poverty while our municipal governments are left in the hands to which we are now so generally willing to intrust them. It is simple fatuity to go on sowing the seeds of pauperism by the municipal machinery, thinking meanwhile to extirpate it by such voluntary forces as we can bring to bear. A very large share of the poverty now existing in our cities is due either to the inefficiency or to the corruption of the men in whose hands we have placed the municipal authority.

The first thing to do, then, is to stop propagating pauperism by political methods. And

then we must see to it that those who bear rule in our cities are men who are capable of dealing intelligently and vigorously with this stupendous problem. They must be men of clear mind, of firm character, of practical wisdom — men who have sufficient intelligence to be aware that their own offhand judgment upon a great question like this cannot be trusted, but that they need to avail themselves of the experience of the world, in forming their opinions and choosing their methods. For many reasons we need a great change in the *personnel* of our municipal governments, but no reason is more urgent than that which grows out of the problem of poverty. This problem cannot be solved by private benevolence. Its solution will require, in addition to all that can be done by charitable effort, the wise and energetic action of the local authorities, not in giving charitable aid, but in going to the root of the trouble. And the local authorities, to deal with it effectively, must be men who have some higher qualifications than the ability to pack a ward caucus, or to conciliate the support of publicans and gamblers.

8. *Summon the Philanthropic Landlord.*— The power to sweep from the face of the earth the rookeries where poverty breeds must belong to the municipal government of the future. Whether the better housing of the working-classes shall be directly cared for by the municipal government is an open question: doubtless it may be better, as a rule, to clear the ground, and leave private enterprise, under stringent regulation, to make this provision. Nor is this a purely philanthropic enterprise. Ample experience has shown that capital invested in model working-class dwellings, rented at rates far below those paid for the most wretched tenements in New York, will yield a good return. Competitive rents in our great American cities mean degradation and destruction to the poor; but those landlords who are willing to take a little less than they can get, to content themselves with five per cent. instead of fifteen or forty, are helping more effectively than any other class of philanthropists to solve the problem of poverty.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES.

LET me say, in closing, that the growth of pauperism, if not of poverty, seems to be due in part to the decay of two old-fashioned social virtues. One of these is family affection. The individualism of the last half-century has weakened the family bond. There has been so much talk of men's rights and women's rights and children's rights, that the mutual and reciprocal duties and obligations of the family have come to be undervalued. Families do not cling together quite so closely as once they did; *esprit de famille* is wanting. For this reason many persons who ought to be cared for by their own kindred become a charge upon the public. This tendency ought in every way to be rebuked and resisted. The shame of permitting one's flesh and blood to become paupers ought to be brought home to every man and woman who thus casts off natural obligations. All public authorities and charitable visitors should enforce upon such delinquents the scriptural judgment: "If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever."

The other old-fashioned virtue to which I referred is the manly independence which is the substratum of all sound character. Why this virtue is decaying, there is no time now to inquire. But one or two causes are not remote. The first of these is the habit of regarding public office not as a service to be rendered, but as a bounty to be dispensed. The mental attitude of most office-seekers is the attitude of mendicancy. The spoils system is built upon this view of office. It is evident that there is a large class of influential persons who wish to be dependents upon the public. Dependence is thus made respectable. This sentiment diffused through society affects its lowest circles, and makes it a little easier, down there, for a man to become a dependent upon the public treasury.

There is another explanation which I would not venture to offer as based upon my own opinion. But I heard, not long ago, these words from the lips of a brave soldier of the Union army — a man whose patriotism and devotion to that army no one who knows him will venture to dispute: "The one great cause of the increase of able-bodied paupers during the past few years is the lavish bestowal of pensions. And this extravagance," he went on, "is not so much to be charged upon the old soldiers, as upon the demagogues and pension agents who have pushed these schemes for their own aggrandizement." I will add not one word of comment; I was not a soldier. Nor shall I reveal the name of my friend; I do not wish to expose him to a torrent of abuse.

To whatever cause the decay of independence may be attributed, the loss is a very serious one; and those who labor for the removal of the evils of poverty and pauperism may well remember that the foundation of all sound social structure is the sentiment of self-help, and the just pride that would rather live upon a crust honestly earned than feast, as a dependent, on any man's bounty.

Washington Gladden.

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THE MOTHER.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IN DÉES.

V.

ANOTHER afternoon we went to the Volksgarten. There was a homelike intensity in the September heat which made it impossible to walk, and it was in one of the old-fashioned busses, with the hood in front, that we rattled up the wide Andrassy-strasse, where no two houses, proud citizens boast, are alike, though there is only one, the big Café Reuter, which might with artistic profit have served as model for the others. We had left immaculate business men eating ices among the geraniums of the Kiosk on the Danube; we found their more immaculate wives and children eating ices and concocting scandal under the trees of the Volksgarten, and, though the sun was still high in the heavens, the music had begun. There were Jews among the gipsies here too, we thought, and before our ice was finished, the plate had been passed twice.

It mattered little whether they tuned their violins in doors or out; we missed the old swing and rhythm that had set us to dreaming dreams in the shabby Männerchor. And why were all so bent on wearing the ugly clothes of the *gorgio?* We would have liked better the old red breeches and blue coats, even if they were but half soldier's uniform, half servant's livery. There were days when in our disappointment we wondered sadly whether the fault lay with us, whether it was because our time had come

> to creep in close about the fire
> And tell gray tales of what we were, and dream
> Old dreams and faded.

It was after the visit to the Volksgarten that we heard of Budapest's yearly market, which lasts for a week, and from the far Karpathians often attracts families of gipsies, who bring wooden spoons and platters for sale. The city has grown up about the market-place where the fair is held. From the modern streets, with the well-dressed people, the electric cars, and the mounted policemen waiting in the quiet rings for the traffic's rush and crush, which it is hoped that the years and Dr. Shaw's article and ours will bring, it was only a step to the open fields, now covered with tents and booths, and filled with strange peoples in stranger garments — Hungarian peasants, the men in white divided skirts, high boots, and jackets brave with silver buttons; the women with bright ribbons braided in their hair, their many skirts, one over the other, standing out like crinoline, swaying at every step like a ballet-dancer's, showing bare feet or high boots; Slovaks from the mountains, unkempt hair in disorder about their shoulders, loose skirts confined by enormously wide, brass-studded leather belts, embroidered sheepskin jackets; greasy Polish Jews, the single curl over each ear and the long caftans; soldiers in blue tights slipped inside their shoes; policemen, like the peasants, in high boots, a cockade falling on one side over the straight brim of their stiff felt hats; Serbs in baggy blue Turkish trousers and fez; every kind of delightful creature save a gipsy.

We had walked again and again in the brilliant sunshine, up and down between the booths, as characterless as the fine shops in the Waitzen- or the Andrassy-strasse, the ground strewn with rind of the watermelons, upon which every one had breakfasted, when, toward noon, a sound of music brought us back to our starting-place. Two rows of tent restaurants, shut earlier in the morning, were now open, and from each came strange smells and deafening noises. In some were Serbs with a curious little instrument, half mandolin, half violin; but in the greater number were gipsies, who had come into that vast crowd without our seeing them, though they alone wore a dress that would have passed unnoticed in the Bowery or in Whitechapel.

We went into one of the tents; it made little difference which, for there was really no choice. But the Romanies, we thought, looked a trifle darker and wilder. Two or three were as yellow as Hindus, and in their eyes was the true gipsy gleam; all had the regular, refined features of their race. But the mud of weeks was on their boots and trousers; the greasy Jews in the rear booths would have scorned their coats and hats; their linen had not been changed for days. They were not even picturesque in their dirt and rags. The leader was

gravely tipsy, but he steadied himself as we came in, and with a show of style began to lead a shrill, screechy Czárdás that set our very teeth on edge. I had believed that every Hungarian gipsy plays by instinct, as a bird sings; leader kissed my hand, while his greedy eyes followed J——'s every movement. They even came and made a circle about the table, and "played into our ear." It would have been funny had it been less tragic; for their

ARE THERE ANY GIPSIES AROUND HERE?

but the music of these men was as forlorn as themselves.

J—— ordered beer, for we could not sit there without eating or drinking, and he got out a gulden note, as he had no small change, to pay. There was the glare of a starved wild beast in the leader's eyes when he saw it; I think he must have pounced upon it had not the proprietor of the restaurant captured it in time. We could not stand that glare: there were in it hunger and thirst, the story of a long spell of bad luck. We did not like to offer food, though I doubt if they would have objected, but we had to do something for our own comfort, and J—— asked them to have a glass of beer with him. Then we said a few words in Romany in half-hearted fashion. We did not want to, but it was foolish to keep on waiting indefinitely for the proper kind of gipsy, who gave no sign of existence. They tried to pretend to be pleased, but it was a hollow mockery all around. The flageolet-player, in a burst of confidence, showed me how his instrument had worn away his upper teeth. The tipsy playing was abominable, and it was the proprietor who bade them play. It was he too who signaled to them to strike up the Rakotzy when, heartsick, after the leader had snatched our money, we started to go. Then we saw why it had been to his interest to keep us: people had gathered outside, others looked over the canvas walls of the tent. Like the man who beats the drum at the side-show, we were drawing the crowd. We passed by the other tents without stopping.

Often in our evening prowls in the streets we heard the same screechy Czárdás coming from those smaller drinking-places which hang out the primitive paintings of a bottle of yellow wine and a loaf of yellower bread with a knife stuck in it, always more intelligible to us than the signs in Magyar, which looked so barbarous in print and sounded so musical when spoken. We never went inside, where we knew we should see the same poor starved wretches, where we should be looked upon as intruders by the people, as a bank to be broken by the gipsies, who could not be supposed to understand that

our only capital was much devotion to them, for which they did not care, and little money, for which they did care to a degree that we took as an offense. We did not mind the begging of the wandering gipsies that we met one day on the road near the old Roman Aquincum, they were so jolly about it. It was their little game in life, the one art they cultivated, and the whining of the tiny naked black boys and girls, turning somersaults in the hot sunshine, meant no more than the wheedling of the English gipsy woman who wants to tell your fortune. But those others who pretended to be musicians when they were beggars all the time were too dead in earnest. They would have bartered all the freedom of the deer in the forest, had they possessed it, for kreutzers.

It was no better in the near villages, to which we went once or twice on Sunday afternoons. We found peasants dancing the Czárdás in the stuffy inn, but when we came the gipsies stopped playing and began to beg.

They were every bit as much in earnest in the big hotels, but there they were prosperous, and, after the first shock it gave me to see my unknown lover's kinsmen passing round the plate like respectable vestrymen in church, we enjoyed the humor of it. The gipsies are graceful in whatever they do. If these musicians swindled us, it was with a style that won our hearts. For example, if you had just sat down when the collection began, the leader on his rounds had a pretty way of not handing you the plate. The first time we thought he was paying us a personal compliment. For it happened to be the leader with the face of a Jew, who had got to know us so well that he bowed and smiled when we entered or left the dining-room — as, however, we discovered afterward, he smiled and bowed to any one seen for the second time. But this evening, if he passed us by in the beginning, his next collection began at our table; of course he got twice as much for his politeness, as of course he knew he would.

I remember one evening, after he had made us believe that he was thinking of nobody in the room but ourselves, and was playing for us alone, and we were ready to shower untold wealth upon him, he stepped from his green bower (I can still feel myself smiling complacently as he came) and, with never a glance at us, went to a near table to "play into the ear" of a Hungarian whose head was bowed, whose face was tear-stained, whose bottle of *szomorodin* was half empty, and who was enjoying himself thoroughly. And then he went back to the bower with a handful of notes — not ours.

A REAL EGYPTIAN.

More than that once, in a crowded dining-room, did we see a strong, full-grown man with his elbows on the table, his hands clutching his head convulsively, crying like a child without shame or restraint, and thrusting piles of gulden notes into the hands of the gipsy at his side. They were really not like other men, after all. It is not in every country that you see people weeping bitterly when they are merriest.

And by and by we discovered that, despite the English tailors, there was a special Hungarian type, though how much the little strip of narrow side-whisker worn as close to the

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

ON THE MARCH.

ear as possible had to do with making it, we could never quite determine. And then we began to find the gipsy.

It had grown so hot with September, and the nights were so close and still, that for a week we had been dining at one of the little groups of tables, each with its single candle, ranged in the middle of the street, when one evening, with friends, we went again to the brilliant green hotel court. We came in late, the place was crowded, and the music had long since begun. It may have been something in our mood, but for the first time it seemed to us that there was the right ring in violin and cymbals.

Racz Pal was leading—there was a different leader every night. He was one of the thirty-three sons of the more famous gipsy of the same name who had fought for his country, and had been an exile with Kossuth, Pulszky, Teleky and all the other patriots of 1848. His name was known from one end of Hungary to the other, and to his funeral, but a few years since, great magnates had gone as to that of a prince.

The entire width of the court separated our table from the musicians, but we had not been in the room five minutes before Racz Pal knew as well as we ourselves did that we felt his music, that it had struck a responsive chord. The gipsies for so many generations have swayed the souls of men with their violins, that now they can tell by instinct when their charm has worked. He watched us as we sat there, mostly silent; one does not care to talk when the gipsies are really playing. When he came with the plate, which he did soon enough, he asked what he must play for us. For the first time I wished to speak in the old way to the gipsy. It was almost unconsciously, almost as if it were the one natural thing to do, that I said a word or two of Romany. He answered in far better English as he stood there, plate extended, correct and dignified. But when he went back among the oleanders and took up his violin, he played only the Czárdás, the waltzes, and the overtures to which we had listened in the stifling Männerchor or on the airy hill at Belmont. Then, at times, I had dreamed dreams of Hungary; but now it was in the past I lived. We are young only once. Had I had a little of the Hungarian simplicity I too could have put my head down and cried for my lost youth and its romance.

The music stopped only when now and then Racz Pal came to ask what next his violin must sing for us. And every great joy of that long-lost summer sprang into life again as they played; my heart was breaking with its every sorrow. There was the scent of dried rose-

leaves in their music, the windings of the river in the moonlight, the voice of love.

I think the diners must have gone without my knowing it, for the waiters began putting out the lights here and there, until all the court was in darkness except in our corner. But still the gipsies played.

Presently Racz Pal, always playing, came slowly through the darkness to my side, his violin close to my ear, its every note thrilling me with pain that was almost unendurable in its sweetness. One by one the others, always playing, crept down until all stood around us among the shadows. I do not know whether we gave them more money; I do not think they knew either. But they played on and on, exulting in their power. Was it with tears my cheeks were wet, I wonder? Was there really some one opposite with head bent low, his clenched fists beating the table, singing like mad? And who was sober enough to push back his chair and break the charm? Not I: the violin was too sweet in my ear. And these wild creatures, with flaming eyes and faces aglow, who kissed my hands, were they the musicians who had seemed so cold and passionless as they sat among the palms and oleanders?

A LOOK AT THE GORGIOS.

When we came to our senses the next morning in the sunlight that was pouring in hot cheerfulness on the hills of Buda, and while the only music was the puffing and whistling of the little steamboats across the Danube, and it was possible to think as well as feel, we decided that it was worth waiting three weeks for one such night of beauty, and that if Racz Pal and the others had only worn curls and silver buttons, and had been playing like that in their camp by quiet stream or in lonely woodland, and we had come upon them by chance, why then our ideal had been realized, our quest over. It was then, too, that for the first time it occurred to me how very little Racz Pal had cared for my Romany—such as it was. Every time I had spoken it he had answered in English or German.

TALKING OVER THINGS.

But another evening that same week, J—— had gone somewhere, and I was dining alone in a small room next to the large court, where, at a table under the light, I could now read my book, now listen to the music. I had not looked to see who was leading. But when collection-time came, there was a step on the stairs to my quiet retreat, and Racz Pal, plate in hand, appeared in the doorway. He dropped the plate on the first table, and with hands outstretched ran to where I sat, and, now that I was alone, poured forth a torrent of Romany so fast and inexhaustible that I could not follow it. "Then you do talk Romany?" I said. Why, of course; he talked nothing else at home with his own people. The Tziganies of Hungary were still true Roms. Wherever we might journey, in the plain, or, better still, in Transylvania, where there were so many *Romany chals*, we would hear the soft-flowing speech of their fathers. After J—— and I had talked this over, we got our map of Hungary, and studied it. We might as well be off in the woods while the September sun was still hot, the September sky still cloudless. We arranged to start from Budapest on the next Monday.

On Sunday afternoon we went for the last time to the high villa on the Blocksberg where our every Sunday had been spent. But this was an occasion in itself. It was some popular saint's day, and all the morning in Pest we had seen flowers borne through the streets to those named in honor of the saint; among them was

AN INVALID.

our friend, the mother in the villa. And so, when we sat down to supper, there were great bunches of roses and carnations and gladioli on the long tables that ran around three sides of the large dining-hall, and all her friends had come to bring their good wishes. Nor were we the only foreigners, for at the villa Americans were as welcome as prodigals, and many, with us, have carried away golden memories of the gay hours spent there. There were toasts after supper over the amber wine of Hungary. The colonel, straight and erect and soldier-like, as in the days long past when he defended his country's freedom at Kossuth's side, made his sonorous Magyar speech to the mother, and then proposed our health in English,—for during years of exile he lived in England,—and praised me—I blush a little now, remembering it—as the brave sportswoman who had cycled all the way from Calais to Budapest. Above the loud cries of *Egen*, and *Servus*, and *Mahlzeit*, as everybody shook hands with everybody else, rose the gipsy music, for gipsies with their violins and cymbals sat at the door. What would a feast in Magyarland be without them?

When we went into the garden, hanging lanterns burned among the trees, and the moonlight lay white and wide on the plain and on the river far below. The gipsies followed to the terrace, where there was light enough for men who play from their hearts, as Rudi said. One by one the wandering couples began to dance, until at last all were stamping and whirling and shouting in the mad Czárdás. When there was a pause in the playing, from the road at the foot of the hill came a faint echo answering the violins in the garden; for lights there too flickered among the trees, and in the silver dust other dancers stamped and whirled. And they danced and danced down there in the open road, and up above in the garden, while the moon rose higher and higher.

Once the dancers, hot and breathless, trooped into the house to drink long, cooling draughts of the amber wine. And it was then I spoke in Romany to the leader as he stayed there in the moonlight, grave and sad as gipsies so often seem. He said little, but he told me that now, for me, he would play a *tācho Romāni gilli*—a real gipsy song. It was as wild and fierce as the moan and roar of the wind through the pine forest at night, this passionate defiance of the weary outcast. They say the Romanies have no music of their own, but never have I heard a song so strange and savage as the *gilli* sung by the violins in the moonlight, among the swinging lanterns.

The dancers came out, and a new Czárdás began. They danced and then they sang, and then they danced again, while the moon sank lower and lower; they danced while the first faint gray of the dawn streaked the eastern sky beyond the Danube and the plain of Pest;

A FLIRTATION AT THE FAIR.

they danced till the sun was high in the heavens and the river flowed a stream of gold through the fields — that is, they danced, and the gipsies played, till nine in the morning.

This, our last in Budapest, was the perfect night of our dreams. Only, when we dreamed, the gipsies, wandering in the moonlight, stopped of their own accord where the dancers waited, and played for nothing but the love of playing. Our perfect gipsy was not there; we knew now that we could never find him in cities, but must search for him in his own home on the roads.

VI.

A DAY as hot as midsummer, a burning sky without a cloud, a green country brilliant in blinding light, what could have been better for our start, even if we were stifling in the railway-carriage, filled with people talking now German, now Hungarian, now a totally unknown tongue, evidently sampling some of the three languages of the printed notice above the seats? We were on our way to Transylvania, and our bicycles were in the baggage-car.

That little word of Racz Pal's a few nights before had first turned our thoughts toward the home of Hunyadi Janos, the great Hungarian hero whose name hitherto had meant for us only a very nasty mineral water. Hungary was far too big for an autumn's wanderings to carry one across its entire length and breadth, as we had fondly hoped before we knew anything about it; and we were going to that part where were the most gipsies and the best roads. Our knapsacks were full of letters of introduction which would enable us to study the country's institutions and progress, for no one in Budapest believed in our interest in the gipsies; and in J——'s pocket, along with his passport, was an impressive paper from the Minister of the Interior — impressive, probably, because we could not read it — which explained to whomsoever it might concern that we were not Russian spies or dangerous characters.

All the afternoon we were crossing the vast treeless plain until dusk and Debreczin came together — Debreczin, where we had been warned we must not fail to stop, because it was such a thoroughly typical Hungarian town, and because the mayor would turn out in his coach and four to show us the sights. But the mayor was not a gipsy, and we stayed only long enough to see the strange women, with their faces half covered in the Eastern fashion, who crouched in the shadows of the station, and the stranger men, in tall black sheepskin caps and priestlike cloaks, who looked ready to ascend the sacrificial altar, but who were only buying tickets at the office.

THE FAIR.

Some time during the night we must have journeyed out of the plain, for, when we awoke, mountains shut us in on every side. I shall never forget our arrival at Márámaros Szeget in the pale dawn, when a hundred or more men, like so many savages, in shaggy sheepskins, their hair falling in long tangles, tumbled out of the train, and, suddenly at a word of command, fell into line, and two by two, with military step, marched toward the town. We followed with our bicycles and an escort of Polish Jews in curls and caftans, bent on making us, machines and all, take their old hacks. Into the large square the company in sheep-

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

skins marched, and there, in long rows, silent and stern, stood more men like them, over their shoulders great scythes black and threatening against the eastern sky, now fiery with the rising of the sun. Was it the beginning of another peasant rebellion away off here in this remote corner of northeastern Hungary?

Seen in broad daylight, the men with the scythes were only laborers waiting to be hired, the savages from the train only reserves come for their summer manœuvers. We found them later in the open streets stuffing their divided skirts into the blue tights of the Austrian infantry uniform, cutting their hair, shaving their beards, and showing how a picturesque peasant can be transformed into a commonplace soldier. But this very explanation made the whole town with its fantastic groups seem still more artificial, like a scene upon the stage. It was the beginning of the East, where men wear impossible costumes; and before the morning was over we discovered such an incredible mixture of races,—Magyars, Wallachs, Ruthenians, Germans, Polish Jews, gipsies,—that the crowd suggested nothing so much as an illustrated ethnological catalogue. It was the same throughout Transylvania, but this first glimpse of the people fairly took away our breath. And it seemed the more extraordinary because, wild and barbarous as were the peasants in their dress, we were yet in the heart of western civilization. The town with the outlandish name was a Budapest in miniature, with brand-new houses, banks, and hotels.

Not for us in Szeget was it necessary that a kettle should be hung over the fire of brushwood; not for us did smoke go curling up among the trees. Instead of being allowed to find our gipsy, we had to get dressed and go out to dinner in a house full of pictures from Vienna and Paris — one of those long, rambling, single-storied Hungarian houses with the rooms opening into one another, and beds standing around promiscuously where you least looked for them. Had Romanies been there we might have talked a trifle more intelligibly than with our host and his wife and daughter. Still the evening was gay. Only, when we asked if there were Tziganies about the town, they thought perhaps so, somewhere down the road; but what matter? We must come with them tomorrow to the famous salt-mines close by, and the day after J—— should go on a bear-hunt got up for his special benefit.

But it was gipsies we wanted, not bears and mines, though, like our friends in Budapest,

they would not believe it. And so, the next morning early, we were off, when only the peasants with their scythes were in the market-place to see our start. In the growing light we rode between the sheepskins, down the long street of the Wallachs, with a well-pole at every cottage gate, past the encampment where the soldiers were already stirring, and then on through little villages where stately Roumanian women in gay aprons stood at the wells with jugs that a Greek designed, through the open country, the peasants working in the fields making lines of white against the dark belts of woodland, and on into the lonely mountains.

What places there were for the tent of the wanderer on that first day's journey! — in the little leafy dell by the brookside under the chestnuts shading the high mountain-pass. But it was only in Telsö Bánya, in the kitchen of the one inn in the town, that we found him. A woman was cooking at the large stove, another, in the caged-in corner to which we got so used in small Transylvanian inns, was drinking nothing, doing nothing, and their talk, as it reached us, was all of kreutzers and guldens, guldens and kreutzers, which, however, no one came to give them. We waited and waited, and still we were the only guests, still the violins lay untouched on the table. We were so sleepy after our long ride in the hills that at last we went to bed and left them there to their endless talk of guldens and kreutzers, which had killed within us the desire to speak.

I do not know how late it was when we woke with a start in the great bare, stone guest-chamber with the gratings at the window that gave upon the street; we had been sleeping soundly, though J——'s only bed was a shabby sofa with sheets and blankets thrown loosely over it. There was a crash of music, struggling with fierce voices; at last, rising above them, the Czárdás again; a scuffling, a string of good strong Romany oaths, the banging of doors and — silence. It was a common tavern brawl, for which one need not travel to Hungary.

A FAMILY MOVING.

chopping melons with a hatchet, — for the pigs, probably, — and at the far end of the room sat a group of men whose features we could not distinguish in the darkness. But as the landlord, a stanch Magyar who spoke no German, brought us his dishes that we might make our choice, we heard a few words of Romany, and, as the lamps were lighted, we saw the violins on the table, and the dark faces. They were eating nothing, And yet the gipsies had played, and we had been sleeping!

We never knew what happened in the night; for we could speak no word to the landlord when, in the morning, he came smiling with our bill chalked up on a slate; and the women in sheepskins, selling tomatoes and big red *paprikas*, and the white oxen lazily chewing the cud in the market-place, were still in shadow when

WAITING TO BE HIRED.

we set out down the valley, following the river, riding past the white-robed peasants going to the gold-mines, and the carts with Wallachs in sheepskins low in the bottom, like us on the way to Nagy Bánya.

It was the day of the weekly market there, and the square was a solid mass of sheepskins and white oxen. We never ceased to marvel at these markets with their extravagant display of costume, always differing, if only slightly, according to town or village from which the peasants came. For us they never lost their freshness and infinite variety. But now I think I remember best those we saw first, when everything was so new and strange. And it was stranger in Nagy Bánya to step across centuries of civilization, from the midst of the wild sheepskins, into a house where etchings by Rembrandt, and drawings by Victor Hugo, and rare old tapestries hung on the walls; where the latest books lay within easy reach, and where London tailors and Paris milliners had set the fashion. For in this pretty town, lying low among the hills, our pile of letters was lowered by one, and we were welcomed to it, as none but Hungarians can give you welcome, by another of those brave patriots of '48, a man whose boast it is that in his day no battle for freedom was fought in Europe without him. He is old now, his hair is white, but the same fire burns bright within him. He is a Magyar to the heart's core, and I like to recall how he received us with scowls so long as we spoke the hated German, with open arms when once we dropped it for French, and he had read the letter we brought from the good colonel in Budapest.

I wish I could linger on the days we spent in Nagy Bánya, the afternoons in the flower-garden, with glimpses of the distant mountains; the drives down the cool green valley where the gold-mines are; the walks in the little park where the people take their afternoon stroll. There is nothing the world over like the Hungarian kindness, and the friends we made here could not do enough for us. "Tell us what we can do for you"— that was the beginning and end of all our talks. We said once we wanted to see gipsies. Oh, that was easily managed, was their answer. We were dining with them at the time, and a wonderful dinner it was, all Hungarian, for our benefit: *galyas* and *paprikas* and *paradeis huhn*, washed down with old *szomorodin* of some famous vintage, and mineral water fresh that morning from springs just beyond the town, and set on the table in the beautiful Greek urn in which the peasant woman had brought it, a bunch of oak-leaves for cork. The cloth was laid in the porch, it was such a still, hot day. A man in loose white drawers and shirt, carrying spade and rake, passed across the garden to the stables.

"Tzigan! Tzigan!" called the old patriot, from where he sat at the head of the table.

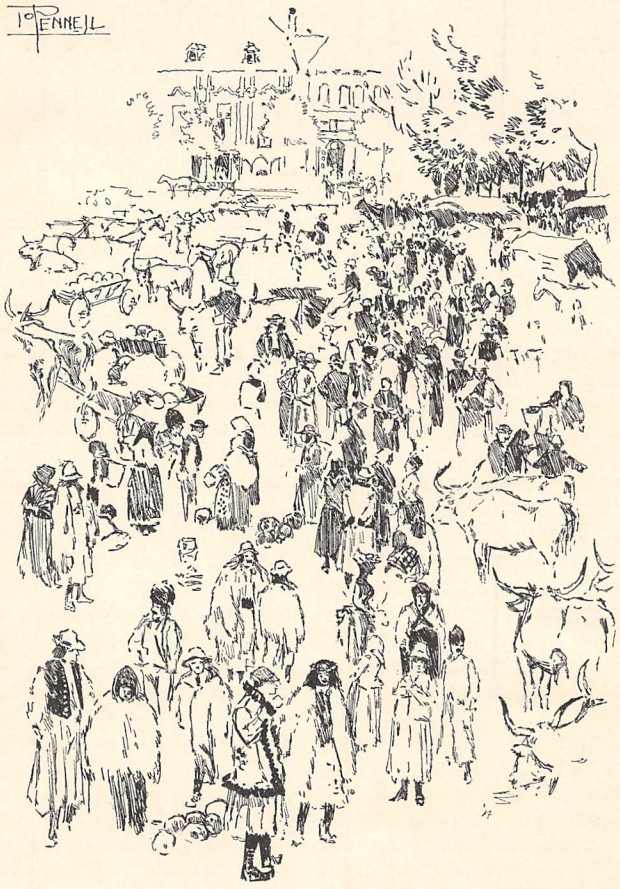
The man came running to the porch. As he ran he took off the cap from the tangled mass of his black hair, and he now stood with

it in his hand, as wild and shy as the deer just tamed, the bird just caged. There was the beauty of the East in his dark face, the gleam of the gipsy in his darker eye.

The master filled a glass with wine, and gave it to him. He drank it, cap in hand, drank it greedily, thirstily, unabashed. Then, at the word of command, he put down the empty glass, and ran as fleet as a whipped hound to the stables. He was one of their gipsies, and it was his day to work for them, they explained.

Their gipsies! His day to work for them!

We understood better the next morning when they drove us in their carriage, behind the little Roumanian driver in his blue-and-white summer livery, and with long ribbons dangling from his hat worn jauntily on one side of his head, out from the town, across the plain, to the group of thatched cottages where flax was drying in the tiny gardens, and to the big house with the last roses blooming about the door, and far away, on the horizon, the mountains of the Karpathian Girl melting into pale blue shadows in the noonday heat. We left the carriage, and the pretty daughter and her brother took us to the gipsy huts on the outskirts of the village. The trees hid the nearest cottages. In front were the corn-fields, the ears all picked, the green leaves gone, but the stalks, brown and withered, standing stretched to the shadowy heights. The blue smoke was lazily curling upward from the kettle hung over the fire, as I had so often seen it by the Camden reservoir, and an old brown witch of a Dye sat close to it on the parched grass, smoking a pipe. It might have been Rosanna Lovell, only Rosanna never would have jumped up and made such humble bows to the *gorgio*. And never in Camden or Philadelphia had we seen a group like that gathered about another kettle further on. A young woman, dark and beautiful, her white teeth gleaming as we came, crouched there with a naked brown baby in her lap; in front of her, in a semicircle around



THE FAIR AT NAGY BÁNYA.

A CORN-STALK CABIN.

the fire, three boys as brown and naked, like little imps of darkness, were sitting cross-legged. From the hut wandered a young man in a pair of wide drawers, but stripped to the waist, and as coal-black as a negro. It was a family party an explorer would not have been surprised to find in Africa. They were wilder far than any gipsies we had ever met upon the roads at home. One of the boys, when he saw us, sprang to his feet, and with a bound was in the corn-field, flying and hiding among the corn-stalks as tall as himself.

But these were not gipsy tents, these huts, burrowed deep into the ground, with walls and roofs of wood and mortar, thatched with corn-shucks. These were not tents to be thrown over the horse's back or strapped under the van when the cold blasts from the mountains gave the signal for the journey down into the lowland and far away to the south. For the gipsies living in them, though they ran naked like so many savages of the desert, had given up forever the old sweet, free life when they wandered at will and knew no man for master. They had come many years ago to squat, as we would say, upon the great lord's estate, and he had let them stay, only exacting for payment a day's work in every week from each grown man. The peasants may have been freed in '48, but the gipsies in gipsyland have become slaves in their place, though many a *Romany chal* followed Kossuth into the field against the hated Austrian. Poverty and dirt and rags are a small price to give for freedom, but they had lost this priceless heirloom of their race, and had kept only its bitterest burdens. They were poorer than their kinsmen who travel over our American roads; they were more tied to the land upon which they dwelt than the peasants in the near cottages. As they sit there in the sunshine, looking over to the mountains, how often, I wonder, are they haunted by the old love of change and adventure?

All the gipsies were working about Nagy Bánya. We saw the pretty Romany boys bringing milk into the town, though, had they been carrying it from the *gorgio*, it would have been more to our liking. We saw old white-bearded men coming from the fields. Men and women were fetching and carrying in the brick-yards in the valley on the other side of the town. Like the *gorgio*, or Philistine, they were forced to eat their bread — and such stale, musty bread! — by the sweat of their brow.

And it was the same when we left Nagy Bánya and were on the road again. Near the great house were always the gipsy huts, which we soon got to know as well as already we knew the gipsy himself.

The day we rode away from that friendly town and its friendlier people, and were in the hills that lie between it and Dées, we met a wagon with two gipsy women lounging low in the straw at the bottom, and two gipsy boys walking at its side, urging on the rickety old horse. The faces of the women once would have brought them to the stake for witches; the boys, with the tumbled black locks falling into their eyes, were beautiful in that exaggerated, sentimental way that we resent as artificial and theatrical in pictures of the ideal Neapolitan, while their rags seemed more artfully "arranged" than those of the best made-up stage

SEEN IN DÉES.

beggar. One wore a bit of bright red in an old sleeveless waistcoat, but it only half covered the beauty of his brown young body. We thrilled a little as we saw them: it was exactly the caravan that we had thought to find at every turn on Hungarian roads. But when we overtook them and spoke, they could not understand. We did not mind much, we were so sure that we should meet others like them every day now. But they were the only wandering gipsies we saw in the northern part of Transylvania.

They told us in the towns, when we asked why this should be, that it was rare indeed that gipsies traveled from place to place. The local laws against them in each department are severe, and when they venture to pitch their tents by the roadside, they are quickly made to fold them, and are sent flying into the next county. When they journeyed with their baggage, we might be sure it was because they were playing a favorite gipsy trick, and leaving their last village home just before their stay had been long enough to compel their payment of the village taxes. Free as the bird in the air no longer: free as the bird in the cage, rather, is their song to-day.

It went to our hearts when we passed the gipsy women digging in the road near the manor-house; when from brick-yards gipsy girls, with lovely faces, handkerchiefs turned back like turbans over their low brows, came running out to watch us ride; when we found gipsy men toiling in the service of the peasants — and there was not a day that we did not see something of this kind. But the worst was when we met a gipsy with wild sad eyes, and long black curls hanging about his weary, drawn face, bent double under the bags of a Jew in caftan, who walked just behind to see that he did not lag. The sun shone, birds flew over the corn-fields, close by were woods where one could lie sleeping all day in the green shade. But on, in the white dust of the road, in the glaring sunshine, toiled the gipsy at the beck and call of the task-master who already holds half the Wallachs in that part of the Karpathians in his power. After this, there seemed to us no hope for the poor gipsy. And the pitiful face, the eyes,

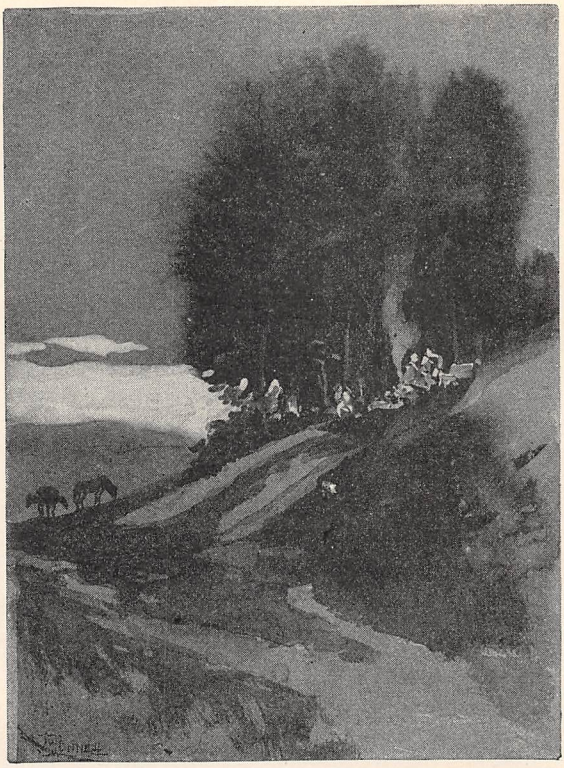
THE SERVANT EVEN OF THE PEASANT.

as mournful and pleading as those of an animal in pain, haunt me yet.

Sometimes we spoke to the gipsies by the way, and sometimes they answered in Romany: it was only the few who, like the wanderers on the road near Dées, had forgotten even the *kālo jib*, or black language, which is half the secret of their survival as a separate race during all these long ages. Often from Hungarian or Roumanian peasant we had to turn to them to ask our way, and at this they were seldom surprised. The surprise, indeed, was on my part the first time I spoke to a woman at work on the road in the village, with a little black girl in a night-gown, many shells hanging from her plaited hair, and two little black boys in nothing at all playing close by. I asked her: "*Shan tiri chavi, Dya?*" ("Are they your children, mother?") as I might have asked Shera Wharton or Susie Boswell.

"*Egen*" (for the Hungarian gipsy uses the Hungarian yes), "*miri chavi*" ("my children"), she answered, hardly looking up, as if it were a matter of course. The truth is, the peasants here and there have picked up a few Romany words, and are better gipsy scholars, without knowing it, than the learned Romany Ryes in the town.

But we liked best, when we knew there were so many gipsies that we could not speak to all, to cry out a loud "*Del o del Bakk!*" the gipsy "Good luck!" without stopping, and to see the black eyes flash and the white teeth glisten as a sudden smile lighted up the dark faces, and to hear the wild "*Del o del Bakk!*" follow us down the road.



A HILL CAMP.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

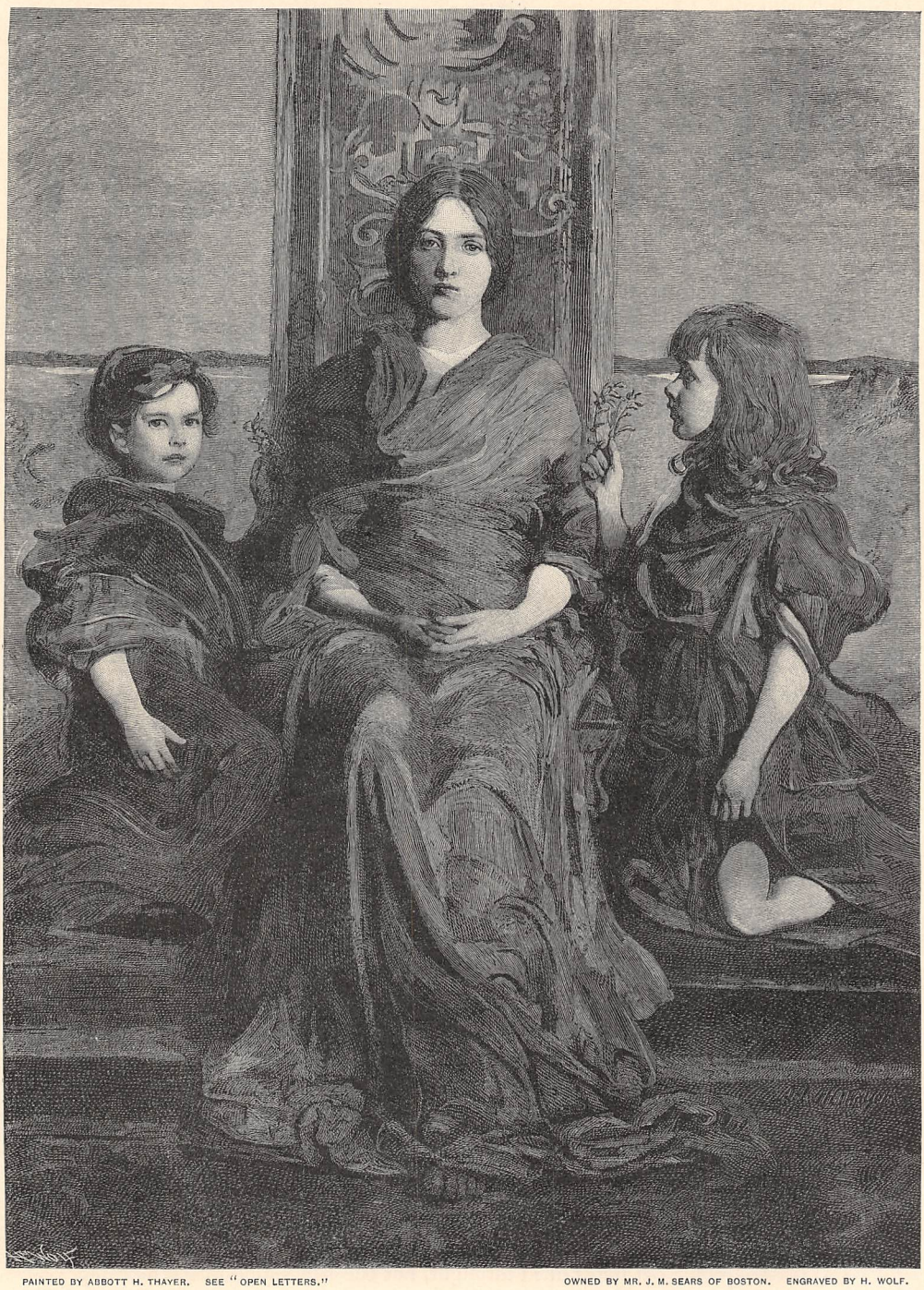
AFTER THE RAIN.

IT had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The cottage-roofs steamed in the sun; the roses in the garden were still heavy with rain and draggled with garden-mold; the wet trees gave out green lights; little rain-pools shone in the road like liquid gold, and the sparrows dipped in them. It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning.

The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. All night had he lain awake, listening to the rain on the roof, and longing for his lost love, while the memory of her caresses clung to his soul as sweet and evasive as the perfume of the roses in the garden.

It had rained all night, but the sun shone in the morning. The lover whom love had forsaken looked out of his window. "My love has forsaken me," he said, "but it has stopped raining."

Mary E. Wilkins.



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THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED.

THE EFFECT OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY UPON RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

SCIENTIFIC study has so richly increased the content of human knowledge, it is so practical in its results, and so fascinating in its practice, that its methods and spirit are rapidly pervading every field of intellectual activity. It is, therefore, of no small importance to those who are just beginning to train for life's struggle to consider what they have to lose and what to gain in the exercise of this dominant characteristic of modern thought. We enter the race but once; when the struggle comes, it will be success or defeat, and final for each of us. If we want strong bodies, we are well aware that proper exercise is the way to attain strength. We develop our intellects by thinking. If we would develop character, how shall we do it?

If we seek to distinguish man from the animals and matter with which he shares most of his attributes, we find him certainly superior to all others in his intellectual functions; but as a religious animal mankind stands forth essentially distinct from all other animals. We doubtless inherit much from our ancestors, functions as well as habits, and in both these respects mankind develops with the ages.

But when I speak of religion or religious beliefs as affected by scientific study, I do not mean the metaphysical abstraction, but a concrete system of beliefs and emotions regarding God. This I find essential to my purpose. If I were discussing the effects of unlimited suffrage, it would not be practicable to examine an abstract citizen of no particular age, without sex or color, and having no local habitation, and to observe what effects suffrage might have upon him, though any citizen possessing such definite qualities would be an exceptional citizen. So I find it impracticable to consider scientific study in relation to a religion without qualities, and select the Christian religion as the one concrete religion with which I am familiar, though I use it, if you please, as an example of religion in the abstract.

As exemplified in Christianity, I must assume that we are all more or less acquainted with religion, and scientific study is an occupation so familiar that it requires no definition. The question is, What effect does the exercise of scientific study normally have upon the religious beliefs of the student? Doubtless all who read this discussion have some religious beliefs; it is not necessary to inquire specifically what they are. But I raise the question, Does scientific study develop them, make them clearer, more distinct, and fuller in content, or does it tend to dissipate them, cause us to hold them in less high esteem, dwarf them, and ultimately trample them underfoot? If the normal effect is deleterious, how are we to counteract this effect and preserve a healthy, vigorous development of both our religious and scientific faculties? If we ascertain the effect upon our particular beliefs, we may infer what will be the effect upon any religious beliefs.

In order to understand the relations which exist between science and religion, let us examine the sources of confidence in our scientific and religious convictions.

To begin with, we may assume the truth of the fundamental proposition, "I exist"; I think no one will deny this for himself. Upon analysis we find that, practically, we apprehend somewhat that is not ourselves in two ways. We become conscious, through what we call *sensations*, of a world outside ourselves, which we call the material universe. We become conscious, through what we call *emotions*, of a somewhat which is not ourselves, to which, however, in every analysis of experience we are unable to find ourselves unrelated. In my analysis this latter somewhat is conceived of as having various attributes. As matter is conceived of as extended, as exhibiting differences in weight, as it impresses me through the different sense-channels of sight, hearing, and taste, so this other somewhat has qualities of truth, of beauty, of goodness, perceived through the various emotions I exercise. And if at any moment I find my mind wavering in doubt as to the validity of my conceptions of the latter kind, I am brought to reason by the thought that if any reliance may be placed on the inference that behind the sensations of form, weight, color, and so forth, there really does exist substantial matter, with the same degree of confidence I may infer that behind the emotions of love and hate, of hope and fear, and of faith, there is a substantial ground of which the emotions themselves testify. The substantial ground of our emotions is contrasted with matter under the names spirit and spiritual, but when it is contrasted with the material universe it is God. As Jesus said to the woman at the well of Samaria, "God is a spirit: and they that worship him must wor-

ship him in spirit and in truth,"—"in truth" implying accord, true communion requiring spiritual harmony.

By this analysis we find that each of us is a conscious ego, oriented, through our sensations, in the midst of a universe of matter, the limits of which we are unable to apprehend; this ego is also oriented, through our emotions, in the midst of an infinity of God, the limits of which in like manner we are unable to apprehend. Starting thus with the conscious self, of the existence of which we are more certain than of anything beside, we attain a conviction regarding the existence of matter and regarding the existence of God *immediately*, but by different modes of consciousness.

The definitions we apply to the universe of matter are only analyses of the relations we bear to matter through our senses; and the definitions we apply to God are only analyses of the relations we bear to God through our emotions.

Science is engaged in the consideration of matter, and although the methods of intellectual thought which are called forth in such analysis may be applied in the discussion of any propositions we may formulate, science particularly deals with the experience of our sense-organs, and therefore differs essentially from religion in the same way that sensations differ from emotions. The study of science begins very early. The infant in its first stages of consciousness does not grasp the fundamental distinctions of science, and reaches for the moon with the same spontaneous avidity with which it grasps an orange. The difference between the infant and the astronomer is that the latter has learned how to interpret sensations into relative distance, and the infant has not. Sensations are immediate, but the formulation of sensations into a universe is the result of scientific study. The astronomer who tells us that the moon is 240,000 miles distant is giving us a brief formulated expression for the innumerable and complex sensations of eye and touch which have been made in the measurement of standards, and in the computation of the distance to the moon.

Again, the child does not at first know that a piece of coal on the floor is not good to eat, nor, having tasted only sugar, can he distinguish sugar from salt. The chemist knows more, only by his own or others' sense experience of the qualities of each.

The method of reaching such scientific knowledge from the state of ignorant consciousness of the infant is one of accumulating sense impressions, of their coördination and classification, and of the intellectual formulating of them into language. It is a process of close observation, of noting the differences and likenesses, or, in general, of noting the relations between the various sense impressions. The confidence we place in the results of scientific study, resting fundamentally in the confidence that our senses always tell us the truth regarding the universe of matter outside, causes scientific study to magnify the importance of sensations as a means of apprehending truth.

Not only this, but the constant, minute, and rigid application of the mind to the scientific analysis of sensations so absorbs and fascinates the attention of the scientist that nothing else seems real to him; the increasing margin of darkness humiliates him, and he presses forward with redoubled energy, oblivious to all beside. Meanwhile, his emotional nature, at first neglected, soon becomes torpid, and finally reaches that state of atrophy so calmly depicted in the confessions of the greatest of our modern scientists—a state as pitiably abnormal as the paralysis of the permanently uplifted arm of the Hindu fakir.

As I compare my present attitude with that I used to occupy, I find my reverence for God has grown, while I have lost a kind of sense of familiarity with God. The change impresses me as similar to the change of attitude toward my father. As a very young child, I remember sitting on his lap, his telling me interesting tales, singing lullabys to me, and his attitude of sympathy with my childish views. As we grew older, the dignity with which he treated me, the reverence with which I treated him, both increased. For a time the more I grew in knowledge, the more his greater knowledge and judgment impressed me. Still later I approached nearer to him, but here the analogy ceases; in boyhood the first effect of growth was removal from the familiarity of childhood. Such a change, I conceive, has taken place in my relation to God. I was brought up to have profound respect for the authority of the Word of God; and with unquestioning faith, whether I understood it or not, it was a law to me; in every particular its account of natural facts was accepted as the type of truth.

My studies of science—that is, of the phenomenal universe—gave me another witness, which at first I did not recognize as another form of the Word of God. In my first conception of geology I believed that the world was made in six ordinary days. When I learned to read the world, I read there that it was made in thousands and millions of years. The discrepancy did not permanently disturb me; it enlarged my conception of God. This will, I presume, be a strange confession to some minds; but again I remember what it is to take the little doll of my baby in my arms, sing to it, put it in bed, and tell her, "Hush, my child; don't wake the dolly."

Is this deception? Is it even poetry? What do I mean when I thus say that cold or noise

will disturb a china doll? There is no deception—no poetry: the child knows precisely what I mean. To her it means, "He loves me, can enter into my thoughts, and sympathize in my greatest pleasure," and that is precisely what my words communicate to her, and not any information regarding the nature of the bit of clay which is the precious dolly of her childish mind. And we all know what this is; we speak to children in children's language, not in scientific Latin. So I take it that no revelation can reach our minds unless it be expressed in terms which we can understand. And when I look into the old books of the Bible, I do not expect to find instruction in those things which I know cannot now be understood except as the result of exhaustive scientific research. Nature is open to us, but her secrets must be sought out and interpreted. Nature never tells us a lie, but we often misinterpret her; and this gives us no ground for doubt. As we have become better acquainted with science, our formulas have changed, but nature has not changed, nor has the content of her revelation changed. Phlogiston expressed in the seventeenth century all that was known of the principle of fire. Heat will some day as imperfectly hold the story of the burning coal as phlogiston does to-day. Hence I conclude that the genuineness of a written revelation purporting to come from God is to be determined not by the scientific precision of its language, but by the perfection with which it portrays the religious content which it sets out to reveal.

When I say, then, that I can discharge the mathematical element from the story of creation in Genesis without discarding it as a revelation, I treat it only as I am accustomed to treat nature, only as I act out my life. So in using the Bible, we should treat it as a revelation of truth, as I treat nature as a revelation of truth; and I am not interested in either case to find out the thousand ways in which it can be misconstrued.

The scientific student never thinks that the universe of matter is merely a substantialization of his sensations; so, to suppose that God is a personifying of our emotions does not appear to me reasonable. In both cases we build up by intellectual processes the fuller fields of our experience, and when thus elaborated, the one is science, and the other is religion. They are contrasted outside; they meet within our consciousness. In religion, faith, hope, love, righteousness, glory, peace, joy are terms expressing with as great degree of certainty a reality objective to our emotions as sweet, sour, hard, soft, bright, blue, yellow express a reality objective to our senses.

But if these are objective realities, how do we learn of them? As formulated science is the result of the observations made by thousands of sense-observers, accumulating and comparing their experiences of the relations of matter, so formulated religion is the result of the communings of thousands of holy men who have recorded the results of their religious communings with God. For us the record of these communings is called revelation, and is preserved in the sacred writings called the Bible.

A difficulty, and I am often of the opinion that it is one of the greatest difficulties the earnest scientific student meets in his religious life, is to believe in the accuracy of the Bible. The scientific student is accustomed to accuracy of statement. He says it is not accurate to call an apple blue, or to say that iron is lighter than water, but allows that it is not untrue to state that the sun rises and sets, although the scientist knows that the relative motion thus indicated is directly due to the revolution of the earth. Nevertheless, the fact is, that statements are found in the Bible which, as scientific statements, cannot be explained as even apparently true. Statements appear which can be explained, scientifically, in only one of two ways: either they are inaccurate statements of the facts, or the facts recorded differ from those now known to science as natural; as the account of Eve's creation, the sun standing still for Joshua, the account of Jonah, and others. The part of these stories which is unscientific cannot be explained away without destruction of the plain intent of the story itself.

What shall we do with such inconsistencies? Shall we continue to believe in the validity of a Bible which makes inaccurate statements? I say, Yes, with full understanding of the apparently unscientific attitude taken. But I do it as a scientific student seeking to get whatever truth there may be revealed in the Bible. And to explain why, let me take you to a picture-gallery. We find on the canvas representations of men, faces, figures, or scenes of various kinds which we call pictures. If we analyze them scientifically, we find only canvas covered with variously colored paints. To-day we can all recall such a picture of Washington.[1] We may study the picture in many ways; each element on the canvas may be dissected; each individual spot is of some particular color, which scientifically we may define as a color of a certain position in the spectrum; it is mathematically expressed as so many vibrations in the thousandth of a second; and the color on the canvas may not agree scientifically with any color seen in the human face. Again, we may examine the mode of putting on the paint, the artist's technic, his method of producing an effect, and criticize it as de-

1 This address was first delivered on Washington's Birthday.

ficient in tone, and consider its faults or beauties as a painting. Again we may examine it as a reproduction of anatomy. It is well or ill drawn, it has given wrong curves or expressions to features, the nose is too thin, one eye is higher than the other. In any of these aspects the picture may be criticized, and it is probable that no picture on any canvas can escape such criticism unscathed. But we have not yet seen in the picture that which alone the picture is. We look at it again to find what Washington was, what it was the artist painted. And when we examine it for this purpose, we find it essential to put it in a particular light; we must stand before it in the attitude intended by the artist, and even then we must have the artistic sense to interpret it truthfully. When we have done all this, we find that the artist did not photograph the face he was reproducing. The artist studied the man, saw him in his various moods and postures, and became filled with a conception of Washington —Washington the general — the president of an infant republic — the founder of a nation—Washington the man: such is the conception portrayed on the canvas. No photograph could catch that with which the artist was inspired; the canvas preserves his inspiration, and all else is trivial compared with it. Until we have seen that, we have not seen the picture, and there is no other purpose in the picture.

Scientific study has made the Bible a gallery of such portraits for me. Until I get out of the Bible those truths with which its writers were inspired, I get nothing; and apprehending them, I care nothing for the criticisms of the artist's methods, or of the materials with which he worked. His very disregard of details which a soulless photograph would have preserved only emphasizes his meaning. What he leaves out, and what, with coarse brush, he dashes in for color, are alike essential to the expression of those profound truths which only holy men as they were inspired of God have ever been able to portray. I fear no criticism of the imperfections of this gallery of paintings. The microscope of the scientist, or of the philologist, or of the historian, may detect many a flaw, but the very flaws help us to catch more truthfully the artist's meaning.

Too many generations of noble human folk have looked on those written pictures and caught new glimpses of God. The light coming from them is too brilliantly reflected in all that is good in Christendom to leave any doubt as to their reality. If the undevout astronomer is mad, what shall we say of the geologist who can despise that unique portrait of Elohim creating the universe, because it makes no place for the Cambrian fauna? What grander or more divine conception of the creation was ever framed than that which likens the original materialization of the universe to the vocal articulation of thought? In the beginning God spoke, and it was.

While I realize a growing appreciation of the Bible, and estimate its every detail as of priceless value, it seems to me true that as a body of formulas it is essential to translate the original in other ways than into the English language. In the old attitude there is a definite belief that there is something fixed, and formulated, and perfected long ago in regard to beliefs, what they are and what they should be regarding God and regarding religious things. As Saul found in the law and the ritual of the Pharisees a sharply defined body of law to which he conscientiously sought to conform his actions, so to-day there is a devout reverence for the particular details of form and shade of belief as they are taught in formulated creeds. The fundamental difference which I notice between this and the attitude of the scientific student is that he considers no formulated expressions of belief as permanently satisfactory.

This, I think, is a direct result of the study of science; for my study of science has demonstrated to me that although the laws of nature are so permanent that the very thought of a possibility of their irregularity would produce a mental vertigo destructive to thought, the most precise formulas of science defining these laws are only imperfect expressions of the truth. As we run back in history and compare them, we find that one after another of these formulas has changed, and indeed the most convincing proof of the change is seen in the fact that we now are studying more earnestly than ever, and constantly adjusting our formulas so as better to express the truth. If, then, we know science but imperfectly, if the coming generation will modify the best expressions of knowledge that we can now formulate, it is difficult to escape the inference that no formulations can be framed by man which do not hold the imperfection of the general thought of the time when they were composed. Underlying this view is the more general one, that while it is conceivable that there is absolute truth, all representations of it are imperfect; that the attempt to formulate any conception is but the emphasizing of what are to the man formulating it the chief or primary elements of the conception. That which determines which are primary, and which are less or more important, is the attitude of the man, his particular view; hence any formulation must reflect in some measure the point of view of its author, or of the age when it was framed.

Formulated truth, then, has become to me a body of evidence that requires constant adjustment to modern thought. We must constantly study such formulated truth as that in the Christian Bible, so as to adjust it to our growing

understanding. The content remains the same, but the use of words, force in illustration, the real, thought-transmitting capacity of language, each is modified by the environment; just as the transmission of electricity is modified by the condition of the wire. And as language is purely symbolic, the receiver's knowledge of the symbols determines his capacity to receive what was sent by the transmitter.

Formulas are not at fault, but scientific study begets a changed attitude toward formulas. The study of science begets a respect for truth itself. In the study of nature we become so accustomed to having the truth always told us,— we are so constantly reminded that if an error occurs in our results it is our error, not an error of nature,— that we are looking constantly and everywhere for the truth. And the real student of science expects everything that exists to have something concealed to reveal to him who is able to question it aright. By the real student of science, I do not mean the man who has merely a quick, retentive memory for form and color, and is a mere observer, filled with knowledge of outward things; but I mean the man who, becoming acquainted with her phenomena, invites nature inside his senses, and there communes with her. Reverence for truth so dominates such a man that he cannot consciously entertain a lie. To misrepresent is to him a sin, and the thought that any one could knowingly formulate as true that which is false is repugnant to him. Hence we cannot conceive honestly framed formulas as untruthful, but when we get no truth from them the scientific attitude is that we do not understand the formula.

The result of deep scientific study, it seems to me, is to develop precision in distinguishing true from false formulations of our conceptions, to such a degree that the personal elements of religious belief become more sharply distinguished, so that the devout scientist may be constantly growing in the fullness of his religious belief, and still, all along the way, be dropping out tenets which he had held to — dropping them as he found them not elements of the truth which he grasped. The richness of his religious conceptions will grow by study, as those of his sensuous conceptions grow with his scientific study. But the study which brings development is study of the religious emotions, which must be experienced if we would get the truth. The mere study of theological dogmas is no better than the mere study of text-books on science: in both cases it is only a study of formulas. The man who would grow in knowledge of religious truth must exercise his religious faculties.

This is the direct teaching of scientific study. No man can become acquainted with even the rudiments of science without exercising his sense-faculties — without meeting nature face to face, and noting, analyzing, and formulating the results of such experience. Can we expect more easily to get acquainted with religious truth? Can we expect to find out God without communing with him? For their healthy development the emotions also require exercise and training, and this development will be purely sensuous unless it be religious. We cannot learn science at second hand, but must seek nature directly if we would be true scientists; so metaphysical speculations about our emotions are far from religious exercises. Religion does not consist of emotions any more than science consists of sensations. God, and our relations to him, must be conceived before emotions become religious.

While science may assist in developing correct morals, it is the province of religion to reveal to us the rightness and wrongness of emotions, and to kindle right emotions within us. The qualities of rightness and wrongness bear the same relation to an emotion that trueness and falseness do to our scientific conceptions. The cultivation of right emotions — this is the practice of religion. What are these emotions? They are faith, hope, love, as generic groups; kindness, appreciation, sympathy, and a thousand other species that are named in the vocabulary of the perfect Christian. These are not morals: morals have to do with the objective acts; these are emotions or affections of the soul, and they can be conceived of entirely separate from works; but they have moral value. The ultimate object of these emotions religion formulates under the name of God. Perfect loveliness, the perfect object of trust, the perfect end of all hope, what are these but attributes of God alone?

The scientist is accustomed to such conceptions. He defines matter as the ultimate essence of light, the ultimate essence of sound, the pure basis of his senses of feeling; but is God more an abstraction than is matter? Is the analysis which science gives us of our sensations to be accorded any greater credence than the analysis which religion gives us of our emotions? These thoughts lead us down into the inner depths of the soul, and there we may best answer these questions for ourselves.

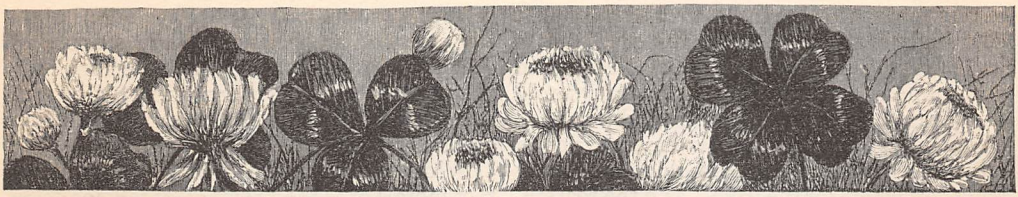
Science exercises and develops functions which are not essentially antagonistic to religion; but they are *not* the functions of religion, and if they be given first place in our interest, religious growth must deteriorate in proportion to its neglect. The functions of religion must be exercised, or they will become incapable of action; they must be educated or they will become weak and useless. Scientific study, though extremely fascinating, though it fills us with exalted notions of the complexity of the universe, and of the wonderful harmony of its

correlations, leads us to no hope; we find in it only stern, relentless law; it has no feeling, and its end is certain death.

And what does it profit unless we keep alive those religious functions which conduct us to that other world of religious belief? As Mr. Howells has so perfectly said:

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed field of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where he dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

H. S. Williams.



THE GIPSY TRAIL.

THE white moth to the closing bine,
The bee to the opened clover,
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world,
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,
Out of the grime and the gray
(Morning waits at the end of the world),
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,
The red crane to her reed,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad
By the tie of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world,
Where winds unhaltered play,
Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks
Till the white sea-horses neigh.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,
The buck to the stony plain,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!
Out on a clean sea-track—
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran
North where the blue bergs sail,
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran
Sheer to the Austral Light,
Where the besom of God is the wild west wind,
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

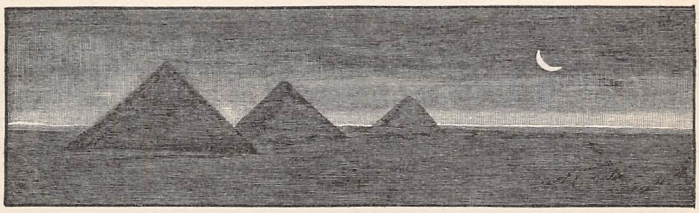
Follow the Romany patteran
  West to the sinking sun,
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,
  And the east and the west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran
  East where the silence broods
By a purple wave on an opal beach
  In the hush of the Mahim woods.

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
  The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
  As it was in the days of old.

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid—
  Light of my tents, be fleet!
Morning waits at the end of the world,
  And the world is all at our feet!

Rudyard Kipling.



BALCONY STORIES.

THE BALCONY.

THERE is much of life passed on the balcony in a country where the summer unrolls in six moon-lengths, and where the nights have to come with a double endowment of vastness and splendor to compensate for the tedious, sun-parched days.

And in that country the women love to sit and talk together of summer nights, on balconies, in their vague, loose, white garments,—men are not balcony sitters,—with their sleeping children within easy hearing, the stars breaking the cool darkness, or the moon making a show of light—oh, such a discreet show of light!—through the vines. And the children inside, waking to go from one sleep into another, hear the low, soft mother-voices on the balcony, talking about this person and that, old times, old friends, old experiences; and it seems to them, hovering a moment in wakefulness, that there is no end of the world or time, or of the mother-knowledge; but illimitable as it is, the mother-voices and the mother-love and protection fill it all,—with their mother's hand in theirs, children are not afraid even of God,—and they drift into slumber again, their little dreams taking all kinds of pretty reflections from the great unknown horizon outside, as their fragile soap-bubbles take on reflections from the sun and clouds.

Experiences, reminiscences, episodes, picked up as only women know how to pick them up from other women's lives,—or other women's destinies, as they prefer to call them,—and told as only women know how to relate them; what God has done or is doing with some other woman whom they have known—that is what interests women once embarked on their own lives,—the embarkation takes place at marriage, or after the marriageable time,—or, rather, that is what interests the women who sit of summer nights on balconies. For in those long-moon countries, life is open and accessible, and romances seem to be furnished real and gratis, in order to save, in a languor-breeding climate, the ennui of reading and writing books. Each woman has a different way of picking up and relating her stories, as each one selects different pieces, and has a personal way of playing them on the piano.

Each story *is* different, or appears so to her; each has some unique and peculiar pathos in it. And so she dramatizes and inflects it, trying to make the point visible to her apparent also to her hearers. Sometimes the pathos and interest to the hearers lie only in this—that the relater has observed it, and gathered it, and finds it worth telling. For do we not gather what we

have not, and is not our own lacking our one motive? It may be so, for it often appears so.

And if a child inside be wakeful and precocious, it is not dreams alone that take on reflections from the balcony outside: through the half-open shutters the still, quiet eyes look across the dim forms on the balcony to the star-spangled or the moon-brightened heavens beyond; while memory makes stores for the future, and germs are sown, out of which the slow, clambering vine of thought issues, one day, to decorate or hide, as it may be, the structures or ruins of life.

A DRAMA OF THREE.

It was a regular dramatic performance every first of the month in the little cottage of the old General and Madame B——.

It began with the waking up of the General by his wife, standing at the bedside with a cup of black coffee.

"Hé! Ah! Oh, Honorine! Yes; the first of the month, and affairs — affairs to be transacted."

On those mornings when affairs were to be transacted there was not much leisure for the household; and it was Honorine who constituted the household. Not the old dressing-gown and slippers, the old, old trousers, and the antediluvian neck-foulard of other days! Far from it. It was a case of warm water (with even a fling of cologne in it), of the trimming of beard and mustache by Honorine, and the black broadcloth suit, and the brown satin stock, and that *je ne sais quoi de dégagé* which no one could possess or assume like the old General. Whether he possessed or assumed it is an uncertainty which hung over the fine manners of all the gentlemen of his day, who were kept through their youth in Paris to cultivate *bon ton* and an education.

It was also something of a gala-day for Madame la Générale too; as it must be a gala-day for all old wives to see their husbands pranked in the manners and graces that had conquered their maidenhood, and exhaling once more that ambrosial fragrance which once so well incensed their compelling presence.

Ah, to the end a woman loves to celebrate her conquest! It is the last touch of misfortune with her to lose in the old, the ugly, and the commonplace her youthful lord and master. If one could look under the gray hairs and wrinkles with which time thatches old women one would be surprised to see the flutterings, the quiverings, the thrills, the emotions, the coals of the heart-fires which death alone extinguishes, when he commands the tenant to vacate.

Honorine's hands chilled with the ice of sixteen as she approached scissors to the white mustache and beard. When her finger-tips brushed those lips, still well formed and roseate, she felt it, strange to say, on her lips. When she asperged the warm water with cologne,—it was her secret delight and greatest effort of economy to buy this cologne,—she always had one little moment of what she called faintness—that faintness which had veiled her eyes, and chained her hands, and stilled her throbbing bosom, when as a bride she came from the church with him. It was then she noticed the faint fragrance of the cologne bath. Her lips would open as they did then, and she would stand for a moment and think thoughts to which, it must be confessed, she looked forward from month to month. What a man he had been! In truth, he belonged to a period that would accept nothing less from Nature than physical beauty; and Nature is ever subservient to the period. If it is to-day all small men, and to-morrow gnomes and dwarfs, we may know that the period is demanding them from Nature.

When the General had completed — let it be called no less than the ceremony of — his toilet, he took his chocolate and his *pain de Paris*. Honorine could not imagine him breakfasting on anything but *pain de Paris*. Then he sat himself in his large arm-chair before his escritoire, and began transacting his affairs with the usual—

"But where is that idiot, that dolt, that sluggard, that snail, with my mail?"

Honorine, busy in the breakfast-room:

"In a moment, husband. In a moment."

"But he should be here now. It is the first of the month, it is nine o'clock, I am ready; he should be here."

"It is not yet nine o'clock, husband."

"Not yet nine! Not yet nine! Am I not up? Am I not dressed? Have I not breakfasted before nine?"

"That is so, husband. That is so."

Honorine's voice, prompt in cheerful acquiescence, came from the next room, where she was washing his cup, saucer, and spoon.

"It is getting worse and worse every day. I tell you, Honorine, Pompey must be discharged. He is worthless. He is trifling. Discharge him! Discharge him! Do not have him about! Chase him out of the yard! Chase him as soon as he makes his appearance! Do you hear, Honorine?"

"You must have a little patience, husband."

It was perhaps the only reproach one could make to Madame Honorine, that she never learned by experience.

"Patience! Patience! Patience is the invention of dullards and sluggards. In a well-regulated world there should be no need of such a thing as patience. Patience should be punished as a crime, or at least as a breach of the peace. Wherever patience is found, police investigation should be made as for smallpox.

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"WHERE IS THAT IDIOT, THAT DOLT, THAT SLUGGARD, THAT SNAIL, WITH MY MAIL?"

Patience! Patience! I never heard the word — I assure you, I never heard the word in Paris. What do you think would be said there to the messenger who craved patience of you? Oh, they know too well in Paris — a rataplan from the walking-stick on his back, that would be the answer; and a, 'My good fellow, we are not hiring professors of patience, but legs.'"

"But, husband, you must remember we do not hire Pompey. He only does it to oblige us, out of his kindness."

"Oblige us! Oblige me! Kindness! A negro oblige me! Kind to me! That is it; that is it. That is the way to talk under the new régime. It is favor, and oblige, and education, and monsieur, and madame, now. What child's play to call this a country — a government! I would not be surprised" — jumping to his next position on this ever-recurring first of the month theme — "I would not be surprised if Pompey has failed to find the letter in the box. How do I know that the mail has not been tampered with? From day to day I expect to hear it. What is to prevent? Who is to interpose? The honesty of the officials? Honesty of officials — that is good! What a farce — honesty of officials! That is evidently what has happened. The thought has not occurred to me in vain. Pompey has gone. He has not found the letter, and — well; that is the end. I predict. That is the end."

But the General had still another theory to account for the delay in the appearance of his mail, which he always posed abruptly after the exhaustion of the arraignment of the post-office.

"And why not Journel?" Journel was their landlord, a fellow of means, but no extraction, and a favorite aversion of the old gentleman's. "Journel himself? You think he is above it, *hé?* You think Journel would not do such a thing? Ha! your simplicity, Honorine — your simplicity is incredible. It is miraculous. I tell you, I have known the Journels, from father to son, for — yes, for seventy-five years. Was not his grandfather the overseer on my father's plantation? I was not five years old when I began to know the Journels. And this fellow, I know him better than he knows himself. I know him as well as God knows him. I have made up my mind. I have made it up carefully that the first time that letter fails on the first of the month I shall have Journel arrested as a thief. I shall land him in the penitentiary. What! You think I shall submit to have my mail tampered with by a Journel? Their contents appropriated? What! You think there was no coincidence in Journel's offering me his post-office box just the month — just the month before those letters began to arrive? You think he did not have some inkling of them? Mark my words, Honorine, he did — by some of his subterranean methods. And all these five years he has been arranging his plans — that is all. He was arranging theft, which no doubt has been consummated to-day. Oh, I have regretted it — I

assure you I have regretted it, that I did not promptly reject his proposition, that, in fact, I ever had anything to do with the fellow."

It was almost invariably, so regularly do events run in this world,—it was almost invariably that the negro messenger made his appearance at this point. For five years the General had perhaps not been interrupted as many times, either above or below the last sentence. The mail, or rather the letter, was opened, and the usual amount—three ten-dollar bills—was carefully extracted and counted. And as if he scented the bills, even as the General said he did, within ten minutes after their delivery, Journel made his appearance to collect the rent.

It could only have been in Paris, among that old retired nobility who counted their names back, as they expressed it, "au de çà du déluge," that could have been acquired the proper manner of treating a "roturier" landlord: to measure him with the eyes from head to foot; to hand the rent—the ten-dollar bill—with the tips of the fingers; to scorn a look at the humbly tendered receipt; to say: "The cistern needs repairing, the roof leaks; I must warn you that unless such notifications meet with more prompt attention than in the past, you must look for another tenant," etc., in the monotonous tone of supremacy, and in the French, not of Journel's dictionary, nor of the dictionary of any such as he, but in the French of Racine and Corneille; in the French of the above suggested circle, which inclosed the General's memory, if it had not inclosed—as he never tired of recounting—his star-like personality. A sheet of paper always infolded the bank-notes. It always bore, in fine but sexless tracery, "From one who owes you much."

There, that was it, that sentence, which, like a locomotive, bore the General and his wife far on these firsts of the month to two opposite points of the horizon, in fact, one from the other—"From one who owes you much."

The old gentleman would toss the paper aside with the bill receipt. In the man to whom the bright New Orleans itself almost owed its brightness, it was a paltry act to search and pick for a debtor. Friends had betrayed and deserted him; relatives had forgotten him; merchants had failed with his money; bank presidents had stooped to deceive him: for he was an old man, and had about run the gamut of human disappointments—a gamut that had begun with a C major of trust, hope, happiness, and money.

His political party had thrown him aside. Neither for ambassador, plenipotentiary, senator, congressman, not even for a clerkship, could he be nominated by it. Certes! "From one who owed him much." He had fitted the cap to a new head, the first of every month, for five years, and still the list was not exhausted. Indeed, it would have been hard for the General to look anywhere and not see some one whose obligations to him far exceeded this thirty dollars a month. Could he avoid being happy with such eyes?

But poor Madame Honorine! She who always gathered up the receipts, and the "From one who owes you much"; who could at an instant's warning produce the particular ones for any month of the past half-decade. She kept them filed, not only in her armoire, but the scrawled papers—skewered, as it were, somewhere else—where women from time immemorial have skewered such unsigned papers. She was not original in her thoughts—no more, for the matter of that, than the General was. Tapped at any time on the first of the month, when she would pause in her drudgery to reimpale her heart by a sight of the written characters on the scrap of paper, her thoughts would have been found flowing thus, "One can give everything, and yet be sure of nothing."

When Madame Honorine said "everything," she did not, as women in such cases often do, exaggerate. When she married the General, she in reality gave the youth of sixteen the beauty (ah, do not trust the denial of those wrinkles, the thin hair, the faded eyes!) of an angel, the dot of an heiress. Alas! It was too little at the time. Had she in her own person united all the youth, all the beauty, all the wealth, sprinkled parsimoniously so far and wide over all the women in this land, would she at that time have done aught else with this, than immolate it on the burning pyre of the General's affection? "And yet be sure of nothing."

It is not necessary, perhaps, to explain that last clause. It is very little consolation for wives that their husbands have forgotten, when some one else remembers. Some one else! Ah, there could be so many some one elses in the General's life, for in truth he had been irresistible to excess. But this was one particular some one else who had been faithful for five years. Which one?

When Madame Honorine solves that enigma she has made up her mind how to act.

As for Journel, it amused him more and more. He would go away from the little cottage rubbing his hands with pleasure (he never saw Madame Honorine, by the way, only the General). He would have given far more than thirty dollars a month for this drama; for he was not only rich, but a great *farceur*.

Grace King.

PAINTED BY M. L. MACOMBER. SEE "OPEN LETTERS." ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

"YOU 'LL WANT TO COME UP TO THE HOUSE, AND SAY GOOD-BY."

SERENE'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE; AN INLAND STORY.

SERENE and young Jessup, the school-teacher, were leaning over the front gate together in the warm summer dusk.

"See them sparkin' out there?" inquired Serene's father, standing at the door with his hands in his pockets, and peering out speculatively.

"Now, father, when you know that ain't Serene's line."

It was Mrs. Sayles who spoke. Perhaps there was the echo of a faint regret in her voice, for she wished to see her daughter "respectit like the lave"; but "sparkin'" had never been Serene's line.

"Serene would n't know how," said her big brother.

"There 's other things that 's a worse waste o' time," observed Mr. Sayles, meditatively, "and one on 'em 's 'Doniram Jessup's everlastin' talk-talk-talkin' to no puppus. He 's none so smart if he does teach school. He 'd do better on the farm with his father."

"He 's more 'n three hundred dollars ahead, and goin' to strike out for himself, he says," observed the big brother, admiringly.

"Huh! My son, I 've seen smart young men strike out for themselves 'fore ever you was born, and I 've seen their fathers swim out after 'em — and sink," said Mr. Sayles, oracularly.

Outside, the June twilight was deepening, but Serene and the school-teacher still leaned tranquilly over the picket-gate. The fragrance of the lemon-lilies that grew along the fence was in the air, and over Serene's left shoulder, if she had turned to look, she would have seen the slight yellow crescent of the new moon sliding down behind the trees.

They were talking eagerly, but it was only about what he had written in regard to "Theory and Practice" at the last county examination.

"I think you carry out your ideas real well," Serene said admiringly when he had finished his exposition. "'T is n't everybody does that. I know I 've learned a good deal more this term than I ever thought to when I started in."

The teacher was visibly pleased. He was a slight, wiry little fellow with alert eyes, a cynical smile, and an expression of self-confidence which was justifiable only on the supposition that he had valuable information as to his talents and capacity unknown to the world at large.

"I think you *have* learned a good deal of me," he observed condescendingly; "more than any of the younger ones. I have taken some pains with you. It 's a pleasure to teach willing learners."

At this morsel of praise, expressed in such a strikingly original manner, Serene flushed and looked prettier than ever. She was always pretty, this slip of a girl with olive skin, pink cheeks, and big dark eyes, and she always looked a little too decorative, too fanciful, for her environment in this substantial brick farm-house set in the midst of fat, level acres of good Ohio land. It was as if a Dresden china shepherdess had been put upon their kitchen mantel-shelf.

Don Jessup stooped, and picked a cluster of the pink wild rosebuds whose bushes were scattered along the road outside the fence, and handed them to her with an admiring look. Why, he scarcely knew; it is as involuntary and natural a thing for any one to pay passing tribute to a pretty girl as for the summer wind to kiss the clover. Serene read the momentary impulse better than he did himself, and took the buds with deepening color and a beating heart.

"He gives them to me because he thinks I look like that," she thought with a quick, happy thrill.

"Yes," he went on, rather confusedly, his mind being divided between what he was saying and a curiosity to find out if she would be as angry as she was the last time if he should try to kiss the nearest pink cheek; "I think it would be a good idea for you to keep on with your algebra by yourself, and you might read that history you began. I don't know who 's going to have the school next fall. Now, if I were going to be here this summer, I —"

"Why, Don," Serene interrupted him, using the name she had not often spoken since Adoniram Jessup, after a couple of years in the High School, had come back to live at home, and to teach in their district, — "Why, Don, I

thought your mother said you were going to help on the farm this summer."

Adoniram smiled, a thin-lipped, complacent little smile.

"Father did talk that some, but I 've decided to go West — and I start to-morrow."

To-morrow! And that great, hungry West, which swallows people up so remorselessly! Something ailed Serene's heart; she hoped he could not hear it beating, and she waited a minute before saying quietly:

"Is n't this sort of sudden?"

"I don't like to air my plans too much. There 's many a slip, you know."

"You 'll want to come up to the house, and say good-by to the folks, and tell us all about it?" As he nodded assent, she turned and preceded him up the narrow path.

"When will you be back?" she asked over her shoulder.

"Maybe never. If I have any luck I 'd like the old people to come out to me. I 'm not leaving anything else here."

"You need n't have told *me* so," said Serene to herself.

"Father, boys, here 's Don come in to say good-by. He 's going West to-morrow."

"Well, 'Doniram Jessup! Why don't you give us a s'prise party and be done with it?"

Don smiled cheerfully at this tribute to his secretive powers, and, sitting down on the edge of the porch, began to explain.

Serene glanced around to see that all were listening, and then slipped quietly out through the kitchen to the high back porch, where she found a seat behind the new patent "creamery," and, leaning her head against it, indulged in the luxury of a few dry sobs. Tears she dared not shed, for tears leave traces. Though "sparkin'" had not been Serene's line, love may come to any human creature, and little Serene had learned more that spring than the teacher had meant to impart or she to acquire.

When the five minutes she had allotted to her grief were past, she went back to the group at the front of the house as unnoticed as she had left them. Her father was chaffing Jessup good-naturedly on his need of more room to grow in, and Don was responding with placid ease. It was not chaff, indeed, that could disturb his convictions as to his personal importance to the development of the great West. Presently he rose and shook hands with them all, including herself, — for whom he had no special word, — said a general good-by, and left them.

"He 's thinking of himself," thought Serene a little bitterly, as she watched him go down the yard; "he is so full of his plans and his future he hardly knows I am here. I don't believe he ever knew it!"

To most people the loss of the possible affection of Don Jessup would not have seemed a heavy one, but the human heart is an incomprehensible thing, and the next six weeks were hard for Serene. For the first time in her life she realized how much we can want that which we may not have, and she rebelled against the knowledge.

"Why?" she asked herself, and "why?" Why should she have cared, since he, it seemed, did not? Why could n't she stop caring now? And, oh, why had he been so dangerously kind when he did not care? Poor little Serene! she did not know that we involuntarily feel a tenderness almost as exquisite as that of love itself toward whatever feeds the fountain of our vanity.

Presently, tired of asking herself, she turned to asking Heaven, which is easier. For we cannot comfortably blame ourselves for the inability to answer our own inconvenient inquiries, but Heaven we can both ask and blame. Serene had never troubled Heaven much before, but now, in desperation, she battered at its portals night and day. She did not pray, you understand, to be given the love which many small signs had taught her to believe might be hers, the love that nevertheless had not come near to her. Though young, she was reasonable. She instinctively recognized that when we cannot be happy it is necessary for us to be comfortable, if we are still to live. So, after a week or two of rebellion, she asked for peace, sure that if it existed for her anywhere in the universe, God held it in his keeping, for, now, no mortal did.

She prayed as she went about her work by day; she prayed as she knelt by her window at evening looking out on the star-lit world; she prayed when she woke late in the night and found her room full of the desolate white light of the waning moon, and always the same prayer.

"Lord," said Serene, "this is a little thing that I am going through. Make me feel that it is a little thing. Make me stop caring. But if you *can't*, then show me that you care that I 'm not happy. If I could feel you knew and cared, I think I might be happier." But in her heart she felt no answer, and peace did not come to fill the place of happiness.

In our most miserable hours fantastic troubles and apprehensions of the impossible often come to heap themselves upon our real griefs, making up a load which is heavier than we can bear. Serene began to wonder if God heard, if he was there at all.

Her people noticed that she grew thin and tired-looking, and attributed it to the fierce hot weather. For it was the strange summer long remembered in the inland county where they lived as the season of the great drought. There had been a heavy snowfall late in April; from

that time till late in August no rain fell. The heat was terrible. Dust was everywhere; the passage of time from one scorching week to another was measured by the thickening of its heavy inches on the highway; it rose in clouds about the feet of cattle in the burnt-up clover-fields. The roadside grass turned to tinder, and where a careless match had been dropped, or the ashes shaken from a pipe, there were long black stretches of seared ground to tell the tale. The resurrection of the dead seemed no greater miracle than that these blackened fields should shortly turn to living green again, under the quiet influence of autumn rains.

And now, in the early days of August, when the skies were brass, the sun a tongue of flame, and the yellow dust pervaded the air like an ever-thickening fog, a strange story came creeping up from the country south of them. "Down in Paulding," where much of the land still lay under the primeval forest, and solitary sawmills were the advance-guards of civilization; where there were great marshes, deep woods, and one impenetrable tamarack swamp, seemed the proper place for such a thing to happen if it were to happen at all. The story was of a farmer who went out one Sunday morning to look at his corn-field, forty good acres of newly cleared land, plowed this year only for the second time. The stunted stalks quivered in the hot air, panting for water; the blades were drooping and wilted like the leaves of a plant torn up from the ground. He looked from his blasted crop to the pitiless skies, and, lifting a menacing hand, cursed Heaven because of it. Those who told the story quoted the words he used, with voices awkwardly lowered; but there was nothing impressive in his vulgar, insensate defiance. He was merely swearing a shade more imaginatively than was his wont. The impressive thing was that, as he stood with upraised hand and cursing lips, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and stood rooted to the spot, holding up the threatening arm, which was never to be lowered. This was the first story. They heard stranger things afterward: that his family were unable to remove him from the spot; that he was burning with an inward fire that did not consume, and no man dared to lay hand on him, or even approach him, because of the heat of his body.

It was said that this was clearly a judgment, and it was much talked of and wondered over. Serene listened to these stories with a singular exultation, and devoutly trusted that they were true. She had needed a visible miracle, and here was one to her hand. Why should not such things happen now as well as in Bible days? And if the Lord descended in justice, why not in mercy? The thing she hungered for was to know that he kept in touch with each individual human life, that he listened, that he cared. If he heard the voice of blasphemy, then surely he was not deaf to that of praise — or agony. She said to herself feverishly, "I must know, I must see for myself, if it is true."

She said to her father: "Don't you think I might go down to Aunt Mari's in Paulding for a week? It does seem as if it might be cooler down there in the woods," and her tired face attested her need of change and rest. He looked at her with kindly eyes.

"Don't s'pose it will do you no great harm, if your mother 'll manage without you; but your Aunt Mari's house ain't as cool as this one, Serene."

"It 's different, anyhow," said the girl, and went away to write a postal-card to Aunt Mari and to pack her valise.

When she set out, in a day or two, it was with as high a hope as ever French peasant maid went on pilgrimage to Loretto. She hoped to be cured of all her spiritual ills, but how, she hardly knew. The trip was one they often made with horses, but Serene, going alone, took the new railroad that ran southward into the heart of the forests and the swamps. Her cousin Dan, with his colt and road-cart, met her at the clearing, where a shed beside a water-tank did duty for town and station, and took her home. Her Aunt Mari was getting dinner, and, after removing her hat, Serene went out to the kitchen, and sat down on the settee. The day was stifling, and the kitchen was overheated, but Aunt Mari was standing over the stove frying ham with unimpaired serenity.

"Well, and so you thought it would be cooler down here, Serene? I 'm real glad to see you, but I can't promise much of nothin' about the weather. We 've suffered as much as most down here."

Serene saw her opportunity.

"We heard your corn was worse than it is with us. What was there in that story, Aunt Mari, about the man who was paralyzed on a Sunday morning?"

"Par'lyzed, child? I don't know as I just know what you mean."

"But he lived real near here," persisted Serene — "two miles south and three east of the station, they said. That would be just south of here. And we 've heard a good deal about it. You must know, Aunt Mari."

"Must be old man Burley's sunstroke. That 's the only thing that 's happened, and there was some talk about that. He 's a Dunkard, you know, and they are mightily set on their church. Week ago Sunday was their day for love-feast, and it was a hundred an' seven in the shade. He had n't been feelin' well, and his wife she just begged him not to go out;

but he said he guessed the Lord could n't make any weather too hot for him to go to church in. So he just hitched up and started, but he got a sunstroke before he was half-way there, and they had to turn round and bring him home again. He come to all right, but he ain't well yet. Some folks thinks what he said 'bout the weather was pretty presumpshus, but I dunno. Seems if he might use some freedom of speech with the Lord if anybody could, for he 's been a profitable servant. A good man has some rights. I don't hold with gossipin' 'bout such things, and callin' on 'em 'visitations' when they happen to better folks than me — why, Serene! what 's the matter?" in a shrill crescendo of alarm, for the heat, the journey, and the disappointment had been too much for the girl. Her head swam as she grasped the gist of her aunt's story, and perceived that upon this simple foundation must have been built the lurid tale which had drawn her here, and for the first time in her healthy, unemotional life she quietly fainted away.

When she came to herself she was lying on the bed in Aunt Mari's spare room. The spare room was under the western eaves, and there were feathers on the bed. Up the stairway from the kitchen floated the pervasive odor of frying ham. A circle of anxious people, whose presence made the stuffy room still stuffier, were eagerly watching her. Opening her languid eyes to these material discomforts of her situation, she closed them again. She felt very ill, and the only thing in her mind was the conviction that had overtaken her just as she fainted — "Then God is no nearer in Paulding than at home."

As the result of closing her eyes seemed to be the deluging of her face with water until she choked, she decided to reopen them.

"Well," said Aunt Mari, heartily, "that looks more like. How do you feel, Serene? Was n't it sing'lar that you should go off so, just when I was tellin' you 'bout 'Lishe Burley's sunstroke? I declare, I was frightened when I looked round and saw you. Your uncle would bring you up here and put you on the bed, though I told him 't was cooler in the settin'-room. But he seemed to think this was the thing to do."

"I wish he 'd take me down again," said Serene, feebly and ungratefully, "and" (after deliberation) "put me in the spring-house."

"What you need is somethin' to eat," said Aunt Mari with decision. "I 'll make you a cup of hot tea, and" (not heeding the gesture of dissent) "I don't believe that ham 's cold yet."

Serene had come to stay a week, and a week accordingly she stayed. The days were very long and very hot; the nights on the feather-bed under the eaves still longer and hotter. She had very little to say for herself, and thought still less. There is a form of despair which amounts to coma.

"Serene 's never what you might call sprightly," observed Aunt Mari in confidence to Uncle Dan'el, "but this time, seems if — well, I s'pose it 's the weather. Wonder if I 'll ever see any weather on this earth to make me stop talkin'?" It was a relief all around when the day came for her departure.

"I 'll do better next time, Aunt Mari," said Serene as she stepped aboard the train; but she did not much care that she had not done well this time.

When the short journey was half over, the train made a longer stop than usual at one of the way stations. Then, after some talking, the passengers gradually left the car. Serene noticed these things vaguely, but paid no attention to their meaning. Presently a friendly brakeman approached and touched her on the shoulder.

"Did n't you hear 'em say, miss, there was a freight wreck ahead, and we can't go on till the track is clear?"

"How long will it be?" asked Serene, slowly finding the way out of her reverie.

"Mebbe two hours now, and mebbe longer. I 'll carry your bag into the depot, if you like," and he possessed himself of the shiny black valise seamed with grayish cracks, and led the way out of the car.

The station at Arkswheel is a small and grimy structure set down on a cinder-bank. Across the street on one corner is a foundry, and opposite that a stave-factory with a lumber-yard about it. In the shadow of the piled-up staves, like a lily among thorns, stands a Gothic chapel, small, but architecturally good. Serene, looking out of the dusty window, saw it, and wondered that a church should be planted in such a place. When, presently, although it was a week-day, the bell began to ring, she turned to a woman sitting next to her for an explanation.

"That 's the church Mr. Bellington built. He owns the foundry here. They have meeting there 'most any time. 'Piscopal, it is."

"I don't know much about that denomination," observed Serene, sedately.

"My husband's sister-in-law that I visit here goes there. She says her minister just does take the cake. They think the world an' all of him."

Serene no longer looked interested. The woman rose, and walked about the room, examining the maps and time-tables. By and by she came back and stopped beside Serene.

"If we 've got to wait here till nobody knows when, we might just as well go over

there and see what 's goin' on — to the church, I mean. Mebbe 't would pass the time."

Inside the little church the light was so subdued that it almost produced the grateful effect of coolness. As they sat down behind the small and scattered congregation, Serene felt that it was a place to rest. The service, which she had never heard before, affected her like music that she did not understand. The rector was a young man with a heavily lined face. His eyes were dark and troubled, his voice sweet and penetrating. When he began his sermon she became suddenly aware that she was hearing some one to whom what he discerned of spiritual truth was the overwhelmingly important thing in life, and she listened eagerly. This was St. Bartholomew's day, it appeared. Serene did not remember very clearly who he was, but she understood this preacher when, dropping his notes and leaning over his desk, he seemed to be scrutinizing each individual face in the audience before him to find one responsive to his words.

He was not minded, he said, to talk to them of any lesson to be drawn from the life of St. Bartholomew, of whom so little was known save that he lived in and suffered for the faith. The one thought that he had to give had occurred to him in connection with that bloody night's work in France so long ago, of which this was the anniversary, when thousands were put to death because of their faith.

"Such things do not happen nowadays," he went on. "That form of persecution is over. Instead of it we have seen the dawning of what may be a darker day, when those who profess the faith of Christ have themselves turned to persecute the faith which is in their hearts. Faith — the word means to me that trust in God's plans for us which brings confidence to the soul even when we stand in horrible fear of life, and mental peace even when we are facing that which we cannot understand. We persecute our faith in many most ingenious ways, but perhaps those torture themselves most whose religion is most emotional — those who are only sure that God is with them when they feel the peace of his presence in their hearts. A great divine said long ago that to love God thus is to love him for the spiritual loaves and fishes, which he does not mean always to be our food. But for those who think that he is not with them when they are unaware of his presence so, I have this word: When you cannot find God in your hearts, then turn and look for him in your lives. When you are soul-sick, discouraged, unhappy; when you feel neither joy nor peace, nor even the comfort of a dull satisfaction in earth; when life is nothing to you, and you wish for death, then ask yourself, What does God mean by this? For there is surely some lesson for you in that pain which you must learn before you leave it. You are not so young as to believe that you were meant for happiness. You know that you were made for discipline. And the discipline of life is the learning of the things *God wishes us to know*, even in hardest ways. But he is in the things we must learn, and in the ways we learn them. There is a marginal reading of the first chapter of the revised version of the Gospel of St. John which conveys my meaning: 'That which hath been made was life in him, and the life [or, as some commentators read, and I prefer it, simply *life*] was the light of men.' That is, before Christ's coming the light of men was in the experience to be gained in the lives he gave them. And it is still true. Not his life only, then, but your life and mine, which we know to the bitter-sweet depths, and whose lessons grow clearer and clearer before us, are to guide us. Life *is* the light of men. I sometimes think that this, and this only, is rejecting Christ — to refuse to find him in the life he gives us."

Serene heard no more. What else was said she did not know. She had seized upon his words, and was applying them to her own experiences with a fast-beating heart, to see if haply she had learned anything by them that "God wanted her to know." She had loved unselfishly. Was not that something? She had learned that despair and distrust are not the attitudes in which loss may be safely met. She had become conscious in a blind way that the world was larger and nearer to her than it used to be, and she was coming to feel a sense of community in all human suffering. Were not all these good things?

When the congregation knelt for the last prayer Serene knelt with them, but did not rise again. She did not respond even when her companion touched her on the shoulder before turning to go. She could not lift her face just then, full as it was of that strange rapture which came of the sudden clear realization that her life was the tool in the hands of the Infinite by which her soul was shaped. "Let me be chastened forever," the heart cries in such a moment, "so that I but learn more of thy ways!"

Some one came slowly down the aisle at last, and stopped, hesitating, beside the pew where she still knelt. Serene looked up. It was the rector. He saw a slender girl in unbecoming dress, whose wild-rose face was quivering with excitement. She saw a man, not old, whose thin features nevertheless wore the look of one who has faced life for a long time dauntlessly — the face of a good fighter.

"Oh, sir, is it true what you said?" she demanded breathlessly.

"It is what I live upon," he answered, "the belief that it is true." And then, because he saw

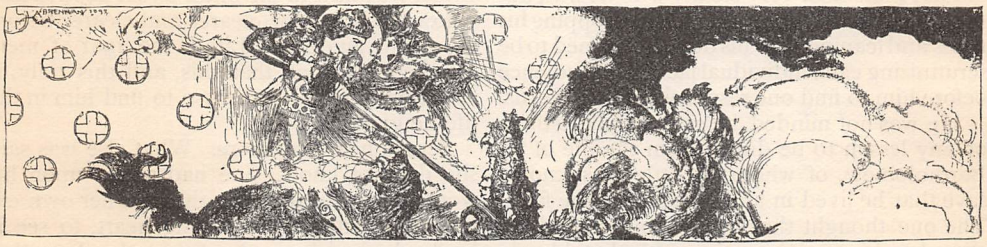
that she had no further need of him, he passed on, and left her in the little church alone. When at length she recrossed the street to the station, the train was ready, and in another hour she was at home.

They were glad to see her at home, and they had a great deal to tell that had happened to them in the week. They wondered a little that she did not relate more concerning her journey, but they were used to Serene's silences, and her mother was satisfied with the effect of the visit when she observed that Serene seemed to take pleasure in everything she did, even in the washing of the supper-dishes.

There were threatening clouds in the sky that evening, as there had often been before that summer, but people were weary of saying that it looked like a shower. Nevertheless, when Serene awoke in the night, not only was there vivid lightning in the sky, and the roll of distant but approaching thunder, but there was also the unfamiliar sound of rain blown sharply against the roof, and a delicious coolness in the room. The long drought was broken.

She sat up in her white bed to hear the joyful sounds more clearly. It was as though the thunder said, "Lift up your heart!" And the rapturous throbbing of the rain seemed like the gracious downpouring of a needed shower on her own parched and thirsty life.

Cornelia Atwood Pratt.



WAR CORRESPONDENCE AS A FINE ART.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

IT is the foible of the veteran to be the *laudator temporis acti*. I must speak mostly in the past tense of the craft of which I have been an humble follower. Not, however, because I can pursue it no more; but because its conditions are being so altered that it may be said, I fear, to have ceased to be the fine art into which zeal, energy, and contrivance elevated it for a brief term. It is now an avocation, at once simplified and controlled by precise and restraining limitations. In all future European wars, by an international arrangement, the hand of the censor will lie heavy on the war correspondent. He will be a mere transmitter, by strictly specified channels, of carefully revised intelligence liable to be altered, falsified, canceled, or detained at the discretion of the official set in authority over him. I am far from objecting to the changed conditions, in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news. The point I desire to emphasize is simply this, that the new order of things has taken war correspondence out of the category of the fine arts.

It was by slow degrees that it had attained that position. In a sense Julius Cæsar was a war correspondent; only he did not send his "Commentaries" piecemeal from the "theater of war," but indited them at his leisure in the subsequent peace-time. The old "Swedish Intelligencer" of the Gustavus Adolphus period was genuine war correspondence; published indeed tardily, compared with our news of to-day, but nevertheless fresh from the scene of action, full of distinctiveness, quaint and racy beyond compare. The first modern war correspondent professionally commissioned and paid by a newspaper was Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man, only recently dead, who was sent to Spain by the "Morning Post" with the "Spanish Legion," which Sir de Lacy Evans commanded in 1837 in the service of the Queen of Spain. But this new departure was not followed up, and no English paper was represented in the great battles of the First and Second Punjab wars. When, at the outset of the Crimean war, in the early summer of 1854, William Howard Russell presented himself to old Sir George Brown in the roadstead of Malta, announcing himself as the correspondent of the "Times," and tendering an authorization from the Minister of War, the apparition was regarded not so much in the light of a revolution, as of an unprecedented and astounding phenomenon. But Russell's credentials could not be ignored, and

all the world knows how he became the pen of the war, and how his vigorous exposure of abuses, neglect, and mismanagement contributed mainly to the rescue from absolute extermination of the British army wintering in misery on the Sevastopol plateau. Other papers followed the lead given them by the "Times," and the "Illustrated London News" had its artist-correspondent at the Crimea in the person of Mr. William Simpson, now a veteran, but still traveling and sketching for the journal with which he has been identified for nearly forty years.

Russell represented the "Times" in the war in Denmark in 1864, when that poor, gallant kingdom suffered so severely at the hands of the twin bullies, Prussia and Austria; and he was again in the field in 1866, when the bullies, having fallen out over their Danish spoils, turned their weapons on each other in the Seven-Weeks' war of 1866. By this time war correspondence, if not yet a profession, was becoming a necessity for all our important papers. Russell and the late Colonel C. B. Brackenbury were for the "Times" with the Austrian army; it was represented with the Prussians by Captain Henry Hozier, whose book on the war is a standard authority. Mr. William Black, then unknown to fame as a novel-writer, wrote war-letters to the now defunct "Morning Star," and Mr. Hilary Skinner was the bright and versatile representative of the "Daily News." Quite a little army of war correspondents accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867. Of those who then marched with Napier two are still alive and available for service to-day —George A. Henty, the voluminous author of books dear to boys, and Frederick Boyle, who, besides being a war correspondent of repute, is a novelist, and has been a traveler even unto the ends of the earth. The journalistic honors of the expedition rested with Henry M. Stanley, then one of the youngsters, but born alert and enterprising. He rode to the coast with the news of the fall of Magdala, and it was his message which communicated the tidings of that event both to England and America. I should have mentioned that Russell described for the "Times" many of the battles and shared many of the dangers of the Indian mutiny in 1857–58, as a received member of Lord Clyde's headquarters staff, and that Mr. Bowlby, a barrister, and a "Times" correspondent with the British forces in the war with China in 1860, having been taken prisoner by the Chinese, was murdered by them with the cruelest barbarity, being thus the first war correspondent of an Old World newspaper to meet a violent death in the line of duty.

The war journalists who, previous to the Franco-German war of 1870, made for themselves name and fame achieved their triumphs by the vivid force of their descriptions, by their fearless truthfulness, by their stanchness under hardships and disease. They had no telegraph-wire to be at once their boon and their curse; for them, in the transmission of their work, there was seldom any other expedient than the ordinary post from the camp or the base; or, at the best, a special express messenger. I can recall no instance (in the Old World) in which a war correspondent, before 1870, succeeded in anticipating all other machinery in forwarding the tidings of an important event. The electric telegraph had been but sparingly used in the Austro-Prussian war; in the Franco-German war it was to revolutionize the methods of war correspondence. But the conservative spirit of the Old World was singularly illustrated in the tardiness, the apparent reluctance, indeed, with which the revolutionizing agency was accepted. In the great contest of the American civil war the wires had been utilized with a copiousness and an alacrity and an ingenuity which should have been full of suggestiveness to the war journalism of Europe. But this was not so. The outbreak of the war of 1870 was accompanied by no stirring of the dry bones. At Saarbrück, on the French frontier, the point for which instinct had led me to make when war was declared, there was an immediate concentration of momentary interest scarcely surpassed later anywhere else; yet to no one of the correspondents gathered there, whether veteran or recruit, had come the inspiration of telegraphing letters in full, a practice now so universally resorted to in war-time that letters sent by post are an obsolete tradition. For the moment press telegrams from Saarbrück were prohibited; and we supinely accepted the situation and resorted to the post, no man recognizing, or, at all events, acting on the recognition, that from the nearest telegraph-office in the Duchy of Luxembourg, attainable by a few hours' railway journey, the despatch of messages was quite unrestricted. Enterprise thus far was dead, or, rather, had never been born. The stark struggle of the Spicheren, fought out within two miles of the frontier, was described in letters sent by the slow and tortuous mail-train. The descriptions of the important battles of Wörth and of Courcelles were transmitted in the same unenterprising fashion. The world's history has no record of more desperate fighting than that which raged the livelong summer day on the platform of Mars-la-Tour. The accounts of that bloody combat went to England per field-post and mail-train; yet the Saarbrück telegraph-office, from which the embargo had been removed, was within a six-hours' ride of the field. The battle of Gravelotte did get itself described, after a fashion, over the wires; but it was no Englishman who accomplished this

pioneer achievement. The credit thereof accrues to an alert American journalist named Hands, who was one of the representatives of the New York "Tribune." Whether, when the long strife was dying away in the darkness, the spirit suddenly moved this quiet little man, or whether he had prearranged the undertaking, I do not know; nor do I know whether he carried or whether he sent his message to the Saarbrück telegraph-office. But this is certain, that it got there in time to be printed in New York on the day but one after the battle. British correspondents were on the field in some strength; American journalism was represented by such masters of the craft as Moncure D. Conway and Murat Halstead; but it remained for obscure little Hands to make the *coup*. It was, indeed, no great achievement intrinsically, looked back on now in the light of later developments; yet Hands's half-column telegram has the right to stand monumentally as the first attempt in the Old World to describe a battle over the telegraph-wires.

Sedan was marked by efforts of journalistic enterprise, crude, it is true, but indicative, at least, of energy. Again it was the New York "Tribune" which took "first spear"; only, the wielder of the weapon was this time a Briton. Holt White, a man whose abilities should have given him a better fate than a premature death in an Australian hospital, was with the Germans on the day so unfortunate for France. He stood by Sheridan when Napoleon's letter of surrender was handed by General Reillé to old Wilhelm; the napkin that had constituted Reillé's flag of truce was given him as a souvenir. And then with dauntless courage he walked right across the battle-field through the still glowing embers of the battle, reached the frontier, made for the nearest railway station, and got to Brussels early next morning. He could not telegraph from there. His own story was that when he tendered his message, the people at the office refused to transmit it, scouting him as either a lunatic, or a "bear" bent on creating a panic on the stock-exchange; but I have heard that he had not the cash with him to pay for a long message. Anyhow, he came on to London, getting there the day but one after the battle, in time for a short synopsis of his narrative to be printed in a late edition of the "Pall Mall Gazette." It appeared at length in next morning's "Tribune."

Dr. Russell of the "Times" and Mr. Hilary Skinner of the "Daily News" were attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, and were billeted together. The following story regarding them was current at the time, and is, I believe, substantially true. All night long, seated at the same table, they wrote steadily. In the morning each elaborately and ostentatiously sent a big budget to the field-post wagon. Presently Skinner, in his airy way, ordered his horse, explaining to Russell that he thought of riding over the battle-field. "Happy thought!" cried Russell; "my letter is off my mind, and I will go too." On they rode through the slaughter till they reached the Belgian frontier, when Skinner, with a fluttering jauntiness, chirruped: "Well, Russell, good-by for an hour or two; I 'll just ride on into Bouillon, and get a morsel of luncheon there." "Faith," remarked Russell, with all imaginable innocence, "I 'm hungry too; I don't mind if I go with you." So they rode, and they lunched, and they remounted; and then they started, but not by the way they had come; indeed, in the contrary direction. Then it was that they looked each other straight in the face and burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter. Each from the first had meant going through to England: they came on together.

Personally in those days, however enterprising were my aspirations, I had no means to make the most trivial attempt to realize them. I represented a paper then which had sent me into the field not lavishly equipped with financial resources. I was not mounted; I had no relations with any staff; I tramped with the soldiers, knapsack on my back. I saw then more of the real core of great events than I ever did later, but to what purpose? All I could do was to drop my missives into the field-post wagon, to a tedious and precarious fate. I too had gone across the frontier to Bouillon, tramping the distance, and was cooking a piece of meat at a fire I had kindled in the dry bed of the rivulet under the hotel window at which Russell and Skinner were lunching. I saw them mount, and envied them from the bottom of my heart, as, trim and spruce, they cantered away from the front of the Bouillon inn. I should not have thought of accosting them; they were of the *élite* of the profession; I was among the novices.

But presently better things befell me. The "Daily News" took me on its strength, and sent me to the siege of Metz with plenty of money and the most unrestricted injunctions to be enterprising, laid upon me by Mr. J. R. Robinson, the far-sighted and clear-headed manager of that journal. But I come of a race whose untutored impulse is to bewail the occasion on which "bang goes saxpence," and I had been stunted by the conservatism of my earlier newspaper. I wanted courage to be lavish, no matter how tempting the opening, and look back on my niggardly sacrifice of opportunities with sincere self-contempt. Thus I was the only spectator of the stubborn fight of Mézières-les-Metz on October 7, 1870, a combat that was the immediate antecedent of Bazaine's surrender; but I could not let loose about it over the telegraph-wires to a greater length than half a column.

A greater opportunity still I let slip when Metz capitulated. It was a rare chance; probably such another can never offer itself to the war journalist. So far as I knew, there was no rival nearer than the frontier. I was quick to enter the beleaguered city; from an American who had been inside the place throughout the siege I gathered a great mass of information; I saw the garrison surrender, and Bazaine drive away to the railway station; I visited the hospitals, talked with military and civilian Frenchmen, and wrote all night in a room in the Hôtel de l'Europe in the grand old city by the Moselle. Of course I should have hurried by road or rail over the forty-five miles to Saarbrück, there written for my very life, and sent sheet by sheet to the telegraph-office as each was finished. *Mea culpa;* and it is no palliation of my lack of alacrity that, dull as I was, I was ahead of my comrades.

But there was a real live man among us, although scarcely of us; a man whose trade was not war correspondence, yet who did a piece of work in that department which was a veritable example of fine art. The capitulation of Metz was consummated on the 28th of October, 1870. The morning but one after this event all England was startled by a telegram which appeared in the "Daily News." This memorable despatch, printed verbatim from the telegraphic slips, was over two columns in length, and described with minute detail, with admirable vigor, with effective if restrained picturesqueness, the events and incidents of the surrender. On the day after its appearance in the "Daily News" the "Times" quoted the message in full, with the introductory comment that it envied its contemporary "so admirable a correspondent." The credit of being that "admirable correspondent" was long ascribed to me; and notwithstanding repudiation on my part,—for no honest man can endure to enjoy credit which is not justly his,—I believe myself still generally regarded as the author of this unforgotten telegram. I sincerely wish that were so; but the truth is that I was then among the unemancipated. I had done my best according to my lights, and blindly thought I had done passing well. So far as I knew, I had entered Metz a whole day in advance of any rival; as I rode to Courcelles in the morning to post the long letter which I had spent the night in writing, I had met the earliest of my competitors on his way to the surrendered city. A few days after the capitulation I was breakfasting in a Metz hotel, when a "Daily News" containing the long telegram I have been telling of was handed to me. The sense of self-abasement, as I read it, turned me physically sick. I had been smugly believing in myself; and here was the crushing evidence how completely and mysteriously my eye had been wiped. It was stern teaching; I all but succumbed under it, but took heart of grace, and swore to profit by the lesson. It was not until some time later that I learned who the man was that had thus at a stroke revolutionized war correspondence in the Old World; for this, in effect, was what, all unwittingly, this outsider had done. A young surgeon, a German-American named Müller, was professionally attached to one of the ambulances or field-hospitals of the German army that had been beleaguering Metz. On his way from America to the seat of war, he had accepted in London some kind of journalistic commission to do any work that might casually come in his way, not incompatible with the professional functions which he intended to undertake. Probably as a volunteer he had more time at his disposal than if he had been a surgeon of the regular service.

Anyhow, he saw the capitulation, looked on at the taking over of the Porte Serpenoise by the German troops, witnessed the march out of Bazaine's dejected cohorts, penetrated into the city, and was in the vortex of the confusion and anarchy temporarily reigning there. He and I may have rubbed shoulders in the Place d'Armes. Then, having "taken in" the whole situation, he set about utilizing his advantage in the most effective, daring, and purposeful manner. He rode out of Metz away northward along the Moselle valley, through a region infested by franc-tireurs, through villages bitterly hostile to the Germans, past the venomous cannon of Thionville—he rode, I say, the long forty miles north to the Luxembourg frontier, and, crossing it, reached a village called Esch, a place so petty that it is marked on few maps and is named in no gazetteer. How he got his long telegram expedited from this hamlet I know not, but there is no question that he did somehow; and then, strange to tell, he vanished utterly, *abiit, evasit, erupit.* The man who had made what I do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest journalistic *coup* of our time on this side of the Atlantic, effaced himself utterly thenceforward. No laurels twined themselves around his name, which to all, save a few, is now for the first time revealed. I do not even know that he was aware he had earned any laurels. I have never seen the man in the flesh, much and often as I have tried to do so. In a word, of Müller it may be said, *stat nominis umbra.*

But this brilliant Müller-flash stirred in us all a new conception of our *raison d'être.* We had of course previously been aware that it was our duty to see all that we could see, know all that we could know; but we had not adequately realized that the accomplishment of

this to its fullest was merely a means to an end. At a casual glance it might seem that the chief qualification requisite in the modern war correspondent is that he should be a brilliant writer; able so to describe a battle that his reader may glow with the enthusiasm of the victory, and weep for the anguish of the groaning wounded. The capacity to do this is questionless a useful faculty enough; but it is not everything—nay, it is not even among the leading qualifications. For the modern world lives so fast, and is so voracious for what has come to be called the "earliest intelligence," that the man whose main gift is that he can paint pictures with his pen is beaten and overshadowed by the swift, alert man of action who can get his budget of dry, concise, comprehensive facts into print twenty-four hours in advance of the most graphic description that ever stirred the blood. In modern war correspondence the race is emphatically to the swift, the battle to the strong. The best organizer of means for expediting his news, he it is who is the most successful man; not your coiner of striking phrases, your piler up of coruscating adjectives.

Müller, it is true, opened our eyes to a new comprehension of our most urgent duty; yet the scales did not fall from them until long after they were opened. It is strange now to look back on the supineness, throughout the Franco-German war, in what I may call craft, and on the feebleness of the practical recognition of opportunity. It cannot be said that there is any fine art in the dropping of a letter into a slit in the side of a field-post wagon, yet that method of despatch was the all but invariable resort. Occasionally, when anything important occurred, Russell might send his courier to Sedan, where the "Times" had located a forwarding agent; but the journey from Versailles to Sedan was tedious, and the train service irregular. He and, I think, Skinner of the "Daily News" also, were allowed, on special application for each message, to send short messages to England over the wires; I had the same privilege at the headquarters of the army which the Crown Prince of Saxony commanded; and Bismarck allowed Mr. Kingston, the accomplished representative of the "Daily Telegraph," to wire at length the conditions of the capitulation of Paris. But such devices and facilities were simply tantalizing alike to the correspondent and to his public. There was, as a general thing, no *via media* between them and the routine crudeness of the field-post wagon. In a measure, indeed, I had been so fortunate as to discern where lay the *via media*, and to utilize it. From the beginning of November, 1870, until the fall of Paris in the end of January, 1871, my sphere of duty was in the north and east sections of the environment, and the celerity with which my correspondence reached its destination and appeared in print created not a little surprise and speculation as to my methods. A respected colleague, perhaps I should rather say rival, on the same ground, although in subsidiary headquarters, was so stung by this superior celerity that, in the conviction that it must be owing to telegraphic facilities accorded to me, he made an official complaint of the undue favoritism which he believed I enjoyed. He was assured that there was no such favoritism, and remained bewildered and dissatisfied until the end. The Crown Prince of Saxony's chief of staff told me of this complaint, and desired that I should explain to him the method by which I accomplished the exceptional rapidity of transmission which he as a newspaper reader had observed. I revealed to him the extremely simple secret, under pledge that he should respect the confidence, since I did not devise methods for the behoof of competitors. Some little time afterward I chanced to be dining at the headquarters of Prince George of Saxony, to which my rival was attached, when one of Prince George's staff-officers accused me of post-dating my letters and so giving them a fictitious aspect of freshness. I asked him, if his accusation were true, how it happened that my letters recorded events occurring on the dates they bore, and offered to make a bet with him that if he should then and there inform me of something specific, the information would appear in the "Daily News" of the following morning save one. He accepted the bet, told me of some movement of troops, and presently left the room. I guessed the errand on which he had withdrawn, and, to verify my suspicion, presented myself at the military telegraph-bureau on the way to my sleeping-quarters. "No, no, Herr Forbes," said the soldier operator, with a grin; "I have orders to take no message from you." I feigned disappointment, and departed. Next morning my friend of the staff assailed me with fine Saxon badinage, and demanded that I should pay the bet, which I must know I had lost. I did not comply with this requisition, and in a few days was in a position to send him a copy of the "Daily News" of the stipulated date containing his piece of information, and to point out that he owed me five thalers.

My secret was so simple that I am ashamed to explain it, yet with one exception I had it all to myself for months. When before Metz I had done my telegraphing from Saarbrück, depositing a sum in the hands of the telegraph-master and forwarding messages to him from the front against this deposit. Before leaving the frontier region I learned that a train start-

ing in the small hours of the morning from a point in rear of the German cordon on the east side of Paris, reached Saarbrück in about fifteen hours. The telegraph-master would receive a letter by this train soon enough to wire its contents to England in time for publication in the London paper of the following morning. I put a considerable sum into his hands to meet the charge of messages reaching him, and arranged with a local banker to keep my credit balance with the telegraph-master always up to a certain figure. Every evening a field-post wagon started from the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters on the north side of Paris, picked up mails at the military post-offices along its route, and reached the railway terminus at Lagny in time to connect with the early morning mail-train to the frontier. At whatever point of my section of the environment of Paris I might find myself, a military post-office served by this post-wagon was within reasonable distance, and my letter, addressed to the Saarbrück telegraph-master, went jogging toward the frontier once every twenty-four hours, with a fair certainty of its contents being in England within twenty-four hours or thereabouts of the time of its being posted. There was surely nothing very subtle or complex in this expedient, yet so far as I know the only other correspondent around Paris to whom it suggested itself was my colleague Mr. Skinner, who posted telegrams from Versailles to his wife at Carlsruhe, whence she transmitted them to London; but I believe he lost a mail because of the greater distance of Versailles from the railway. It was by the simplest method I won my bet with the Saxon staff-officer. As I walked toward my quarters I scribbled his item on a leaf torn from my note-book, put it into an envelop already addressed, and as I passed the post-office quietly dropped the missive into the slot. My visit to the telegraph-office was merely a bluff.

There was perhaps a scintilla of innocent and simple tactic in the device which stood me in such good stead in the winter of 1870–71, but there was certainly nothing in it that could by any stretch of language be called fine art. Nor was there any fine art, but merely some forethought and organization, in the circumstances attending my entrance into Paris immediately after the capitulation, and my rush eastward into Germany to telegraph a detailed account of the condition in which I had found the great city after its long investment. I was fortunate in getting in; I made the best use of my time during the eighteen hours I was in; and I was fortunate in getting out, which I did before any competitor had entered. My scheme was all laid. I had to ride from the Porte de Vincennes on the east side of Paris some twenty miles to catch the day train leaving Lagny for the frontier at 1 P.M. Had all gone well with me, I should have accomplished this without hurrying. But after I had cleared Paris, and thought there were now no more difficulties in front of me, I was detained in the Bois de Vincennes by a cordon of Wurtemberger hussars, whose orders were to turn back all and sundry, and who would not look at the great-headquarters pass I tendered. Such a contretemps as this seems trivial, but it may spell ruin to the correspondent's combinations. After a while, however, an officer whom I knew delivered me, and the Wurtemberger obstacle was overcome. As I rode on, I found that I should have made more allowance for the condition of the roads, long neglected as they had been, and scored across at frequent intervals by the trenches first of the defenders and then of the besiegers. To reach Lagny in time I had to ride my poor horse almost to death; in leaping trenches he had torn off shoe after shoe, and he was quite exhausted when I galloped up to the station just in time to put him in charge of a German cavalry soldier and to jump into the train. It was two o'clock on the following morning when I reached Carlsruhe, which I had chosen as my objective point because I knew the telegraph-office there was open all night. I had to remain in the office while my long message was being despatched, to assist the female telegraphist, who knew only her own language, over the stiles of awkward English words. She released me at seven; at 8 A. M. I was in a return train, and was back in Paris forty hours after I had left it — one of the earliest in of my confraternity on this my second entrance. Walking into the Hôtel Chatham, I found there two journalists who had just arrived from Versailles. I was the victim of their badinage. They had got into Paris before me, from their point of view; and they crowed over this their achievement with great self-complacency. A few days later I saw one of them reading a copy of the "Daily News" containing the telegram which I had sent from Carlsruhe. He did not seem disposed to be facetious any more.

There certainly was a stroke of fine art in the successful arrangements made by the London "Times" to have the earliest detailed account of the entry of the German troops into Paris on the first of March, 1871. William Howard Russell witnessed the grand review by the German emperor, on the Longchamps race-course, of the representative contingents detailed for the temporary occupation of a portion of the French capital; and he accompanied the head of the in-marching column until it reached the Place de la Concorde. Then he joined his colleague, Mr. Kelly, who had been assigned to watch the demeanor of Paris under

the humiliation of a hostile occupation; and about 4 P. M. the pair left the northern terminus in a special train bound for Calais. On the journey Russell dictated to Kelly the account of what he had witnessed, and he remained at Calais, while Kelly, crossing the channel in a special steamer which was in waiting, reached London by special train in time to have his own and Russell's narratives printed in the "Times" of March 2. The "Daily News" had no interest with the "Northern of France" directorate for a special train, and I had to do the best I could without any adventitious advantages. I remember reading a statement in an American paper of the period to the effect that I journeyed surreptitiously by the Russell-Kelly special in the disguise of its fireman; but I need not say that this was a playful invention. I saw the Longchamps review, entered Paris with the German column, and in the Champs Elysées was spoken to by the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of his staff. I immediately became a center of interest on the part of a knot of Frenchmen, who followed me when I quitted the protection of the German cordon, and then promptly raised the cry of "Spy!" I was attacked, knocked down, most of my clothes were torn off me, a sabot split my lip open, and men danced on me and kicked at me while I was being dragged by the legs toward a fountain, in which — such was the expressed intention — I was to be drowned. From this fate I was rescued by a picket of national guards, and presently made good my release. As soon as I was free and had fulfilled a grateful duty toward one who had helped me to my freedom, I hurried to the place where I had engaged a dog-cart with a fast and stout horse to be in readiness. It was neither a safe nor a pleasant ride through Paris to the St. Denis gate. But once outside I could let the horse out, and he made good time over the twelve miles to Margency, the Crown Prince of Saxony's headquarters, whence I was allowed to despatch a telegram of considerable length to London. That accomplished, I drove back to St. Denis in time to catch the regular evening train for Calais. Writing throughout the journey, I reached London the following morning, brought out a second edition of the "Daily News," which was selling in the streets by eight, and then lay down on the floor of the editor's room and went to sleep, with the London Directory for a pillow. When I awoke at eleven, the manager and his staff were standing over me in great concern, for I still had about me some of the evidences of the little unpleasantness with the gentlemen of the Paris pavement. I started back for Paris the same evening.

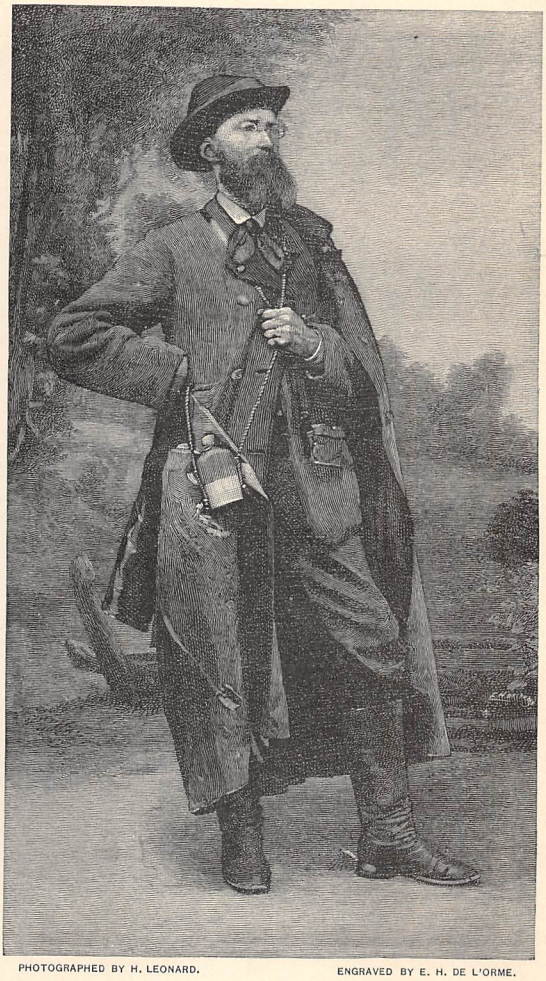
It was my turn to get in a little bit of fine art on the occasion of the triumphal entry into Berlin of the home-returned conquerors, with Kaiser Wilhelm and his generals at their head. That event occurred on Friday, June 16, 1871. I left for Berlin a week earlier. Two days after I had gone the following telegram from me reached the manager of the "Daily News": "Despatch youngster from office, with passport good for France, to report to me at Berlin 14th instant." The manager, wondering to himself what I had in view, despatched a young gentleman, who duly presented himself on the specified date. I fear my friend, who is now a barrister in good practice, has not yet forgiven me for that, during the next two days, I permitted him less liberty than he not unnaturally desired, and did not even allow him to eat at the table d'hôte. The *Einzug*, in all its pomp and fervid national feeling, was over about 6 P. M. After writing and despatching a two-column telegram, I dined leisurely, and about ten o'clock sat down to write a full narrative of what I had seen on this memorable day. Soon after five o'clock next morning I wrote the last words of a letter more than five columns long; then I went round to the Dorotheen Strasse and got from my two colleagues their contributions. Returning to my own quarters, I roused my young coadjutor, ordered breakfast for him, and while he was feeding I made up my packet. Then I instructed him — by this time it was nearly seven o'clock — to start forthwith for the Potsdamer railway station, take a second-class ticket for Brussels, get early into his carriage, and keep out of sight till the train started at eight. On reaching Brussels, he was to buy another ticket for London, via Calais by the Calais train leaving Brussels soon after his arrival there. Following this route, he would reach London at 6 P. M. on Sunday, when he was to go immediately to the office and deliver his despatches.

All went well. I reached the station shortly before eight, and found there the correspondents of all the other London papers, who had come to consign their letters to the post-office van attached to the outgoing train. I too dropped a bulky envelop into the slot, in the eyes of all beholders, the contents of said envelop consisting exclusively of blotting-paper. I caught a glimpse of my emissary as the train rolled out of the station, and then went to breakfast in the serene confidence of success. The confidence was justified. On the Monday morning the "Daily News" had a page and a half descriptive of the entry; no other paper had a line. Their letters did not appear until the following morning.

The accomplishment of this priority was simply the result of the forethought which becomes a second nature in a man concentrated

on the duty he has in hand. On the voyage from Dover to Ostend I remembered that during the recent disturbed condition of France, and because of the diminished passenger traffic to and from the Continent generally, the Sunday day boats between Ostend and Dover were suspended. It occurred to me to ask the captain if they had been put on again. "No," he answered; "they are to begin to run at the beginning of next month." It was then clear to me that the mails leaving Berlin on Saturday morning—the entry was fixed for Friday—would lie in Ostend till late on Sunday night, when the night boat would carry them to Dover, but that thus they would not reach London until 6 A. M. Monday, too late for publication on that day. I knew that Sunday day boats were already running from Calais to Dover, but I knew also that the German mails were not sent by this route. A courier, however, could use it, hence my telegram; my instruction as to his being furnished with a French passport was because I knew that the war-time enforcement of passports at the French frontier had not yet been abolished. It had occurred to no competitor to go into this little problem.

During the campaigns in Spain and Servia there were not many opportunities for artistic performances, nor did the amount of public interest make expensive organization worth while. But the men engaged in those campaigns were steadily concentrating their energies on the elaboration of improved devices for the swift transmission of news, and the old crude methods were drifting into limbo. The Russo-Turkish war formed a new era in war correspondence. The journalism of both worlds made up its mind to put forth its full strength, when in the spring of 1877 the Russian hosts destined for the invasion of Turkey were slowly massing in the squalid villages of Bessarabia. There had been a thorough awakening as to the advantages of telegraphy in war correspondence, and it was now for the first time thoroughly realized that strategic organization for the rapid transmission of intelligence was a thing sedulously to study. Some of the ideas were no doubt ridiculous. I remember a young correspondent coming to me for advice in a state of abject bewilderment. He had received instructions from the manager of his paper, to the effect that he was to keep himself aloof from both combatants, to flit impartially about the space intervening between them, and to use for telegraphic purposes the offices behind the Turkish front, or those in the Russian rear, according to convenience or proximity. In other words, he was to place himself in the precise position where he could not possibly know anything, with the certainty of being hanged if he escaped being shot.

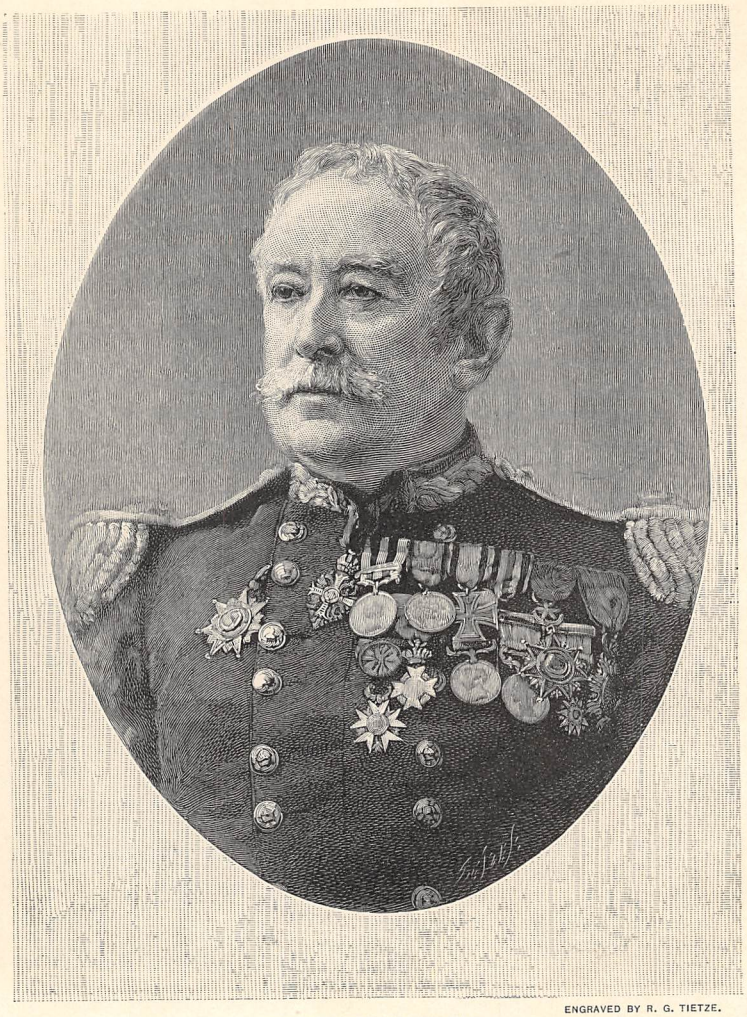


PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. LEONARD. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

DR. THEODORE KÜSTER.

A Typical German Correspondent of the Franco-German war.

In the earlier months of this war there was a reciprocal alliance between the "Daily News" and the "New York Herald." The representatives of the former paper in the field were the late J. A. MacGahan (whom I regard as the best war correspondent I have ever known) and myself. The "Herald" sent Frank D. Millet (who has since achieved deserved distinction as a painter, but who, I trust, being still in his prime, has not forsworn the war-path, should occasion call for his services) and that able journalist and genial comrade, Mr. John P. Jackson. When the alliance terminated in the September of the war, I was for-



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

"Times" Correspondent in the Crimean, Danish, Austro-Prussian, Franco-German wars, and the Indian Mutiny.

tunate enough to obtain Millet's services for the "Daily News." The organization of our methods of action and the disposition of our forces were matters deliberated on and settled in friendly conclave. The correspondence campaign was regarded a priori from a strictly strategical point of view. Bucharest was the obvious base of operations, as the nearest telegraphic point to the theater of war. But insuperable difficulties would beset the correspondent hurrying back from the field himself, and rushing into the Bucharest telegraph-office with his message partly in his head, partly in his note-book, or forwarding by a courier a hastily written despatch for the wires. For one thing, ready cash in hard money would have to be paid over the counter of the telegraph-office, and gold is the most inconvenient and dangerous thing a correspondent can carry about with him in the field. For another, the operators knew no language but their own, transmitting mechanically letter by letter, and therefore messages had to be written in plain, round school-hand. I telegraphed for a young gentleman who had previously served me well in Servia as base-manager, to act in Bucharest in the same capacity. He engaged for our uses a spacious suite of apartments, consisting of an office, manager's private rooms, and a couple of bedrooms to accommodate weary correspondents coming in from the field. Two capable copyists were engaged, to write out, in easily legible characters, messages for the wire brought or sent in by correspondents. The injunctions to the base-manager were that one of these transcribers was to be on the premises night and day, and that he himself was to have constantly in his possession for telegraphic purposes a sum of

at least £300. His duties were to make as amenable as possible the Russian censor, who, from the beginning, had been established in the Bucharest telegraph-office; for which purpose, and for gaining and maintaining the good will and alert service of officials and operators by presents of boxes of cigars, opera tickets, etc., he was authorized to disburse secret-service money with due discretion. Further, he had to gather and transmit what trustworthy news he could pick up in Bucharest; and in pursuit of this duty, he was to present himself frequently at the bureaus of the members of the Roumanian cabinet, call on their wives, and attend their receptions. He also had to be *bien vu* by the foreign ministers to the Roumanian court, especially the British representative.

We four quite amicably arranged the section of front to be covered by each, and there was never any clashing or poaching. Millet was a good deal out of things in the early days, down in the Dobrudscha with Zimmermann, but had a glorious inning with Gourko in and beyond the Balkans after the fall of Plevna. Nothing in the whole range of war correspondence is more brilliant as literature or more instructive in a professional sense than Millet's correspondence during this period; and so thorough was his organization for the transmission of his letters that Gourko was glad to send his despatches, and the Russian officers their private correspondence, by Millet's courier-service. MacGahan was lame all through the war from an accident at its beginning, but lameness had no effect in hindering a man of his temperament from going everywhere and seeing anything; and he was one of three correspondents, all of American nationality, who, having taken the field at the beginning, were still at the post of duty when the treaty of San Stefano was signed.[1] As for myself, until struck down by fever after the September attack on Plevna, I worked very hard and was singularly fortunate. General Ignatieff was very kind in giving me hints as to impending events. Apart from this, I had a curious intuition of a coming battle; I seemed to feel it in my bones; and I almost invariably backed my presentiment with good result. It happened that I was the only English correspondent present at the Russian crossing of the Danube, the capture of Biela, the battle of Plevna of July 30, and the desperate struggle on the Shipka Pass, which lasted from sunrise to sunset of August 24. Villiers, the "Graphic" artist, was my companion on all these occasions.

[1] Mr. Frederic Villiers, the skilful and daring war artist of the "Graphic," was the fourth Anglo-Saxon member of the journalistic craft who endured until the close of the war.

It may be easily imagined that the expenses of a correspondence service conducted on a footing so elaborate were very great; I can only hope that the results justified the cost. Each of us had a wagon and a pair of draft-horses, several saddle-horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion. The purely telegraphic charges were enormous, for almost everything was telegraphed. The scale, if I remember rightly, was about thirty-five cents a word, and I myself sent several messages of more than eight thousand words. But there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not cost too much that was well done. Let me

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT & FRY. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

GEORGE A. HENTY.

Correspondent of the "Standard" in the Crimean, Franco-German, Abyssinian, Ashantee and Servian (1876) campaigns.

give one instance. In the early days we were nervous about the Bucharest censor, and on the suggestion of the ingenious Jackson it was determined to establish a pony-express across the Karpathians to Kronstadt in Transylvania, for the despatch thence of telegraph messages which the censor in Bucharest might decline to sanction. That service accordingly was promptly organized. The ground covered was about eighty miles. The stages were ten miles long; eight horses were bought, and eight men engaged to attend to them. When I reached Bucharest on August 2, with the tidings of the Russian defeat before Plevna of July 30, the base-manager assured me that the censor dare not permit its transmission. Thereupon I utilized this Karpathian express-service, and sent the account of the disaster from the Hungarian town. The Russian military authorities were so satisfied with its tenor that I

realized the censor could no longer obstruct messages to the "Daily News"; so I directed that the pony-express should be disestablished. It had lasted for about nine weeks; it was used once; it cost abominably; and the decision was that it had paid for its keep.

Let me give an instance of the method by which intelligence was expedited. I started from the Danube for the Shipka Pass with four horses and three men. At the end of every twenty miles I dropped a man and horse, with firm orders to the former to be continually on the alert. With a hired pony I rode up from Gabrova to the beginning of the Pass, spent the day of August 26 on the Pass, where no horse had much chance of keeping alive; and at night, in the belief that Radetski had got a firm grip of the position, I started on the return journey. This I was able, by utilizing horse after horse, to perform at a continuous rapid pace; and so, as I was informed on reaching the imperial headquarters at Gorni Studen, I traveled so fast as to outstrip the official messengers, and brought to the Czar the earliest tidings of the result of the yesterday's fighting. The young officer who was afterward Prince Charles of Bulgaria was so good as to send me from Gorni Studen down to the Danube in his carriage, and I was in Bucharest and telegraphing hard on the following morning. My experience is that no courier is to be resorted to for arduous service on a really momentous occasion. He cannot be expected to swim rivers, ride horses to a standstill, and then run on foot; he has no inducement to smash through obstacles, and "get there" in the face of difficulty on difficulty. A courier may be alert, loyal, and energetic; he may be relied on to try his honest best; but it is not to be thought of him that he will greatly dare and count his life but as dross, when his incentive is merely filthy lucre. When a great stroke is to be made, to lean on a substitute is to forfeit the grand chance.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DEBENHAM & GABELL. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

WILLIAM BEATTIE KINGSTON.

"Daily Telegraph" Correspondent in the Franco-German, Servian (1876) and Russo-Turkish war (1877–78).

We acted habitually on certain fundamental axioms. Each man, as I have said, had his individual sphere of action, which altered with the course of events, but to which, whatever and wherever it might be, he habitually restricted himself. But the restriction was elastic. The motto of all was in effect that of the Red Prince—"March on the cannon thunder." When that sound was heard, or when one of us chanced on reasonably good intelligence as to the probable locality of impending fighting, then it behooved that man to disregard all restriction to a specific region, and to ride with all speed for the scene of actual strife. For it was possible that his colleague within whose allotted district the clash of arms was resounding or about to resound, might be hindered from reaching the fray; tidings of it might not have come to him; he might be intent on impending fighting nearer at hand to him, or indeed engaged in watching its actual outbreak and progress; he might be down with sunstroke or Bulgarian fever; all his horses might be lame: in fine, any one of many contingencies might hinder his presence. And if it should happen that two colleagues found themselves spectators together of the same fight, what harm was there? None; but rather it was well, since by dividing between them the field of strife, the course of the battle would be discerned more closely and described more minutely. During the five days' fighting before Plevna in the September of the war, three of us, MacGahan, Jackson, and I, watched that great struggle; and if Millet could have been withdrawn in time from the Dobrudscha, he would have found ample scope as well for his keen insight and brilliant faculty of description. As it was, we did have a fourth colleague before Plevna, in young Salusbury, who was on duty with the Roumanians. Here, as in the wider field, each man had his own allotted place. MacGahan was with his stanch ally Skobeleff on the extreme left; and because Skobeleff was the fiercest fighter of the Russian chiefs, the opportunities for thrilling narrative of the correspondent attached to him were incomparable, and were incomparably utilized. I had the central section along the Radischevo ridge, and Jackson placidly surveyed the scene of slaughter over against him about the Grivitza redoubt, regardless of the shells which occa-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. SEBAH, CONSTANTINOPLE. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

J. A. MACGAHAN AND F. D. MILLET.

Correspondents of the "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–78. Mr. MacGahan had previously served as a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian and Carlist wars, and had investigated the "Bulgarian atrocities."

sionally fell about the hayrick outside which he sat and wrote by day, and in the hollowed-out interior of which he spent the night. Always once, and often twice, a day couriers were despatched to Bucharest from Jackson's hayrick, where his quaint and cheery fellow-countryman Grant, of the "Times," habitually kept him company, and whither MacGahan, or his messenger, and myself from time to time converged with written matter to be despatched to the telegraph-office.

Not less imperative on the war correspondent than the axiom that bids him ride on the cannon thunder, is the necessity that, when he has learned or seen something of interest and value, he shall forthwith carry or send it to the wires, without delaying for further information or for the issue of renewed strife. "Sufficient for the day is the fighting thereof," should be his watchword, if he can discern aught decisive in the day's fighting. If he has with him or can find couriers, it is, of course, his duty to remain watching the ultimate issue; but if he has no such service, there is no more trying problem for the correspondent than to decide whether or not the day's work has been so conclusive one way or the other as to justify him in riding away with the instalment of information accumulated in his head and his note-book. Never did I find the solution of this problem more arduous than on the evening of the long day's fighting of August 24, on the Shipka Pass, to which reference is made above. I had the conviction that Radetski had made good his position, and I knew that reinforcements were on the way to him, yet it seemed certain that he would be assailed again and again; and indeed, as I rode away, the Turks were renew-

ing the combat. I was in MacGahan's country, and, knowing his instinct for a battle, I had been looking out for him all day. Yet I was aware that any one of many things might have occurred to detain him. Osman might be making a sortie from Plevna, or Imeretinsky and Skobeleff might have finished their preparations for the storm of Loftcha.

Well, I took my risks, and rode away for the telegraph-wire on the night of the 24th. On the morning of the 25th MacGahan arrived on

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORG KRALJEVACKI. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

COLONEL GRANT.

"Times" correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war.

the Shipka, having ridden hard on the fighting the moment he had heard of its outbreak. There was severe fighting all that day, and the Russians, in trying to broaden their foothold, had the worst of it. In the evening MacGahan in his turn had to consider his position, and the problem before him was more complicated than that which I had solved, for better or worse, the previous evening. He recognized that the day's work of the Russians had been unsuccessful, and he frankly regarded their position as precarious. He knew that the fighting would be renewed on the morrow. But he knew further that in two or three days Loftcha was to be assailed, and that it behooved him to be there. He knew, too, that I had come and gone, and that he could rely on my speedy return if there came still bad tidings from the Shipka. So he in turn quitted that point of interest on the evening of the 25th, hurried to Bucharest with the result of that day's work for the wires, and by incredible exertion for a sound man, not to speak of a lame one, he was back in the vicinity of Plevna in time to witness Osman Pasha's furious sortie on the morning of the 31st. As for me, on my way to Bucharest I had been called upon to report to the Czar, and had ventured to state my impression that Radetski could hold his own. As with MacGahan, so in the imperial headquarters, there was much dubiety on this point, and indeed as I passed through Gorni Studen, on my way back, I was told somewhat contumeliously that the Shipka was "as good as lost." But retaining still my belief in Radetski's ability to maintain his position, I pushed on toward the Pass, meeting on the way unneeded reinforcements returning whence they had come; and reaching the Shipka, I found the stout old warrior drinking tea in peace, and resolute, God willing, to stay where he was, come Turk or devil, till he should be relieved. There had been hard fighting for several days after MacGahan had quitted the Shipka, but the conviction on which I had acted on the evening of the 24th proved to be well founded. Between MacGahan and myself, acting independently, but actuated by a common zeal, our paper had been represented in the field during the two days of severest fighting, and the intelligence of what occurred during those two days had been placed before its readers with a minimum of delay. It was such an accomplishment, without the sacrifice of any important intelligence from elsewhere in attaining it, that was our constant and ardent aspiration.

Another illustration may not be inapposite of the paramount duty of the war correspondent to transmit important information without delay, to the abandonment or postponement of every other consideration. MacGahan had accompanied the raid across the Balkans made by Gourko almost immediately after the crossing of the Danube by the Russians. I remained on the northern side of the mountains, my specific place being with the army of the Czarevitch, which on the Russian left flank was stretching out toward the Lom, with intent, it was whispered, to attempt the fortress of Rustchuk by a *coup de main*. I had accompanied it to Biela, and had then gone back to Bucharest with despatches for the wire. On my way to rejoin the Czarevitch's headquarters, I passed, a few miles on the Sistova side of Biela, the hamlet of Paolo, in one of the gardens of which the imperial camp was pitched. It occurred to me to look in on General Ignatieff, and to ask him whether he had any news for me. "News, Mr. Forbes?" exclaimed the general. "To be sure I have; here is a despatch just arrived from General Gourko, giving all details about his crossing the Balkans, and his march up the Tundja valley toward Kezanlik!" Ignatieff translated the whole despatch for me, which I took down from his lips, thanked him, took leave, mounted my horse, and rode hard over the thirty miles be-

tween Paolo and the bridge across the Danube at Sistova. For I knew that what Ignatieff had given me was absolutely the earliest and sole intelligence of Gourko's doings; and until that intelligence was on its way to England, my intention of overtaking the army of the Czarevitch had to stand over. At Sistova I fortunately found a trustworthy messenger to Bucharest, and on the following morning rode a second time to Paolo. Again Ignatieff waved triumphantly a despatch from Gourko, describing hard and successful fighting and marching; again his translation of that document was scribbled down in my note-book; again I hurried back to Sistova; and again sent a courier to Bucharest with the interesting and valuable message. Precisely the same routine occurred on the following day; and I own to a certain satisfaction when the fourth day was barren of a despatch. For in each one of the three successive days I had ridden sixty miles in a heat fiercer than the heat of India, over tracks from which the dust rose so dense as to obscure near objects. But then the information given me by Ignatieff was the only news of Gourko, on whose enterprise the interest of Europe was concentrated; for it was not until some days later that anything came from the correspondents who accompanied the expedition. The game was well worth the candle, and, besides, as it turned out, I had lost nothing by not being with the Czarevitch.

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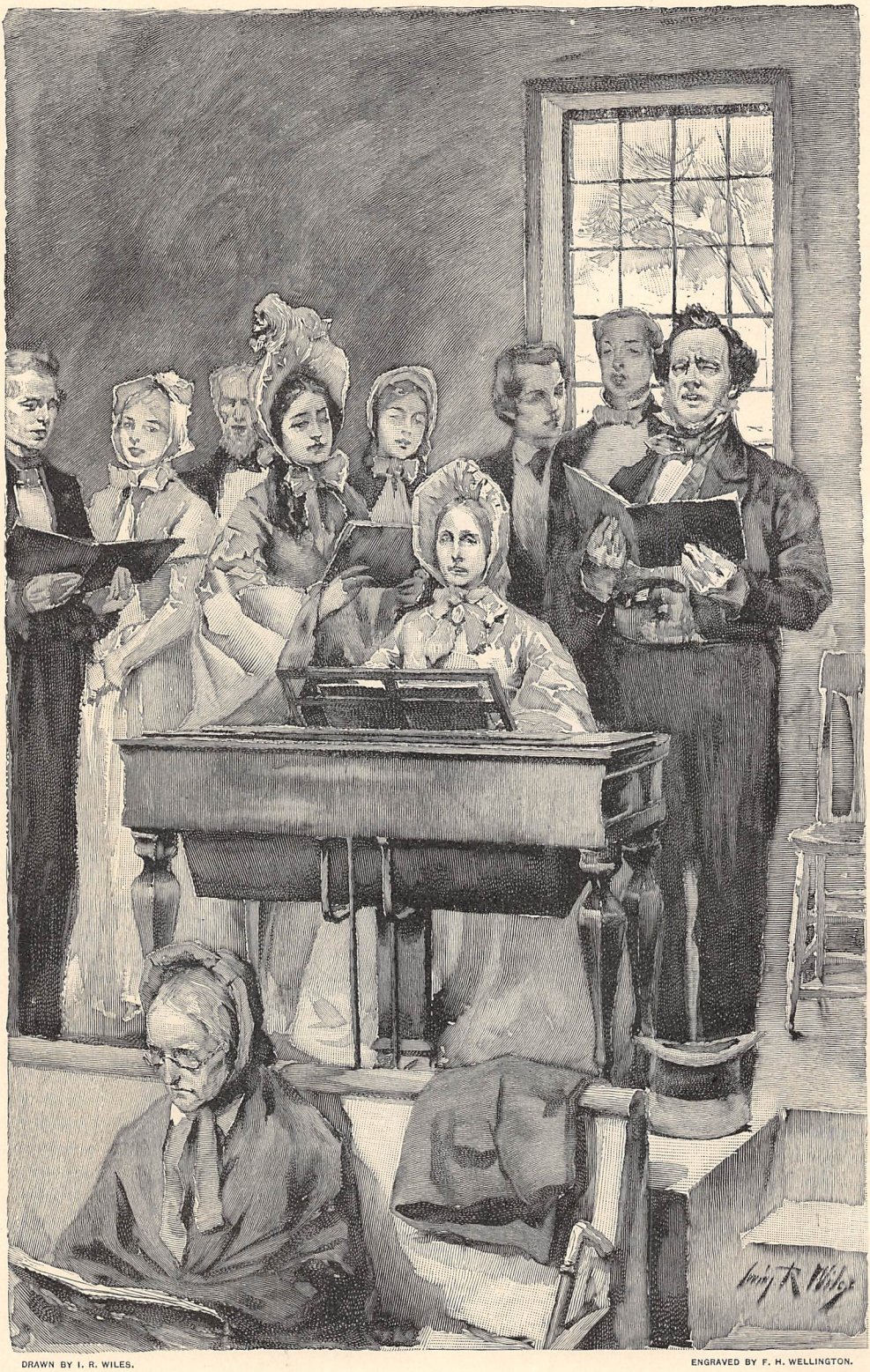


DRAWN BY I. R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE CHOIR.

THEIR CHRISTMAS MEETING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH THE CROSS."

I.

THE Reverend Ezra Leal came to the pulpit in the saddle-bag days of Methodism. Pure, fervent, he rode the wilderness; appeared in the clearing with a smile that was heaven's light to the godly, though to the ungodly it was heaven's light of scathing; and melted all men's hearts, while mightily he preached of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come.

In time he was sent to congregations the largest, even to the wrestle with Mammon in big cities. He was heard, too, in the councils of the church; was presiding elder; was even delegate to General Conference. And honor followed him still in his later days, when the people's ears dulled to his preaching, and he went, contented, to the smaller charges.

In his sixty-eighth year Denham-on-the-river received him and his family, his sister Hannah and Robert, his only child. It was then that Robert entered college.

"Don't look so down-hearted, father," the lad begged, on his knees before his trunk that last evening. He was a tall fellow, with broader shoulders than his father's, with fuller lips, too, and a wider brow. "It 's only twelve weeks to Christmas. And you shall have a Christmas present of a record that will make you smile. See if you don't."

"No doubt, Rob. I look to be proud of your scholarship. That does not trouble me. It is the dangers, the temptations—"

"Father, I 'll behave myself. Can't you trust me?"

"'That maketh flesh his arm; whose heart departeth from the Lord,'" quoted Aunt Hannah, where she sat sewing beside the lamp.

"I 'm not a heathen!"

"That is it, Rob! That is the worst of it!" exclaimed the father. "It might be better if you were. You have heard the gospel message so often it has an uncertain sound. It does not convict. You trust in yourself. And you need to be broken by the Lord—at his altar. O Rob, there is where I wanted to see you before you went!"

"Gospel-hardened." Hannah Leal said it solemnly. Then she rolled her work up tight, tucked it into the trunk, and left the room. In her chamber tears fell upon the white pillow-shams she folded away.

When she was gone, her nephew looked up with a hot face, and cried almost fiercely:

"Would you have me at the altar just to please you—and Aunt Hannah? I 'm no hypocrite. I can't whine to order. My soul 's my own—"

"Robert!"

"Anyhow, it is n't any other man's—not even my own father's."

Speechless, the two gazed at each other; then arose, and the son, with a broken word, put his arms around his father. Together they went up-stairs; and as they separated they kissed, though it was not their custom.

Yet Robert Leal, for the first time, went to bed prayerless.

As for the tale of prayers, that was more than made up. Until dawn the Reverend Ezra Leal wrestled with the Lord, like Jacob at the brook Jabbok. But the father forgot how easily a mettlesome spirit may be pricked beyond its natural leap. In the morning young Leal went away sore-hearted under his condemnation. And during this journey, before ever he began his college life, there grew upon him an unfortunate new estimate of his life at home.

The Saturday before Christmas Robert was expected back from college. But his father brought from the evening train only the conviction, stated often for comfort of Hannah Leal, that "Robert is sure to come bright and early Monday; and there is not the slightest reason in the world to fret."

The Sabbath was a day of light. Light filled the sky, and glistened on the bare, brown trees, and on the snow-fields round about the little village, and on the frozen river as one saw it from the church-porch. Before the church-bells rang, sleighs began to wind down from the hills, and to draw up before the door with an eager jingle. The men hurried back from the horse-sheds. While they stood about the porch, and blinked in the light, they talked of Robert's coming. So did the women, scorching their faces at the wood-stoves within the church. When the minister appeared, there was an expectant hubbub.

"Where 's Rob, Dominie? Where 's the boy?"

Disappointed, they scattered to their seats. The choir around the small melodion arose,

with dampened ardor, to the most intricate anthem in the book. And since enthusiasm was needed for the deft leaping in and out at strange places, and for the steady sticking of each one to his clue with yet a side thought for his neighbor, they came out straggling, and sat down flushed. Vexation had burned among them had not the minister quenched it, smiling down his approval, and saying,

"Let us all sing as heartily the one hundred and thirtieth hymn."

They were no over-devout saints, this branch of the church militant. Their supreme warfare was with the frosts, the droughts, the devouring insects that made their living hard. Their God was oftenest the fearsome mystery at the center of the havoc of things. When times were good, they gave him feeble thanks. When times were bad, they tried, in their grumbling, not to pass beyond the bounds of submission.

And yet this house, with its square white walls and its green blinds, was to them the gate of heaven. When they sat in the straight-backed pews of their fathers, and heard the sweep of the wind; and saw, through the windows, the branches sway above the graves; and caught, through their reverie, holy words, they were dimly stirred: faintly their horizon lifted. So, now, they swelled the hymn. Ancient voices quavered with a sense of ecstasy:

"And wo-on, and wo-o-onders of his love!"

In his high pulpit arose the minister. To-day his pale cheeks glowed, his blue eyes sparkled. "And — they — shall — call — his — name — Immanuel," he read, each word dropping slower. As his sermon advanced, and the spirit within him burned, he stood on tiptoe, his head thrown back, his eyes upon the ceiling. Then the bright eyes came down, peering over their gold-rimmed spectacles for an answering brightness in the faces below —

What was that?

A door noisily opening, an unsteady step, some one stumbling up the aisle, and staggering drunkenly into the minister's pew.

There was not a sound, not a motion. Here and there a face paled, a sob was stifled. All eyes went mutely from that abject figure to the face leaning from the pulpit in awful tension, its light dashed out.

At last there came a change. The minister drew his narrow shoulders back. He turned, stepped firmly down the pulpit-stairs, down the aisle, and laid his hand upon his son's shoulder.

"Come home!"

The youth lifted his heavy eyes. Without a word he rose. Arm-and-arm the two passed from the house. Outside, their steps upon the walk came back to the motionless people.

The congregation broke up very quietly. There was little comment now upon what, to-morrow, would be town-talk.

To Robert Leal the shame and sin of it were not for easy explanation or excuse. He was frightened from his self-confidence; and that Christmas-tide he made the abiding choice of his father's righteousness and of his father's God. But his choice was like a woman's, of the heart. Doctrine might or might not follow. Then, later, there came to his analytical mind a growing fear lest doctrinal details should make a second separation between himself and his father. After his college course, he entered upon his profession of the law, and was prospered in it, and honored. But still he remained without the pale of his father's church.

II.

THE shock that made the son unmade the father. When next the Reverend Ezra Leal stood in his high pulpit, he felt a change in himself — a break, as it were, between his spirit and its instrument of expression. Thereafter, each Sunday, he felt it more keenly. And when his time was up in Denham-on-the-river, he bowed his meek head in a final benediction, went to Conference, and had his name written in the list of the superannuated.

Then he bought, high on the river-bank near Denham, a cottage with a large garden and many fruit-trees. He still preached at times, and especially at funerals. No Denham man, nor, indeed, any of the countryside, could quite think his dead laid away in fitting and sure triumph unless Dominie Leal stretched up his thin arms and talked of heaven. For then the crowding people almost saw the dead man rise from his lidded box to his place in glory, and stand there in the white ranks with a palm in his hand, a golden crown upon his head, and on his face the last, perfect smile.

But chiefly the old man went his loving rounds of the village houses, and worked in his garden, and read papers and books, light-hearted, not overburdened now with the conduct of the world. More and more his face, which withered, took on an almost mystic shining under his silver hair, and he grew to a oneness with the children he loved. And more and more — but most when he prepared the brown mold, and watched the seed in its springing — it seemed as though, for very joy, his spirit must burst its feeble bonds, and flutter forth upon its rapturous quest of God. And Denham people said, "The old Dominie would go straight up, if he did n't keep on fretting about his boy."

Most men would have felt only pride in a son such as Robert Leal. But this care for "tem-

poralities"—literature, art, social and political reform—was to the Reverend Ezra Leal the following of an age that "thought more of the loaves and fishes than of the Lord." When Robert gave money for such things, his father calculated how much the sum would have done for the heathen. And when his boy married, though the old man's beautiful courtliness grew into pride and fondness while he welcomed his new daughter, pain sharper than he had felt since that sad Sunday lay for him in the fact that "poor Alice" was an Episcopalian.

Hannah Leal's disapproval of this marriage was none the lighter in that she could not have defined her own creed. Still, she came to admit that "Alice was a good woman." And when Robert received his children, their Aunt Hannah deliberately broke every rule rigorous in their father's day, and pampered them to the damage of both soul and body. Especially at Christmas time did their Aunt Hannah spend herself for them. From which fact arose the trouble in the heart of her brother, one November evening.

"For mercy's sake, Ezra," she suddenly exclaimed, "don't sit there peeking at me over that letter. It fairly sends cold chills down my back. If anything is wrong, I have got to know it, first or last."

"Nothing wrong, Hannah. But there is something—something new."

"What has Alice been doing now?"

"Nothing. It is something they are planning to do."

"Not Christmas?"

"Well, yes, it is Christmas, Hannah. Here is just what Alice writes. She says—she says—ah, here it is—she says here: 'And now I must tell you something very beautiful of your grandchildren.' I did hope they might have experienced religion," sighed the Reverend Ezra Leal. "'They came to me in a body, reckless Rob for spokesman, and they said this year they did n't want any Christmas presents, except for Dot and Baby. But they wanted to give a dinner at Christmas to the *newsboys!* Grandfather, it was purely their own thought! You should have seen Robert when I told him. Of course we must meet the sweet impulse. So this year you and Aunt Hannah will come to us. And *very early*, because Christmas would not be Christmas without Aunt Hannah's cakes and pies, that shame our cooks and bakers. Tell her she shall have the kitchen all to herself, for her mysteries, *quite* as at home. Robert says'—but that is all of that. Well, Hannah?"

Miss Leal was slow in collecting herself.

"Newsboys!" she said at last. "But it 's only what might be expected, Ezra Leal. We did n't use to think of bringing the off-scouring of the earth into our houses, and setting them up with dinners and compliments. But nowadays, actually, the poorer, and the raggedier, and the dirtier a man is, the better for him, and the more people will fuss over him!"

"I think myself," her brother said sadly, "there is too much attention paid to the body, and too little to the soul."

"That is just what I said. What those boys want is a sense of sin. And once a sound thrashing was thought likelier for that than a dinner. It is all nonsense. Positively, it is a shame—and a disgrace. And Alice Leal need n't ask me to uphold her in it."

"What? Not go, Hannah? But what will Alice say? And Robert? And the children, Hannah?"

"It is their own doings. I am sure I have always stood ready to work and to do the best I could for those poor children; but missions I set my face against from the first. I said then, there are the churches. I won't mention unkindness," she continued more faintly, "though Alice knows—or she might if she thought—how I have been busy ever since September getting things ready, and stoves in every room, and the crib down for the baby, which has n't been up since Dot, and all the new little sheets and pillow-cases—" Miss Leal closed her lips; nor, from that moment, would she speak or hear more of Christmas.

From day to day her brother hoped that her mood would change, and fidgeted in his packing, and still lingered at home after forwarding his trunk. So that it was not until the day before Christmas that, satchel in hand, he received his sister's parting charge.

"You will see I have n't forgotten the children. The wafers are in the biggest box. Rob says he has never had enough yet, poor child. The waffles are in the next, and the crullers in the smallest. I expect they will be dry as chips. The plum-cake for Robert, Alice will find I have n't stinted. The other things are all marked, so there will be no excuse for getting them mixed up, though I have n't an idea the baby's will fit. I meant to finish them after he came. But I am not likely to know now whether he is fat or thin, or blue eyes or black eyes—"

The door shut. The turning of the key was a melancholy sound to the Reverend Ezra Leal. He walked to the station, and climbed into the car, downcast and remorseful.

But the afternoon sun was bright upon the river, and the car was full of children fain to frolic, and granted more than their usual license. So that one little tot cried to him, "Mewy Cwismas, Gwampa!" at which a laugh went round, and people beamed upon one another in exceeding good fellowship. And when, presently,

he grew drowsy, each time he roused, the flash of the river came like "Merry Christmas!"

Alighting in New York, he was astonished at the holiday multitude. He felt enlarged at the sight, as though he were become a citizen of the world; even as though he were returned from stereotyped old age to big-hearted, big-thoughted youth. And he squared his shoulders, and stepped on lithely.

When he entered the Brooklyn ferry-boat, with the great hurrying throng, and managed to look out over his spectacles at the tangle of shipping, and the twinkling span of the great bridge, and the answering lights of the two cities, his heart leaped up, for he thought it was like the end of time, and "all nations bringing their glory and their honor." And he longed to lift up a Methodist shout of "Bless the Lord!" So that at sight of his face the woman next to him laughed aloud, and said: "Goin' to the childer? So am oy. Faix, an' it 's worth the hard work the rest of the year to see the day; is n't it, sor?"

The woman was so short and stout that she had trouble with her many bundles and big basket. He carried the basket off the boat, and delivered it to her at the horse-car with a stately bow. And now, as he drew near his son's house, his heart beat so excitedly that he stepped into an open church, and sat down to steady himself.

The church was a solemn pile, lifting high a cross. It was wreathed with greens, and with flowers among the carved work and the gold and the colors of flame. And in the far front, near the altar whereon candles burned like stars, beings like angels were echoing back and forth, "Alleluia! Alleluia!" as though it were "before the Throne." He had been wont to call it heathen mummery; but now he cried softly, "Amen! Bless the Lord!" and went out so uplifted that, after all, he came unexpectedly to his son's house.

He saw the high front all ablaze. He discovered that the chief illumination, together with a humming confusion, came from the lower windows. He stooped and looked in. He beheld a long and loaded table; pressing turbulently around it, shabby boys; waiting upon them, his grandchildren; at the near end, Alice in a bright gown; at the far end, mustering the guests into something like order, his son Robert. And at that instant, in the dazzle, while his son smiled upon the circle, the momentary, dim, yet answering smile on each marred face smote upon the sight of the Reverend Ezra Leal as strange, as beyond human, as tarnished, but divine, as meaning, "Ye have done it unto ME!"

He stumbled to the door. He motioned the servant who admitted him to leave him unannounced. He sat down upon a hall chair, put his satchel upon the floor, took off his hat, and leaned his head against the wall. And sitting with closed eyes, he said to himself: "Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. This is the way he has seen the Lord! He has been serving him this way for years and years. I 've been unjust to my boy. I 've been set to drive him my way into the kingdom. 'And many shall come from the east and west. . . . But the children of the kingdom—' God forgive me! Bigotry is an awful thing!" Faint, almost, as though his poor body must crumble then and there, and deliver up his humbled yet satisfied soul, he whispered, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

Meanwhile, beyond the door that stood ajar, Robert Leal was saying:

"Now, boys, what does Christmas mean to us to-night?"

"Grub!" "Boots and shoes!" "Larks!" were in the buzzing response. One thin voice raised itself and chirped, "We 'd all ought to be good!"

He smiled down on the puny speaker. "I could n't preach to you if I wanted to. I expected my father to be here to talk to you. He has n't come—"

Sounds of "Bully for him!" "Solid old chap!" "He 's all right!"

"So I 'll just tell you what Christmas means to me."

His mind went back to that one dark Christmas. He looked into these pathetic faces, whose darkness was always with them; and suddenly it was to Robert Leal as though, for the first time, he was really looking into human sin and its divine despair. The horror of it was at his throat. He choked upon it. God! what words had he now, he, the easy theorizer upon life? While yet, burdened, tortured, in that moment he would have given all—even himself, like Christ—to save.

He looked across to the windows, and cried inly, "Father!"

And he seemed to see his father's face, wasted, lifelong, in this same struggle. He understood it now. In this revelation moment he saw clearly. Another thing he saw: that fancies, speculations, had had their day for him; that for him, with his childhood's bent and faith, there could henceforth be no working-theory of helping men like the old, thorough-going one of his father's.

Then he opened his lips. And to the dulling ears of that veteran in the hall the words he spoke came like old war-cries.

But they were meaningless to the boys. A minute had not elapsed when all the itching eyes and fingers were let loose. The confusion that before had only rippled low began to mount tumultuously. Fear came into the faces of Alice

Leal and her children. A plate crashed. Two of the guests shot up to grapple each other—

The door swung in. The radiant old man on the threshold, roused from weakness of the flesh, and unmindful of all his late-born fear of bigotry, lifted up his voice and cried:

"That 's it! That 's it! Put that doctrine to them straight, Rob! Why, bless the Lord! my boy, that 's better Methodism — straiter-laced — than ever your old father preached in his best days!"

Florence Watters Snedeker.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The First Duty of Congress.

ONE of the first things which Congress ought to do, when it reassembles upon the fifth of this month is to repeal the silver law of 1890. Under that law the Government is purchasing each month 4,500,000 ounces of silver at the market price, paying in return for it legal-tender notes, redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the Government. The bullion thus purchased is stored, to be coined whenever the exigencies of the circulation may seem to require it. By the end of the year there will be in the Treasury vaults nearly three thousand tons of this bullion, or a sufficient quantity to keep the entire mint facilities of the country busy for over two and a half years if it were to be coined.

But this is only a fraction of the silver which the Government has piled away. The report of the Director of the Mint, read in the Senate in July last, gave the amount of silver dollars stored in the vaults, where they were as idle as if lying at the bottom of the sea, as 357,189,251. The number of silver dollars in circulation at the same date was 56,779,484. There have been coined, therefore, 413,968,735 silver dollars, and of this amount less than one seventh has passed into circulation. If the three thousand tons of bullion were to be coined, and placed in the Treasury with the silver dollars already there, we should have a total of over 460,000,000 of silver dollars, all locked up and all lying idle.

Every ounce of this silver has been purchased at a loss. Some of it has been purchased for 39 cents more than its present value per ounce. The aggregate loss on the whole is more than $100,000,000. If an attempt were made to sell it, the price would fall enormously. Senator Sherman said in his speech in the Senate on June 1, 1892, that to "attempt to sell it on a falling market would only be adding misery to ruin. We have got this vast mass, and we cannot sell it; we dare not sell it."

Surely, in the presence of this enormous amount of idle silver, which refuses to pass into circulation, and which is constantly falling in value, no one can say that there is need either of further coinage of silver, or further purchase of silver bullion. If the limit is ever going to be reached, it has been reached already. We have called it idle silver as it lies in the Treasury, but it is worse than idle, for it is a constant menace to our standard of value.

Here is a great mass of depreciated money held above its real value by the fact of the Government's ability to redeem it in gold. What would happen if the Government, finding itself with a deficit in its Treasury, and thus being without a supply of gold, were to refuse to redeem its silver notes in gold, and were to avail itself of its option to redeem them in silver? We should drop at once from the gold to the silver standard, and every dollar in silver would be worth only its market price, or about 63 cents. It would buy only 63 cents' worth of goods, and every wage-earner would discover that he had lost three eighths of his wages, that his savings-bank deposits had experienced a like loss, and his insurance policy the same. All the results which we depicted in an article in this place in THE CENTURY for May last would follow as surely as night follows day.

The possibility of such a boundless calamity as this ought to be removed by Congress without delay. The present Congress has exceptionally favorable opportunities for wise action in this matter. It comes together for its final session immediately after a presidential election in which both political parties took a position of hostility to free silver coinage. By their action the two parties eliminated the silver question from the late campaign, it being accepted by the people that whether Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison were elected, there would be no further legislation in favor of free silver coinage. Here is ample authority for the present Congress to take the first step in undoing the harm that has previously been done. Its members can have now no fear of the effects of their conduct upon their political futures, for their successors have been chosen, and there is to be no new election of Congressmen for two years. Before that time has elapsed, the silver question will have disappeared utterly from politics.

Every patriotic impulse ought to inspire the members of the Senate and of the House to move at once for the repeal of the law of 1890. Its author, Senator Sherman, expressed his regret last spring that it had ever been enacted, and he would, in all probability, be willing to take the lead of his associates in both houses in securing its repeal now. Let them not only stop this accumulation of silver in the vaults, but let them remove also the possibility that the whole mass may be let loose upon us, sweeping away our standard of value, and wiping out over one third of our earnings and savings.

The repeal of the law of 1890, and with it the option of redeeming silver notes either in gold or silver, would be the first step, but others ought to follow. We ought to get away utterly from the silver folly by decreeing that there shall be no silver dollar in this country which contains less than a dollar's worth of silver. If we could secure an international agreement in favor of a common ratio between gold and silver, the test would soon be made as to whether even such an agreement could im-

part sufficient stability to silver to make a double standard permanently practicable. But we cannot get such an international agreement until we first abandon utterly all efforts to make silver circulate on a par with gold at a ratio which makes the silver dollar worth less than the gold dollar in the markets of the world. So long as we continue in that course, other nations will hold aloof from all international agreement, for the simple reason that they will hope that we will get upon a silver standard, and thus furnish them with a good market for their silver.

The time has more than come for fearless dealing with this subject. Every day of continuation under our present laws is a menace to our prosperity, and to commercial and industrial stability, the evil possibilities of which can scarcely be overestimated. We are in this position simply because of the timidity and short-sightedness of time-serving politicians, who were misled by a mistaken idea that there was great popular strength behind the free-silver movement. There has never been any evidence of such strength, but in every instance in which a true test of popular sentiment has been made, the result has been conclusive evidence that the people were on the side of honest money, having both the intelligence and the probity necessary to convince them that a debased and dishonest dollar was as pestilential a thing for a nation as for an individual. It is time our politicians discovered that the surest way in which to please the people is to be honest with them, and to trust in their ability and willingness to appreciate and reward honest conduct at its full value.

Immigration Problems.

THE subject of restricting immigration is certain to command unusual attention from the session of Congress which is about to open. Chiefly because of the cholera experience of last summer, there is in the country to-day a more pronounced public sentiment in favor of restriction than there has ever been before. People who had formerly a vague idea that we were receiving somewhat too carelessly whomever might choose to come, without regard either to quantity or to quality, became suddenly convinced that their suspicions were only too well founded. No sooner was their attention concentrated upon the quality of the immigration which was bringing the pestilence to our doors, than they began to perceive that there was in it also very doubtful material for good citizenship. It came about, therefore, that the demand which was made for restricting immigration in the interest of the public health became one also for restricting it in the interest of public and political welfare.

As a consequence of this, to us, very hopeful condition of opinion, the approaching session of Congress is likely to be called upon to consider many plans both for regulating and for restricting immigration, and is likely to give them more serious thought than such measures have commanded heretofore, if for no other reason than that public opinion now demands some decisive action in the matter. Legislation in the past has been timid and halting, partly because of the political consequences of anything like rigorous restrictions, and partly because of a lack of public opinion in support of such restrictions. The fear of political consequences — that is, of alienating the support of foreign-born voters by seeming to be hostile to their nationalities — may still be an obstacle when the question of legislation is reached, but it will be counteracted largely by the strong public sentiment which is now discernible in nearly all parts of the country.

The restrictive measures are likely to appear in two forms, one set relating to quarantine regulations, and the other to direct checks upon the whole mass of immigration. In regard to quarantine regulations, a strong movement will surely be made for the establishment of a national quarantine, in place of State and local quarantines, with uniform jurisdiction over all ports. The arguments in favor of this change are unanswerable. In the first place, the interests of the whole country are involved, and the government of the whole country, and that of no single State, should be in charge of it. Over 90 per cent. of all the immigrants landing in this country come in by way of New York. The great body of transatlantic travelers come in through the same port, and the great bulk of the commerce of the whole country as well. That the government of the State of New York should have the power to regulate and control this travel and business, which belong to the whole country, is both unreasonable and unjust. The General Government has charge of all international commerce, and it should have charge of all international travel, for it is impossible to interfere with the latter without at the same time interfering with the former.

Furthermore, if a single State government be in charge of quarantine, it can be called to account for its management only by the people of its own territory; but if the Government of the United States be in charge, it will be held responsible by the people of the whole country. This fact alone would be certain to secure better service, and a more effective as well as a more just quarantine. All the intelligence of the nation would be brought to bear to make the quarantine service the best possible.

It has been proposed, and the plan may be considered by Congress, to have in connection with a national quarantine in the country a kind of branch quarantine service in foreign ports. This could be done by limiting the number of ports from which immigrants would be allowed to sail for this country to four or five, and by establishing in each of them an inspection bureau at which every person desiring to emigrate would be required to register at least five days in advance of sailing. Such person could in that period be thoroughly examined as to his health, character, and capacity for self-maintenance, and if he prove unsatisfactory, shipment could be refused to him. The American consuls could assist in this work, and could give certificates, countersigned at the port of sailing, which would serve as passports, and be the only kind receivable, for admission into this country.

Another plan, which has no reference to quarantine regulations, is proposed by General Francis A. Walker. In brief, it is that free immigration be suspended for ten years beginning with 1893, and that every immigrant arriving here after that date be admitted only on payment of $100. If he return home within three years, the money is to be refunded. If he remain in the country three years, and can present satisfactory evidence that he is a law-abiding and self-supporting citizen, the money shall be repaid to him at the expira-

tion of that period. This amounts to a tax on immigration, and while it would undoubtedly restrict it greatly, and would keep out a great deal of the poorest and least desirable of it, it would not keep out some of the most objectionable; for almost any criminal who really desired to get in could raise the necessary money, or his neighbors might raise it for him to be rid of him. The plan of examination at the ports of sailing, though obviously it would be more difficult of execution, would act more efficaciously as a sifter, which is the most desirable form of restriction.

But that restriction of some kind is imperatively needed, all thoughtful persons admit. It may be many years before we shall have a repetition of the cholera visitation, but we are going to have with us every year, in steadily increasing volume, a great mass of ills in our body politic, introduced therein by the precipitation of a huge mass of foreign voters who know little about our institutions and care even less. The readers of THE CENTURY cannot have forgotten the impressive article on this subject, entitled "Safeguards of the Suffrage," written by Dr. Washington Gladden, which we published in February, 1889. The argument of that article was that we must restrict the suffrage by improving our naturalization laws in the direction of placing more severe requirements and a longer period of residence upon the aliens desiring admission to citizenship, and that we must also limit the bestowment of it upon natives themselves by requiring more intelligence and character on their part as requisites for its exercise. We have no doubt whatever that if these ideas could be carried into effect,—that is, embodied in law,—a vast improvement in our political condition would be the result; but the trouble is that the politicians, who are our masters in such things,—save during the rare and fleeting moments in which the people become sufficiently indignant to assert their supremacy,—would not willingly consent to the changes. A great deal may be accomplished, so far as the foreign-born voters are concerned, by restricting the number, and sifting the quality, of the immigrants, thus making the general average of new citizens from that quarter better; and it may be that this is about all we can hope to accomplish at present. Still, public sentiment is aroused on the subject, and when once a beginning has been made in the right direction, a great deal more may be accomplished than now seems probable.

Government Architecture in America.

MR. VAN BRUNT, in closing his articles in THE CENTURY on "Architecture at the World's Fair," makes an earnest protest against the present antiquated methods of what may be called the National Government's department of architecture. He describes the evils of the present system, and advocates the designing of government buildings by architects who have "proved their ability to do justice to such great opportunities for professional distinction." It is evident that Mr. Van Brunt is in thorough sympathy with the proposed remodeling of the office of the supervising architect under an act of Congress which has already passed the House of Representatives, and which it is hoped the Senate will quickly approve at the coming session.

No senator is likely to vote against the new law who gives five minutes to the reading of the succinct and lucid report on this subject from the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds; although no senator experienced in public affairs is likely to be ignorant, even before reading that admirable statement, of the wasteful and ridiculous workings of the system that now exists. The report explains that a single architect is now theoretically expected to design all the buildings belonging to the General Government throughout the United States, as well as to attend to all the repairs of the enormous and ever-increasing number of these structures. The consequence is that this unfortunate official's entire time is absorbed in clerical details; while he glances hopelessly over the tables where innumerable clerks are busy making copies of stupid old buildings to serve for stupid new ones, with as complete a disregard of climatic appropriateness as of artistic value. The committee is surely correct in declaring that "it was not intended that, as now, clerks and copyists should do the work of the learned architect, and that the learned architect should be occupied with the work of clerks and copyists."

Under the circumstances, of course, the one thing that it is rarest for the supervising architect to do is to supervise. This is generally done by some local carpenter or builder with a genius not so much for architecture as for politics, who is apt to see to it that the "job" is carried on with no undue haste. The consequence is that the Government pays nearly twice as much for the work; that it takes at least three times as long as it should to finish the building; which, when done, is apt to be an architectural negation, if not an actual monstrosity. "Eleven years ago," says the report, "the public building at Detroit was authorized; $1,300,000 has been appropriated by Congress, and the foundation walls are not yet completed."

The bill approved by the committee gives plenty of useful occupation to the supervising architect, but (in the language of the report)

> it authorizes the Secretary, in his discretion, to obtain plans and specifications and local supervision for its public buildings by the system of competition among private architects. While not mandatory, it authorizes the Secretary to employ the architect whose plans are approved to superintend the construction. It is to be presumed that this will secure the best architectural ability in the formulation of plans and the construction of the work according to such plans; that the compensation of such architects will be determined, as in private employment, on fixed commission upon the cost of the work, and that this will secure speedy completion of the work.

The condition of things which the new law will correct is a national disgrace, pure and simple, and we are assured that our senators will prove the senatorial wisdom by losing no time in the establishment of a new and better order.

OPEN LETTERS.

American Painters in the Christmas "Century." [1]

ABBOTT HENDERSON THAYER.

ABBOTT HENDERSON THAYER, whose "Virgin Enthroned" appears on page 272, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1849. He was a student at the École des Beaux Arts, under Lehmann and Gérôme, from 1875 to 1879. Upon his return to America he settled in New York, and was made President of the Society of American Artists.

Mr. Thayer is one of the most sensitive and one of the most artistic of artists, decidedly modern and yet reminiscent of the best qualities of the fourteenth century,— one of the most realistic of idealists and most ideal of realists. He is thoughtful and intellectual in all he does, and his works charm us perhaps most of all by their intense humanness. In genre he exalts the commonplace, and what in the hands of a poorer artist would be ordinary becomes in his canvases precious. The subjects of his portraits, like those of Vandyke, impress us as people we would like to know, and a bit of New England hillside in his hands reveals its essential qualities. Excellent examples of his work are — "Child with a Kitten," "Portrait of two Ladies," exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1884; and "An Autumn Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills," engraved by Cole, and published in this magazine for July, 1880.

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD.

IT is seldom that a modern artist has achieved uniform success in so many forms of pictorial representation as has Mr. Blashfield, and certainly the works of few American artists, save those of the semi-Parisians, have been so often received and so well placed in the Paris Salon, Royal Academy, and other foreign exhibitions. A list of his principal pictures will best illustrate his versatility, including, as it does, "The Emperor Commodus," "A Roman Lady's Fencing Lesson," "Inspiration," "The Siege," and "All Souls' Day." He has also painted many life-size portraits and half a dozen ceilings in New York, and has made numerous illustrations for this and other magazines.

Mr. Blashfield's work is characterized by earnestness and thoroughness and by easy grace and charm; it is pleasant and agreeable in color, possesses a good "painter quality," and always repays study for its rare quality of concealing so easily, in most instances joyously, the conscientious labor and care of its production. The "Christmas Bells," of which we give an engraving on page 188, was painted in Paris, and was exhibited in 1892 in the Salon of the Champs Elysées. The studies for the bells were made at the old church of St. Nicholas at Blois and at Giotto's Tower in Florence.

Mr. Blashfield is a native of New York city, studied his art in Paris under Bonnat and Gérôme, and was the recipient of a medal at Paris in 1889.

MISS MARY L. MACOMBER.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists is known primarily as an artists' exhibition,— though not the less popular on that account; therefore, when Miss Macomber's picture "The Annunciation" (an engraving of which is printed on page 283), passed the jury of selection, and found a place on the exhibition walls of 1892, the painter could fairly congratulate herself upon having passed an important milestone in her artistic career. Miss Macomber was born in Fall River in 1861, and her only place of study has been the Museum Art School at Boston. Her work is all of a religious or imaginative description, simple and naïve, tender in sentiment and delicate in execution.

EDWARD EMERSON SIMMONS.

ONE of the most promising things in connection with American art is the readiness with which our artists, following the example of the great ones of the Italian Renaissance, take to decoration. By the word decoration I mean its ordinary, every-day signification, the ornamentation by pictures of walls, ceilings, and windows. Among these are La Farge, Maynard, Dewing, Blashfield, and Low. Another is Edward E. Simmons, at present a member of the artist colony who, under the direction of Frank D. Millet, are making in the decoration of the Exhibition buildings in Chicago the best plea yet made for the recognition of the American artist. Mr. Simmons first came into notice for this special genre, when he painted the window at Harvard for the Class of '84, now in Memorial Hall. He has painted many excellent easel pictures, among others that which we print on page 257. He is an example of the current tendency toward the revival of religious sentiment in art — a movement which was inaugurated in Germany by Von Uhde and in France by Dagnan-Bouveret, and which is spreading in other lands.

Edward E. Simmons was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1852; he was a student of the Museum Art School in Boston one winter, and afterward studied at the Académie Julian, under Boulanger and Le Febvre. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1882 and a medal at the Universal Exposition of 1889.

W. Lewis Fraser.

To Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Music.

IN the first place, if you are seriously bent upon acquiring a real discrimination of music, avoid the opera for one season as you would a pest-house, and confine your attention to what is called absolute music — that is, music without text of any kind. The sovereignty of the singer is the ruling principle in the opera-house, especially since we have returned to what is called Italian opera, in which the graces of vocal art are esteemed more highly than dramatic verity. He who seeks his early culture in the opera-house will almost surely lose sight of the essentials of music and become a worshiper of vocal display.

Let us, therefore, bear in mind that at first we are not seeking to cultivate our taste for singing and playing, but for music itself. Therefore we must devote ourselves wholly to that kind of music in which the individuality of the performer is lost. We must listen to chamber music and orchestral concerts. The latter

[1] A sketch of Mr. F. V. Du Mond appeared in the CENTURY for December, 1891.— EDITOR.

are preferable, because in nine quartets out of ten the personality and technical accomplishments of the leader are too influential. If you must have some variety, go to piano recitals; for, of all classes of composition, piano music most readily adapts itself to the control of a single player's thought without losing its own significance. But we know from experience that merely listening to music will not give us the instruction we desire. Something must be learned. What is it?

Let us be thankful that it is wholly unnecessary to be a practical musician in order to understand and appreciate the works of the great as well as the little composers. What we need, to begin with, is some knowledge of the theory of music. The prime requisite is a knowledge of form. Musical form is of two kinds, melodic and harmonic. It is the former variety which the listener to music needs most to know. Melodic form is the prosody of music. The person who has learned its rules is no longer in the condition of the man who cannot tell a pencil-drawing from a water-color, nor a sonnet from a five-act tragedy. To state the laws of musical form, simple as they are, is not within the province of this article. But it is necessary that the writer should lay special emphasis upon their importance to the person who wishes to listen intelligently. To the average hearer of music a sonata, or a symphony (which is simply a sonata for orchestra), is a long composition divided into several contrasting movements. The real fact, however, that the sonata is built on prescribed lines escapes him. The sonata form is the most artistic and complex of all musical forms; and although its outlines cannot be altered without a destruction of its identity, it admits of the widest variety of treatment. The prescribed form is like the human skeleton. Remove, enlarge, diminish, or greatly change the shape of any of the bones, and you produce a monstrosity. But preserve the skeleton, and in the investiture of flesh you may have as many outward appearances as there are in the human race. Fortunately it is much easier to learn musical than human anatomy. The sonata must be the end of our study of musical forms, for it embraces them all. Our beginning must be made with the musical phrase, which is simply the germinal thought of a melody. As I have said, it is not the province of this article to teach musical form, but by way of illustration let me dissect one melody. To aid the reader, let me first dissect the text which accompanies it.

'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Where'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There 's no place like home.

There is a stanza. It is also a sentence. In rhythm as well as in sense there is a suspension at the end of each line except the last, in which the rhythm and the sense are completed. Deprive it of its pictorial aspect of poetry, and write it continuously as prose, and it comes into the same condition as a printed piece of music. But examine the music, and you will find it divides itself into lines precisely as the poetry does.

That is what is called a period, or musical sentence. The period, like the poetic quatrain, naturally divides itself into two sections, each consisting of an equal number of phrases. In this case, these phrases are equal to poetic lines. This is not always so. Sometimes a phrase would be equal to only one half the line, for a section in music may be composed of more than two phrases. But this example is sufficient to illustrate the process by which we get at musical forms. By analysis we find that the phrase, which is a germ both rhythmic and melodic, is the fundamental principle of form. The synthetic process combines phrases into sections, sections into periods, and periods into various larger shapes, such as the song form, the rondo, or the minuet. Further development brings us to the sonata form, which is a descendant of the rondo.

By learning the rules of form the hearer will become able to take the two chief subjects used in a symphonic movement, and trace them through all the developments and modifications evolved by the composer's fancy. Without a knowledge of form the hearer does not know what to expect. He is ignorant as to when he ought to hear the subjects, when he may listen for the beginning of their development. With the knowledge of form, however, he is no longer at this disadvantage. Nay, more, whenever the composer imposes upon the recognized anatomy of the sonata some new charm of fleshly integument, the informed hearer experiences the shock of a happy surprise. For him there is a piquancy of interest which the unskilled listener misses. He has a delight akin to that of the cultured reader of Swinburne's rhythmic witcheries. Better still, he acquires the power of discriminating between styles; for it is not alone in the fundamental thought that Beethoven differs from Mendelssohn, or Schumann from Brahms, but in the treatment. And by constantly preserving before the mind the anatomy of the symphony, the hearer will soon learn to detect wherein the differences lie, just as accurately as a portrait-painter will discern what makes one face differ from another. The music-lover who is thoroughly skilled in form will speedily acquire the ability to tell why Mendelssohn's music is airy and graceful, Beethoven's profound and massive, Mozart's smooth and vocal; for from analyzing the compositions into their periods, sections, and phrases, he will finally come to analyzing the germinal thoughts, the phrases themselves; and therein he will reach the origin of the differences in style. Long before the lover of music has reached this point in his study of form, he will have learned the difference between machine-made music and that which is the fruit of the spirit. He will be able to discern art-work from carpenter-work, and he will find his love for the real and noble in art increasing daily.

It is a very old process, that of picking things to pieces to see what they are made of; and if in nine cases out of ten we are in the unhappy state of the little maid who finds her doll stuffed with sawdust, we must put the blame in the right place, and thank heaven that Tschaikowsky, Dvořák, and Brahms are still with us. But, after all, the study of form is not enough. Its natural complement is a knowledge of the history of music. We need to know whence these forms came, how they were

developed, and what were the purposes of the artists who dealt with them in the various stages of their growth. Otherwise we shall be without perspective in our view of the musical field, and shall fall into the absurdity of measuring all epochs by the standard of the present. To him who knows the history of the tone-art it is an inspiration to be able to read Beethoven by the light of Wagner; but to him who does not know, or who disregards the meaning of history, the value of the past is overshadowed. It is just this want of perspective that makes so many ardent lovers of Wagner's music lose their enjoyment of Haydn and Mozart. They blame these fathers of music for not doing as Wagner did, forgetting that they belonged to the peaceful dawn of the art, when the morning stars sang together.

Aside from its inestimable importance in helping us to estimate the esthetic value of the work before us, the history of music is a study delightful in itself. To him who loves art, the history of any branch of it must be luminous. To him who has studied the history of other arts, that of music will be a revelation. The development of church counterpoint among the profound masters of the Netherlands school is in itself an epitome of the whole development of music, and throws a powerful side-light upon the emotions and impulses which worked in the Reformation. Beginning with Okeghem and his canonic riddles, music found in Josquin Desprès a guide toward beauty of utterance. Gombert followed, and opened to her the door of Nature, and finally came Lasso and Palestrina, who taught her to voice the celestial aspirations of the soul. Luther seized upon the dawning desire for simpler and broader thought in music, and, reviving congregational singing, which had been forbidden by the Council of Laodicea, made the Protestant chorale the hymn of the church militant. Almost simultaneously with that movement, the Renaissance laid hold of music, and, in striving to resurrect the dramatic recitative of the Greeks, a little body of enthusiasts in Florence brought to birth the opera.

What a world of art-history is wrapped in the records of those three centuries preceding the year 1600! What a panoramic display of the course of human emotion, of intellectual yearning, of religious aspiration, is to be found in the history of music from Pope Gregory to Jacopo Peri! And what a flood of light it throws upon that form of music which, being the most familiar, is the most misunderstood in our day. It is an assertion which cannot be overthrown that no man is prepared to express an opinion upon the artistic value of an opera who does not know the history of music. Without that information he is ignorant of the nature and purpose of the lyric drama. The necessary knowledge can be gained only by going back to the origin of the opera, and by following that branch of music through its various phases of development down to the present day. To do this is to know why Mozart is immortal through his "Don Giovanni"; to know why Rossini's "William Tell" lives when his "Semiramide" is but the rattling of dry bones; to know why Gounod's "Faust" still touches the great heart of the people with a deeper emotion than all the rhythmic jingle of Donizetti and Bellini; to know why Verdi's "Aïda" and "Otello" tower among other Italian works like giants, and why Richard Wagner's music-dramas have shaken humanity. It is only the student of musical history who can withstand the overwhelming personal influence of a great singer, so as to perceive the value or the worthlessness of the music which the singer voices. It is only the student of musical history who can rightly measure the worth of a De Reszke or a Patti.

The lover of music, who wishes to listen intelligently, may spend a lifetime in study and never know too much; but he may in a much shorter period acquire information which is neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, yet will suffice for his daily wants. He needs to read only three books to lay the foundation. One volume on Form, one on the Theory of Music, and one on the History of Music will provide the student with the elementary instruction of which he is in search. On each of these subjects there have been written small, comprehensive books, giving all the salient facts without incumbrance of detail.

Once the music-lover has acquired the habit of listening with his mind, the development of his taste for good music will be rapid. Listening with the mind, let him remember, depends primarily on ability to perceive the form of a composition; and let him, therefore, first of all master that subject. After a time the practice of analyzing, which at first will undoubtedly interfere with the indolent ear-tickled pleasure of older days, will become so easy that the mind will be unconscious of effort. Then, with a knowledge of the limits and purposes of musical epochs and composers added to the analytical habit, the listener, without labor and with freedom from the embarrassments which beset him in his uninformed days, will get from music an esthetic pleasure and a mental glow of which he never before dreamed.

Nor will he be satisfied to rest on this sum of information. He will hunger to know what constitutes good singing and playing; he will be eager to learn what has been said about the esthetics of so subtle an art. He will be ready to deepen and widen his stock of knowledge, and he will find before him a field of study full of profit and pleasure. A year of sincere study ought to lift the student far above the level of the commonplace, and enable him to stand where he will hear with the mind as well as the sense. He will not be completely equipped, but he will no longer be of the number of those who, having ears, hear not. He will be out of the slough of despond and well along the straight and narrow path. The promised land will lift its glory before him, for no mistress smiles more kindly or more swiftly on honest devotion than divine Music.

W. J. Henderson.

Some Tenement-House Evils.

THE need of caring for children who could not be accepted as pupils in our public schools years ago appealed to some of the best citizens of New York. Schools maintained at private expense were established and are still maintained under the care and management of the Children's Aid Society. The helplessness of childhood appealed strongly to public sympathy, and we have in our city several fine school-buildings erected at the expense of private citizens for the benefit of such poor children. These buildings are equipped with every modern requisite for a perfect school-building. The managers of the Children's Aid Society schools early recognized the need of manual

training for this class of children, and introduced a system of manual training,—limited, it is true, but with results that proved the need of such training. The girls were taught to sew, and certain schools introduced cooking. In the system girls were much more benefited than boys, because it was easier to procure teachers for them. This introduction of manual labor appealed at once to those who had made a study of the needs of this class of our citizens, and as a result hundreds of sewing- and cooking-schools sprang into being, and results can now be seen in some of the homes of the pupils.

There is, however, another side to this question. Are not these schools educating a pauper class? These children know that they are being educated at the expense of private charity. They receive a free lunch, clothing is given them, and they are to all intents and purposes the wards of the managers of the societies, and of the charitable persons maintaining these various schools. Parents are relieved of responsibilities that they should bear, and the child from its infancy receives that for which it never makes the slightest return. Do the benefits received compare with the injury done the child by accustoming it to the receiving of charity? If statistics could be gathered, there is not a doubt in my mind but that a large percentage of adult pauperism could be traced to these schools. Would I abolish them? By no means. I would have these schools remain under their present management, but have them subsidized by the Government, thus removing the stigma of charity from the hearts and lives of the pupils. I would abolish the free lunch. Every child should pay a penny a day for its lunch, or perform some item of labor that would be recognized as a return for what was received. There should be in the vicinity of all our school-buildings erected in tenement-house districts a penny lunch restaurant, established and maintained as far as necessary by private benevolence, and, in connection with this restaurant, a day-nursery where the babies could be left while the older children were in school, thus removing one prolific source of absenteeism.

Facing this question of the present condition of the working-man and his family, it is my firm conviction, based on close observation covering a period of five years, that to attribute the misery, suffering, poverty, and crime committed in the homes to intemperance is to attribute it to the secondary instead of the primary cause. The true cause is the utter ignorance of the wife and mother. Her ignorance prevents her from doing those things that would make her home a place of rest, a refuge, for her husband and children. Her ignorance prevents her from buying or preparing the kind of food that would give nourishment, and satisfy the cravings of hunger, which drive the inmates of the home to stimulants, to silence longings the causes of which are unknown to them. Teach every girl the hygiene of foods, and you have gone far toward making a home of peace and happiness, because the most prolific source of intemperance has been removed.

As proof, let me state facts gathered three years ago while preparing a paper based on this question. I visited 244 women, all wives and mothers. Of 244 women five knew how to make bread, and one did make it. One woman of the entire number cut and made the garments worn by herself and children; three could make the garments if they were cut and basted or joined together. Two made soup once in a while; a few cooked fish. I found that they knew nothing of cooking beyond frying meat and boiling a few vegetables. Not one family used oatmeal or any farinaceous food. The women, when at home, spent their time lounging in their neighbors' rooms, or about the street doorways. Why? To kill time; because they did not know how to do the work necessary to make and keep their families comfortable. These women had worked from early life in factories, had married, and had gone into homes of their own without the faintest ideal, or the least knowledge of how to make a home comfortable. Many of them did not know how to make a fire, or sweep a room. They burned and wasted the food they attempted to cook. Many of them acknowledged that the men they married never drank to excess until after their marriage. All of them had lost children. We can readily understand why. The matron of one of our seaside sanitariums told me that not less than 85% of the mothers who came there in the summer acknowledged that they never gave their children baths; that it was a common thing to have a mother ask, when told by the resident physician to give her child a warm bath, "How shall I do it, sir?" They do not know, and can scarcely be made to understand, the value and importance of cleanliness and regularity in the care of their infants. One mother, sturdy and healthy-looking, sat on the piazza of the sanitarium, rocking a feeble, puny baby boy. The look of dumb agony in her eyes would have moved the hardest heart. "Your baby is quite ill; I 'm sorry," I said. "Yes, 'm. He 's goin' like the rest. This is the seventh, 'm." Investigation brought out the fact that she "did n't believe in these new-fangled notions that a child must not have a bit or a sup of a thing but milk." She began too late in life to study hygiene and sanitation, and the baby went out of life a victim to ignorance and prejudice. I asked how the father felt when he saw his babies leave him one by one. "Ah, it breaks his heart, and drives him to drink for weeks. He 'll be kilt if this one goes," and she rocked back and forth with the tears slowly falling on the puny face. This woman and her husband had attended public school in New York city, one leaving school at eleven, the other at thirteen years of age. Does any system educate that leaves such ignorance in the minds of those who have passed through at least seven grades in that system?

As this condition of things exists, how shall it be mitigated?

First: By adapting our system of education to the wants of a large class of our citizens. By maintaining at the expense of the public, as our present public schools are maintained, the several kindergarten and industrial schools supported now by private citizens. Maintain these schools as industrial and manual training-schools, and let the citizens of all classes make their choice as to which school their children shall attend. This will remove class distinction, which now exists under the approval of a democracy which declares all men free and equal, but which distinguishes at the very entrance into life between the children of its citizens.

Second: Let there be no such thing as an Italian, a German, or any other school but an American. Recognize in every child in the land a future American citizen, or a mother of citizens, and educate them to meet the responsibilities of the future.

Third: Almsgiving increases far more than it diminishes the evils of tenement-house life. It is not the alms they need, but the education to meet the difficulties that lie within and about them. And these will yield only when men and women of intelligence and wise sympathy go among them and teach them to conquer themselves, give to them the ambition to be that of which they never dreamed — men and women thinking and planning for their own and their children's future, realizing their responsibilities as parents, and meeting these responsibilities with intelligence. Mothers' classes should be organized in every tenement-house square in our city. These classes should give lessons in cooking, sewing, and especially in mending and the cutting of cloth into garments. The women should be encouraged to bring their own materials, both old and new. Where the needs are pressing and alms must be given, let the garments be of suitable material, made and altered by the receiver if possible. There should be short practical talks on the value of money; the care, moral and physical, of children; the responsibility of a wife and mother; the reason for cleanliness of person and rooms. There should be on every square through our tenement-house districts provision for giving hot- and cold-water baths at all seasons of the year; also some provision for the care of infants, during the absence of the mother at work, that would not interfere with the attendance of the older children at school. The health laws concerning tenement-houses should be enforced, and the tenants made familiar with their rights and responsibilities as tenants.

Clubs should be maintained for the young girls and the boys employed during the day. The amusements and practical work introduced in each club should be such as will arouse and awaken the highest and best in the members. A few such clubs do exist, but they do not receive the support their importance demands. The clubs for girls should be organized in rooms similar in size to those they occupy as homes. One room should be fitted up in the simplest manner as a kitchen that could be used as a living-room by a family in their own circumstances. Here they should learn to use an oil-stove, that the discomfort of a tenement-house room in summer might be reduced. The girls should be made to understand that the aim of this life should not be the "having of a good time," but the fitting of themselves to meet future duties and responsibilities, that they may enjoy the blessings that come from knowing how to meet them.

No one realizes her deficiencies more than does the working-girl herself. Talking to a club of girls, I said; "Girls, why is it that so many whom we all know, just as pretty, just as trim as any of you, in two or three years after marriage are broken down, slovenly, unhappy? Why is it that the men they marry are as much changed as they are, and spend their time loafing and drinking when not at work?" A dead silence was the only answer. "Girls, do you know any who have so changed?" "Yes, indeed we do," was the answer given by several. "Shall I tell you the reason? It is because they did not know how to keep house. They were discouraged by their own ignorance, and became careless and slovenly because they were discouraged. The husband soon tired of the dirty, disorderly house and the slovenly wife, and found rest and entertainment out of it. Am I not right?" "Indeed you are!" "What will make your future different from this?" "We 'll learn what we should know." From that time on, whenever that club-room was open, you would find the members busy over little garments designed for one of the sanitariums at the seaside. As they worked some one read. During the winter practical talks, illustrated by the stereopticon, were given by physicians. Household matters were the subject of several talks; a library, which was used freely, was another means of good. Multiply this class of club by fifty, and you will have created a current that will revolutionize the lives of hundreds.

Boys' clubs, devoted to the instruction and entertaining of boys, that will open avenues of entertainment in themselves, should number, at least, one to five hundred of the liquor-shops that debase and ruin our boys. Entertainments to which fathers and mothers can come in company should be held at least once a month. Remember that with this class it is a rare thing for the husband and wife to spend an evening in company. Workingmen's clubs should be organized, where the members can meet and discuss the questions of the day with intelligent and educated men. It is time the workingman, whose opportunities for education are limited, received his instruction from some other source than a ward politician or a political demagogue, and in some other place than a rum-shop. Our recent elections have proved most conclusively that the workingmen are a force that will be felt more and more strongly every year. It is time that we recognized the fact that there are wards in every city where the non-taxpaying citizen outnumbers the taxpaying citizen by a hundred to one. These wards are peopled by the most ignorant, the most degraded of human beings. These are the citizens who make the criminal politicians of our time possible. It will take more than the jury system, or the punishments inflicted by law, to crush the heads of these political serpents. They retain their ill-gotten gains, and return to their little kingdoms crowned heroes.

Who is to change these conditions? The intelligent men and women who value the future of the city; who have a care for the children about their own hearthstone; who would save their children from contamination and the sure misery that must follow if this large and increasing class is left in the condition that our present system of education leaves them — either the wards of charitable benevolence, their very souls branded with dependence, or in the equally bad state of knowing their ignorance and their inability to conquer it, and consequently slowly sinking through discouragement to the level of brutes possessed of immortal souls, dragging with them the peace and happiness of the nation.

Lillian W. Betts.

The Prevention of Blindness in Infants.

ACCORDING to the census of 1880, there are about fifty thousand blind persons in the United States. Of these at least fifteen thousand have become so from a kind of inflammation that is likely to attack the eyes of a new-born infant. It is not claiming more than statistics justify to assert that not one of these fifteen thousand persons would have become blind had the proper measures been instituted at the right season. Ophthalmia neonatorum, or the sore eyes of the new-born, is a preventable disease. In those large hospitals where

the preventive measures first put in practice by Professor Credé, of Leipsic, are in force, the disease is practically stamped out. But, unfortunately, all infants are not born in a well-regulated hospital, and a very large number make their advent into the world under the superintendence of persons wholly ignorant of the gravity of this disease, and with no knowledge of the proper method of treating it after it has once been established.

The eyes of the baby from one to three days old become red and begin to discharge matter. The officiating person pooh-poohs the idea of its being a serious thing, says it is simply a cold in the eye, suggests some simple remedy,— the mother's milk usually,— and promises that it will be all right in a few days. In a certain number of instances that is the fortunate termination of ophthalmia neonatorum, for all cases are not of the virulent type; but they all begin in the same way, and at the outset of any case no one can foretell to which category it will belong. The disease going from bad to worse, the infant is finally taken, perhaps, to a competent practitioner, and the heartrending fact is revealed that it has come too late. An irreparable damage has been done — the cornea has ulcerated off, and the child is hopelessly blind.

But even more frequently the child is not taken to a doctor who understands the case until the acute inflammation has passed away, and then it is for the purpose of having the "scum" removed from the sightless eyeballs. Any one who has once seen the look of anguish in the face of one of these mothers when told that this cannot be done, and that her baby can never see, will never afterward regard babies' sore eyes as an insignificant affair.

It is not the purpose of this communication to consider the subject from a purely medical standpoint. There are, however, it must be confessed, many practitioners in good standing who are shamefully ignorant of the whole matter, and to their criminal negligence are due the sightless eyes of thousands of their fellow-beings. With them it will be left for the faculty to deal; and I am glad to say that in our colleges and clinics young men are now learning the proper method of dealing with such cases. But it takes a long time for knowledge to percolate in a professional way from the practitioner to the people, and particularly to the class of ignorant and poor among whom the disease, from various circumstances of environment, is most rife. Many infants among these people are never seen by a medical man at all, and when they are it is only in a cursory and casual way, and not once in a thousand times, perhaps, is the condition of the eyes examined into or inquired about. There is about the whole matter a state of ignorance, apathy, and indifference, against which science and humanity are having a hard struggle.

The readiest and most efficient way of meeting and overcoming this is to put a knowledge of the dangers of the disease in possession of the mothers, and of those having the care of new-born children. The public at large must be made aware of the irremediable evils that are likely to follow from the neglect of what has been regarded as a simple and innocent affection. One medium through which this knowledge can be extensively disseminated is the various charitable organizations, municipal and private, with which our country is so abundantly supplied. Let every society or organization which has to do especially with women, have printed and widely distributed among its people cards containing something like this:

> If the new-born baby's eyes become red, and begin to run matter, take it *at once* to a doctor. This condition is dangerous, and may lead to total blindness.

By this means thousands of eyes that would have been lost will be saved. There is no need to appeal to the humanitarian sentiments of the readers of this magazine; a simple statement of the facts is sufficient, we are sure, to arouse their interest and enlist their coöperation in such a work.

But there is another aspect of the subject which, if somewhat narrower and on a lower plane, is yet of no mean importance from the standpoint of political economy. Every child becoming blind in infancy is henceforth, so long as it lives, a charge upon the community. Instead of being, as it should be, a producer, it is a consumer only; or at least its production, even in the most favorable cases, is only a tithe of what it would have been had the individual possessed good vision. The total loss to the commonwealth of our nation from this source reaches proportions which are astonishing from their magnitude. A very simple calculation will show how very large this is.

The minimum cost of sustenance of a single person in our best and most economically managed institutions for the blind is about $132 a year. The cost of the "keep" of these fifteen thousand blind people is, therefore, nearly two millions of dollars annually. But these people, if they had not been blind, would have been contributors instead of an expense to the community, and their net contribution to the general fund can be taken as at least one dollar a day on the average. Adding this to the cost of maintenance, we have the total loss to the commonwealth of seven million five hundred thousand dollars each year, and this takes no account of those made partially blind by the disease, and who are thus handicapped in the race of life.

In some countries of Europe the state has taken the matter in hand, and has made it compulsory on the attendant to report at once to the proper medical authorities all infants whose eyes show signs of being affected. In spite of earnest petitions Great Britain has refused to take any official notice of it. In this country three States at least have taken definite action in the matter. Two years ago the legislature of New York passed an ordinance making it compulsory on the attendant to report all cases at once to the sanitary authorities, and Maine and Rhode Island have within the year followed her worthy example. Several other States have, I believe, the matter under consideration. All this is good and necessary, and should be made universal; but of what advantage are statutes if the people are unaware of the danger? In some way or ways we must let them into the knowledge of what babies' sore eyes may mean. One method I have suggested, but there are others which will occur to some of the many thousand readers of THE CENTURY. And still further to increase the spreading of the facts, I trust that the newspapers of the country will publish so much of this communication as shall embody the essential idea of the great danger of the disease when left to itself or under improper care and treatment.

Swan M. Burnett, M. D.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SOME MORE BOYS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

Little Cousin Jasper.

LITTLE Cousin Jasper he
Don't live in this town, like me;
He lives 'way to Rensselaer,
An' ist comes to visit here.

He says 'at our court-house square
Ain't nigh big as theirn is there.
He says their town 's big as four
Er five towns like this, an' more.

He says ef his folks moved here
He 'd cry to leave Rensselaer;
'Cause they 's prairies there, an' lakes,
An' wil'-ducks, an' rattlesnakes.

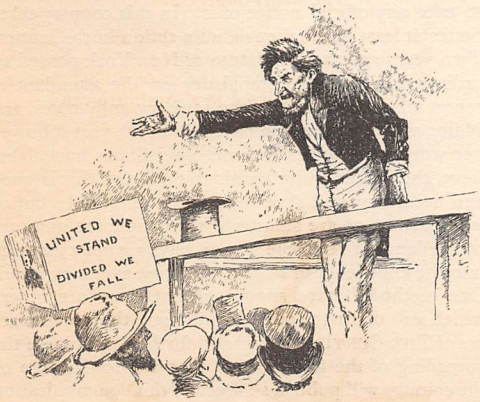
Yes, an' little Jasper's pa
Shoots most things you ever saw.
Wunst he shot a deer, one day,
'At swummed off, an' got away.

Little Cousin Jasper went
An' camped out wunst in a tent
Wiv his pa, an' helt his gun
While he kilt a turrapun.

An' when his ma heerd o' that,
An' more things his pa 's been at,
She says, "Yes; an' he 'll git shot
'Fore he 's man-grown, like as not."

An' they 's mussrats there, an' minks,
An' di-dippers, an' chewinks—
Yes; an' cal'mus-root you chew
All up, an' 't won't pizen you.

An', in town, 's a flag-pole there—
Highest one 'at 's anywhere
In this world—wite in the street
Where the big mass-meetin's meet.



Yes; an' Jasper he says they
Got a brass-band there, an' play
On it, an' march up an' down,
An' all over round the town.

Wisht our town ain't like it is;
Wisht it 's ist as big as his;
Wisht 'at *his* folks they 'd move *here*,
An' *we 'd* move to Rensselaer.

The Doodle-Bugs's Charm.

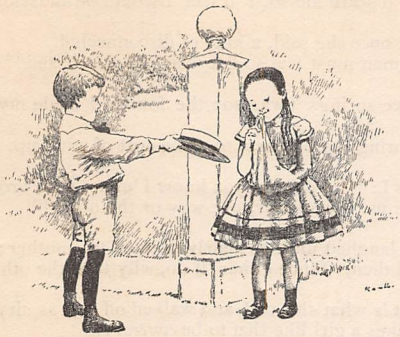
WHEN Uncle Sidney he comes here,—
An' Fred an' me an' Min,—
My ma she says she bet you yet
The roof 'll tumble in!
Fer uncle he ist *romps* with us;
An' wunst, out in our shed,
He telled us 'bout the doodle-bugs,
And what they 'll do; he said,
Ef you 'll ist holler "Doodle-bugs!"
Out by our garden-bed—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"

Ain't Uncle Sidney funny man?
"He 's childish 'most as me,"—
My ma sometimes she tells him that,—
"He acts so foolishly."
W'y, wunst, out in our garden-path,
Wite by the pie-plant bed,
He all sprawled out there in the dirt,
An' ist scrooched down his head,
An' "Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-bugs!"
My Uncle Sidney said,—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"

An' nen he showed us little holes
All bored there in the ground,
An' little weenty heaps o' dust
'At 's piled there all around.
An' uncle said, when he 's like us,
Er purt' nigh big as Fred,
That wuz the doodle-bugs's charm,
To call 'em up, he said:
"Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-bugs!"
An' they 'd poke out their head—
"Doodle-bugs! Doodle-bugs!
Come up an' git some bread!"

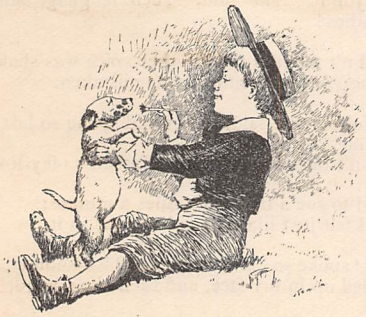
Home Again.

I 'M been a-visitin' 'bout a week
To my little cousin's at Nameless Creek;
An' I 'm got the hives, an' a new straw hat,
An' I 'm come back home where my beau lives at.



The Spoiled Child.

'CAUSE Herbert Graham 's a' only child—
"Wuz I there, ma?"
His parents uz got him purt' nigh sp'iled—
"Wuz I there, ma?"
Alluz ever'where his ma tells
Where she 's been at, little Herbert yells,
"Wuz I there, ma?"
An' when she telled us wunst when she
Wuz ist 'bout big as him an' me,
W'y, little Herbert he says, says-ee,
"Wuz I there, ma?"
Foolishest young-un you ever saw—
"*Wuz I there, ma? Wuz I there, ma?*"



The Bee-Bag.

WHEN I was ist a brownie,—a weenty-teenty brownie,
Long afore I got to be like childerns is to-day,—
My good old brownie granny gimme sweeter thing 'an can'y—
An' 'at 's my little bee-bag the fairies stoled away!
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!

One time when I been swung in wiv annuver brownie young-un,
An' lef' sleepin' in a pea-pod while our parents went to play,
I waked up ist a-cryin', an' a-sobbin', an' a-sighin'
Fer my little funny bee-bag the fairies stoled away!
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!

It 's awful much bewilderin', but 'at 's why I 'm *a childern*,
Ner goin' to git to be no more a brownie sence that day;
My parents, so imprudent, lef' me sleepin' when they should n't—
An' I want my little bee-bag the fairies stoled away.
O my little bee-bag,
My little funny bee-bag,
My little honey bee-bag
The fairies stoled away!

The Truly Marvelous.

GIUNTS is the biggest men they air
In all this world er anywhere;
An' Tom Thumb he 's the most littlest man,
'Cause wunst he lived in a' oyshture-can!

You Dear Old Gotham.

You 've grown a byword in the land
For rank corruption and misfeasance,
For streets ill cleaned, ill lighted, and
For many an unabated nuisance.

Naught, naught within your courts is chaste,
Except, perhaps, a recent statue;
E'en that is far above you placed,
And frowns and points its arrow at you.

I love you for the olden days
Of Stuyvesants and Knickerbockers;
For those of Peter Pindar's lays,
When there were fewer bells than knockers.

'T was sport to drive a sleigh and pair
When Murray Hill a wooded ridge was,
And gallants knew exactly where
A certain place called Kissing Bridge was.

Then Wall Street was a walk for sheep
(They say that "lambs" may still be found there),
And lovers rendezvous would keep
In Maiden Lane and by-paths round there;

Those days have drifted back until
They seem to-day like Old World fables;
But, dear old town, I love you still,
In spite of horse-cars, steam, and cables.

William Bard McVickar.

Observations.

The masculine mind makes its blunders by overlooking details; the feminine, by seeing nothing else.

No concise, unqualified assertion is ever entirely true — not even this one.

If you are undecided as to whether any particular thing is right or wrong, you are in the way of finding out.

To be popular with men, speak neither of your misfortunes nor successes; to be popular with women, speak of both.

Vice is indulgence; virtue, abstinence.

The man who thinks that what was good enough for him is good enough for his son, should pay conscience-money to his father.

Ask only the well about their health.

You can always get on with people who don't care a straw for you; but intercourse with those who love you has its difficulties.

If your *fiancée* smilingly accepts even the best of apologies for the smallest of inattentions, she is beginning to cool; and if you make many of them, you are.

The world is at once very much more keen-witted and very much more stupid than we think.

In these times there are no unappreciated geniuses; but there are a great many over-appreciated mediocrities.

We pass our lives in realizing the truth of commonplaces.

How dentists and dressmakers escape becoming irreclaimable skeptics as to the courage of men and the amiability of women is a mystery indeed.

So long as lovers can quarrel, they are still lovers.

Perfected humanity will live in a dead calm. All movement arises from imperfection.

Far beyond conquering, women love to be conquered.

Manley H. Pike.

Opportunity.

We used to go, a lot of us together,
To pick the May-pinks, when 't was fittin' weather;

And I would toll her off from all the others —
She liked me, 'cause, she said, she "had no brothers."

I always meant to speak, but, my good gracious!
She 'd scare me so, I 'd feel 't would be audacious.

And once she said, a kind of disconnected,
"A man must feel so flat when he 's rejected!"

Three springs 't was so; the fourth, I made my mind up
To bring the business to some sort of wind up.

Says I: "Look here, you know I 'm not your brother!
Give me my answer, one way or the other!"

She laughed until she fairly seemed to smother;
And then, "Since either 'll do, why take the other!"

That 's what she said, and walked off just as airy —
It takes a girl like that to be *contrary*.

She 'd said I would feel flat. Well, for that matter,
The flattest pancake could n't have felt flatter.

I stood it for a year; we acted pleasant;
We never met when other folks were n't present;

Till May-pink time. I could n't help but love her;
So I made up my mind to try it over.

I put it stronger this time; she turned white
As May-pinks the pine-needles hide from sight.

"I 'm promised to Elnathan Kent," she stammered.
I thought she 'd hear my heart, the way it hammered;

And something seemed to catch me up and shake me:
"*I 'm* promised, too," I said; "you 've *got* to take me!

"You tell Elnathan Kent to go to Hades!"
"Why, John!" she said, "such language ain't for ladies!

"I could n't tell him that," — her voice was shakin', —
"But I *might* say I found I was mistaken.

"And, John," she said, "if you 'd spoke so last May-time,
I would n't have to spoil poor Nathan's play-time."

I seemed to see a thousand miles a minute;
My head felt just like fire and ice was in it.

"If I 'd 'spoke so' four years ago?" I shouted.
She smiled up in my face, and then she pouted,

And looked off, sort of absent, at a steeple:
"I s'pose," she said, "we 'd be old married people!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

Beauty.

Among the weeds let bloom one rose,
Lo, all the field with beauty glows!
So to the plainest face a smile
Will lend it Beauty's mask the while.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

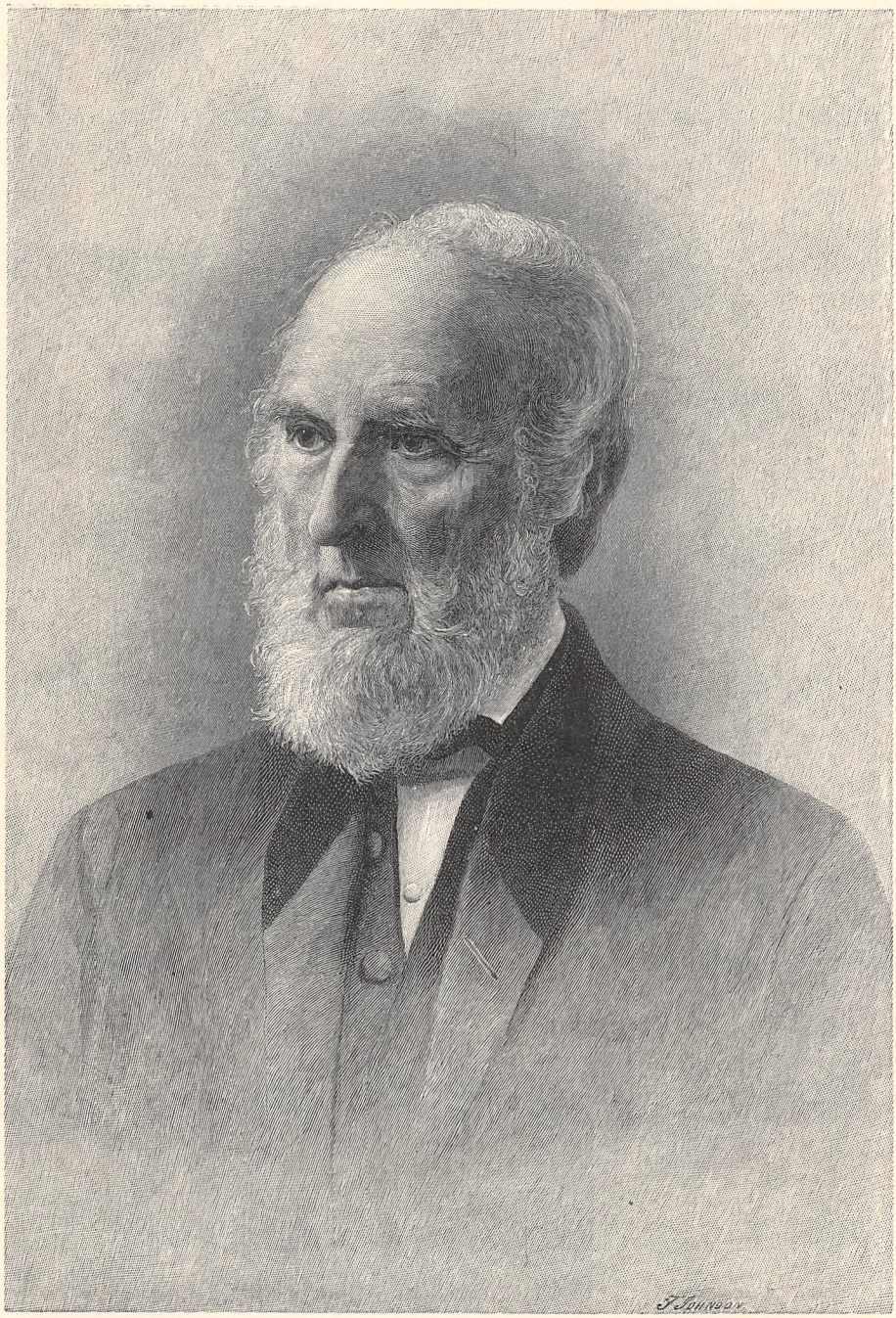
THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted,
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue,
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

John G. Whittier

Sixth Mo. 11. 1879.



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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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LA GRANDE DEMOISELLE.

A BALCONY STORY.

THAT was what she was called by everybody as soon as she was seen or described. Her name, besides baptismal titles, was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. When she came into society, in the brilliant little world of New Orleans, it was the event of the season, and after she came in, whatever she did became also events. Whether she went, or did not go; what she said, or did not say; what she wore, and did not wear — all these became important matters of discussion, quoted as much or more than what the President said, or the governor thought. And in those days, the days of '59, New Orleans was not, as it is now, a one-heiress place, but it may be said that one could find heiresses then as one finds type-writing girls now.

Mademoiselle Idalie received her birth, and what education she had, on her parent's plantation, the famed old Reine Sainte Foy place, and it is no secret that, like the ancient kings of France, her birth exceeded her education.

It was a plantation, the Reine Sainte Foy, the richness and luxury of which are really well described in those perfervid pictures of tropical life, at one time the passion of philanthropic imaginations, excited and exciting over the horrors of slavery. Although these pictures were then often accused of being purposely exaggerated, they seem now to fall short of, instead of surpassing, the truth. Stately walls, acres of roses, miles of oranges, unmeasured fields of cane, colossal sugar-house — they were all there, and all the rest of it, with the slaves, slaves, slaves everywhere, whole villages of negro cabins. And there were also, most noticeable to the natural, as well as to the visionary, eye — there were the ease, idleness, extravagance, self-indulgence, pomp, pride, arrogance, in short the whole enumeration, the moral *sine qua non*, as some people considered it, of the wealthy slaveholder of aristocratic descent and tastes.

What Mademoiselle Idalie cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored; and she followed the same simple rule untrammeled in her eating, drinking, dressing, and comportment generally; and whatever discipline may have been exercised on the place, either in fact or fiction, most assuredly none of it, even so much as in a threat, ever attainted her sacred person. When she was just turned sixteen, Mademoiselle Idalie made up her mind to go into society. Whether she was beautiful or not, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to appreciate properly the beauty of the rich, the very rich. The unfettered development, the limitless choice of accessories, the confidence, the self-esteem, the sureness of expression, the simplicity of purpose, the ease of execution — all these produce a certain effect of beauty behind which one really cannot get to measure length of nose, or brilliancy of the eye. This much can be said: there was nothing in her that positively contradicted any assumption of beauty on her part, or credit of it on the part of others. She was very tall and very thin with small head, long neck, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair, — for which her hair-dresser deserved more praise than she, — good teeth of course, and a mouth that, even in prayer, talked nothing but commands; that is about all she had *en fait d'ornements*, as the modistes say. It may be added that she walked as if the Reine Sainte Foy plantation extended over the whole earth, and the soil of it were too vile for her tread. Of course she did not buy her toilets in New Orleans. Everything was ordered from Paris, and came

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as regularly through the custom-house as the modes and robes to the milliners. She was furnished by a certain house there, just as one of a royal family would be at the present day. As this had lasted from her layette up to her sixteenth year, it may be imagined what took place when she determined to make her début. Then it was literally, not metaphorically, *carte blanche*, at least so it got to the ears of society. She took a sheet of note-paper, wrote the date at the top, added, "I make my début in November," signed her name at the extreme end of the sheet, addressed it to her dressmaker in Paris, and sent it.

It was said that in her dresses the very handsomest silks were used for linings, and that real lace was used where others put imitation,— around the bottoms of the skirts, for instance,— and silk ribbons of the best quality served the purposes of ordinary tapes; and sometimes the buttons were of real gold and silver, sometimes set with precious stones. Not that she ordered these particulars, but the dressmakers, when given *carte blanche* by those who do not condescend to details, so soon exhaust the outside limits of garments that perforce they take to plastering them inside with gold, so to speak, and, when the bill goes in, they depend upon the furnishings to carry out a certain amount of the contract in justifying the price. And it was said that these costly dresses, after being worn once or twice, were cast aside, thrown upon the floor, given to the negroes — anything to get them out of sight. Not an inch of the real lace, not one of the jeweled buttons, not a scrap of ribbon, was ripped off to save. And it was said that if she wanted to romp with her dogs in all her finery, she did it; she was known to have ridden horseback one moonlight night all around the plantation in a white silk dinner-dress flounced with Alençon. And at night, when she came from the balls, tired, tired to death as only balls can render one, she would throw herself down upon her bed in her tulle skirts,— on top, or not, of the exquisite flowers; she did not care,— and make her maid undress her in that position; often having her bodices cut off her, because she was too tired to turn over and have them unlaced.

That she was admired, raved about, loved even, goes without saying. After the first month she held the refusal of half the beaux of New Orleans. Men did absurd, undignified, preposterous things for her; and she? Love? Marry? The idea never occurred to her. She treated the most exquisite of her pretenders no better than she treated her Paris gowns, for the matter of that. She could not even bring herself to listen to a proposal patiently; whistling to her dogs, in the middle of the most ardent protestations, or jumping up and walking away with a shrug of the shoulders, and a "Bah!"

Well! Every one knows what happened after '59. There is no need to repeat. The history of one is the history of all. But there was this difference — for there is every shade of difference in misfortune, as there is every shade of resemblance in happiness. Mortemart des Islets went off to fight. That was natural; his family had been doing that, he thought, or said, ever since Charlemagne. Just as naturally he was killed in the first engagement. They, his family, were always among the first killed; so much so that it began to be considered assassination to fight a duel with any of them. All that was in the ordinary course of events. One difference in their misfortunes lay in that after the city was captured, their plantation, so near, convenient, and rich in all kinds of provisions, was selected to receive a contingent of troops — a colored company. If it had been a colored company raised in Louisiana it might have been different; but these negroes mixed with the negroes in the neighborhood,— and negroes are no better than whites, for the proportion of good and bad among them,— and the officers were always off duty when they should have been on, and on when they should have been off.

One night the dwelling caught fire. There was an immediate rush to save the ladies. Oh, there was no hesitation about that! They were seized in their beds, and carried out in the very arms of their enemies; carried away off to the sugar-house, and deposited there. No danger of their doing anything but keep very quiet and still in their *chemises de nuit*, and their one sheet apiece, which was about all that was saved from the conflagration — that is, for them. But it must be remembered that this is all hearsay. When one has not been present, one knows nothing of one's own knowledge; one can only repeat. It has been repeated, however, that although the house was burned to the ground, and everything in it destroyed, wherever, for a year afterward, a man of that company or of that neighborhood was found, there could have been found also, without search-warrant, property that had belonged to the Des Islets. That is the story; and it is believed or not, exactly according to prejudice.

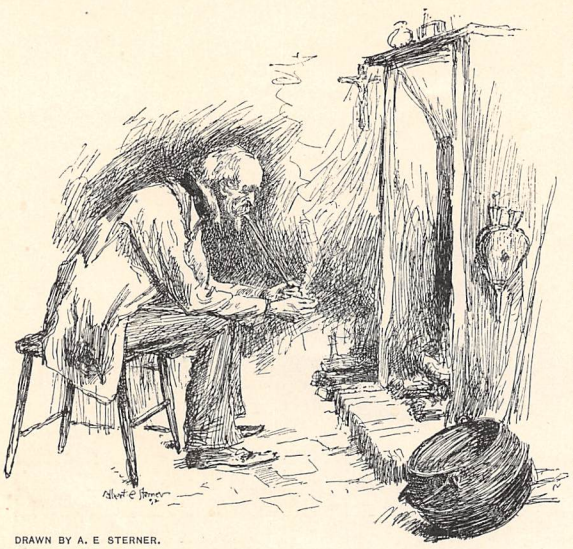
How the ladies ever got out of the sugar-house, history does not relate; nor what they did. It was not a time for sociability either personal or epistolary. At one offensive word your letter, and you, very likely, examined; and Ship Island for a hotel, with soldiers for hostesses! Madame Des Islets died very soon after the accident — of rage they say; and that was about all the public knew.

Indeed, at that time the society of New Orleans had other things to think about than

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"WALKING AWAY WITH A SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS."



DRAWN BY A. E STERNER.

CHAMPIGNY.

the fate of the Des Islets. As for *la grande demoiselle*, she had prepared for her own oblivion in the hearts of her female friends. And the gentlemen,—her *preux chevaliers*,—they were burning with other passions than those which had driven them to her knees, encountering a little more serious response than "bahs" and shrugs. And, after all, a woman seems the quickest thing forgotten when once the important affairs of life come to men for consideration.

It might have been ten years according to some calculations, or ten eternities,—the heart and the almanac never agree about time,—but one morning old Champigny (they used to call him Champignon) was walking along his levee front, calculating how soon the water would come over, and drown him out, as the Louisianians say. It was before a seven-o'clock breakfast, cold, wet, rainy, and discouraging. The road was knee-deep in mud, and so broken up with hauling, that it was like walking upon waves to get over it. A shower poured down. Old Champigny was hurrying in when he saw a figure approaching. He had to stop to look at it, for it was worth while. The head was hidden by a green barege veil, which the showers had plentifully besprinkled with dew; a tall, thin figure. Figure! No; not even so could it be called a figure: straight up and down, like a finger or a post; high-shouldered, and a step—a step like a plowman's. No umbrella; no—nothing more, in fact. It does not sound so peculiar as when first related—something must be forgotten. The feet—oh, yes, the feet—they were like waffle-irons, or frying-pans, or anything of that shape.

Old Champigny did not care for women—he never had; they simply did not exist for him in the order of nature. He had been married once, it is true, about a half century before; but that was not reckoned against the existence of his prejudice, because he was *célibataire* to his finger-tips, as any one could see, a mile away. But that woman *intrigué'd* him.

He had no servant to inquire from. He performed all of his own domestic work in the wretched little cabin that replaced his old home. For Champigny also belonged to the great majority of the *nouveaux pauvres*. He went out into the rice-field, where were one or two hands that worked on shares with him, and he asked them. They knew immediately; there is nothing connected with the parish that a field-hand does not know at once. She was the teacher of the colored public school some three or four miles away. "Ah," thought Champigny, "some Northern lady on a mission." He watched to see her return in the evening, which she did, of course; in a blinding rain. Imagine the green barege veil then; for it remained always down over her face.

Old Champigny could not get over it that he had never seen her before. But he must have seen her, and, with his abstraction and old age, not have noticed her, for he found out from the negroes that she had been teaching four or five years there. And he found out also—how, is not important—that she was Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets. *La grande demoiselle!* He had never known her in the old days, owing to his uncomplimentary attitude toward women, but he knew of her, of course, and of her family. It should have been said that his plantation was about fifty miles higher up the river, and on the opposite bank to Reine Sainte Foy. It seemed terrible. The old gentleman had had reverses of his own, which would bear the telling, but nothing was more shocking to him than this—that Idalie Sainte Foy Mortemart des Islets should be teaching a colored public school for—it makes one blush to name it—seven dollars and a half a month. For seven dollars and a half a month to teach a set of—well! He found out where she lived, a little cabin—not so much worse than his own, for that matter—in the corner of a field; no companion, no servant, nothing but food and shelter. Her clothes have been described.

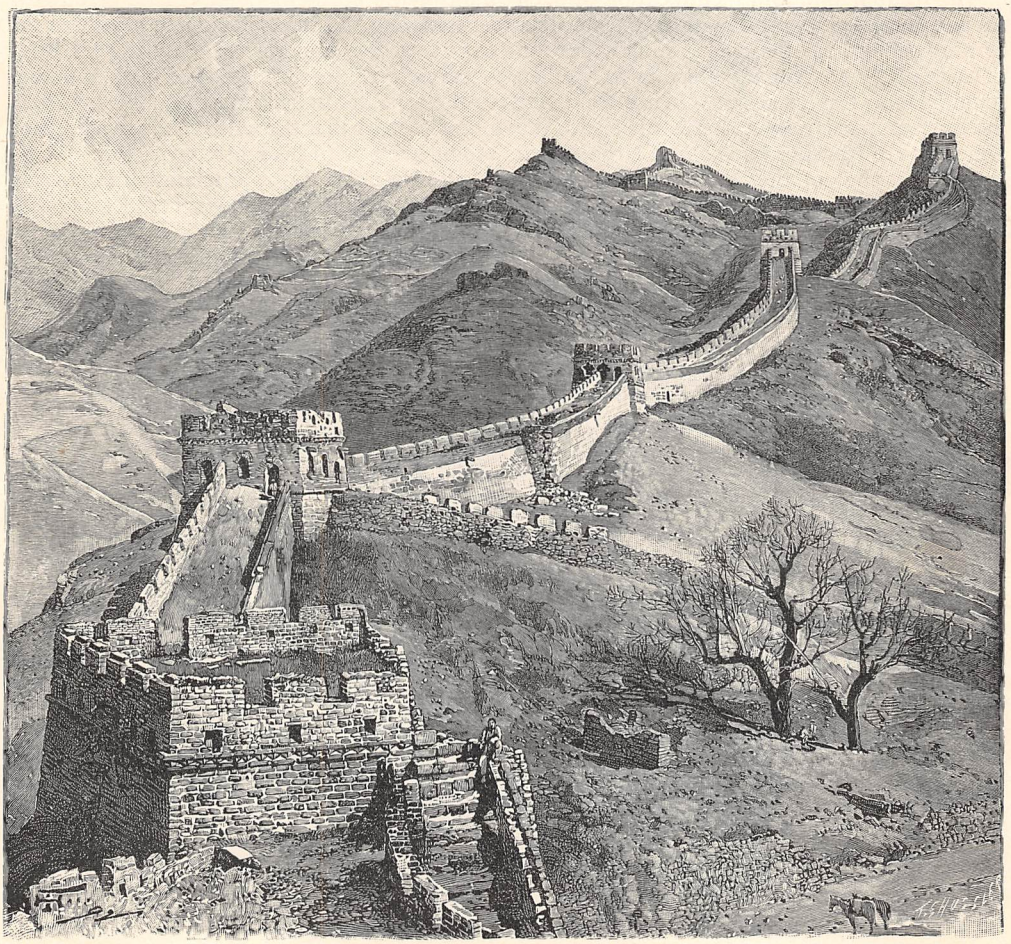
Only the good God himself knows what passed in Champigny's mind on the subject. We know only the results. He went and married *la grande demoiselle*. How? Only the good God knows that too. Every first of the month, when he goes to the city to buy provisions, he takes her with him—in fact, he takes her everywhere with him.

Passengers on the railroad know them well, and they always have a chance to see her face. When she passes her old plantation *la grande demoiselle* always lifts her veil for one instant—the inevitable green barege veil. What a face! Thin, long, sallow, petrified! And the neck! If she would only tie something around the neck! And her plain, coarse cottonade gown! The negro women about her were better dressed than she.

Poor old Champignon! It was not an act of charity to himself, no doubt cross and disagreeable, besides being ugly. And as for love, gratitude!

Grace King.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE GREAT WALL.

FEW relics remain in the great empire of China in evidence of an antiquity of race or culture of six thousand years. Tradition fixes the date of its foundation in the year B. C. 3322.

We know that many centuries are required for the development of a language, and the ancient literature of China is alone evidence of a long period of culture preceding it. But there are no great monuments in existence, no treasures of archæology buried and preserved in the rich alluvium of the plains, or on the line of earliest migration in the loess of Shensi and Mongolia, which antedate the written literature. Time and floods, changing seasons, fire and devastating war, have done their work well in the empire.

An ancient feudalism has left its vestiges in the walls and ramparts of ruined cities scattered over the land. These are found far north of the Chinese boundary. I have seen them

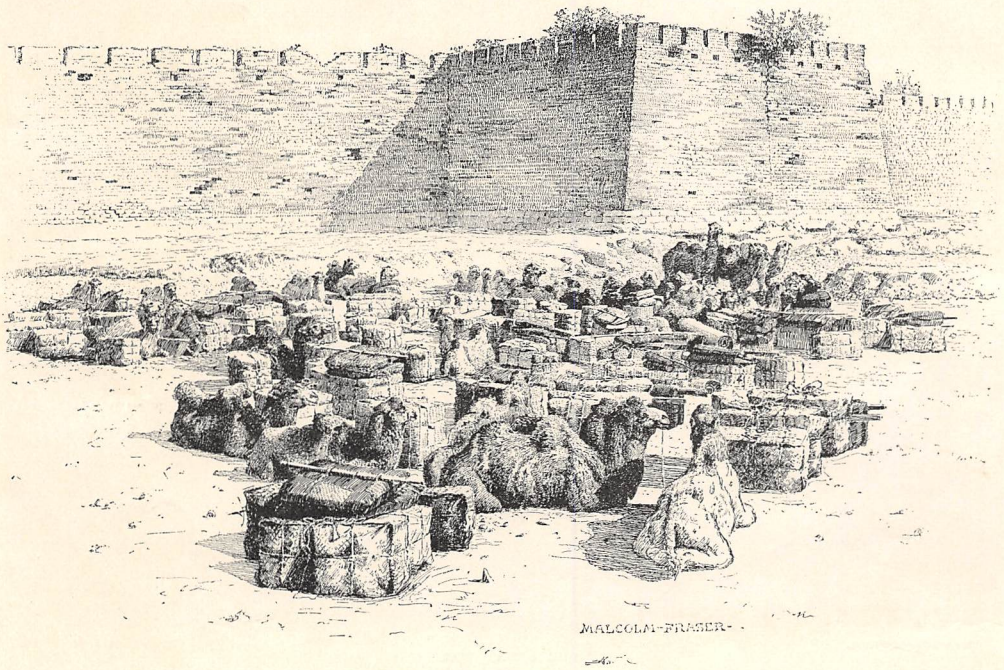
[1] The pictures of this article and the following were drawn from photographs made by Romyn Hitchcock.

even in the interior of Eastern Siberia, where the original wall thrown up by the Chinese serves as the rampart of a Russian military town. In early times, no doubt, such walls were built by feudal chieftains or princes; but later, and at the present day, they are for the defense of cities under government control. The great cities Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Nanking, Canton, and a host of others familiar to our ears, are thus protected.

The examination and identification of such ruins will reveal many interesting facts concerning the march of conquest and civilization in eastern Asia. Already they have yielded some facts to the historian. One of the latest discoveries in this connection is the site of the famed city of Karakorum, south of Urga, which was the capital of the great Genghis Khan when the Mongol power was at its zenith, having under its rule the largest empire the world has ever known.

The Great Wall dates from the reign of Chi Hwangti, the first emperor of the Tsin family. It was begun B. C. 214, and finished in ten years, under the first Han emperor. Some portions, built by the northern feudal chieftains, already existed, and the idea of connecting them occurred to the emperor, who, during his brief occupancy of the throne, made himself odious to the scholars by burning the books and records, in order that the written history of China might begin with his ambitious reign.

The Great Wall is approximately 1500 miles in length. Its dimensions vary in different parts, but at the part usually visited it is from 15 to 30 feet in height, 25 feet wide at the base, and 15



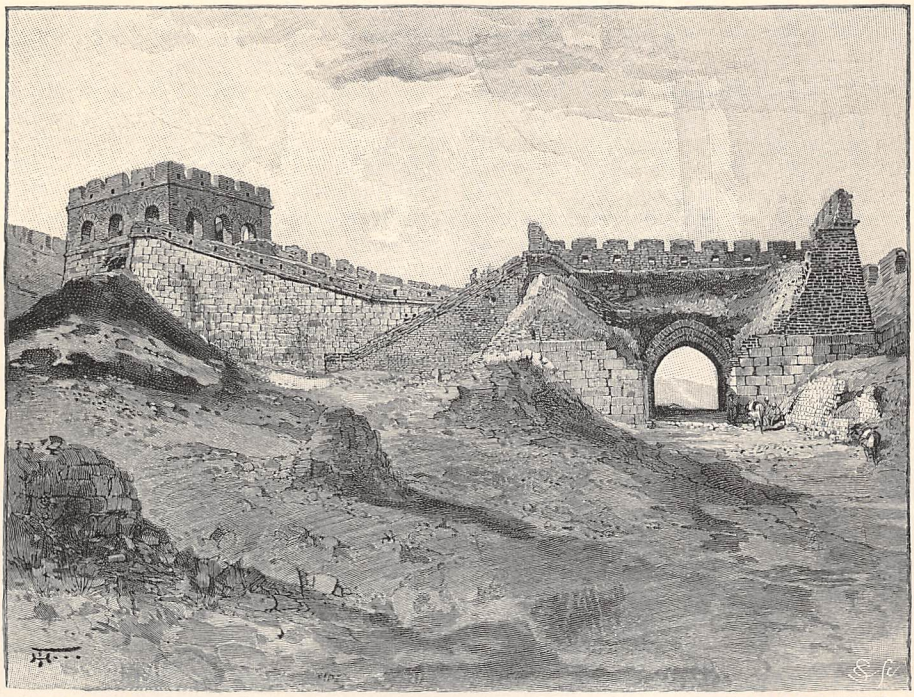
A CARAVAN OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PEKING.

The walled cities in China close their gates at evening now as they have for centuries. Nothing changes in China save through neglect and decay. So, at Peking, every evening from half-past five until six o'clock, there is an endless stream of carts and mules and donkeys pouring through the principal gates to get within or without the gates before they close.

It is not of the city walls that I am now to write; for, although they are high and strong and massive, there is a far greater structure than any of these, the very existence of which, however, has recently been denied. It is strange that the only work of man of sufficient magnitude to arrest attention in a hasty survey of the earth's surface should be represented as a creation of fancy.

feet at the top, exclusive of the square-towered bastions, which project on the Mongolian side. It is much inferior in size to the wall of Peking.

In some remote parts the wall is a mere earth or stone embankment, but elsewhere it is faced on both sides with solid stone and brick masonry, the middle filled in with earth and stone, on top of which a pavement of large square bricks is laid. Wherever the wall makes steep ascents these bricks are laid in steps. The lower part is built of huge granite blocks well



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE PATALING GATE.

fitted together with mortar, the parapet of large burnt bricks of a grayish-blue color, about fifteen inches in length by eight in width and four in thickness. No structure of brick and mortar could endure the severe frosts and changing seasons of that region for two thousand years. The ancient wall is in ruins. The parts that are well preserved are not more than four or five hundred years old. These have been twice rebuilt. In the seventh century 1,800,000 men were ordered to rebuild the portion extending from the Nankow Pass, northwest of Peking, to Tatung-foo in Shansi. About the same time 200,000 men renewed another portion between Yülin and Shan Hai Kuan. That portion most frequently visited by travelers, which crosses the Nankow Pass, is an offshoot from the old wall, known as the inner wall, and was first built about twelve hundred years ago; but the wall now existing there dates from the time of the Mings, hence it is only four hundred years old.

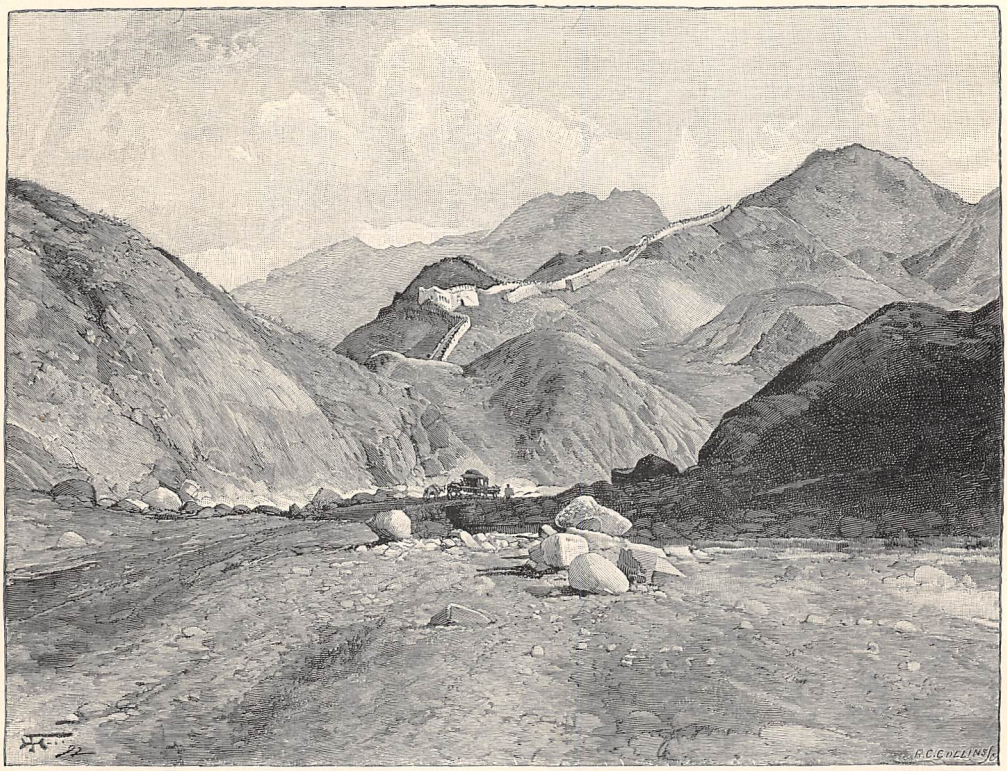
This is the wall represented in the illustrations, which are from photographs taken at the Pataling or Chatow gate. This important gate is two thousand feet above the sea-level, at the head of the Nankow Pass, forty miles from Peking. The line of demarcation between the granite masonry and the brick is clearly shown in the view of the outer gateway.

Access to the top of the wall is by means of broad, inclined planes running up from the ground on the Chinese side; also by wide stairways within the wall itself leading up from openings in the side. In the view of the gate one of these inclined planes is shown, and in the general view of the wall the opening to one of the stairways is to be seen just beyond the second tower. Through the arch of the gate we have the first glimpse of the barren wastes of Mongolia. The gate dates from the fifteenth century.

Formerly the Nankow Pass was the great commercial highway to and from Mongolia. It was then an excellent stone road, laid with great blocks of granite, or cut into the rocky hills, over which carts could travel. It is now a rough and almost dangerous path, where carts do not attempt to pass; the merchandise is still transported on pack-animals,—ponies, mules, donkeys, and camels,—and of these there is an endless succession of caravans from dawn till sunset. The hardy Mongols, men and women, with darkened and weather-wrinkled visage, sway easily to the long strides of their camels, and look upon foreigners with not unfriendly curiosity. They bring furs, and camel's hair, and wool, and droves of ponies, sheep, and mules. At Peking they go to the Mongol camp near the British Legation, where they dispose of their goods, carrying home in return, besides other products, fine silks, rich in color and gorgeous gold or silver brocades, such as are specially made in China for this northern trade. Through this gate

pass also most of the leaf and brick teas which are sent overland from Tientsin, via Kiachta, to Siberia and Russia. The total of this trade amounts to about 50,000,000 pounds a year.

One may see these great tea-caravans at Peking in the early morning passing through the gates, or just without the city walls, where the patient and wise-looking camels love to rest in the soft, impalpable dust which rises in a cloud with every footfall and with every gust.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. IN THE NANKOW PASS. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

The scenery from the Great Wall is very fine. The wall is here a dividing line between the high, rugged hills of China, which tower above us on the one hand, and the great sandy plains of Mongolia on the other, with dim mountain-summits beyond in the far distance. Over these barren, rocky spurs and acclivities, ascending to their very summits, winding about in irregular curves and zigzags, its serried battlements clear-cut against the sky on the topmost ridges, descending into dark gullies to appear again rising on the other side, the endless line of massive stone and brick runs on and on until lost to sight behind the farthest range. And so it goes for miles and miles, eastward to the Pechili Gulf, and westward, mostly in two great, rambling lines, along the border of the Gobi Desert and Kansu, until it ends among the foot-hills of the Nan Shan range. However we may regard it, whether as a grand conception for the defense of an empire, as an engineering feat, or merely as a result of the persistent application of human labor, it is a stupendous work. No achievement of the present time compares with it in magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black Sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions, and records, and ruins of a brilliant past. The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued, and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.

The Chinese to-day are under an alien dynasty, which is no longer powerful, and not more loved by the people than when it first usurped the Dragon Throne. The Manchus may yet be driven back to their former home beyond the wall, to make way for a ruler of Chinese birth. Such is the dream of the Chinese people, and it may yet be realized.

The gate at Shan Hai Kuan, the eastern terminus of the Great Wall, has been an important point in Chinese history. Well defended, it is almost impregnable. In the time of the Mings, only strategy, or the unfaithfulness of its defenders, could give admittance to the invading hordes from the north. The brightness of the Mings rapidly declined, and the dynasty came to a bitter end under the irresolute and weak Tienchi, who, while nominally emperor at Peking, allowed the actual authority to fall into the hands of the eunuchs, led by the unscrupulous Wei. The Manchus were growing in power and boldness. Crossing the Liao from the eastward, they attacked and captured all the Chinese fortified cities between Kwangning and Ningyuen, driving the Chinese army and a million fugitives within the wall at Shan Hai Kuan. Within that barrier they were safe. This was early in the seventeenth century. But a little later even this great stronghold was given up, and the Manchu dynasty was established in China, because a great warrior loved a beautiful woman.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

CHINESE INN NEAR PEKING.

As a true Chinese love-story, the tale is worth telling. The emperor at Peking had three empresses, dwelling in three distinct palaces. The principal empress lived in the Central Palace, the second in the Eastern, and the third in the Western Palace. The third was the most favored of all, and the heart of the Central Palace was sad and consumed with jealousy. So she caused a search to be made for the most beautiful young woman in the land, and brought her into the palace where the fickle emperor might see her, thinking thus to distract his thoughts from the Western Palace and the more favored rival there. Yuenyuen was the name of this beautiful girl, who was destined to become the Helen of China. But when the emperor saw her he spoke not a word, being engrossed in the more serious affairs of empire, and the nicely laid plan failed. Yuenyuen was therefore sold to a count, who prized her for her beauty. About this time a young and brave general named Sangwei was about to proceed to Shan Hai Kuan to take command of the forces there and repel the Manchu invasion. Sangwei was then in the highest favor. Seeing Yuenyuen at a feast given by the count, he fell in love with her instantly, and desired to make her his wife. But the count refused to part with her, and Sangwei left in sadness. Afterward the count, regarding the high and influential position of Sangwei, thought better of his decision, and sent the girl to the house of Sangwei's father. Sangwei had already left the capital, but on hearing of this he sent the count a thousand dollars as an expression of his gratitude.

While he was defending the border in the East, a famous robber chief named Li Dsuchung, at the head of a large army, laid siege to Peking and finally captured the city. Sangwei's father was made prisoner, and was commanded to write a letter to his son, ordering him to submit to the robber chief to save his father's life. This, in accordance with Chinese teaching, as a dutiful son Sangwei was bound to

do; but just at the critical moment he learned that a robber had taken Yuenyuen. He was so enraged at this, that he renounced his father, resented the advances of the self-styled emperor, and wrote a most remarkable letter to the Manchus, inviting them to join with him in rescuing the Chinese throne from the bold usurper. It was an alliance with the enemies of his people; but he knew that he could not alone defeat Dsuchung and also keep the Manchus out of the country. It was virtually a surrender of the Dragon Throne by the only Chinese general who was powerful enough to protect it. Dsuchung, knowing nothing of the alliance, marched against Sangwei, and a battle was fought at Shan Hai Kuan. The sudden and unexpected accession of the fresh Manchu army at a critical moment in the battle resulted in a complete victory for the allies. Dsuchung was panic-stricken, and fled with his entire robber army to Peking. There they gathered all the valuables they could hastily lay hands upon, placed them in carts, and continued their flight, closely pursued by Sangwei. Dsuchung beheaded Sangwei's father and all his family, but when he was about to kill Yuenyuen to complete his revenge, she said: "You had better not. If you kill me, he will pursue you with still greater fury." She was spared; and one day the lovers met on the river-bank near Kiang-chow, where they were married, and the robbers had a few days' respite from pursuit.

Thus the Manchus were enabled to pass the Great Wall at the eastern end, where Sangwei could have guarded the pass indefinitely; and perhaps, had it not been for the alliance proposed by him, the Manchus would never have conquered China. The battle of Shan Hai Kuan gave the Chinese general a bride and the Manchus a dynasty which they have held for two centuries. Upon such slender threads do the destinies of nations hang!

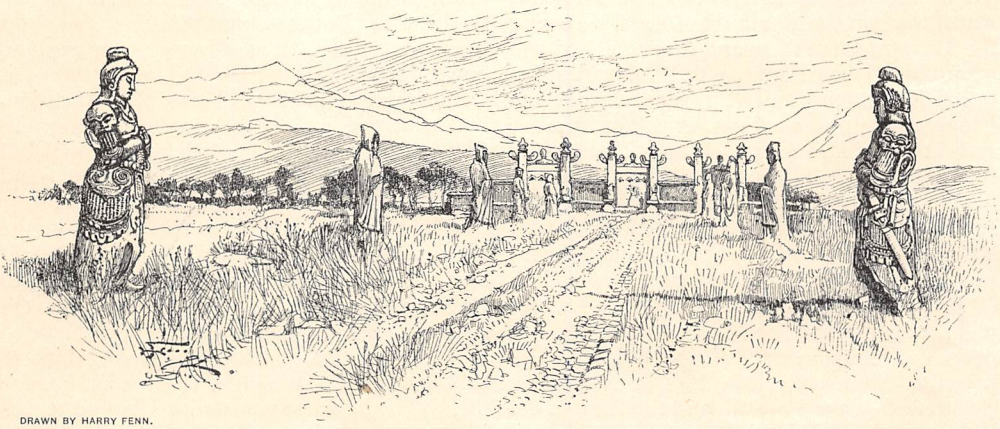
Romyn Hitchcock.

A WINTER RIDE TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

WINTER had fairly set in before we were able to set out on our long-projected trip to the Great Wall, and our friends predicted an unpleasant journey. Down in the plains the winds blew with sufficient keenness to freeze the very marrow in one's bones, and we were bound for the plateau of 4000 feet altitude which stretches from the Mongolian frontier to the confines of Siberia.

"We" were an American scientist, a Prussian, the nephew of a famous statesman, and an Englishman who may be identified as the writer. Ah Tien was the name of the particular pagan selected as our traveling majordomo, and he brought with him as lieutenant and groom one Sung Tai, who also professed to be cunning in cookery. Two carts (engaged only so far as the entrance to the Nankow Pass) of the approved springless pattern, each driven by carters whose outward appearance was a preternatural combination of thick wadding and rags, brought up the rear of our procession as, mounted on hardy Tartar ponies, we defiled through one of the northern gates of Peking.

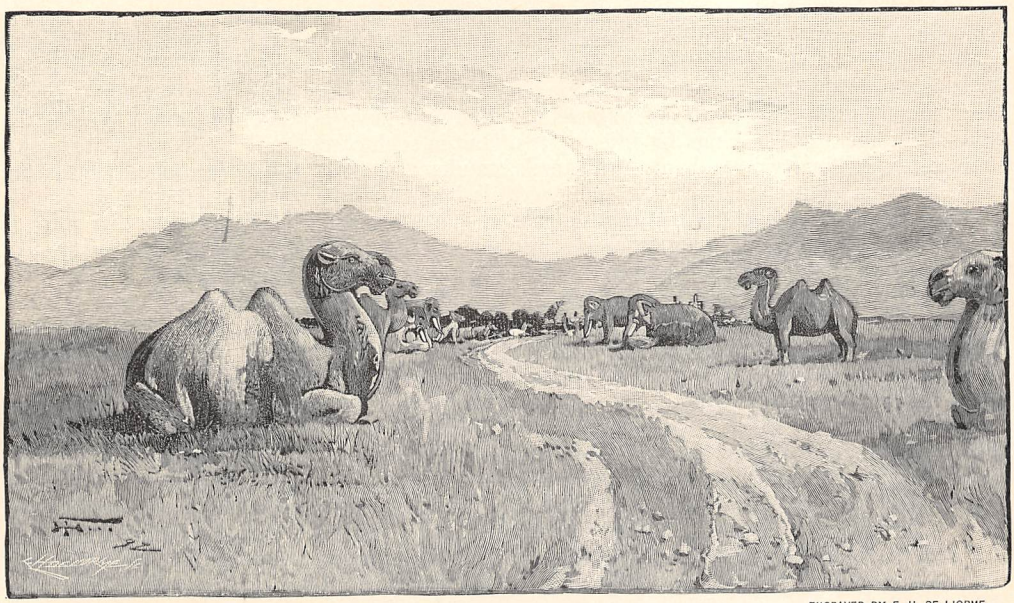
Thanks to the loitering proclivities of our carters, it was quite dark as we ambled up the principal street of Chang-ping-chow, a walled city, distant 70 *li*, or nearly 24 miles, from the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

AVENUE OF STONE FIGURES, SHIH-SAN-LING.—APPROACH TO THE TOMBS OF THE MING EMPERORS.

capital. At two or three inns we were bluntly refused admittance, with the observation that they never harbored "foreign devils"; at others we were told that every room was engaged; so more than an hour was consumed in the search for shelter. At length we found a willing host, and right glad were we to throw ourselves upon the *kang*, or stone bed, which occupied one half of the apartment assigned to us, while preparations were in progress for dinner by our dusty but indefatigable servants. Imagine for the average Chinese inn a court-yard about a hundred feet square, one side or end of which is occupied by horse-stalls, numerous feeding-troughs being scattered over the vacant area, each with its full complement of animals tethered thereto, and with the remaining three sides lined with long barn-like buildings subdivided into numerous rooms generally connecting in pairs. The rooms are usually some eight feet square, with mud floors (one half of which, as already observed, is filled by the inevitable *kang*), and with windows in which paper does duty for glass, and so constructed as to admit the greatest number of cross-drafts producible in any rectilineal inclosure. A single chair and a small table take brevet rank as furniture in the more pretentious establishments, and clean matting covers the warm but dirty felt overlying the *kang*. This latter institution — for the *kang* is to be found in every Chinese sleeping-room north of the Yang-tze-keang — is a sort of brick dais built into the end and side walls, and generally some six feet in width. Internally it consists of a fireplace terminating in a flue of eccentric convolutions. Our first proceeding was to draw the charcoal fuel and order millet-stalks instead — to the unconcealed amusement of our free-and-easy waiters; for we were, of course, half blinded by the dense smoke created. In spite of the discomfort, however, we were too sensible of the necessity for warmth to forsake our den, and contrived to make a substantial meal, smoke notwithstanding; and after a short pipe we went to sleep. Not for long, however. The inn yard, as I have hinted, contained an extensive assortment of beasts, the least objectionable being those of mulish breed. Donkeys of considerable vocal power soon commenced a concert, in which the numerous watch-dog curs to be found at every Chinese inn joined. Presently a yet more agonizing sound increased the din,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

SOME OF THE STONE ANIMALS.

rising, as we afterward found, from a group of camels. Little rousing was necessary, therefore, when the uncertain gleams of early dawn struggled through the paper-lined windows. Breakfast was despatched, and the bill paid — the process involving an animated discussion between our majordomo and the landlord, who charged us only three hundred per cent. additional. Upon learning that we were official travelers, however, he abated his demand, and we settled matters upon a mutually satisfactory basis of only fifty per cent. advance upon current rates.

Despatching our baggage to Nankow, there to await our arrival in the afternoon, we started with Sung Tai for the Ming tombs, or Shih-san-ling, where lie entombed those emperors of the

dynasty who reigned subsequently to the removal of the court to the present capital. The road thither was chiefly remarkable as being more unlike a road than any portion of the neighborhood we had yet traversed. It was wide enough, and obviously was a practicable route, but was of such curious irregularity as to surface that we seriously debated whether we had not better dismount and walk by way of saving time. At length we came to the "tombs," or rather the avenue fronting them. No inclosures mark the limits of this approach, the entrance being through a "memorial arch" standing in solitary ugliness upon the lonely plain. More rough ground and two more arches, similar to the first, are passed at intervals of about an eighth of a mile. Their connection with each other is not very clear to the uninformed stranger until, after clearing the third, he comes to the avenue proper, about two thirds of a mile long, and grotesquely garnished with colossal stone statues on either side, fifty yards distant from one another. The objects these represent are supposed to be as follows: Six men, either kings or priests; two horses, two griffins, two elephants, two camels, and four lions. The elephants and camels were clear enough, though the hind joints of the former were chiseled in a manner which bade defiance to anatomical truth. Our ponies shied at the hideous monsters intended for horses, so that it is possible we mistook the sculptor's intention. It was quite useless to question the janitors of the tombs: they "did n't know" anything, in orthodox Chinese style; so we "guessed" our way along. The tombs proper consist of a series of mounds surmounted by buildings, the finest and most celebrated being that of Tsu-wen or Yen-wang—the prince of Yen. The tablet, or shrine, dedicated to his memory is in the center of an immense hall, one of the finest, if not the most imposing, in China. The greater part of the afternoon was consumed in our ride to Nankow (the city of the Southern Pass), where the luggage and provisions had arrived in safety. The inn chiefly affected by foreigners lies just within the walls, and we found the attendants civil and handy. No attempt was made to suffocate us with charcoal, and the first demand for payment exceeded the proper price by about thirty per cent only.

It was necessary to rise next morning betimes, for the "pass," beginning almost at the inn door, had so evil a repute that, although but 45 *li* (15 miles) in length, the best part of the day, we were assured, would be consumed in overcoming its rugged difficulties. We found that rumor had not exaggerated it. Imagine the whole of Broadway, widened to four times its present width, torn up and the stones scattered over the uneven surface thus exposed. Next take the unhewn blocks of stone from fifty quarries, and strew them closely over the rough substratum. Upon these pitch a few hundred boulders of various sizes—say from that of a house to that of a hogshead. Sufficient water to show ice in the interstices, and a decent fall of snow to whiten exposed surfaces, will complete a tolerable imitation of the road. But to render the resemblance perfect, suppose this road to be inclosed on either side by precipitous rocks some 600 feet in height, and running up an average grade of 300 feet to the mile—and you have the Nankow Pass before you. In many places, of course, it is both wider and narrower than the measurements given; nor is the grade uniform, being in places painfully steep. No words, however, can do justice to the magnificent scenery amid which the traveler journeys, as he (or rather his pony) painfully picks his way over the rocky debris. Despite all the difficulties to be encountered, wheeled vehicles at times leave Nankow for Chatow, the first town beyond the inner Great Wall; but in such cases the cart is slung between two mules or camels, and its detached wheels are lashed on either side of another.

The popular idea regarding "the ship of the desert" is completely at fault if applied to the camels of Mongolia and Pechili. Juvenile natural histories talk of the soft padded foot for which this animal is so distinguished, as if a "sandy bottom" were the only surface upon which he could walk with comfort. But the greater part of all mercantile transport in North China is performed by camels, and, except in the immediate neighborhood of Peking, sand is an unknown luxury to this much-enduring beast. How vast is the number of camels thus employed may be guessed from the fact that during our day's journey we passed more than eight hundred wending their dilatory way from the Tatar steppes to the plains of Chi-li. They chiefly carried soda-soap, a kind of animal alkali or lye found on the borders of Mongolia, and cut into blocks each weighing about 260 pounds. At no time is the camel a prepossessing object. But here nature provides him with so shaggy a covering that his ungainly form becomes even more hideous. Camel's wool, by the way, used for padding clothes, is an article of considerable traffic hereabouts, and, when spring zephyrs take the place of winter blasts, the herdsmen of the plateau shear their camels by a process which preserves the merit of extreme simplicity, pulling out by hand whatever has not been shed naturally. Many animals are kept for the sole purpose of yielding wool, but the amount obtainable from each is singularly disproportioned to the huge bulk of its producer. A heavy

fleece taken from a full-grown camel will seldom average over 7 pounds, while eight dollars is a high price for the picul of 133 pounds.

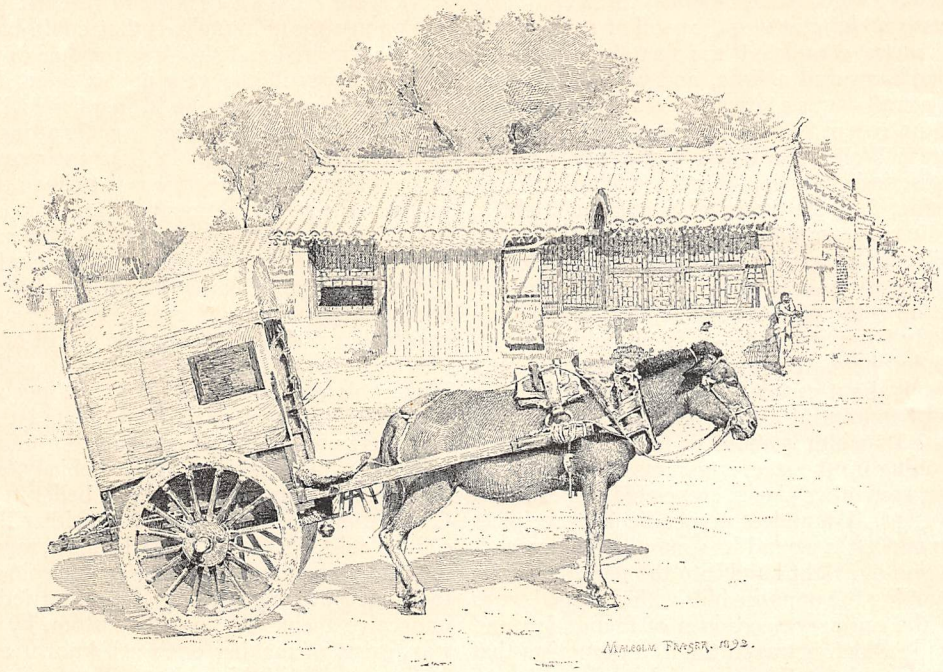
As we completed the first five miles the road narrowed a little, and we caught sight of a wall — not a very high wall, but evidently of no recent build — that is called the inner Great Wall. The native name, now applied indiscriminately to both walls, is Wan-li-chang-chêng, *i. e.*, ten-thousand-li-long wall, which, if literally correct, would, at three *li* to the mile, make it over three thousand miles in length. As *wan* is, however, frequently applied in the sense of our word myriad, — an indefinitely large number, — it is probably thus intended here. The average height of this inner wall is about 32 feet, decreasing in places, such as when fronting a steep precipice, to 10 feet or less. Its width is about 15 feet. The portions running up the steeper ascents of the hills are not, as in other places, crenelated, but are built in steps. Up almost perpendicular precipices on our left it wound its sinuous way, descending on our right hand into the pass, and anon climbing the opposite hills with a rugged scorn of the ordinary necessities of foundation and grade which betrayed the iron despotism that gave it birth. The material used varies according to the prevailing geological foundation, limestone alternating with granite. The parapet is of brick throughout.

A gateway, from which the gates disappeared a few centuries ago, allowed us to pass this once formidable obstruction to the cavalry of the Tartar steppes, and a slightly better piece of paved road relieved us of that painful attention to our ponies' paces which had become unpleasantly necessary. As we rode through, the Prussian called our attention to a Chinese inscription on the side walls, and looking attentively we saw that others in different characters were also visible. We had less difficulty in recognizing the famous legends of the Kin-yung-kuan Pass, containing, among other things, the only known specimen of a long-lost language and writing in existence, and one of the most remarkable inscriptions in the world, scarcely yielding in philological interest to the celebrated stone writings discovered near Mount Sinai.

As we again emerged upon a rough portion of the pass, the wind, from which we had hitherto been protected, met us in icy gusts which chilled the very marrow in our bones. And yet we were well wrapped up. Profiting by the experience of others, we had purchased rabbit-skin boots to draw over our riding-boots, and Mongolian head-coverings in which our heads were completely enveloped, giving us no small resemblance to old women in mob caps with fur linings. Gauze spectacles protected our eyes against the snow-glare, and the thickest of greatcoats, supplemented by serviceable blankets, seemed to promise protection against all the winds that could blow. But we shivered and shook in the face of this chilling blast till the very ponies seemed to share our misery. Yet the Mongolians whom we met upon the road seemed to suffer no inconvenience from the cold. Perhaps their never-washed skins were impervious to temperature, as their sheepskin garments, warm as they undoubtedly were, seemed even less efficient as protectors than our own foreign-made clothes.

We rode into Chatow as tired, cold, and hungry a party as had ever visited that exceedingly primitive-looking city. Most of the inns thereabouts are kept by Mohammedans, whose sole distinguishing mark is a peculiar cap which the sect affects. We found them extremely courteous. They claimed a mutual interest in the worship of Allah: chiefly, as it appeared, because we denied any belief in the Chinese pantheon. If a man was neither Buddhist, Taoist, nor Confucianist, he must, argued they, be Mohammedan. We were too cold and too hungry, to say nothing of too hurried, to undeceive them. A singular custom, by the way, exists of making one's self known as a Mohammedan in this region. The forefinger of the right hand is held out, the thumb and remaining fingers being closed on the palm. We could not ascertain the reason of this custom, which does not, so far as I am aware, exist out of China.

Twenty-five *li*, or a trifle more than eight miles, more brought us to Yülin. Our indefatigable majordomo, Ah Tien, having ridden on ahead to secure quarters, we were exempt from the nuisance of seeking a resting-place. The landlord's face positively glowed with pleasure as we entered the gate of his "insignificant hovel," for so "the pride that apes humility" requires a well-bred Chinaman to designate his house, however grand its appearance. He was delighted at the advent of "our excellencies"; what might be our "honorable nations"? etc. Each fresh burst of civility of course meant an additional roll of *cash* for our lodging-money. Secure, however, in the experience of the veteran Ah Tien, who never cheated us of more than twenty-five per cent. himself, and would argue for an entire day sooner than allow any one else to cheat us of a *cash* upon which he did not receive his due proportion of "squeeze," we took it all very calmly. From snatches of the conversation which reached us as we breakfasted next morning, we were made fully aware that a change had come o'er the spirit of the landlord's dream. "Excellencies" had become transformed into "foreign devils" in his vocabulary, and numerous other epithets of a similarly derogatory nature abounded in



A PEKING CART.

his speech. But the discussion ended at last as it had always done before, and we got off with the usual fifty per cent. extra — twenty-five to the host, and twenty-five to the ingenuous Ah Tien. It is scarcely necessary to add that the former wished "our excellencies" every blessing in the most punctilious manner as we rode out of the inn yard.

Our first stage that day was to Huei-lai-hsien, a distance of eight miles. Resting for a short period, we pushed on five miles further to Lang-shan, the road throughout being very good. While we were lunching upon the contents of a sardine-tin, a Mongolian mandarin put his head in at the door. As he seemed disposed to be rude, we simply looked at him. In no way discomposed, he gravely stalked in, and seated himself on the *kang* beside us.

"Where are you going?"

This, though a common greeting in Mongolian, was scarcely polite in Chinese. So we replied by asking him in a formal manner "his honorable name." He took the hint, and replied in the customary form:

"My insignificant name is Noor-pu."

A very pleasant chat in Chinese ensued. "What were you drinking when I entered?" he said at length, when our countries, ages, conditions, and intentions had been fully discussed.

"That was brandy."

"Po-lan-ti. What 's that? May I taste it?"

A very small modicum remained, but we yielded it up to the man who had never seen brandy. He swallowed it composedly, and kept possession of the bottle. Presently he held it up. "Do you want this — very much?"

"No; you can have it. What do you want it for?"

"Oh, I 'll offer it to Fo [Buddha] on our oboe [cross-road altar]."

"But what will Fo want with that?"

"It 's something new, and better than anything I can spare." Noor-pu next asked for a cigar, and, by way of recompensing our generosity, produced from the depths of a greasy wallet sundry pieces of what he called camel's-milk cheese, but which the most artful examination failed to convince us was anything else than moldy limestone. However, we accepted it with all due gravity, and a very strong conviction that he had the best of the "swap." We parted with amiable expressions on both sides, and he gave us a pressing invitation to meet him at his home if we happened to pass that way — which, considering he lived five hundred miles off toward the North Pole, was not a very likely event.

Our afternoon ride led us through the valley of the Hun-ho, or river Hun — an alluvial plain bounded by lofty hills. We stiffened into the saddles so completely that it was impossible to dismount without assistance at Hsin-pao-an, so that several laughable scenes occurred. An-

other day in the saddle carried us to Hsuan-hua-fu, the road lying for some distance along the Yang River, a good-sized stream debouching into the Gulf of Pechili, and at this point rolling along in considerable volume, only a few feet from the bank being frozen. The carboniferous nature of the neighborhood was evidenced by the numerous outcrops of coal, in some cases mined, but more frequently left untouched. The mineral wealth of Chili yet awaits the magic touch of Western civilization.

After passing Hsiang-shui-pu, our midday resting-place, we came to a pass of which report spoke badly, and with perfect reason. Right glad were we to reach a short stretch of good road which led us up to the gates of Hsuan-hua-fu. Learning that the Roman propaganda had a mission-station here, we determined to pay a visit to the priest in charge next day. The good man was delighted to see us, as well he might be, not having, as he informed us, seen a foreign face for more than six months. It is impossible to conceive a more literal banishment than that voluntarily undergone by these zealous emissaries of the Roman Church in China.

The outer wall crosses the pass of Chang-chia-kow, and the city of that name, known as Kalgan by the Russian traders on the frontier, was our destination, which we reached about 5 P. M. on the day following. The "Inn of the Four Seas" was well furnished, and the host, a Christian convert, did all he could to make us comfortable.

Our first thoughts, as we rose next morning, were of the Great Wall. The inn people told us that ten minutes would take us to its summit, so with a half-witted Chinese boy as guide we turned out of the gate. Leading us down a narrow lane, thence across some open ground, and finally up the steep face of a bluff about a hundred yards, and pointing before him, he said: "There 's the wall." It would be affectation to deny that our first sight of the renowned structure we had come so far to see was disappointing. At about a quarter of a mile's distance what appeared like a not very high stone or earthen fence terminated our view, winding from the level upon which we stood to the adjoining heights on the one side, and on the other descending to the valley below, where lay the town. Meantime we approached the object of our curiosity, and candor compels an acknowledgment that our first impressions of its insignificance were exaggerated. The fact was that we expected to see a crenelated and bastioned wall, such as pictures and published accounts had depicted and described. Moreover, we possessed photographs taken by an artist of known ability, which indubitably represented a very fine "wall" of considerable height and breadth. How it happened that both the photographs and the scene before us equally represented portions of the wall will presently appear. As we reached the brow of the hill the mystery was solved. Looking down into the pass and across to the opposite heights, we saw the veritable wall of our youthful geographies and recently purchased photographs. But, as we climbed the steep height at our feet, it dwindled from the massive proportions these presented to a sort of stone mound of triangular section, about fifteen feet wide at the base, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height, and terminating at its apex in a single layer of stones not more than eight inches in width! The material — quartz porphyry — was, however, cemented together with chunam in a manner sufficiently durable; for, though here and there parts had given way, it had defied the winds and weather of more than two thousand years. Although by no means coming up to our expectations, — and we learned that for the greater part of its enormous length of fifteen hundred miles the structure was, except in those portions crossing valleys, much the same as that I am describing, — it was amply sufficient to answer the purpose for which it was designed, that of preventing the incursions of the Tartar cavalry.

It was tolerably easy to climb to the top of the wall, the plaster with which the stones had once been covered having in many places fallen off, thus giving convenient footholds. Seated upon our venerable elevation, we could mark the locations of the watch-towers, of which about six once existed to every mile of wall. Constructed, however, of earth, in place of brick or stone, they had mostly crumbled to decay, leaving but a shapeless mound to mark where they formerly stood.

After a few days' stay we returned as we came, and, on reaching the Kin-yung-kuan archway, sought to carry out our intention of getting a "rubbing" of its interesting inscriptions. But the fates were adverse. The inscriptions were high enough to reach, but the wind was higher, as it rushed down the valley with a force that blew paper and blackball out of our hands, and whistled through the archway like the scream of an angry locomotive. So our much-hoped-for investigation of the Nen-chih alphabet came to nothing, greatly to the disappointment of our learned friend in Peking.

N. B. Dennys.

THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE.

By the Author of "Innocents Abroad," etc.

WHEN I was twenty-seven years old, I was a mining-broker's clerk in San Francisco, and an expert in all the details of stock traffic. I was alone in the world, and had nothing to depend upon but my wits and a clean reputation; but these were setting my feet in the road to eventual fortune, and I was content with the prospect.

My time was my own after the afternoon board, Saturdays, and I was accustomed to put it in on a little sail-boat on the bay. One day I ventured too far, and was carried out to sea. Just at nightfall, when hope was about gone, I was picked up by a small brig which was bound for London. It was a long and stormy voyage, and they made me work my passage without pay, as a common sailor. When I stepped ashore in London my clothes were ragged and shabby, and I had only a dollar in my pocket. This money fed and sheltered me twenty-four hours. During the next twenty-four I went without food and shelter.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, seedy and hungry, I was dragging myself along Portland Place, when a child that was passing, towed by a nursemaid, tossed a luscious big pear — minus one bite — into the gutter. I stopped, of course, and fastened my desiring eye on that muddy treasure. My mouth watered for it, my stomach craved it, my whole being begged for it. But every time I made a move to get it some passing eye detected my purpose, and of course I straightened up, then, and looked indifferent, and pretended that I had n't been thinking about the pear at all. This same thing kept happening and happening, and I could n't get the pear. I was just getting desperate enough to brave all the shame, and to seize it, when a window behind me was raised, and a gentleman spoke out of it, saying:

"Step in here, please."

I was admitted by a gorgeous flunkey, and shown into a sumptuous room where a couple of elderly gentlemen were sitting. They sent away the servant, and made me sit down. They had just finished their breakfast, and the sight of the remains of it almost overpowered me. I could hardly keep my wits together in the presence of that food, but as I was not asked to sample it, I had to bear my trouble as best I could.

Now, something had been happening there a little before, which I did not know anything about until a good many days afterward, but I will tell you about it now. Those two old brothers had been having a pretty hot argument a couple of days before, and had ended by agreeing to decide it by a bet, which is the English way of settling everything.

You will remember that the Bank of England once issued two notes of a million pounds each, to be used for a special purpose connected with some public transaction with a foreign country. For some reason or other, only one of these had been used and canceled; the other still lay in the vaults of the Bank. Well, the brothers, chatting along, happened to get to wondering what might be the fate of a perfectly honest and intelligent stranger who should be turned adrift in London without a friend, and with no money but that million-pound bank-note, and no way to account for his being in possession of it. Brother A said he would starve to death; Brother B said he would n't. Brother A said he could n't offer it at a bank or anywhere else, because he would be arrested on the spot. So they went on disputing till Brother B said he would bet twenty thousand pounds that the man would live thirty days, *any way*, on that million, and keep out of jail, too. Brother A took him up. Brother B went down to the Bank and bought that note. Just like an Englishman, you see; pluck to the backbone. Then he dictated a letter, which one of his clerks wrote out in a beautiful round hand, and then the two brothers sat at the window a whole day watching for the right man to give it to.

They saw many honest faces go by that were not intelligent enough; many that were intelligent, but not honest enough; many that were both, but the possessors were not poor enough, or, if poor enough, were not strangers. There was always a defect, until I came along; but they agreed that I filled the bill all around; so they elected me unanimously, and there I was, now, waiting to know why I was called in. They began to ask me questions about myself, and pretty soon they had my story. Finally they told me I would answer their purpose. I said I was sincerely glad, and asked what it was.

Then one of them handed me an envelop, and said I would find the explanation inside. I was going to open it, but he said no; take it to my lodgings, and look it over carefully, and not be hasty or rash. I was puzzled, and wanted to discuss the matter a little further, but they did n't; so I took my leave, feeling hurt and insulted to be made the butt of what was apparently some kind of a practical joke, and yet obliged to put up with it, not being in circumstances to resent affronts from rich and strong folk.

I would have picked up the pear, now, and eaten it before all the world, but it was gone; so I had lost that by this unlucky business, and the thought of it did not soften my feeling toward those men. As soon as I was out of sight of that house I opened my envelop, and saw that it contained money! My opinion of those people changed, I can tell you! I lost not a moment, but shoved note and money into my vest-pocket, and broke for the nearest cheap eating-house. Well, how I did eat! When at last I could n't hold any more, I took out my money and unfolded it, took one glimpse and nearly fainted. Five millions of dollars! Why, it made my head swim.

I must have sat there stunned and blinking at the note as much as a minute before I came rightly to myself again. The first thing I noticed, then, was the landlord. His eye was on the note, and he was petrified. He was worshiping, with all his body and soul, but he looked as if he could n't stir hand or foot. I took my cue in a moment, and did the only rational thing there was to do. I reached the note toward him, and said carelessly:

"Give me the change, please."

Then he was restored to his normal condition, and made a thousand apologies for not being able to break the bill, and I could n't get him to touch it. He wanted to look at it, and keep on looking at it; he could n't seem to get enough of it to quench the thirst of his eye, but he shrank from touching it as if it had been something too sacred for poor common clay to handle. I said:

"I am sorry if it is an inconvenience, but I must insist. Please change it; I have n't anything else."

But he said that was n't any matter; he was quite willing to let the trifle stand over till another time. I said I might not be in his neighborhood again for a good while; but he said it was of no consequence, he could wait, and, moreover, I could have anything I wanted, any time I chose, and let the account run as long as I pleased. He said he hoped he was n't afraid to trust as rich a gentleman as I was, merely because I was of a merry disposition, and chose to play larks on the public in the matter of dress. By this time another customer was entering, and the landlord hinted to me to put the monster out of sight; then he bowed me all the way to the door, and I started straight for that house and those brothers, to correct the mistake which had been made before the police should hunt me up, and help me do it. I was pretty nervous, in fact pretty badly frightened, though, of course, I was no way in fault; but I knew men well enough to know that when they find they 've given a tramp a million-pound bill when they thought it was a one-pounder, they are in a frantic rage against *him* instead of quarreling with their own near-sightedness, as they ought. As I approached the house my excitement began to abate, for all was quiet there, which made me feel pretty sure the blunder was not discovered yet. I rang. The same servant appeared. I asked for those gentlemen.

"They are gone." This in the lofty, cold way of that fellow's tribe.

"Gone? Gone where?"

"On a journey."

"But whereabouts?"

"To the Continent, I think."

"The Continent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way — by what route?"

"I can't say, sir."

"When will they be back?"

"In a month, they said."

"A month! Oh, this is awful! Give me *some* sort of idea of how to get a word to them. It 's of the last importance."

"I can't, indeed. I 've no idea where they 've gone, sir."

"Then I must see some member of the family."

"Family 's away too; been abroad months — in Egypt and India, I think."

"Man, there 's been an immense mistake made. They 'll be back before night. Will you tell them I 've been here, and that I will keep coming till it 's all made right, and they need n't be afraid?"

"I 'll tell them, if they come back, but I am not expecting them. They said you would be here in an hour to make inquiries, but I must tell you it 's all right, they 'll be here on time and expect you."

So I had to give it up and go away. What a riddle it all was! I was like to lose my mind. They would be here "on time." What could that mean? Oh, the letter would explain, maybe. I had forgotten the letter; I got it out and read it. This is what it said:

You are an intelligent and honest man, as one may see by your face. We conceive you to be poor and a stranger. Inclosed you will find a sum of money. It is lent to you for thirty days,

without interest. Report at this house at the end of that time. I have a bet on you. If I win it you shall have any situation that is in my gift — any, that is, that you shall be able to prove yourself familiar with and competent to fill.

No signature, no address, no date.

Well, here was a coil to be in! You are posted on what had preceded all this, but I was not. It was just a deep, dark puzzle to me. I had n't the least idea what the game was, nor whether harm was meant me or a kindness. I went into a park, and sat down to try to think it out, and to consider what I had best do.

At the end of an hour, my reasonings had crystallized into this verdict.

Maybe those men mean me well, maybe they mean me ill; no way to decide that — let it go. They 've got a game, or a scheme, or an experiment, of some kind on hand; no way to determine what it is — let it go. There 's a bet on me; no way to find out what it is — let it go. That disposes of the indeterminable quantities; the remainder of the matter is tangible, solid, and may be classed and labeled with certainty. If I ask the Bank of England to place this bill to the credit of the man it belongs to, they 'll do it, for they know him, although I don't; but they will ask me how I came in possession of it, and if I tell the truth, they 'll put me in the asylum, naturally, and a lie will land me in jail. The same result would follow if I tried to bank the bill anywhere or to borrow money on it. I have got to carry this immense burden around until those men come back, whether I want to or not. It is useless to me, as useless as a handful of ashes, and yet I must take care of it, and watch over it, while I beg my living. I could n't *give* it away, if I should try, for neither honest citizen nor highwayman would accept it or meddle with it for anything. Those brothers are safe. Even if I lose their bill, or burn it, they are still safe, because they can stop payment, and the Bank will make them whole; but meantime, I 've got to do a month's suffering without wages or profit — unless I help win that bet, whatever it may be, and get that situation that I am promised. I *should* like to get that; men of their sort have situations in their gift that are worth having.

I got to thinking a good deal about that situation. My hopes began to rise high. Without doubt the salary would be large. It would begin in a month; after that I should be all right. Pretty soon I was feeling first rate. By this time I was tramping the streets again. The sight of a tailor-shop gave me a sharp longing to shed my rags, and to clothe myself decently once more. Could I afford it? No; I had nothing in the world but a million pounds. So I forced myself to go on by. But soon I was drifting back again. The temptation persecuted me cruelly. I must have passed that shop back and forth six times during that manful struggle. At last I gave in; I had to. I asked if they had a misfit suit that had been thrown on their hands. The fellow I spoke to nodded his head toward another fellow, and gave me no answer. I went to the indicated fellow, and he indicated another fellow with *his* head, and no words. I went to him, and he said:

"'Tend to you presently."

I waited till he was done with what he was at, then he took me into a back room, and overhauled a pile of rejected suits, and selected the rattiest one for me. I put it on. It did n't fit, and was n't in any way attractive, but it was new, and I was anxious to have it; so I did n't find any fault, but said with some diffidence:

"It would be an accommodation to me if you could wait some days for the money. I have n't any small change about me."

The fellow worked up a most sarcastic expression of countenance, and said:

"Oh, you have n't? Well, of course, I did n't expect it. I 'd only expect gentlemen like you to carry large change."

I was nettled, and said:

"My friend, you should n't judge a stranger always by the clothes he wears. I am quite able to pay for this suit; I simply did n't wish to put you to the trouble of changing a large note."

He modified his style a little at that, and said, though still with something of an air:

"I did n't mean any particular harm, but as long as rebukes are going, I might say it was n't quite your affair to jump to the conclusion that we could n't change any note that you might happen to be carrying around. On the contrary, we *can*."

I handed the note to him, and said:

"Oh, very well; I apologize."

He received it with a smile, one of those large smiles which goes all around over, and has folds in it, and wrinkles, and spirals, and looks like the place where you have thrown a brick in a pond; and then in the act of his taking a glimpse of the bill this smile froze solid, and turned yellow, and looked like those wavy, wormy spreads of lava which you find hardened on little levels on the side of Vesuvius. I never before saw a smile caught like that, and perpetuated. The man stood there holding the bill, and looking like that, and the proprietor hustled up to see what was the matter, and said briskly:

"Well, what 's up? what 's the trouble? what 's wanting?"

I said: "There is n't any trouble. I 'm waiting for my change."

"Come, come; get him his change, Tod; get him his change."

Tod retorted: "Get him his change! It 's easy to say, sir; but look at the bill yourself."

The proprietor took a look, gave a low, eloquent whistle, then made a dive for the pile of rejected clothing, and began to snatch it this way and that, talking all the time excitedly, and as if to himself:

"Sell an eccentric millionaire such an unspeakable suit as that! Tod 's a fool — a born fool. Always doing something like this. Drives every millionaire away from this place, because he can't tell a millionaire from a tramp, and never could. Ah, here 's the thing I 'm after. Please get those things off, sir, and throw them in the fire. Do me the favor to put on this shirt and this suit; it 's just the thing, the very thing — plain, rich, modest, and just ducally nobby; made to order for a foreign prince — you may know him, sir, his Serene Highness the Hospodar of Halifax; had to leave it with us and take a mourning-suit because his mother was going to die — which she did n't. But that 's all right; we can't always have things the way we — that is, the way they — there! trousers all right, they fit you to a charm, sir; now the waistcoat; aha, right again! now the coat — lord! look at that, now! Perfect — the whole thing! I never saw such a triumph in all my experience."

I expressed my satisfaction.

"Quite right, sir, quite right; it 'll do for a makeshift, I 'm bound to say. But wait till you see what we 'll get up for you on your own measure. Come, Tod, book and pen; get at it. Length of leg, 32" — and so on. Before I could get in a word he had measured me, and was giving orders for dress-suits, morning-suits, shirts, and all sorts of things. When I got a chance I said:

"But, my dear sir, I *can't* give these orders, unless you can wait indefinitely, or change the bill."

"Indefinitely! It 's a weak word, sir, a weak word. Eternally — *that 's* the word, sir. Tod, rush these things through, and send them to the gentleman's address without any waste of time. Let the minor customers wait. Set down the gentleman's address and — "

"I 'm changing my quarters. I will drop in and leave the new address."

"Quite right, sir, quite right. One moment — let me show you out, sir. There — good day, sir, good day."

Well, don't you see what was bound to happen? I drifted naturally into buying whatever I wanted, and asking for change. Within a week I was sumptuously equipped with all needful comforts and luxuries, and was housed in an expensive private hotel in Hanover Square. I took my dinners there, but for breakfast I stuck by Harris's humble feeding-house, where I had got my first meal on my million-pound bill. I was the making of Harris. The fact had gone all abroad that the foreign crank who carried million-pound bills in his vest-pocket was the patron saint of the place. That was enough. From being a poor, struggling, little hand-to-mouth enterprise, it had become celebrated, and overcrowded with customers. Harris was so grateful that he forced loans upon me, and would not be denied; and so, pauper as I was, I had money to spend, and was living like the rich and the great. I judged that there was going to be a crash by and by, but I was in, now, and must swim across or drown. You see there was just that element of impending disaster to give a serious side, a sober side, yes, a tragic side, to a state of things which would otherwise have been purely ridiculous. In the night, in the dark, the tragedy part was always to the front, and always warning, always threatening; and so I moaned and tossed, and sleep was hard to find. But in the cheerful daylight the tragedy element faded out and disappeared, and I walked on air, and was happy to giddiness, to intoxication, you may say.

And it was natural; for I had become one of the notorieties of the metropolis of the world, and it turned my head, not just a little, but a good deal. You could not take up a newspaper, English, Scotch, or Irish, without finding in it one or more references to the "vest-pocket million-pounder" and his latest doings and sayings. At first, in these mentions, I was at the bottom of the personal-gossip column; next, I was listed above the knights, next above the baronets, next above the barons, and so on, and so on, climbing steadily, as my notoriety augmented, until I reached the highest altitude possible, and there I remained, taking precedence of all dukes not royal, and of all ecclesiastics except the primate of all England. But mind, this was not fame; as yet I had achieved only notoriety. Then came the climaxing stroke — the accolade, so to speak — which in a single instant transmuted the perishable dross of notoriety into the enduring gold of fame: "Punch" caricatured me! Yes, I was a made man, now; my place was established. I might be joked about still, but reverently, not hilariously, not rudely; I could be smiled at, but not laughed at. The time for that had gone by. "Punch" pictured me all a-flutter with rags, dickering with a beef-eater for the Tower of London. Well, you can imagine how it was with a young fellow who had never been taken notice of before, and now all of a sudden could n't say a thing that was n't taken

up and repeated everywhere; could n't stir abroad without constantly overhearing the remark flying from lip to lip, "There he goes; that 's him!" could n't take his breakfast without a crowd to look on; could n't appear in an opera-box without concentrating there the fire of a thousand lorgnettes. Why, I just swam in glory all day long — that is the amount of it.

You know, I even kept my old suit of rags, and every now and then appeared in them, so as to have the old pleasure of buying trifles, and being insulted, and then shooting the scoffer dead with the million-pound bill. But I could n't keep that up. The illustrated papers made the outfit so familiar that when I went out in it I was at once recognized and followed by a crowd, and if I attempted a purchase the man would offer me his whole shop on credit before I could pull my note on him.

About the tenth day of my fame I went to fulfill my duty to my flag by paying my respects to the American minister. He received me with the enthusiasm proper in my case, upbraided me for being so tardy in my duty, and said that there was only one way to get his forgiveness, and that was to take the seat at his dinner-party that night made vacant by the illness of one of his guests. I said I would, and we got to talking. It turned out that he and my father had been schoolmates in boyhood, Yale students together later, and always warm friends up to my father's death. So then he required me to put in at his house all the odd time I might have to spare, and I was very willing, of course.

In fact I was more than willing; I was glad. When the crash should come, he might somehow be able to save me from total destruction; I did n't know how, but he might think of a way, maybe. I could n't venture to unbosom myself to him at this late date, a thing which I would have been quick to do in the beginning of this awful career of mine in London. No, I could n't venture it now; I was in too deep; that is, too deep for me to be risking revelations to so new a friend, though not yet clear beyond my depth, as *I* looked at it. Because, you see, with all my borrowing, I was carefully keeping within my means — I mean within my salary. Of course I could n't *know* what my salary was going to be, but I had a good enough basis for an estimate in the fact that, if I won the bet, I was to have *choice* of any situation in that rich old gentleman's gift provided I was competent — and I should certainly prove competent; I had n't any doubt about that. And as to the bet, I was n't worrying about that; I had always been lucky. Now my estimate of the salary was six hundred to a thousand a year; say, six hundred for the first year, and so on up year by year, till I struck the upper figure by proved merit. At present I was only in debt for my first year's salary. Everybody had been trying to lend me money, but I had fought off the most of them on one pretext or another; so this indebtedness represented only £300 borrowed money, the other £300 represented my keep and my purchases. I believed my second year's salary would carry me through the rest of the month if I went on being cautious and economical, and I intended to look sharply out for that. My month ended, my employer back from his journey, I should be all right once more, for I should at once divide the two years' salary among my creditors by assignment, and get right down to my work.

It was a lovely dinner-party of fourteen. The Duke and Duchess of Shoreditch, and their daughter the Lady Anne-Grace-Eleanor-Celeste-and-so-forth-and-so-forth-de-Bohun, the Earl and Countess of Newgate, Viscount Cheapside, Lord and Lady Blatherskite, some untitled people of both sexes, the minister and his wife and daughter, and this daughter's visiting friend, an English girl of twenty-two, named Portia Langham, whom I fell in love with in two minutes, and she with me — I could see it without glasses. There was still another guest, an American — but I am a little ahead of my story. While the people were still in the drawing-room, whetting up for dinner, and coldly inspecting the late comers, the servant announced:

"Mr. Lloyd Hastings."

The moment the usual civilities were over, Hastings caught sight of me, and came straight with cordially outstretched hand; then stopped short when about to shake, and said with an embarrassed look:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I knew you."

"Why, you do know me, old fellow."

"No! Are *you* the — the — "

"Vest-pocket monster? I am, indeed. Don't be afraid to call me by my nickname; I 'm used to it."

"Well, well, well, this is a surprise. Once or twice I 've seen your own name coupled with the nickname, but it never occurred to me that *you* could be the Henry Adams referred to. Why, it is n't six months since you were clerking away for Blake Hopkins in Frisco on a salary, and sitting up nights on an extra allowance, helping me arrange and verify the Gould and Curry Extension papers and statistics. The idea of your being in London, and a vast millionaire, and a colossal celebrity! Why, it 's the Arabian Nights come again. Man, I can't take it in at all; can't realize it; give me time to settle the whirl in my head."

"The fact is, Lloyd, you are no worse off than I am. I can't realize it myself."

"Dear me, it *is* stunning, now is n't it? Why, it 's just three months to-day since we went to the Miners' restaurant — "

"No; the What Cheer."

"Right, it *was* the What Cheer; went there at two in the morning, and had a chop and coffee after a hard six hours' grind over those Extension papers, and I tried to persuade you to come to London with me, and offered to get leave of absence for you and pay all your expenses, and give you something over if I succeeded in making the sale; and you would not listen to me, said I would n't succeed, and you could n't afford to lose the run of business and be no end of time getting the hang of things again when you got back home. And yet here you are. How odd it all is! How did you happen to come, and whatever *did* give you this incredible start?"

"Oh, just an accident. It 's a long story — a romance, a body may say. I 'll tell you all about it, but not now."

"When?"

"The end of this month."

"That 's more than a fortnight yet. It 's too much of a strain on a person's curiosity. Make it a week."

"I can't. You 'll know why, by and by. But how 's the trade getting along?"

His cheerfulness vanished like a breath, and he said with a sigh:

"You were a true prophet, Hal, a true prophet. I wish I had n't come. I don't want to talk about it."

"But you must. You must come and stop with me to-night, when we leave here, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, may I? Are you in earnest?" and the water showed in his eyes.

"Yes; I want to hear the whole story, every word."

"I 'm so grateful! Just to find a human interest once more, in some voice and in some eye, in me and affairs of mine, after what I 've been through here — lord! I could go down on my knees for it!"

He gripped my hand hard, and braced up, and was all right and lively after that for the dinner — which did n't come off. No; the usual thing happened, the thing that is always happening under that vicious and aggravating English system — the matter of precedence could n't be settled, and so there was no dinner. Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because *they* know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices except Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It could n't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his Conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while *he* was of a collateral branch, as shown by *his*, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch — plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something, — they don't care which, — they won't play.

We had a lovely time; certainly two of us had, Miss Langham and I. I was so bewitched with her that I could n't count my hands if they went above a double sequence; and when I struck home I never discovered it, and started up the outside row again, and would have lost the game every time, only the girl did the same, she being in just my condition, you see; and consequently neither of us ever got out, or cared to wonder why we did n't; we only just knew we were happy, and did n't wish to know anything else, and did n't want to be interrupted. And I *told* her — I did indeed — told her I loved her; and she — well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she *said* she did. Oh, there was never such an evening! Every time I pegged I put on a postscript; every time she pegged she acknowledged receipt of it, counting the hands the same. Why, I could n't even say "Two for his heels" without adding, "*My*, how sweet you do look!" and she would say, "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair are eight, and eight are sixteen — *do* you think so?" — peeping out aslant from under her lashes, you know, so sweet and cunning. Oh, it was just *too*-too!

Well, I was perfectly honest and square with

her; told her I had n't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note she 'd heard so much talk about, and *it* did n't belong to me; and that started her curiosity, and then I talked low, and told her the whole history right from the start, and it nearly killed her, laughing. What in the nation she could find to laugh about, *I* could n't see, but there it was; every half minute some new detail would fetch her, and I would have to stop as much as a minute and a half to give her a chance to settle down again. Why, she laughed herself lame, she did indeed; I never saw anything like it. I mean I never saw a painful story — a story of a person's troubles and worries and fears — produce just *that* kind of effect before. So I loved her all the more, seeing she could be so cheerful when there was n't anything to be cheerful about; for I might soon need that kind of wife, you know, the way things looked. Of course I told her we should have to wait a couple of years, till I could catch up on my salary; but she did n't mind that, only she hoped I would be as careful as possible in the matter of expenses, and not let them run the least risk of trenching on our third year's pay. Then she began to get a little worried, and wondered if we were making any mistake, and starting the salary on a higher figure for the first year than I would get. This was good sense, and it made me feel a little less confident than I had been feeling before; but it gave me a good business idea, and I brought it frankly out.

"Portia, dear, would you mind going with me that day, when I confront those old gentlemen?"

She shrank a little, but said:

"N-o; if my being with you would help hearten you. But — would it be quite proper, do you think?"

"No, I don't know that it would; in fact I 'm afraid it would n't: but you see, there 's so *much* dependent upon it that —"

"Then I 'll go anyway, proper or improper," she said, with a beautiful and generous enthusiasm. "Oh, I shall be so happy to think I 'm helping."

"Helping, dear? Why, you 'll be doing it all. You 're so beautiful and so lovely and so winning, that with you there I can pile our salary up till I break those good old fellows, and they 'll never have the heart to struggle."

Sho! you should have seen the rich blood mount, and her happy eyes shine!

"You wicked flatterer! There is n't a word of truth in what you say, but still I 'll go with you. Maybe it will teach you not to expect other people to look with your eyes."

Were my doubts dissipated? Was my confidence restored? You may judge by this fact: privately I raised my salary to twelve hundred the first year on the spot. But I did n't tell her; I saved it for a surprise.

All the way home I was in the clouds, Hastings talking, I not hearing a word. When he and I entered my parlor, he brought me to myself with his fervent appreciations of my manifold comforts and luxuries.

"Let me just stand here a little and look my fill! Dear me, it 's a palace; it 's just a palace! And in it everything a body *could* desire, including cozy coal fire and supper standing ready. Henry, it does n't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am — how poor I am, and how miserable, how defeated, routed, annihilated!"

Plague take it! this language gave me the cold shudders. It scared me broad awake, and made me comprehend that I was standing on a half-inch crust, with a crater underneath. *I* did n't know I had been dreaming — that is, I had n't been allowing myself to know it for a while back; but *now* — oh, dear! Deep in debt, not a cent in the world, a lovely girl's happiness or woe in my hands, and nothing in front of me but a salary which might never — oh, *would* never — materialize! Oh, oh, oh, I am ruined past hope; nothing can save me!

"Henry, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would —"

"Oh, my daily income! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Here 's with you! Or, no — you 're hungry; sit down and —"

"Not a bite for me; I 'm past it. I can't eat, these days; but I 'll drink with you till I drop. Come!"

"Barrel for barrel, I 'm with you! Ready? Here we go! Now, then, Lloyd, unreel your story while I brew."

"Unreel it? What, again?"

"Again? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean do you want to hear it *over* again?"

"Do I want to hear it *over* again? This *is* a puzzler. Wait; don't take any more of that liquid. You don't need it."

"Look here, Henry, you alarm me. Did n't I tell you the whole story on the way here?"

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"I 'll be hanged if I heard a word of it."

"Henry, this is a serious thing. It troubles me. What did you take up yonder at the minister's?"

Then it all flashed on me, and I owned up, like a man.

"I took the dearest girl in this world — prisoner!"

So then he came with a rush, and we shook, and shook, and shook till our hands ached;

and he did n't blame me for not having heard a word of a story which had lasted while we walked three miles. He just sat down then, like the patient, good fellow he was, and told it all over again. Synopsized, it amounted to this: He had come to England with what he thought was a grand opportunity; he had an "option" to sell the Gould and Curry Extension for the "locators" of it, and keep all he could get over a million dollars. He had worked hard, had pulled every wire he knew of, had left no honest expedient untried, had spent nearly all the money he had in the world, had not been able to get a solitary capitalist to listen to him, and his option would run out at the end of the month. In a word, he was ruined. Then he jumped up and cried out:

"Henry, you can save me! You can save me. and you 're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? *Won't* you do it?"

"Tell me how. Speak out, my boy."

"Give me a million and my passage home for my 'option'! Don't, *don't* refuse!"

I was in a kind of agony. I was right on the point of coming out with the words, "Lloyd, I 'm a pauper myself — absolutely penniless, and in *debt!*" But a white-hot idea came flaming through my head, and I gripped my jaws together, and calmed myself down till I was as cold as a capitalist. Then I said, in a commercial and self-possessed way:

"I will save you, Lloyd —"

"Then I 'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I —"

"Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way; for that would not be fair to you, after your hard work, and the risks you 've run. I don't need to buy mines; I can keep my capital moving, in a commercial center like London without that; it 's what I 'm at, all the time; but here is what I 'll do. I know all about that mine, of course; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell out inside of the fortnight for three millions cash, using my name freely, and we 'll divide, share and share alike."

Do you know, he would have danced the furniture to kindling-wood in his insane joy, and broken everything on the place, if I had n't tripped him up and tied him.

Then he lay there, perfectly happy, saying:

"I may use your name! Your name — think of it! Man, they 'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they 'll *fight* for that stock! I 'm a made man, I 'm a made man forever, and I 'll never forget you as long as I live!"

In less than twenty-four hours London was abuzz! I had n't anything to do, day after day, but sit at home, and say to all comers:

"Yes; I told him to refer to me. I know the man, and I know the mine. His character is above reproach, and the mine is worth far more than he asks for it."

Meantime I spent all my evenings at the minister's with Portia. I did n't say a word to her about the mine; I saved it for a surprise. We talked salary; never anything but salary and love; sometimes love, sometimes salary, sometimes love and salary together. And my! the interest the minister's wife and daughter took in our little affair, and the endless ingenuities they invented to save us from interruption, and to keep the minister in the dark and unsuspicious — well, it was just lovely of them!

When the month was up, at last, I had a million dollars to my credit in the London and County Bank, and Hastings was fixed in the same way. Dressed at my level best, I drove by the house in Portland Place, judged by the look of things that my birds were home again, went on toward the minister's and got my precious, and we started back, talking salary with all our might. She was so excited and anxious that it made her just intolerably beautiful. I said:

"Dearie, the way you 're looking it 's a crime to strike for a salary a single penny under three thousand a year."

"Henry, Henry, you 'll ruin us!"

"Don't you be afraid. Just keep up those looks, and trust to me. It 'll all come out right."

So as it turned out, I had to keep bolstering up *her* courage all the way. She kept pleading with me, and saying:

"Oh, please remember that if we ask for too much we may get no salary at all; and then what will become of us, with no way in the world to earn our living?"

We were ushered in by that same servant, and there they were, the two old gentlemen. Of course they were surprised to see that wonderful creature with me, but I said:

"It 's all right, gentlemen; she is my future stay and helpmate."

And I introduced them to her, and called them by name. It did n't surprise them; they knew I would know enough to consult the directory. They seated us, and were very polite to me, and very solicitous to relieve her from embarrassment, and put her as much at her ease as they could. Then I said:

"Gentlemen, I am ready to report."

"We are glad to hear it," said *my* man, "for now we can decide the bet which my brother Abel and I made. If you have won for me, you shall have any situation in my gift. Have you the million-pound note?"

"Here it is, sir," and I handed it to him.

"I 've won!" he shouted, and slapped Abel on the back. "*Now* what do you say, brother?"

"I say he *did* survive, and I 've lost twenty

thousand pounds. I never would have believed it."

"I 've a further report to make," I said, "and a pretty long one. I want you to let me come soon, and detail my whole month's history; and I promise you it 's worth hearing. Meantime, take a look at that."

"What, man! Certificate of deposit for £200,000? Is it yours?"

"Mine. I earned it by thirty days' judicious use of that little loan you let me have. And the only use I made of it was to buy trifles and offer the bill in change."

"Come, this is astonishing! It 's incredible, man!"

"Never mind, I 'll prove it. Don't take my word unsupported."

But now Portia's turn was come to be surprised. Her eyes were spread wide, and she said:

"Henry, is that really your money? Have you been fibbing to me?"

"I have indeed, dearie. But you 'll forgive me, *I* know."

She put up an arch pout, and said:

"Don't you be so sure. You are a naughty thing to deceive me so!"

"Oh, you 'll get over it, sweetheart, you 'll get over it; it was only fun, you know. Come, let 's be going."

"But wait, wait! The situation, you know. I want to give you the situation," said my man.

"Well," I said, "I 'm just as grateful as I can be, but really I don't want one."

"But you can have the very choicest one in my gift."

"Thanks again, with all my heart; but I don't even want *that* one."

"Henry, I 'm ashamed of you. You don't half thank the good gentleman. May I do it for you?"

"Indeed you shall, dear, if you can improve it. Let us see you try."

She walked to my man, got up in his lap, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him right on the mouth. Then the two old gentlemen shouted with laughter, but I was dumfounded, just petrified, as you may say. Portia said:

"Papa, he has said you have n't a situation in your gift that he 'd take; and I feel just as hurt as —"

"My darling! — is that your papa?"

"Yes; he 's my steppapa, and the dearest one that ever was. You understand now, don't you, why I was able to laugh when you told me at the minister's, not knowing my relationships, what trouble and worry papa's and Uncle Abel's scheme was giving you?"

Of course I spoke right up, now, without any fooling, and went straight to the point.

"Oh, my dearest dear sir, I want to take back what I said. You *have* got a situation open that I want."

"Name it."

"Son-in-law."

"Well, well, well! But you know, if you have n't ever served in that capacity, you of course can't furnish recommendations of a sort to satisfy the conditions of the contract, and so —"

"Try me — oh, do, I beg of you! Only just try me thirty or forty years, and if —"

"Oh, well, all right; it 's but a little thing to ask. Take her along."

Happy, we two? There 're not words enough in the unabridged to describe it. And when London got the whole history, a day or two later, of my month's adventures with that bank-note, and how they ended, did London talk, and have a good time? Yes.

My Portia's papa took that friendly and hospitable bill back to the Bank of England and cashed it; then the Bank canceled it and made him a present of it, and he gave it to us at our wedding, and it has always hung in its frame in the sacredest place in our home, ever since. For it gave me my Portia. But for it I could not have remained in London, would not have appeared at the minister's, never should have met her. And so I always say, "Yes, it 's a million-pounder, as you see; but it never made but one purchase in its life, and *then* got the article for only about a tenth part of its value."

Mark Twain.

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

THE evenfall so slow on hills hath shot
Far down into the valley's cold extreme,
Untimely midnight; spire and roof and stream,
Like fleeing specters, shudder, and are not.
The Hampstead hollies, from their sylvan plot
Yet cloudless, lean to watch as in a dream
From chaos climb, with many a sudden gleam,
London, one moment fallen and forgot.
Through her wide dark, the exhalations bright
Prick door and window; all her streets obscure,
Full as a marsh of mist and winking light,
Sparkle and swarm, with nothing true nor sure:
Heaven thickens over—Heaven that cannot cure
Her tear by day, her fevered smile by night.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE REWARD OF THE UNRIGHTEOUS.

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. WENZELL.

THERE was a sharp rap at the chamber door, which, without further ceremony, was thrown open to admit a tall, slender man in a long ulster, a white silk muffler about his throat, and a silk hat on his head.

"They told me you were up here," he said, as he thrust his gloved hands deep into his pockets, still standing in the doorway. "What are you doing? Still at the old law books?"

The occupant of the big easy-chair in the center of the room closed the heavy book that he was holding, and tossed it on the bed.

"Yes; and I wish they were in Jericho," he said in a discontented tone. "I 've been poring over them every night now for nearly a month, without even a visit to the theater. Come in, old man, and cheer me up a bit. I 'm as blue as indigo to-night."

Harvey came into the room and closed the door.

"I won't take off my coat," he said; "I 'll just unbutton it. You see I 'm in regalia—going to the Pattersons'. I suppose you know that they give a big ball to-night."

"I don't read the society columns," said Frank Reavis, as he threw himself down beside the despised law book, and stretched himself out at full length. "When I get through the Department grind I go for a walk, and then it 's dinner-time, and after dinner I must go to the law school or get down to my reading. You see, I have no time to study the papers very closely. If it was n't for you, Harvey, I would know nothing at all about what is going on in society. Is it a big show to-night?"

"Yes; semi-official, you know. The Secretary has to invite so many people in office that his entertainments are usually a crush. They tell me his people are rather tiresome, but they have a nice house,— the Thurleys had it under the last administration,—and they will spend a great deal on decorations. So it ought to be attractive as a spectacle. I dropped in to see if you would go with me. It 's a little late; but I don't care when we arrive, and it won't take you long to dress, anyway."

"I wish I could," said Reavis, yawning violently. "It would brighten me up a bit; but unfortunately Secretary Patterson has not heard of me since he came to Washington, and so I have no card."

"That 's of no consequence," said Harvey; "I have n't a card either. Probably ten per cent. of the people there will come without invitations. They don't think anything of that here. You know, the Chinese minister had to give up his receptions last winter because so many people came. He invited five hundred, expecting a reasonable number of regrets, and about a thousand people came the first night. There is nothing exclusive about the Celestials. They sit in the little park in front of the legation most of the day, and play with anybody's children. But the Oriental sense of propriety

is developed to a very high degree in court circles, and the minister objected to the great American public walking into his private parlor when he was giving an invitation entertainment. So he shut up the legation, and as I did not go to the first of the receptions, I have never seen the inside of the place."

"Yes; but they were a rabble. The police ought to have been called in to eject them."

"Rabble! Some of them were the best-dressed people in Washington. There is absolutely no conscience here about going to these semi-official entertainments. I suppose the custom is the outgrowth of the public receptions given at the White House. There is so little privacy about the entertainments given by men and women in high official life that people do not seem to feel the obligation to observe the ordinary rules of courtesy toward them. Besides, it is easy enough to get invitations to a place like the Pattersons' if you have any social standing. So people who have not invitations, and who make up their minds to go at the last minute, are tempted to go without them, because they know they could have had cards for the asking. Take my case, for example. I could have got a card to the Pattersons' from any one of a dozen persons. There is Senator Hughes. He comes from the same State as the Secretary. I know his family intimately, and they would be only too glad to get an invitation to this ball for me or for any one of my friends. I could have had an invitation for you for the asking, and glad the Pattersons would be to have you and me on their list. Eligible young men are not too plentiful in this town. You see, you 're as good as invited. So you 'd better get into your dress-coat, and come with me. We 'll slip in and out, and see the show, and no one will be the wiser."

Reavis lay thinking for a minute, his hands clasped under his head, his eyes staring at the ceiling. In that brief time he had a rather severe struggle with himself. He wanted this little recreation very much. He had felt all the evening that he must go out somewhere and get his mind for a time off his books. The spirit of unrest was strong within him. But he did not want to get recreation at the expense of self-respect. That was the first thought that had come to him. He could not express it. It would have seemed a censure, since Harvey himself was doing just what he had suggested. Then, as the older man went on, Reavis's mind began to waver. Harvey was a man thoroughly familiar with the society of the great capital. He was not perhaps one of its leading lights, but he was at least accepted in a nice circle, where the women admired his assurance and the men his unfailing good nature. And the argument that he advanced was very plausible. These cabinet people were in a semi-public position. Their entertaining was done for the benefit of the great mass of men and women who came to Washington through the suffrages of the people or by appointment of the executive. They did not entertain their friends. Probably they would know very few of the people who came to this first reception. It would be almost like going to a reception in some public place where the doors were thrown open to the masses.

"I 'll go," said Reavis, jumping up from the bed, and going to his closet for his dress suit. "You 'll find some lighter literature on that table. There 's a new book of Howells's, I think, which I picked up at one of the newsstands a week or two ago. I have n't opened it yet. Look through it while I am dressing."

Secretary Patterson's parlors were crowded when they entered them, an hour later. It was with lingering reluctance that Frank Reavis mounted the stairs to the dressing-room and deposited his coat and hat. His companion, on the contrary, seemed perfectly at home, and exchanged a laughing greeting with half a dozen old acquaintances in the hallway and on the stairs.

"There 's Houston," he said to Reavis as they stood in the doorway of the parlor waiting for an opening that they might pay their respects to the hostess. "I 'll guarantee he was not invited. He has been shut out of half the nice houses in Washington because he drinks so hard, and makes an ass of himself at every party he attends. He is cultivating the new people this season, and particularly the 'champagne' people. Here 's our chance."

They slipped behind a short-necked old lady with a mountain of bare skin on view, who was pushing her way through the crowd in a determined manner, and with more than the usual degree of success. Evidently the receiving party had broken up; Mrs. Patterson stood almost alone to greet the late comers. The number struggling to perform the formality of receiving that greeting was so great that the ordeal was passed in the most perfunctory manner, and Reavis drew a long breath as he edged his way after Harvey through the crowd toward the second reception-room, where the throng was concentrated around the punch-bowl.

"There 's some one I ought to speak to," said Reavis. "Will you excuse me a minute? I 'll be right back."

"Go ahead," said Harvey. "I 'll see you within the next half hour. You will be ready to go home then, I think, if this crush continues, especially as you know so few."

He was somewhat surprised to find that the recluse knew any one; but he reflected that

in such a miscellaneous gathering there must be some one from his own town, and possibly it was an old friend. He gave the matter only a moment's thought as he strayed in the direction of the ball-room. The crowd was surging toward the dining-room, for it had not taken Secretary Patterson's guests long to discover that there was a generous supply of champagne there. Harvey scorned the champagne and terrapin. He had enough delicacy of sentiment to feel that he had no right at least to appropriate Secretary Patterson's wines or his supper unasked. There was plenty to amuse him in the ball-room. "I hate the piggish display one sees in a crowd like this," said Harvey, shaking his head in the direction of the dining-room, and speaking to a handsome matron who was watching the dancers.

"It is suggestive of a barn-yard," was the reply. "I view the struggle from afar. I always provide myself with a hearty supper before leaving home when I am coming to one of these big entertainments. Are you alone?"

"No; I have a young friend with me, a stranger from the West, who makes his first appearance to-night. He is new to Washington, and I brought him here to see what an official crush is like. I had expected to be entertained by his comments, but he has disappeared just now. I 'll introduce him if the opportunity offers a little later. He is original, keen, and quick, and not spoiled for an every-day conversation by the fact that he is better read than you or I. We came to look on this evening, and we may be going in a half hour."

But it was nearly an hour later when Harvey succeeded in getting Reavis's ear. He had seen him several times in the throng, but never alone, and he had had no chance to speak to him. Just before they met, he was standing within the ball-room door, lazily watching the crowd. He recognized many distinguished men among the on-lookers. Just at his right stood two of more than national fame. They were members of that body popularly known as "The Millionaires' Club"—the United States Senate. The one was a farmer not long emancipated from the plow. The grit of the field seemed to have been ground into his hair; the toil of years had hardened his features, and set deep lines between them. Hard use had blunted his broad, thick fingers. He looked uncomfortable in the garb of civilized and fashionable society; but on the floor of the Senate, Harvey reflected, this man asked no odds of any one. He was not eloquent. He was forcible and convincing. A measure that had his active support was sure of respectful consideration. His gestures were uncouth, but every time his big, coarse hand came down on the desk in front of him, it emphasized a clear, forcible argument. Beside him stood a man of tall, athletic figure, with silvery beard and a face of scholarly expression. To the tips of his slender fingers he was the essence of refinement. His polished periods were the delight of scholars, his after-dinner sallies the talk of all the clubs. He had come of a famous family, had been nurtured in the lap of an extreme and almost enervating luxury, and had had from his early youth every social and educational advantage that the greatest cities of America or Europe could furnish. Yet this man, with all his fund of knowledge, with his superb training, and with the adventitious aids of wealth, fame, and family tradition, had been a failure and a disappointment to his friends and to his country in his public career. His voice was rarely heard in debate, his influence in forwarding legislation was as slight as his apparent interest in it, and nothing but the fame of his dinners kept him from being obscured entirely from public view. Harvey was watching a discussion between the two—vigorous and aggressive on one side, polished and retiring on the other—when a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, looking about, he saw Reavis standing just behind him.

"I 've looked for you two or three times. Where have you been?"

"I should rather ask where you have been," said Harvey. The face of the younger man was bright, almost sparkling, with happiness.

"Trying to exercise your function of guardian?" said Reavis, laughing in a pleased way. "Well, I have n't been far away—in the ball-room most of the time, and the conservatory."

"You 've been making good use of your time, I must say. You certainly don't need a guide, if you do need a guardian. Have you met many people?"

"No; only the people from Springfield that I saw at a distance when I was with you, and a friend of theirs." There was an exuberance about his tone that puzzled and yet amused his companion. Suddenly he burst out in an excited whisper: "There she is, old man. I want you to see her. Is n't she pretty? And she 's just as jolly as she is pretty, and bright and interesting and—" he stopped, and grew red in the face as Harvey turned to look at him, a half smile on his lips. Then, turning again toward the crowded ball-room, Harvey said:

"Where is this paragon? You don't mean the girl in the crimson-and-yellow combination over there, do you? Or the young lady with the pink-and-white cheeks, and the set smile, who looks as though she had come out of a fashion-plate?"

"No," said Reavis, impatiently. "Look right across the room now, in front of the fireplace—that couple waltzing."

"Oh, there," said Harvey, putting on his glasses for a better look. "Why, don't you know that 's—" But before he could finish the sentence, Reavis was off through the crowd to claim the rest of the uncompleted waltz, and Harvey saw him circle past a minute later, to the dreamy strains of one of Waldteufel's intoxicating melodies. "The novelty has proved too much for him. It is evident I shall have to go home alone," he said to himself, and, catching Reavis's eye across the room, he signaled a good night, and went to the dressing-room for his hat and coat.

For the remainder of that evening Frank Reavis lived in cloudland. A soft look from a pretty pair of eyes, a pouting smile from a pair of rosy lips, had early drawn him out of himself; had stirred in his heart certain undiscovered strings that began to vibrate in harmony with the delicious music at the sound of a soft, sweet voice. His whole nature had responded in the first moment to the call of this new influence. A warm emotion, long pent up, had burst forth in all its strength. He had let it run on unchecked. He had hung on every word, every look, of this acquaintance of an hour. Who she was he hardly knew; what she was the first glance of her eye, the first sound of her voice, had seemed to tell him. He followed in her footsteps all the evening. There was no one else to demand his attention in this crowd of strangers. The friends whom he had met for a minute, and who had introduced him to this young girl, had gone away early. There were no other claims on him. He could have wished there were none on her. A philosopher in his place might have paraphrased Koko, and said, "I am glad to have my judgment confirmed by such competent authorities." But Reavis was not a philosopher, and I doubt if there are many such philosophers on earth. So he stood aside while some one else claimed an engagement for a dance, gnawing his lip, and watched his chance to steal a part of it. He was not an ill-looking fellow. There was power in his firm-set mouth, intellectuality in his broad, heavy brow, and courage in his steady eye. And he was not a bad dancer either, which was a blessing; for the most enthusiastic admirer may embarrass the object of his adoration on the floor of a ball-room, if he has the tread of an elephant and the uncertainty of a dancing bear. And there was fervor in his manner that would have atoned for a great many faults, and with it an evident respect which made that fervor tolerable. So the object of all this attention smiled on him, encouraged his efforts to be with her when she could be at liberty from engagements, and even basely deserted one of her partners, whose step was particularly awkward, to pass a quarter of an hour with him in the conservatory. She was new enough to society to take its pleasures with a girl's enthusiasm; she had seen enough of it to understand its follies. She discriminated between dancing acquaintances and the men whose intelligence did not run to their heels. She had come originally out of the healthy social climate of a Western town, whose settlers carried Puritan traditions and Puritan habits with them from New England. She had spent part of a winter in New Orleans, where the larger social world and its ways had first come to her experience. She was getting now the "winter in Washington" which (with the possible alternative of a "winter in New York") is held up to the Western eye as the finishing school of social education. The fearless honesty of New England and the sturdy independence of the West—the one inherited, the other the product of environment and association—clothed her character in an armor proof against the bullet of broad flattery or the arrow of insidious compliment. She was by nature a clear-sighted, honest American woman, and she recognized the honesty of Frank's admiration as quickly as she saw the hollowness of the professional fervor of some of the regular devotees of society. And recognizing it, she had no fear in showing a genuine liking for this frank, impulsive man, even though she had known him but an hour. She had encouraged him in their brief conversations to talk about his home. They had a common interest in the West; and toward the end of the evening, in a burst of confidence which is almost the first expression that young affection finds, he had told her much of himself, of his past, and of his plans for the future.

Reavis went out of the house at one o'clock, with a pair of pretty blue eyes dancing in front of him along the street. He had overcome his inclination to stay later when he saw the crowd in the parlors begin to thin out; for there came upon him suddenly the thought of the possibility of recognition and detection, and he realized with a blush that all of this pleasure, all of this new-found happiness, he had stolen—that he was a thief, in the house of a man whom he had never seen before, upon whom he had no social claim. So he had whispered a hurried excuse, hastened up-stairs to the dressing-room, and gone out on the street, his head all awhirl, his heart all ablaze, with a new emotion; with a new understanding of himself, and a new feeling toward all mankind.

It was hard to respond to the call for breakfast the next morning. He had been awake almost until the morning light, thinking harder, it seemed to him, than he had ever thought before. And yet it should not have been hard to recall the trivial incidents of the evening.

He believed that he had not forgotten one of them. It seemed as though he could check off the minutes in their regular succession, and tell what had filled each. It was hard thinking, because it went on without a moment's pause, a moment's digression. When he had reviewed all of the events of the evening, he went back and reviewed them all again, beginning with the first separation from Harvey, and ending with that whispered good night. When he finally fell into a deep sleep, his tired eyes would not have opened until noon if the stentorian voice of the colored boy had not reiterated the call of "Breakfast" again and again between blows on his chamber-door, applied with the soft side of a clenched hand. Reavis tumbled out of bed, and, groping his way to the wash-stand, bathed his eyes with cold water to take the smart out of them; for they had had only three hours of real rest. Then he threw open the blinds and mechanically went about his dressing. The events of the night before came back to him a little slowly, for his head was heavy; but they did come back, and gradually they began to stand out with greater distinctness, until at first the shadow and then the full substance of that new feeling came back into his heart. As he adjusted his tie in front of the dressing-case, his eyes lighted on a square card sticking in the side of the mirror. He picked it out and put it in his pocket. An hour or two later, sitting in the law office of one of the great departments, he took the card out of his pocket and looked at it. It was an invitation to a reception to be given three days later by some people he had known in the West. It was the only invitation he had received since he came to Washington, and he had sent his regrets on the day he had received it. He was debating in his mind now whether he should go in spite of them. He knew that he would be very welcome, and they were such old friends that he would not need to explain. And it was possible that, at so large a gathering as he knew this would be, he might meet some one who had been interfering very seriously all the morning with the preparation of a law brief which he had in hand. Then the chief of his division came along and stopped to make some inquiry about the work; and the card was put back into his pocket.

It did not receive a final consideration until the evening of the third day. Frank Reavis had promised himself when he came to Washington that he would avoid all gaiety, and devote himself to his books. He felt that this was due to the friend of the family whose influence had obtained for him his appointment, and the opportunity to pursue his advanced law studies without feeling that he was a burden on his kind father. He had laid out for himself a winter in which pleasure was to have but little part, and he had determined in particular that social dissipation should be excluded from it absolutely. He had had time to look upon his acceptance of Harvey's invitation as a weakness of which he was only less ashamed than of the violation of the laws of politeness which it had involved. But, in spite of these moral reflections, he hesitated, and finally succumbed to the temptation. The memory that had filled his thoughts so constantly for three days had been stronger than duty. The evening found him preparing for the reception at the Thompsons', and half an hour later he was shaking hands with Mrs. Thompson, while his eyes wandered about, looking for a familiar face. There were many pretty faces. Mrs. Thompson had a wide range of acquaintance, and she sought to make her drawing-room as attractive as possible. She reasoned that the philosopher and the poet, as well as the purely "society" man, enjoy looking at beautiful women; and as conversation was necessarily fugitive in her crowded rooms, she had chosen, for her ideal, beauty of form and feature rather than culture of mind. She thought that this season rather excelled in the beauty of the débutantes, and she regarded the gathering in her train and about her with a particular pride this evening. But there were no pretty faces for Frank Reavis in the busy throng. They were all strangers to him, and he rejoiced in the fact, for it saved him the responsibility of trying to entertain any of them, and gave him the opportunity to fulfil the mission which had brought him here. He moved with the crowd toward the second reception-room, and, finding an opening, escaped through it, and took up a position against the wall where he could sweep the two rooms with his eyes. It was a conventional house, with a drawing-room and library on one side, opening out into one apartment; and on the other, a long parlor which was to be used to-night for dancing, when the crowd had thinned out. Artistic decoration had been sacrificed to the demand for space; for it was the first of Mrs. Thompson's entertainments, and she had made her invitations include a very wide circle, taking in most of the new people in official life. After this experiment she would know better who were desirable and whom to drop from her list. There was a profusion of cut flowers in exquisite Japanese vases on the mantels, and the corners had been filled with giant palms. A canopy of exquisite Madame Guillot roses hung over Mrs. Thompson's head; but beyond these floral decorations, the big rooms were bare of ornament. The scene, though, needed no other setting. It was so early in the season that both gowns

and faces were fresh and lovely, and the glow of tinted cheeks vied with the pink of the roses overhead. If Frank Reavis had been less preoccupied, less absorbed in singling out individuals in the search for one face, the *ensemble* would have charmed him. But he stood unconscious of the beauty of the scene, one hand hanging to the pocket of his vest, the other nervously fingering his mustache. He did not know that there was another entertainment on that night, and that many of Mrs. Thompson's guests would go there first, with a view to spending the later and gayer hours in her dancing-room. It made him very nervous, this uncertainty. He had been quite sure that she would be here, though he had only a hope to guide him. Now he was in doubt. He began to feel embarrassed, too, for people who had been around the rooms twice noticed and commented on the silent young man against the wall. There came a diversion presently. A very young man with a half-frightened expression, who had been standing in the doorway, bearing the buffets of the crowd without the presence of mind to get out of the way, made several ineffectual plunges into the throng, followed by blushing retreats; but finally he conquered his timidity and, after a stormy passage, landed at Frank Reavis's side. There was a volume of relief in his tone as he said:

"You don't know any one either, I suppose?"

The remark startled Reavis. He looked around, and for the first time saw the stranger. The pink-and-white face, growing pinker and whiter with the embarrassment and disembarrassment of its owner, suggested nothing so much as a good-natured baby looking up big-eyed and frightened from the depths of its cradle at the sound of a strange voice. Reavis, wishing sympathy himself, was glad to offer some to this timid youth.

"No; I don't know any one here," he said. "I am a stranger in Washington."

"So am I," said the baby; and then in a burst of confidence he began to rehearse the story of his father's election to Congress and of their coming to Washington, until Reavis broke in upon a sentence with:

"Excuse me a minute. I beg your pardon, really, but —" and was off through the crowd, edging his way toward the receiving-party, leaving the baby with his face a deep crimson. Some one was shaking hands with Mrs. Thompson (Frank did not see who it was, but it was Mrs. Patterson), and directly behind her came the object of his search. She would have looked lovely to his eyes under any conditions; but to-night she was beautiful to other eyes as well. The rose-glow reflected in her face gave to her complexion a warmer, richer color and tinted her chestnut hair. Before Reavis could make a passage through the reception-room, she had exchanged greetings with her hostess and passed on into the crowd; and before he could reach her side, another outstretched hand had grasped hers, and an elderly man, a well-known favorite in society, had claimed her attention. But she turned to greet Reavis, and smiled as she took his hand.

"I wondered if you would be here," she said with a quiet frankness; and the words and the smile much more than repaid him for his weary waiting. He had to be patient a little longer, though, for two or three men crowded about her, and formed a little group from which it was hard to get away; but presently she slipped her hand under his arm, and said:

"Won't you take me to my aunt?" and the others turned aside as he bore her off in triumph.

"You told me the other night that you never went out," she said, looking up into his face with laughing eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Just what I came here to do," he said, smiling back. "But you have kept me waiting a long time for the opportunity."

"We have just come from the Sutherlands'. We saved this for the last, on account of the dancing."

"It is by the merest chance that I am here. Mrs. Thompson is an old friend of my mother, and to that I owe my invitation. I was not expected at the Sutherlands'."

"Does that make so much difference in Washington? I thought men went almost where they pleased here, without regard to invitations."

He turned and looked at her sharply; but her face was guileless. It was with some embarrassment that he answered vaguely, "Yes; I have heard that too." Then he stopped rather abruptly and said, "Do you really want to find your aunt?"

"Did you think that was a subterfuge? And for whose benefit, pray?"

"Your own, perhaps. You were pretty well barricaded, and on the outer wall the cry was, 'Still they come.' You had to do something for relief, since no one seemed disposed to do anything for you."

"Well, I really want to find my aunt, and there she is across the room. Take me to her."

There was a little group of chaperons against the wall, and Reavis steered their course in that direction.

"Auntie."

An elderly woman separated herself from the group, and turned toward them.

"You know Mr. Reavis?"

Frank Reavis felt his face growing very

hot. Before him stood Mrs. Patterson. On her face was the undetermined smile with which we temporize with memory. She did not know whether she had met this young man or not. Quite likely she had met him somewhere, and she was prepared to recognize him when he gave her the cue. But to his anxious eyes there was suspicion, if not actual conviction, in her expression. He remembered now that she had looked at him with a peculiar expression when she had greeted him that other night. It had not impressed itself upon him then, but he was quite sure of it now. There was only one thing to be done, though, and he did it very awkwardly. He bowed with evident embarrassment, and murmured that he believed that he had had the pleasure; and then he grew more embarrassed when he realized that the belief should have been a conviction at least.

"WON'T YOU TAKE ME TO MY AUNT?"

"Mr. Reavis was very good to me at your party, auntie."

Reavis stammered something about his motives having been purely selfish. Mrs. Patterson noticed his confusion, and tried to ignore it; succeeding only in convincing him that her manner was condemnatory. He was the

"YOU KNOW MR. REAVIS?"

embodiment of unhappiness as he stood silently waiting for Mrs. Patterson and her niece to exchange a few words. As they turned away from the chaperons' corner, his companion said:

"You look as though you had heard some bad news in the last few minutes."

He forced a laugh as he answered in the negative, and hurried into a conversation on commonplace topics. Through it he was thinking out the situation. Perhaps Mrs. Patterson had remembered where and how she had met him. At least she doubted him now, and when she went home she would look over her invitation-list and find that he was an impostor. Reavis was more than unhappy; he was unnerved. The conscience that "makes cowards of us all" brings sometimes the physical effects of cowardice. Frank's arm trembled, his knees were weak. He wondered if Mrs. Patterson had spoken to her niece about him. He scanned her face closely. No; she evidently knew nothing. She was chattering on innocently, telling him of some of the people they saw about the room. Only she did not let him look into her eyes, those "mirrors of the soul."

"That is Dick Studley," she was saying. "He moves with a lope that always suggests a camel to me. But he will inherit a fortune that will make even that gait seem graceful to most people. He is coming this way. Don't desert me." And Frank had a few minutes to breathe and recover his composure while she talked with Studley. She did not know now, he re-

flected, but she would know in time. Mrs. Patterson would not wait very long to tell her that the young man with whom she was promenading at the Thompsons' had forced his way into her house without an invitation. And then, he felt, he could never have the courage to face her again. Well, he would enjoy to-night at least. The orchestra in the hall struck up a galop.

"Will you dance?" he whispered; and they went into the dancing-room together, the camel loping along with them, and vainly pleading for a promise of the next waltz.

For the rest of the evening Frank put care from him and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour. He lived over again the evening of their first meeting. He knew once more the intoxication of the perfect happiness that had come to him then for the first time. He stayed on to the end, and when he stood in the hall waiting to say good night to her, he had forgotten the embarrassment of the early evening and even the cause of it. She came down the stairs enveloped in a great fur-trimmed robe. Her face, smiling at him from its downy oval frame, seemed even more lovely than before.

She stopped for a minute to say a word in parting. "You did not come last Wednesday," she said. "That is my aunt's day, you know. Shall we see you this week?"

A cold chill went over Reavis; but he stammered out an assent, and she was gone before he could recover his composure or say anything more. It had not occurred to him that perhaps she might be living with the Pattersons. He had counted her only a guest of the evening there. Now he thought perhaps she lived there. At least she was receiving with her aunt, and to see her again he must go there and take the chance of being reminded in some indirect but no less unpleasant way that he had forfeited his right to a welcome—to the welcome that might have been his if he had chosen to seek it in a legitimate way.

He went home in a very unhappy mood, one that was in striking contrast to the mood which he had carried with him the week before when he went to his lonely room. And his unhappiness did not decrease as he studied the situation the next day. He had deliberately cut himself off from all possible further intercourse with these people. That was his thought for nearly twenty hours. Then he became desperate with brooding, and began to contemplate the possibility of doing a desperate thing. There seemed to be two alternative prospects before him. If he went to the Pattersons', he took the chance of being convicted and condemned as an intruder. But if he stayed away, he would suffer an unhappiness that was greater than even this could bring him. If he stayed away he certainly forfeited the good opinion of this girl, whose opinion he had begun to value so much. If he went he took the chance of forfeiting her good opinion, or of learning that he had already forfeited it; but surely that was no worse. So he considered seriously whether he should take his fate in his hands, and again cross the threshold of the Patterson mansion. Between one determination and another he vibrated until Wednesday had come and gone, and he had lacked the courage to test his fate. Then for six days more he hesitated, and the second Wednesday found him, with his heart in his mouth, entering the Patterson parlor. He stood for a minute while some people who had preceded him were being received, and he looked over their heads in vain for a welcoming smile from the familiar face beyond. It was perversely turned away from him, and its owner was indulging in a very gay conversation with a young army officer whose attentions at the ball had caused Reavis some annoyance. He bit his lip and tried to look unconcerned, for he was standing in front of Mrs. Patterson, receiving, to his great relief, the same smiling and perfunctory greeting that had welcomed those who had preceded him. A load was lifted from his mind. She did not remember, he thought. She had not known, perhaps. He felt so happy that he even smiled on the young officer, who moved away as he came up.

"Will you forgive me for not coming last Wednesday?" he whispered as he stood before her.

"Have I anything to forgive?" was the quiet reply.

"That was stupidly expressed. I should have said that I felt as though I never could forgive myself, or rather the ill fortune that pursued me."

"We have every Wednesday before Lent, you know, and so busy a student ought not to neglect his books for the paltry pleasures of society."

"I am afraid I have neglected them very much of late for the pleasure and sometimes the unhappiness of thinking."

"Are you suffering the pangs of remorse?"

"Yes."

"Because of your fall from grace in going out? Your meditations have not saved you from backsliding again this afternoon."

"No; I have nothing to reproach myself with there. Can I see you for a little while, later? Some new people are coming."

"I am afraid not. I shall be busy all the afternoon assisting my aunt."

"Then may I come some time to-morrow?"

"And neglect your studies? I should feel myself responsible if you did."

"SHE CAME DOWN THE STAIRS ENVELOPED IN A GREAT FUR-TRIMMED ROBE."

"I assume all the responsibility. May I come?"

He stepped aside as the new guests claimed her attention, and she had time only to turn to him for a moment, as one of them moved away, and nod her assent.

Reavis's law studies had been neglected sadly of late. He had taken up an old artist fad that had troubled his father's soul for a season, and his evenings of late, when he was not wrestling with the inner demon, had been devoted largely to sketching shadowy figures of angels and divinities of many religions with one common attribute—a head and face that suggested in some way to his sympathetic imagination the head and face of his own divinity. When his misgivings threatened to run away with him down the road to blank despair, he seized a book and read desperately for an hour or two. His own thoughts performed an obbligato to those of the author, and in places became the master theme; so that he was surprised on reaching an interesting part of the story sometimes to find characters spoken of and incidents suggested which were strangers to his memory. Yet he was quite sure that his eyes had not missed a word in the chapters preceding. Probably if he could read some of those stories to-day, they would seem like unread matter to him.

To-night he was inclined to attempt poetry. Such is the exuberance of a sudden and unexpected happiness. He had studied verse-forms and had a fair knowledge of scansion; but the trammels of rhyme were too much for his muse. He wanted to soar, and when he found himself chained to earth by the necessity of finding a sentiment to match the only rhyming word that he could think of for the end of his fourth line, he gave up the experiment in despair. He was just wondering what he could do to kill the time until to-morrow afternoon when a tap at the door announced the unfamiliar Harvey.

"Why have n't you been up to see me?" he said as he unwound a big silk muffler from his throat and chin, and threw back his coat, showing the outlines of a white face with dark rings about the eyes. "I 've been laid up for more than a week, and you have n't been near me. Still busy with the law, or with something more serious? Is it 'the lady or the tiger'? From a casual study of your face, I am inclined to choose the lady."

"Not an unnatural choice for you. I am afraid I have not been devoting enough time to the tiger lately."

"And what will your dear uncle say to that?"

"Oh, skip my 'dear uncle.' He is n't my uncle, anyway. He is n't any one's uncle, so far as I know. But seriously, Harvey, I have been neglecting duty entirely of late; and the worst part of it is, I see only two roads out of the situation, and either of them is almost impossible."

"Is it the little girl of the Patterson ball?"

"Yes, it is. I have thought half a dozen times of going to you for some advice in the matter. One must have a confidant. But you make such a very poor guardian that I am almost afraid to trust you as a mentor."

"My guardianship may have got you into this trouble; but perhaps you will thank me for that some day. I think you are half inclined to be grateful now. Come, confess it."

"If this acquaintance was all the trouble that I owed to your guardianship, perhaps I would thank you, because it is a trouble I do not feel at all anxious to escape. But that is n't it. The real trouble into which you have brought me may break off that acquaintance. That is what shakes my faith in you."

"Why, my dear Frank, what have I done? I have never talked about you to the Pattersons—for the very good reason that I do not know them. And if I did, I should not tell them of the awfully dissipated life that you lead here among your law books."

"It is n't a subject for jesting, really, Harvey. It has grown very serious to me. I wish you would take it seriously."

"Well, I will. What is my crime?"

"You won't mind what I am going to say?"

"Not unless you charge me with trying to steal your lady-love; for I have never seen her since you showed her to me at the ball."

"No; I exonerate you from that, though your general reputation puts you under a standing suspicion. What is worrying me is the way I was led into going to the Patterson ball."

"And meeting the little girl? I am sure you are very ungrateful and unjust as well. My suggestion that you go to that ball was the first of a series of happy incidents which have led you to this blissful mental condition so discouraging to Coke and Blackstone and so encouraging to Cupid. You ought to make me your best man, instead of upbraiding me this way."

"And you shall be, if I ever need one. But suppose I never do?"

"Suppose you let some one else say that. It is n't entirely your place."

Harvey threw back his head, and laughed a clear, ringing laugh. "I am glad I came over here, in spite of the cold and the risk I took," he said, still laughing. "It has done me good."

"Well, then, try to do me some good in your turn. What is worrying me, and what has been worrying me for two weeks now, is the uncertainty of my footing with the Patterson family, direct and collateral."

Then Reavis described at length the manner of his discovery that this girl was a niece of the Pattersons. He told of the doubts and fears of the week following; of his anxiety; and of his final determination to take his fate in his hands.

"Well, you have passed the ordeal," said Harvey, when he had finished. "What is worrying you now?"

"I am not satisfied yet. It is all very well for a man like you, who don't care, to walk into people's houses uninvited—"

"Thank you," said Harvey, in an undertone.

"But these people are new to Washington. They have the ideas of the Western city from which they came. There it would be a social crime that would stamp a man as unworthy of recognition to have gone to a gentleman's house deliberately without an invitation. Perhaps they have not identified me now; but if they ever should in the future, it will cut off all my chances of occupying a closer relation to them. I am half inclined to confess, and take my punishment. It would be better than this suspense."

"My dear Frank, that is the one thing to do, though you may implicate me. Still, if they have that pleasure in your acquaintance which, knowing you, I believe they have, they will forgive both of us for having done this thing (which, they must know, is not uncommon in Washington), since it has brought you into their lives and them into yours. Now put on your hat, and get some decent substitute for that ridiculous house-jacket you have on, and come with me to the theater. There is a light opera at the National, and it will make you forget your cares and troubles to go. It may aggravate my case of *la grippe*, but I am just desperate enough, after six days' confinement, to take any chance for a little recreation."

Frank accepted the invitation, and found diversion in the antics of an athletic comedian of national fame, who succeeded in turning a well-known and tuneful light opera into a howling burlesque.

"I 'll drop in to-morrow night to see how you have fared," said Harvey, as they parted at a street corner; and the next night at seven o'clock found him rapping at the door of Reavis's room.

> "How fares my boy, my gallant boy,
> Of the old Ninth Army Corps?"

said Harvey, gaily, as he greeted his friend. The spirit of this youthful romance had entered even his veins, and it made him forget the weakness of an exhausted frame.

Reavis smiled at his enthusiasm. "You see I 'm still alive," he said; "and I assure you I have not been forbidden the Patterson mansion. Is that enough?"

"Not quite. Have you cleared your conscience?"

"I did not have the courage. So, you see, I have as much to fear as before."

"And the fair one?"

"Was very gracious. That is as much as I can tell you. I was on the point of speaking twenty times, but something held me back. I wish now that I had done it; for the greater my exaltation, the greater is going to be my fall when the ground is taken from under my feet."

But the winter wore on without any evidence that Frank had lost ground, though he could not claim to have gained all that he would have wished. He did not go out much, because to have done so he would have had to cultivate other people, and he did not care to do that. The singleness of his devotion was noted, and some sympathetic people, to whom he had been introduced, but of whom he had nothing to expect, invited him to join little parties in which he always found the same congenial partner assigned to him. He went back to the law books after a struggle. Probably he would not have conquered himself if he had not had help from without. In their third interview she had said to him, "You must not neglect the studies for me, and you must tell me how you get on with them." So he had gone back to regular application, devoting so many hours a day to his reading, and making a report of his progress at every interview. He did not tell of the interruptions that often came to him—how day-dreams in which she was the principal figure would unexpectedly intrude themselves, and sometimes make him lay aside the book for a while to think out some problem of the future. He was hopeful of the future, though he had told her nothing of his hopes. But she could not but know something of them. A man of Frank Reavis's honest nature does not pick out one woman from all of womankind because she fixes his fancy for the moment. And the expression of his eyes will tell the story of his thoughts even if his lips are silent. Frank believed that she knew what was in his heart. He could not doubt that he had found some favor in her eyes. Yet through the confidence that he had begun to feel there ran occasionally a little shiver of fear. From the day when he had postponed making confession he had felt the oppression of concealment growing stronger. A less ingenuous man would have congratulated himself after the first month that he had not been exposed, and would have dismissed the matter from his mind. But Frank's nature was too open for

that. In the confidences of that which was openly acknowledged to be a close friendship, but which he knew to be much more, he felt that he had not opened his heart as he should have done.

One day in the early summer he had asked her to go with him to Mount Vernon. One of the first duties of the tourist when he visits the national capital, the pilgrimage to the old home of Washington is often one of the last experiences in the program of those who spend a whole season within an hour's ride of this Mecca.

"Do you know, I never have been to Mount Vernon," said Frank; "and I have been in Washington now for almost a year. I think John Harvey has been here ten years, and I 'll guarantee he has not been to the top of the Washington Monument. I tell all of my friends from the West who come here that they see much more of Washington than I ever have."

So they chose a day when Frank could get away from his Department duties, and at half-past ten o'clock they were on the deck of the *Macalester* on the way down the river. In theory they were members of a merry party of ten, duly chaperoned, and "personally conducted"; but they had drifted forward away from their companions, and no one would have been inconsiderate enough to follow or interrupt them. They stood in the bow of the boat, watching the prow cut its foamy path through the water. There was no one near enough to overhear them, and they quickly drifted into that conversation about personal matters which is the natural refuge of unexpressed affection.

"I have something to tell you," said Frank, finally. He braced himself for it as though he were about to confess a capital crime, or to disclose the presence of hereditary insanity in the family. "It is something I should have told you long ago, and I never have had the courage."

There was no expression of surprise in his companion's face, no expression even of curiosity. Frank looked for it, and its absence disheartened him for a minute. But he had started now, and he must go on.

"I did something rather contemptible on the night I met you first," he said, leaning over, and speaking in a low tone. "I do not try to excuse it. I only tell you the conditions under which it was done. Then you will understand it better." Then he detailed as accurately as he could the story of his temptation on the night of the Patterson entertainment, and of his fall.

"I have felt ever since," he said in conclusion, "as though I were an impostor, as though I had no right to your friendship, because I had stolen into your life like a thief. I feel that in telling you of it now I am taking the chance of forfeiting your esteem — the more because I did not confess it at a time when that course suggested itself to me. Can you forgive me?"

She looked up into his face with an expression that puzzled him. "I forgave you nearly six months ago," she said.

"You knew?"

Her eyes dropped, and her finger began to tap the rail nervously. "We made up a blacklist the next day, half a dozen of us," she said, "and your friend Mr. Harvey's name was at the head of it."

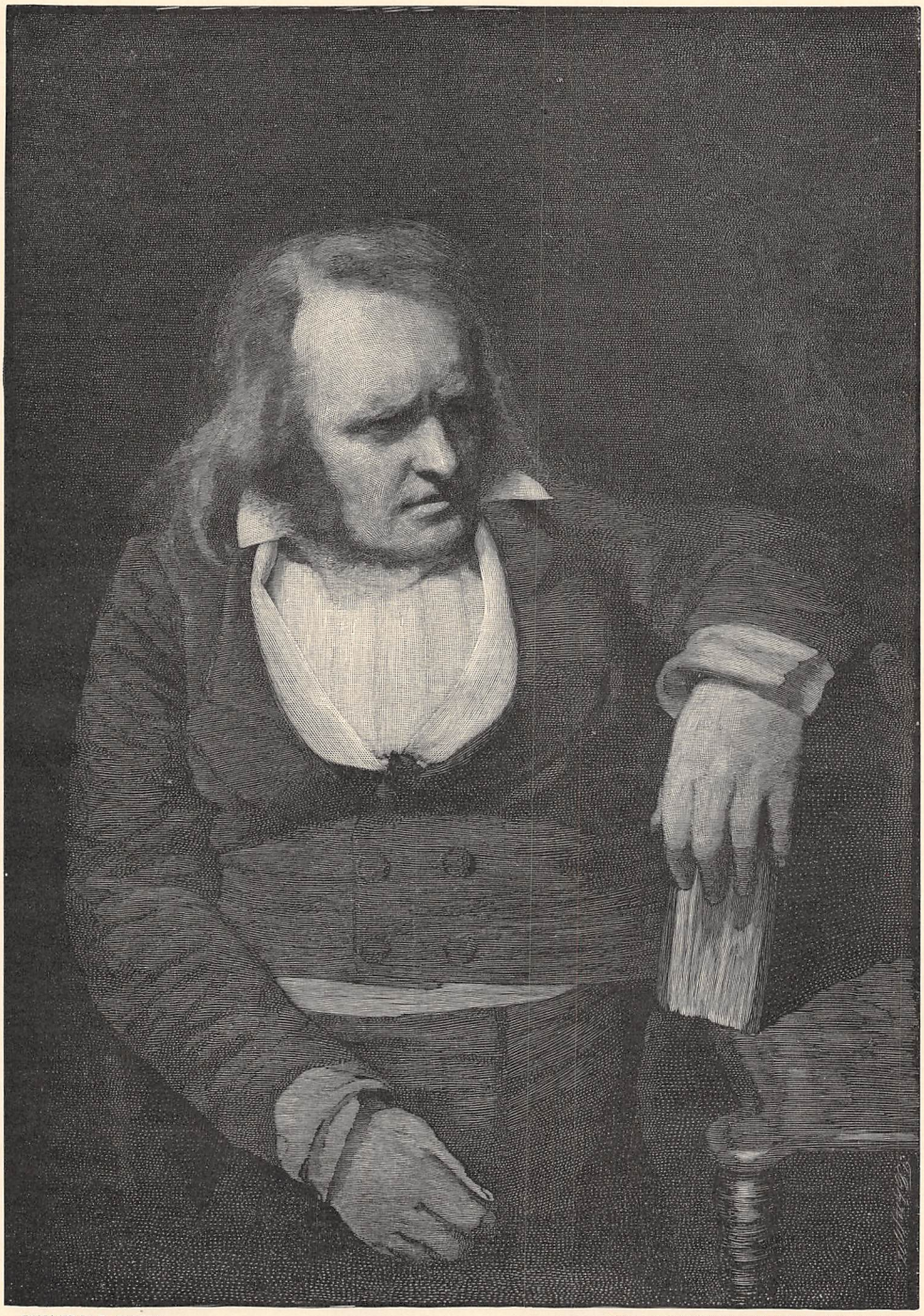
"Was my name there too?"

A little head was shaken vigorously; eyes still fixed on the rushing water. He took the restless little finger in his hand. "And you forgave me then?" he said. "Why?"

She looked up into his face for a moment, and then turned away her head. "I really don't know, Frank," she said. "Do you?"

And somehow Frank thought he did; and an hour later, when they had wandered from the crowd into the leafy woods beyond the old historic mansion, he told her of his thoughts, his hopes, his fears of the past half-year, and of his belief now that she had shared them with him. And before the boat's bell had rung to warn the visitors that it was time to leave, she had made him believe for the time that there was no happier man on earth. And knowing Captain Blake, whose experience with honeymoon parties stretches over more than a dozen years, shook his head and smiled when he saw them come aboard. "I can tell a bridal couple a mile off," he said to the pilot, with a wink.

George Grantham Bain.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OWNED BY HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

JOHN WILSON. ("CHRISTOPHER NORTH.")

"CRUSTY CHRISTOPHER" (JOHN WILSON).

HEN the great poet who has just been laid to rest in the Abbey put forth his youthful volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," 1830, it had to run the gantlet of a kind of criticism now happily extinct. The practitioners of the ungentle craft are still too often adepts in the art of giving pain; and envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness wear the mask of a zeal for good literature. But the slashing article is no longer in vogue. The reviewer may be unfair, supercilious, offensive, malignant, mean, but he does not ordinarily nowadays call his victim an ass or an idiot, and intimate that he has an addle head and a rotten heart. Such little endearments were quite *en règle* in the days of the "Blackwood's wits" and the early years of "Fraser's." The glee, the abandon, with which Wilson and Lockhart and Maginn poured out ridicule on a cockney or a Whig, their uproarious contempt, the names that they called him, the blackguardly epithets that they applied to him, the personalities of their attack — these are luxuries that no reputable review can now afford. And yet "Christopher North" was not an unkindly man, though he loved, as Carlyle said of him, to "give kicks." The first age of the great modern reviews and magazines was an age of kicks and rough horse-play. Party spirit ran high under the Regency, and literary criticism, so far from being the "disinterested" affair which Matthew Arnold demands, was avowedly run upon political lines. Libel suits and challenges rained upon magazine editors. Jeffrey and Moore went through the forms of a duel. The Chaldee Manuscript had to be suppressed in the second edition, and cost Mr. Blackwood a thousand pounds, as it was. Aggrieved persons lay in wait for editors in the street. Thus one Mr. Douglas of Glasgow, who had been roughly handled in "Maga," came to Edinburgh and horsewhipped Blackwood, and was in turn beaten by Blackwood, who had reinforced himself meanwhile with a cudgel and with the Ettrick Shepherd.

It would not be fair to hold Wilson responsible for all this, but he was largely contributory to it. It was a generation of fighters, and Christopher loved a fight almost as much as he loved trout-fishing, or deer-stalking, or a leaping-match, or a cocking-main, or a drinking-bout. He used to pommel celebrated bruisers in his Oxford days, when they were disrespectful to him on the king's highway; and after he became professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, it was his delight to take off his coat at a rural fair and to thrash a country bully who was getting the better of a weak antagonist. There was no malice in the "veiled editor" of Blackwood. His hatred of Whigs was official. The Chaldee Manuscript was conceived in a spirit of noisy fun. The same spirit inspired the roistering and convivial Toryism of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and the roaring choruses that accompanied the clink of glasses in Ambrose's snuggery. The criticism in "Blackwood's," the roasting of Hazlitt and Moore, the sneers at Hunt's "Rimini," were simply other expressions of Wilson's love of fighting, his wild fun and high animal spirits.

Tennyson fared very well, upon the whole, in the famous "Blackwood" review of his poems in May, 1832. "Perhaps in the first part of our article," said his critic, "we may have exaggerated Mr. Tennyson's not unfrequent silliness; . . . but we feel assured that in the second part we have not exaggerated his strength, and that we have done no more than justice to his fine faculties." However frequent or unfrequent the silliness in Tennyson's early verses may have been, there is no question as to the silliness of the retort which he allowed himself to make in his volume of 1833:

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

YOU did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame with praise,
Rusty Christopher:
When I learned from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

This is very weak, and the adjectives are ill chosen. In certain moods Christopher may have been crusty, but rusty or musty or fusty he could never have been. The abounding vitality, the eternal youthfulness of the man, was his most apparent trait. Like Charles Kingsley, of whom he constantly reminds one, he was always a good deal of a boy. Mr. Saintsbury has pointed out the resemblance between Wil-

son and Kingsley, and it is one that had occurred to me long since. They were alike in their ardor for sport and adventure; in their fondness for natural history (not science, but the observation of the habits of the living animal or plant in its habitat); in the eager, impulsive, uneven way in which they poured themselves out upon paper; in a certain illogical cast of mind — the want of "the tie-beam" which Carlyle detected in Wilson. Of course the points of contrast between the English Liberal and broad church priest and the high Tory Edinburgh professor are many and obvious. But Kingsley's Liberalism — Christian socialism, even — was curiously dashed with certain Toryish prepossessions. He believed in a landed aristocracy and wished well to the Southern Confederacy. Wilson's Toryism was an affair of instinct and temperament rather than of reasoned convictions. Indeed, he was a man of no opinions, in the strict sense of that word. Prejudices he had, tastes, whims, likes, and dislikes, but, properly speaking, no opinions.

At any rate, one always thinks of Wilson, as of Kingsley, as a forerunner of muscular Christianity — leaping twenty-three feet on a level; walking over from London to Oxford — fifty-three miles — in a night, six miles an hour heel-and-toe walking (Wilson once made seventy miles in the Highlands in twenty-four hours); jumping tables at Ambrose's, or swallowing monstrous bowls of whisky and milk at Scotch shielings, where he paused for refreshment on his midnight rambles through the bens and glens; swimming Highland lochs, fishing-rod in hand, and arriving late at lonely bothies with basket, pockets, and hat-crown filled with trout; sailing on Windermere, and cock-breeding at Elleray; tramping over the Cumberland hills with the Opium Eater, or hunting bulls on horseback with prick of spear. At Oxford the tradition of his physical prowess lingered long, and even gave rise to legends — as of his joining a band of strolling actors, and abiding in gipsy tents for a season with a gipsy wife. All his contemporaries were impressed by his personal vigor, the size of his chest, his florid complexion, the brightness of his eye, the length of his limbs. His portraits show a certain aquiline cast of countenance, and a leonine air — given him not, as in Landor's case, by the cut of the features, but by the length of tawny mane. De Quincy, however, denies that Christopher was a handsome man: his mouth and chin, he says, were Ciceronian, but his hair was too light, and his blue eye lacked depth — its brightness was superficial.

The little passage at arms between Wilson and Tennyson is an interesting point of contact between Georgian and Victorian literature. Wilson was a member of the generation of Scott and Byron and Moore. He belonged to an "era of expansion," and was himself expansive. The writings of the generation of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Matthew Arnold are in many ways a reaction and a protest against the emotional excesses of the Georgian time. Spontaneity, creative impulse, versatility belonged to the elders, but their art was less fine. The rich perfection of Tennyson's verse, the chastened perfection of Arnold's verse and prose, are rare among Wilson's contemporaries. His own work is profuse and diffuse, without selection and restraint. He was the most brilliant of magazinists, and Carlyle thought that he had the greatest gifts among the writers of his day, but that he had produced nothing that would endure. He compared his "Blackwood" papers to rugged rocks overgrown with luxuriant foliage, but bound together at bottom by "an ocean of whisky punch." Tennyson himself inherits of Keats, who was most purely the artist among the poets of his generation.

Who now reads "The Isle of Palms," or "The City of the Plague," or the miscellaneous verse of Wilson, which was thought to resemble Wordsworth's? Do young men nowadays read even the "Noctes," which their fathers and grandfathers read eagerly, and imitated in countless sanctum dialogues, "coffee clubs," and such like? I trow not. Nevertheless Christopher was a great creature, and there is imperishable stuff in the "Noctes." That famous series has not the even excellence — the close grain — of Holmes's "Breakfast-Table" papers. There is too much of it, and it should be read with judicious skipping. A large part of the dialogue is concerned with matters of temporary interest. The bacchanalian note in it becomes at times rather forced, and the reader wearies of the incessant consumption of powl-doodies, porter, and Welsh rabbits. But the Ettrick Shepherd is a dramatic creation of a high order, and the vehicle of wit, eloquence, and poetry always racy, if not always fine. The same exuberance, for good and for bad, characterizes the "Recreations" and the other miscellaneous papers, which place their author high, though not among the highest, in the line of British essayists. Christopher was, after all, most at home in his sporting-jacket, and his outdoor papers are the best — "The Moors," "The Stroll to Grasmere," and the rest. His literary criticism, though interesting as the utterance of a rich personality, is seldom wise or sure. But those who should know have said that none ever knew the scenery of the Western Highlands like "Christopher North," or wrote of it so well.

Henry A. Beers.

WHITTIER.

IN a remarkably literal sense of the word, Whittier exemplified the "given name" of the religious sect to whose faith he was born. He was essentially, enthusiastically, and conscientiously a Friend. Friendship was his ideal, his comfort, and, in a measure, his occupation. Lifelong loneliness, always tending to that cultivation of varied comradeship which marriage usually renders impracticable, may have to some extent accounted for the peculiar warmth of feeling and fidelity of conduct with which he followed the delicate affections that serve as substitutes for the vital passions of life. But quite aside from that leisure of the soul necessary to pursue the dreams of the heart, he was born to the purple of friendship, and wore it easily.

He was not a man of one friend or of two, but of many. Who can claim to have come nearest him? In truth, I believe no one of us all. The final proof that one stood in the outer courts of any real knowledge of him, would consist in the belief that the especial allegiance of that deep and affectionate nature was offered to one's self. His reserve, after all, was something unapproachable. We were many. He was one. Faithful to the uttermost, he never fell short of the loyalty of friendship; but he did not go beyond that vague line where it is impossible to fulfil the just expectations of one whom we love. He kept his friendships where he could sustain them. That in itself is not so common a thing that we can pass it by without a thought. Indeed, I believe it to have been one of the most valuable factors in his personal influence, which was always profound.

The first time that I ever saw his handwriting was, I think, in 1864 or 1865, possibly later. Unhappily, out of scores of valuable letters, this first one, treasured above them all, is missing; but the young recipient knew it by heart soon enough. It seems impossible to avoid saying that the letter contained the first important literary recognition which came to a self-distrustful girl who expected nothing, and who climbed Andover Hill from the post-office, breathless and agitated, clinging to that envelop as if it were the scepter from the throne of a great and gorgeous realm.

The letter expressed an opinion of a little magazine story. What it meant to the timid young author one must have been in her place to understand. In similar positions many others do understand. In this case that unsought letter was the beginning of an inspiration covering a space of almost thirty years. The veriest tyro in literature — the ignorant or the obtuse or the designing — who thrust volumes of poems upon him for "opinions," and hopeless manuscripts for revision, I am sure had from him the kindest word that could be said under the circumstances. To genuine power, hard work, and personal modesty he was always ready to respond.

Our correspondence, always irregular, but deepening in value and intimacy as time passed, had covered some years before I saw him. He was always hoping to come to my father's house, but, as is well known, outside of his family and a group of old friends he did not visit easily, and shrank from a new interior as from a new planet. It was at the home of friends dear to us both, in Boston, that at last I met him.

During the latter part of his life there were two homes, in one of which he was quite sure to be found if by any Boston hearth, and both of which are so well known, each in its own way, for especial charm in hospitality, that one need ask no pardon of the distinguished hostesses for the mention of their names.

In the library of Mrs. James T. Fields, in Charles street, many of the choicest spirits of our day have met. In the drawing-room of Mrs. William Claflin, on Mount Vernon street, men and women eminent for something which made it a privilege to know them were sure to be found. In both of these homes, though differing in some other characteristics, life meant more than entertainment, which was of use only as it could nourish a high range of thought, or feeling, or usefulness; and the prophet of Amesbury felt at home in these rare circles. People of power and people in earnest met there, and the poet of freedom found his kin among them. Shy, evasive, never to be counted upon even if expected, liable at the last moment to be deviated by a headache or shrouded in a Danvers snow-storm, his presence was always one of the blessings more precious because uncertain; and he was welcomed as few men can be.

I think it was in Mount Vernon street that I first saw his face, hitherto familiar to me only by the photograph of his own choosing which he had sent me years before. He was called from up-stairs, where, I am sorry to think now, he was probably struggling for a moment of the precious sleep for which he had to fight so hard. He was always a poor sleeper, suffering

many things because of the infirmity of sensitive organizations; and the excitement of visiting invariably increased the difficulty. Often he would fly home to his snow-banks and his solitude after three or four days' vision of "the world," driven away by the simple impossibility of getting sleep enough to live. Tenderly sheltered as he was by the friends under whose roof he had flitted, it was still impossible to protect him altogether from the clamorous calls upon his personality. The report that Mr. Whittier was in Boston was enough to start a pilgrimage to the shrine where his hostess shielded him. One day, presto! she looked, and he had fled. His rare appearances and sudden disappearances reminded one of the bird in the old Northumbrian banquet-hall, that flitted through, and out again into the night.

On this morning he came in across the thick carpet with that nervous but soft step which every one who ever saw him remembers. Straight as his own pine-tree, high of stature, and lofty of mien, he moved like a flash of light or thought. The first impression which one received was of such eagerness to see his friends that his heart outran his feet. He seemed to suppose that he was receiving, not extending the benediction; and he offered the delicate tribute to his friend of allowing him to perceive the sense of debt. It would have been the subtlest flattery, had he not been the most honest and straightforward of men. We talked — how can I say of what? Or of what not? We talked till our heads ached and our throats were sore; and when we had finished we began again. I remember being surprised at his quick, almost boyish, sense of fun, and at the ease with which he rose from it into the atmosphere of the gravest, even the most solemn, discussion. He was a delightful converser, amusing, restful, stimulating, and inspiring at once.

The deafness which afterward grew to be so severe a trial to him, and to some extent a real barrier to communication with him, was then but slight, and I had no trouble in making myself intelligible enough to sustain a conversation. That first morning was the forerunner of others like it. Sometimes at his own home, but more often in Boston, we continued the talks which were to me among the most helpful influences of the years whose flight they mark. It is impossible to say how often I saw him; in point of numbers the occasions were fewer than they appear to have been, for in depth and breadth of thought and feeling they seem to have covered spaces as large as those between the stars. Almost painful is the picture which my heart carries of his patient and cheerful but heavy loneliness. Friends never failed him, and it is well known that in the various homes which he chose to make his own by adoption, he received all that watchful affection could give him from those who felt it a privilege to minister to his daily comfort. But the real burden of a solitary life is not felt till age approaches. In youth we take it up lightly. Middle life presses it hard; and as the evening of our days comes on, the heart cries out for its defrauded rights. Little signs of that deep and guarded tenderness of his, which would have so bountifully enriched the nearest relations of life, pathetically crept to the surface sometimes. Some of them one cannot recall without tears; they are too sacred to submit themselves to description. He seemed to me, beloved, nay, adored as he was, and affectionately cared for, one of the loneliest men I ever knew.

"How do you spend the days?" I asked once in midwinter. He had then begun to grow quite deaf; he was somewhat lame; and a weakness of the eyes forbade his reading or writing except under the most limited conditions. He glanced over my head into the snow-storm — not drearily, but with one of his gravest looks.

"Oh," he said patiently, "I play with the dogs, or I go out and see the horses. And then I talk to Phœbe — and I go into my study and sit awhile."

"There is always some one to talk to," he said again, in his gentle, grateful way, as if he were privileged in this respect. To one who knows what the New England country winter is to an invalid, house-bound, burdened with nervous disorders, and denied the pursuance of his favorite occupations, the cheerful acquiescence of this gifted and really restless man in his deprivations was a lesson not to be forgotten.

Exquisitely sensitive to discouragement or to applause, he was, it is well known, as modest a genius as ever set a winged foot upon our planet. Once, when some moving tribute from the outside world had reached him, some "benediction of the air" that touched him more than usual, I ventured on one of those inanities into which we sometimes lapse, "under the impression," as Mr. Howells puts it, "that it would be uncivil not to go on saying something." The trite comment ran to the effect that he ought to get a good measure of actual happiness out of such relations as he held to his loving public.

"Oh, I 'm a fraud!" he answered quickly, rising and moving restlessly about. "I 'm a fraud! They have n't found me out — that 's all."

Wishing, years after, to attribute this reply to him, in some use which I was making of it, I wrote for his permission to do so, and received the following answer — plainly that of a man too modest even to be willing to claim the credit of his own modesty:

I have no recollection of the "saying" quoted in thy letter. Possibly I may have said something of the kind in regard to the *over-estimation* of my writings. I have always thought I passed for more than I was worth.

"Pardon," he writes at the end of a kind and patient letter, full of the most valuable literary assistance to his correspondent—"pardon these suggestions of slight defects in thy poem"!

Of a certain attempt to spur the consciences of frivolous women, he wrote:

It is the old Christian testimony which the Puritan and Quaker bore in their better days; and it never was more needed than now. The war has demoralized all — the contagion of its shoddy extravagance has reached everybody. The Church and the world are alike infected. It has entered cradle and nursery, and turned the sweet simplicity and grace of childhood into a fashionable scarecrow. Think of these grotesque caricatures of womanhood at the ballot-box! Of legislators in panniers and bustles, scant of clothing where it is most needed, and loaded down with it where it is not!

"I feel every change in temperature with a sensitiveness that I am ashamed of," he pleads as a reason for deferring a seaside visit which he desired to make. Then, with his swift cheerfulness:

The Lord in his loving-kindness has hung his wonderful pictures on all our hills and woods this autumn. I never saw such colors.

Again:

I thank thee for the offer of the Florida cottage, but I must live if I can, and die if I must, in Yankee-land.

Thus far the summer has not brought me the release from pain and weakness which I expected. I am only comfortable when body and mind are idle. Time passes so swiftly, there is so much I want to say and do, and this enforced leisure is so barren of results! . . . I have been reading Samuel Johnson's "Oriental Religions"— the last big volume upon Chinese ethics and faith, if faith it can be called. I am more and more astonished that such a man as Confucius could have made his appearance amidst the dull and heavy commonplaceness of his people. No wiser soul ever spoke of right and duty; but his maxims have no divine sanctions, and his pictures of a perfect society have no perspective opening to eternity. Our Dr. Franklin was quite of the Confucian order — though a much smaller man.

I have just been reading Canon Farrar's sermons on the "Eternal Hope." And I agree with him in the title of one of them, that "*Life is worth* living," even if one can't sleep the biggest part of it away. Thee and I get more out of it, after all, than these sleek-headed folk who sleep o'night. . . . I quite sympathize with thee in what thee say of the "causes." Against all my natural inclinations I have been fighting for them half my life. "Woe is me, my mother!" I can say with the old prophet, "who has borne me, a man of strife and contention." I have suffered dreadfully from coarseness, self-seeking, vanity, and stupidity among associates, as well as from the coldness, open hostility, and, worst, the ridicule of the outside world; but I now see that it was best, and that I needed it all.

What a pity it is that we cannot shut down the gate, and let the weary wheels rest awhile! For myself, I have to work hard to be idle; I have to make it a matter of duty to ignore duty, and amuse myself with simple stories, play with dogs and cattle, and talk nonsense as if I were not a Quaker. Dr. Bowditch says that a man of active brain ought to make a fool of himself occasionally and unbend at all hazards to his dignity. But to some of us life is too serious and its responsibilities too awful for such a remedy. The unsolved mystery presses hard upon us.

I have been ill ever since, but I went [to the Holmes breakfast] for the good Doctor's sake. He and I are very old friends, not merely literary friends. We *love* each other.

I miss Fields, it seems to me, more and more — a light too early quenched, a loss irreparable. . . . I cannot tell thee how his death shocked me. . . . Ah, me! if I had only known what was to be! He was my friend of nearly forty years; never a shadow rested for a moment on the sunshine of that friendship. It is a terrible loss. . . . With him it must be well. He loved much, pitied much, but never hated. He was Christ-like in kindness and sympathy, and in doing good. How strange that I outlive him! But my turn will soon come. God grant I may meet it with something of his simple trust and cheerfulness!

It was a disappointment not to be able to see Longfellow then, and much more after his death; but I am glad I went on that last Sabbath, and that thee was with me. . . . Ah, well! as Wordsworth asked, after commemorating the friends who had left him: "Who next shall fall and disappear?" I await the answer with awe and solemnity, and yet with unshaken trust in the mercy of the All Merciful. . . .

I have suffered much from this spring. Our lawn is now green, the magnolia buds are swelling, and the hepaticas and violets begin to appear, and when the golden dandelion comes it will be really spring. I would rather see these flowers in the world beyond than the golden streets we are told of.

Why should thee wish to step out of the line of march? Why envy those who fall by the way? So long as the east winds do not torment thee, and thee can go a-Maying in the coldest rain-storm that ever blows over Andover Hill, life must be worth living. And it would not be worth so much for some of us if thee deserted us. I wish thee would think of that, and hold on. . . . I think I have left a great many roses in my life for fear of the thorns. We all do. But my life has been, after all, a reasonably happy one. With all its drawbacks, I like this world of ours. I sit here in my room with the portraits of my mother and sister, Emerson and Longfellow, and Starr King and

Garrison. My old neighbors look in. When my eyes will let me, I read. A great pile of unanswered letters is in sight, and is not likely to grow smaller. Among them are many kind and loving messages from old friends. . . .

These November days of Indian summer make me happy that I have lived to see them.

I am glad to be permitted once more to see the miracle of spring.

I wish I could talk with thee instead of writing, for which I have just now neither time nor strength. The suffrage question, the temperance reform movement, the condition of the freedmen of the South, and especially the religious and scientific questions of the day. . . . The foundations seem breaking up. I only hope that if the planks and stagings of human device give way, we shall find the Eternal Rock beneath. We can do without Bible or Church. We cannot do without God; and of him we are sure. All that science and criticism can urge cannot shake the self-evident truth that he asks me to be true, just, merciful, and loving; and because he asks me to be so, I know that he is himself what he requires of me.

I gave —— a friendly caution. I think she has not gone out after mediums, but something seems to have come to her. I have never seen anything of this strange matter, and have no wish to. But there is something in it, I have no doubt; and I hope the scientific gentlemen of the Psychical Research will be able to explain it. I can wait, and, in the very nature of things, I shall not have to wait long, to learn the mystery beyond the veil. If I cannot know, I can believe and trust. I shall be glad if a fuller revelation can come for those who now can do neither.

I have read with lively interest the Psychic Reports. I am glad the subject is taken hold by such men in such a way. They are slowly unlocking some of the outer doors of the great mystery, and the sound of their opening reverberates infinitely beyond.

General Gordon — my hero — is dead; an unselfish enthusiast of humanity. No more wonderful figure has for centuries passed across the disk of our planet.

As to the "memorial," if one must be, I hope it will be brief and dry. There is little or nothing to say of my life, and my poor rhymes speak for themselves. . . . Still, I should be glad to think that one . . . closely in sympathy with me would feel like saying a kind and tender word for me when I can no longer speak for myself. I trust thee to do it, as thee did it for Fields. Perhaps I shall be permitted to know of it; at any rate, my friends will. And there let the great silence fall.

I have just been to see an old friend, a little in advance of me in age. We talked as men talk who listen the while for the inevitable summons, solemnly and yet not unhopeful. I am not sure I am any better for my long life — any nearer to God; but *he* seems nearer to me, and that comforts me.

There remain only a few more lines — weak, weary, uncertainly defined, bearing the stamp of farewell which is so apt to set itself upon the last words that the hand directs. So far as can be learned, the last letter which he wrote to any person came to Gloucester. One other at least went to one of his publishers in Boston upon the same day; but there is some reason to think that it was written before he penned the few final words that rest among my sacred treasures.

And here "the great silence falls."

It was at his own door in Amesbury that we saw him last — longer ago than I like to think of now. His manner was not without emotion, full and solemn, and his deep eyes had the look of those who think "it is the last time." With the courtliness not expected of the Quaker hermit, but which he knew so well how to carry when he would, "May I?" he asked my husband, gravely, awaiting his permission to salute the bride. With blinded eyes and bowed head I left him. A prophet of God had blessed us, and we departed from his pure presence silently.

So many times it has been said that it is too soon to fix the place of the dead poet in literature that one is already rather weary, not to say a little critical, of the iteration. What Whittier has been and is to the American people and to English poetry we know quite well; what he is to be a hundred years hence will take care of itself. A man who has done what he has for his contemporaries may be forgotten by the future, but is not likely to be; and is less likely to be precisely because of the peculiar nature of his service. We may call that service high, for this is a noble and affluent adjective, but I believe it to be, in certain important respects, unapproached and unapproachable.

It is not so long ago but that some of his old friends remember the laggardness with which his true position as a poet was recognized by critics to whose traditions a man of the people, without conventional education or social experience, and hampered by the confines of an evangelical faith,— to say nothing of the barriers of a limited sect,— was an alien and a puzzle.

Over twenty years ago, a loyal friend of the Quaker poet's was in the company of two of the most eminent men whom this nation has given to English literature, when the conversation turned upon Whittier.

"Whittier is coming up," observed one of the gentlemen, thoughtfully.

"Yes," replied the other; "ye-es."

"He has written some good things," returned the first.

"Yes," answered the second; "*some*."

To-day, were these men living, they would have been among the first to do him reverence; their ivy wreaths would have taken the places

of honor upon the poet's grave; and they would have led critical opinion in their characterization of his unique position in the English-writing world. That it is a unique position, I believe we shall become more and more, rather than less and less, convinced as time turns the leaf that holds the record of his fame.

It is not a truth altogether honorable to human nature, or at least to literary nature, to admit, but it is a truth, that a profoundly religious man is for that reason at a disadvantage with the sponsors of critical opinion, when he enters the world of literature as a power too important to be ignored or patronized.

A keen old English essayist, not too much read in our light day, has written a series of papers upon the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." The old-fashioned title of John Foster's essay is an argument in itself. Such an aversion unquestionably exists, and the fact that it does exist must be taken into account in any estimate *of* the estimate by which the work of a deeply spiritual nature is adjudged.

To possess no particular belief, or next to none; to find one's self in those ecclesiastical connections to which one is born as one is born to family or fortune; to hold religious faith easily, as one holds the slender stem of a champagne-glass, lifting it or setting it down in the intervals of the after-dinner chat of life; even to cultivate sacred emotions as a poetic impulse, at twilight, on June Sundays, when listening to an oratorio, or when in the presence of Niagara or the Matterhorn — this can be understood.

The religious faith of a man thoroughly and terribly in earnest is another matter. By this, the temperament which is apt to go to the making of professional critics is perplexed; at it they look askance; to it they refer when they are forced to, not before.

To sum in a word a thought with which pages might be crowded:

To believe certain doctrines is, *per se*, to be a Philistine. To hold to certain religious limitations is essentially barbaric. Our reigning culture recognizes certain conditions as necessary to finished achievement. Failing of these, whether by accident or by determination, a great genius pushes his way at odds with the literary sympathies of his time. His brow knows sweat and thorns and blood before it knows the laurel. He carries his torch, as the old racer in the Greek game carried his, against the wind.

To Whittier in his earlier years this laggard recognition brought his full share of the discipline which is peculiar to genius, and which no lesser spirit can suppose itself to understand. But he conquered it — the world knows how thoroughly. He was never in the least unperceptive of the facts of his literary history. Once he was found in the library of one of his Boston friends, silent and sad, in a mood not usual to him. Seeking to cheer him, his hostess ventured some quiet words reminding him of the deep personal affection in which he was held the wide world over. His morning mail lay beside him. She pointed to the pile of grateful and adoring letters.

"Ah, yes," he said; "but they say Tennyson has written a perfect poem."

Whittier's simplicity of metrical form has received its full share of attention. Really, when one remembers what metrical whims and fads have won their way to high approval, one turns to his serene melody with a sense of repose. Grant that the peculiarities of his environment affected "the music in him" to a certain extent. We do not expect a waltz of a Quaker. Triolets and rondeaux, and experiments in rhyme and time, may occupy lesser pens than his. The simplicity of his form is so inwrought with the stern, strong purpose of his inspiration, that it would be hard for us to conceive of him as using any other; it is doubtful if any other would have achieved either his ethical or his poetic ends. He was no dilettante at life, and his art took on the strains of his unresting and unremitting earnestness.

> His rhyme
> Beat often labor's hurried time,
> Or duty's rugged march through storm and strife.

I think it will be the judgment of the future that his instinct and his taste were both unerring in this respect, and that, artistically considered, what he said was best said in the simple, natural way in which he chose to say it. His genius did not blunder because he lived in Amesbury and attended "silent meeting" under the Quaker dispensation.

It has been said till it says itself that Whittier was the people's poet. This is true; but he was more than that. He was the poet of a broad humanity, and he was the poet of a living faith. His songs of freedom, which, perhaps, in his heart's depths he cherished more than any other phase of his life's work, were superb outbursts. He sang them as the prophets of Israel spoke in their holy trances. The spirit of God constrained him. He was a literary Hebrew. Of course it scarcely need be said that he was no Hellene. The Hellene does not trouble himself about "causes." In Whittier the sense of moral responsibility awoke his genius. His "artless art," as it has been well called, was best developed in his later years, when the freed slave and the saved country gave an interval of rest to that uncompromising New England conscience which is vaguely labeled Puritan by the outside intelligence of London, Paris, or New York, and which is liable to make the greatest failures and the greatest successes in American literature.

The blazing heart and pen which put Whittier's antislavery usefulness in the selected list of service second only to that of "Uncle Tom," did not stop at the negroes. He sang the songs of labor, through their various key-notes, loyally. His hatred of oppression was vitriolic. His faith in democracy was something not to be called less than grand. He spent himself on the great needs of humanity, and the great heart of humanity answered him. He went to that as straight as a cry of nature; and he uplifted it as truly as the hand of Heaven. The common people heard him gladly. He stands apart in their choice and their affection, even from the dearest of the great pentarchy of American poets to which he belonged.

"I would crawl on my hands," said the author of a volume which critics and scholars had approved, but of which the people knew nothing—"I would crawl on my hands and knees till I sank, if I could write a book that the plain people would read and love!" Whittier's poetry stands by the simple old test that tries all the other relations of life, and from which the relation of genius to recognition is no exception.

The people loved him because he loved the people. It was his honor that he loved them nobly. He did not sink to their small or special phases. He sings to the strength, not to the weakness, of the soul; he does not conciliate passion and surrender; he suggests prayer and power; and as a substitute for temptation he enforces aspiration. I have sometimes thought that I would rather give a man on the verge of a great moral lapse a marked copy of Whittier than any other book in our language. In a word, he represents the broadest because he represents the purest elements of life.

It remains only to say the shortest, simplest, truest word of all that can be said for his dear and honored name. We shall remember him longest because of the largest thing which he did for us; and what that is, it is not possible to doubt.

He gave us the music of human freedom, of human brotherhood, of passionate human purity, of an intimacy with nature more widely comprehensible than that of Wordsworth, and scarcely surpassed by that inspired pantheist. But he gave us something beyond all this: he gave us faith in God.

In an age when doubt darkens the bravest heart; when science and art grope for their Author and find him not; when it is scholarly to disbelieve, and cultivated to scoff, and superior to outgrow the faith of our childhood, and a sign of intellectual caste to abandon the convictions of a sturdy religious character; and when genius (what we have left of it) deviates into little sketches of little subjects, and cuts cross-paths through mire, and walks blindfold under the stars,—this poet, being dedicated, has done more to hold the faith of the American people to the God of their fathers than any other one man in our nation.

We do not say that he has held us to the dogmas of our fathers. A paper on the theology of Whittier has been one of the valuable tributes called out by his death; but in the popular sense of the word Whittier had no theology. It was one of the secrets of his great religious influence that he sang only of the simple essentials of faith—God, Christ, and immortality.

As he did not write of small subjects, so he never took the smaller view of a large subject. He was as free from the cage of sectarianism as a Danvers thrush rising from the tree-tops of Oak Knoll on a May morning. He soared when he sang. He poured out the truths that men must live by, and that they can afford to die by, or die for.

Whittier has been called the poet of consolation so often that we may need to remind ourselves that he is, first, the poet of belief. But when we observe the extent to which belief grows out of consolation, we understand the easy order of precedence. Unless we except that master who lies dead in state as these words are written,—the great author of "In Memoriam,"—above any poet of his age Whittier may be called the comforter.

What is it that gives "Snow-Bound" its eternal hold upon our admiration and affection? The exquisite sketches of nature and New England interiors? The snow on the wood-pile? The realism of the group beside the fire? The "Flemish pictures of old days"? Ah, no, no. Ask a million mourners who have scorched the pages of that poem with blessed tears. They know. It is the comfort offered to the broken heart:

> The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own.

Who else has gone down with us as he has gone into the Valley of the Shadow? Expression falters, even after the lapse of years, when we try to say what he has been to us in that den of death. In the silence that falls upon the soul's debt when it goes too deep for speech or language, he is most profoundly—as he will be oftenest and longest—honored. The best tribute to Whittier will never be written. The heart of the people holds it. He who consecrated everything else—genius, fame, love, and death—has taught us how to consecrate desolation and anguish—the last and hardest lesson of them all; to "rest the soul" on God's

> Immortal love and Fatherhood,
> And trust him as his children should.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE KINDERGARTEN MOVEMENT.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

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FRIEDRICH FROEBEL.

THRICE happy the child whose earliest years are prismatic with the light of the past, who lives in a golden haze through which love shines, in which all good things ripen, and the mind develops in even pace with a healthy, play-loving body. In those years, too often left fallow of all sowing but that of wasting weeds, how much can be done when love, and scientific training, and maternal aptitude encircle the child, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi has shown to marvelous result in her "Experiment in Primary Education."[1]

For myself, there comes from the eighth year memory of an awakening to the conscious grasp and knowledge of genus and species. I see it still, the stone-paved terrace and curving arches of an Asiatic house; the vivid sun of the East declining in long shadow over the green and party-colored stretches, brilliant with broom and anemone, of the Mesopotamian plain; in my lap the shredded petals of almond, plum, and the yellow rose of Persia, and in myself sense of a new concept and tool

1 "Physiological Notes on Primary Education and the Study of Language," by Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D. New York, 1889.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

MISS ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

for classifying and accumulating knowledge through all life.

But all mothers cannot come to maternity equipped as did Mrs. Jacobi. Even her scheme of early intellectual awakening, successful as it is in stimulating the mind, makes no account of the instinct for play as a means for quickening social and moral activities. Each of us, if he is worth having a father at all, cherishes in his heart of hearts the belief and conviction that there was never a father like his. With soberer eyes, born of loving experience, we look over whole cities full of homes in which the most apparent and visible difference between the young children of the rich and of the poor is that one goes to the streets with a nurse, and the other without one. In our busy lives, rich and poor and all between, both parents alike, spin by night and day an embracing web of work, traffic, cares, and engagements, neither magic nor "with colors gay," which binds every moment, and in the vast number of cases leaves the child of the average ordinary home only such atmosphere or environment as chance, streets, servants, and the neighbors' children furnish. There is also that other and nether world in which poverty and crime are daily casting lots at the foot of the cross on which sweet childhood is crucified in every city, for the soul as yet "without seam, woven from the top throughout" by its Maker.

For all classes, then, the problem of education is to furnish environment, fit, fair, and fruitful, for those chrysalis-breaking years in which the young child has begun to leave the family without entering the school-room. They lie from three to seven. In them, as Bain has pointed out, the brain grows with the greatest rapidity, a rapidity to which its later increase is small; and the entire being of the child receives its first conscious impression of the family, the church, and the state, of ethics, of law, and of social life. The young savage needs to be humanized.

What are more brutal than the self-invented games of blameless children? Do we not all know the infant who has sought to kill or maim his pet? Have we not all met the child who, when taken to the sorrowing home where

STRINGING COLORED DISKS WITH STRAWS.

his playmate lies dead, at once asks, with the blunt avarice of four years old, "Now that Peter is dead, you will give me his horse and his drum, won't you?"[1] The inert imagination of the child needs to be quickened, and his emotion awakened. The vacant horizon needs to be filled. No child, untaught and undirected, can bridge those fruitful but unrecorded years of the race, in which its first and greatest triumphs were won; in which human fingers first learned to plait the pliant willow, and human hands to fashion the potter's clay; in which number was mastered, the choric dance learned, and the hoarse cries of barbarism were set to the dawning music of civilization.

DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

KINDERGARTEN PLAY, "BIRDIES IN THE GREENWOOD."

These years in child life Froebel[2] sought to fill. The child thinks only through symbols. In other words, it explains all it sees not by the recorded experience of others, as does an adult, but by marshaling and comparing its own concept or symbol of what it has itself seen. Its sole activity is play. "The school begins with teaching the 'conventionalities' of intelligence. Froebel would have the younger children receive a symbolic education in plays, games, and occupations which symbolize the primitive arts of man."[3] For this purpose, the child is led through a series of primitive occupations in plaiting, weaving, and modeling, through games and dances, which bring into play all the social relations, and through songs and the simple use of number, form, and language. The "gifts" all play their manifold purpose, inspiring the child, awakening its in erest, leading the individual along the path the race has trod, and teaching social self-control.

The system has its palpable dangers. The better and more intricate the tool, the more skill needed in its safe use.[4] The dame's school needed nothing better than Shenstone's

> Matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
> Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.

[1] "The First Three Years of Childhood," by Bernard Perez, p. 80. London, 1889.

[2] Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel (1782–1852), born a poverty-stricken clergyman's son in the Thuringian forest, was thirty-two years old before he devoted himself to his life-work, the previous years having gone to university study at Jena, teaching scientific study in the Weiss Museum of Mineralogy at Berlin, and three years' service as a volunteer in the German army, 1813–1816. Having spent two years with Pestalozzi at Yverdon, he began the application of his own system, which grew out of that of the Swiss educator, to the training of his nephews and nieces. It was fourteen years before another school was started. His own finally failed for lack of support. Previous to the rejection of his system in Prussia (about a year before his death in 1852), Froebel's life was given to training young women as teachers.

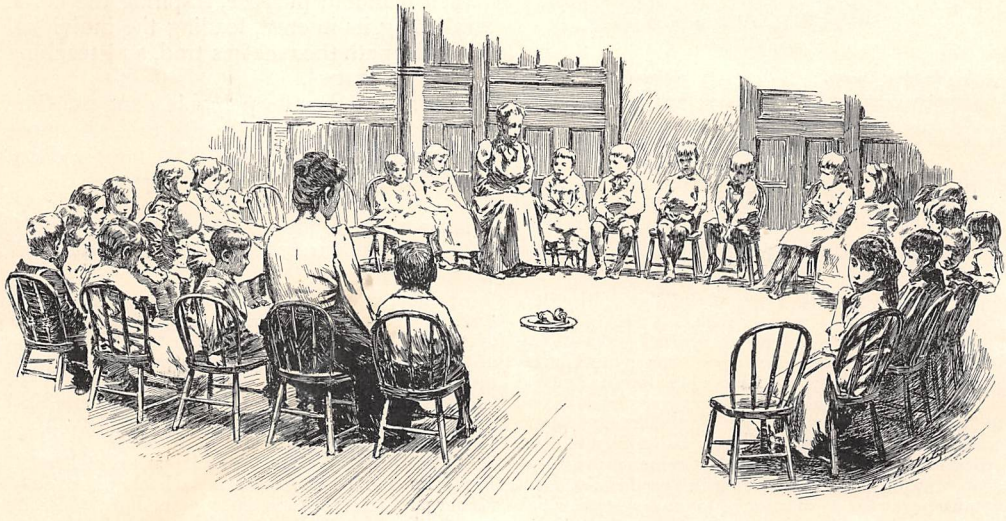
[3] "The Philosophy of Education," by Johann Karl Friedrich Rosenkranz, p. 284. New York, 1886. Notes by editor, William T. Harris.

[4] This is the point at which adaptations of Froebel in the infant-class of the Sunday-school or the use of kindergarten methods in later years have generally broken down.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

MAKING CYLINDERS IN CLAY.

The kindergarten requires trained hands. With trivial teachers its methods may easily degenerate into mere amusement, and thwart all tendency to attention, application, or industry. Valuable as it is in its hints for the care and development of children, its gay round needs to be ballasted with the purpose and theory uppermost in Froebel's mind when he opened his first school in a German peasant village, down whose main street a brook tumbled, and through whose lanes the halberdier still walked by night and sang the hours. It is idle to suppose that Froebel founded a perfect system, or to insist on all the details of the professional kindergartner's creed. Here as elsewhere, and aforetime, it has taken only forty years from the founder's death for faith to degenerate into religion and sect. But the central purpose he had in view must be steadily maintained. He sought his ends through play, and not through work. It is as dangerous for this method to harden into an approach to the primary school



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

STORY ABOUT THE OCEAN (SEA-SHELLS ON PLATE), IN A NEW YORK FREE KINDERGARTEN.

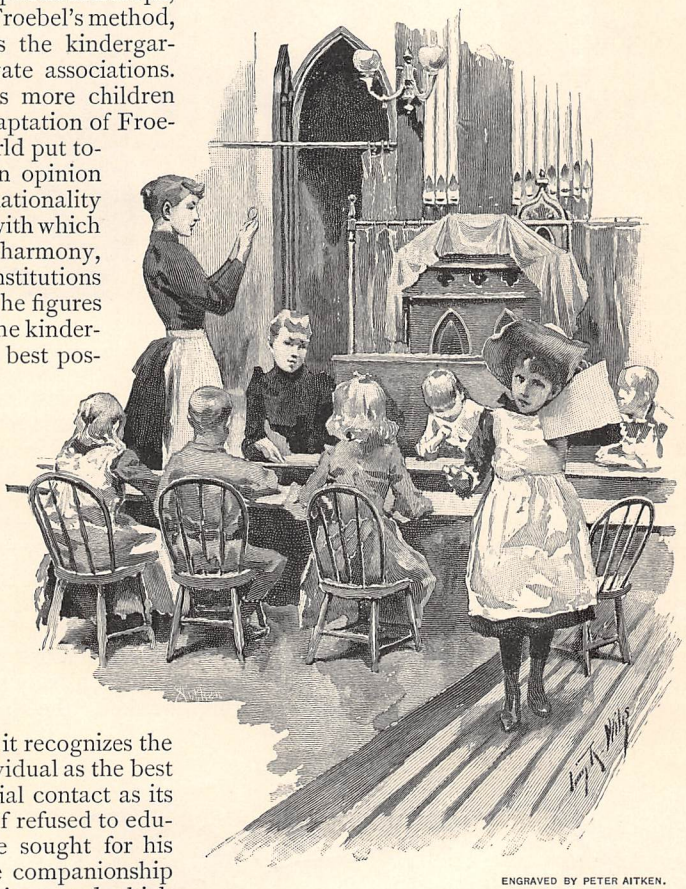
as it is for it to soften into a riot of misrule, and lax observance of order. The former is its tendency where it becomes a part of a graded course, and this tendency is quite as apparent in the application of Froebel's methods by French hands in the official scheme of the *école maternelle* as in some of our own public schools. The other tendency is apparent in "amateur" kindergartens, and in the work of the large number of persons who enter a difficult field with inadequate training.

Switzerland, then the only republic in Europe, was the first country to adopt Froebel's method, though in some Swiss towns the kindergarten is still supported by private associations. France, another republic, has more children beginning school under an adaptation of Froebel than all the rest of the world put together. It was Froebel's own opinion that "the spirit of American nationality was the only one in the world with which his method was in complete harmony, and to which its legitimate institutions would present no barriers." The figures given below of the growth of the kindergarten in this country are the best possible proof of the truth of Froebel's prescient assertion. The Prussian minister Raumer has been blamed for prohibiting the kindergarten in Prussia in 1851; but he showed the wisdom of his class and the safe instincts of the bureaucrat.

Within its limits of years, of method, and of purpose, the kindergarten furnishes the most felicitous beginning for the training of the child in a democratic state, because it recognizes the voluntary activity of the individual as the best means of education, and social contact as its best medium. Froebel himself refused to educate a duke's son alone. He sought for his own nephews and nieces the companionship which the common school brings, and which is to-day only too often shunned to the mutual loss of rich and poor.

History has still to write some chapters before judgment can be passed on the masterful young man who wears the eagle-tipped silver helmet of Germany, the most puissant youthful figure on a European throne since the day of Charles V.; but it is already clear that in some three or four centuries his is the only royal mind which has escaped the paralyzing influence of the "education of a prince," whose solitude is as serious an evil as its cramming. The mother of the present emperor broke with the traditions of his family and of her caste by putting her son in a kindergarten, and continuing him at school with other boys. No education ever bent more twig than the parent tree had shot forth; but it is significant that this royal character, so modern in activity, so archaic in aspiration, is the first of earth's rulers to feel Froebel's touch in childhood.

It is of less importance, however, to consider the effect of this method on the heir of Germany, who, after all, is of yesterday, than its influence on the heirs of the American re-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

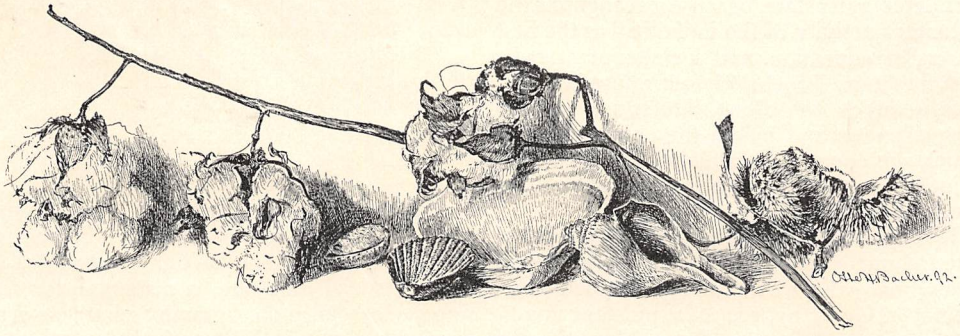
GROUP IN A NEW YORK FREE KINDERGARTEN.

public, who are of to-morrow. We all see and feel and suffer from certain defects in the results of the education of our great mass. A lack of social initiative, a disregard for the rights of others, endless craving for amusement from within, utter inability to find pleasure without — these are apparent everywhere. There is nothing so sad as an American holiday — except an English one. Its sight justifies Heine's bitter gibe that while there were redeeming qualities in bourgeois sorrow, nothing equaled the exasperating spectacle of a Philistine enjoying himself. This social defect, so serious in its

CHILDREN MARCHING. (A PRIVATE KINDERGARTEN.)

effect and result, is the natural and inevitable consequence of schools given to routine, numb with discipline, stifled by rule and rote, and preceded by a brief childhood in which no aid and direction have been given to the heaven-born instinct of play, and no inculcation of a social regard for the rights of others.

The double misfortune of our public-school system, which has accomplished so much that its improvement is the most hopeful of enterprises and most desirable of reforms, is that it fails to teach children to think, and that the great mass of children in our manufacturing time the vast majority of our public-school children remain at their desks. The first vivid value of the kindergarten as a part of the public-school system is, therefore, that it adds one half or, under favorable circumstances, doubles the time in which children are at school. While this will not double the cost of our public-school system, it will greatly increase it. The first grade of our public schools is about 30 per cent. of the whole attendance. "To feed such a first grade," writes Mr. William E. Anderson, superintendent of schools at Milwaukee, "the kindergarten must necessarily be



SUBJECTS FOR MORNING TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

districts close their schooling at ten, eleven, and twelve years of age, and begin it at seven and eight.[1] From three to four years is all the much larger, and, if it is the two years' course which the advocates of the kindergarten insist upon, an expansion in accommodation, in teach-

[1] The average duration of the school life of a child in manufacturing districts is only three entire years. Commencing at the age of seven, he completes his school education at ten. ("Kindergarten Tract No. 17," by William T. Harris. New-York.)

ing force, and in facilities is required, which will call for a large increase in revenue to support the schools." But this expenditure, unlike that devoted to higher grades, will be spent on a constantly increasing number. The influence of the new education will cut the pyramid at the base and not at the top. Of its moral effect on the neglected children of our streets, one can only quote the experience of San Francisco, where, of nine thousand children from the criminal and poverty-stricken quarters of the city who have gone through the free kindergartens of the Golden Gate Association, but one was found to have been arrested, after careful inquiry and years of watchfulness over police-court, prison, and house of refuge records.[1] The case might go to the jury without argument on this single well-attested fact. The money cost of pauperism and crime saved in that single group of ransomed children in a single city may well have been enough to pay the cost to the taxpayer of existing kindergartens throughout the Union for a decade.

But the well are of more importance in social effort than the ill. For ten or fifteen years there has been an uneasy consciousness apparent in all discussion of our public schools, that they had done everything but educate. Merchants, mill-owners, colleges, professional schools, have all united in the complaint that the pupils of our public schools were unable to use the knowledge they had acquired. They fail to fit into the social fabric. They seem equal to passing, with ease, all examinations save those set by life itself, in which cram is unavailing and remembered rules of no value. No system of education with these mechanical defects of rote, routine, grades, and examinations, ever reformed itself. "Scientific questions," said Goethe to Eckermann, "are very often questions of livelihood." This is equally true of questions of education. "In the universities," continued Goethe, "that also is looked upon as property which has been handed down or taught at the universities. And if any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed down to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him."[2]

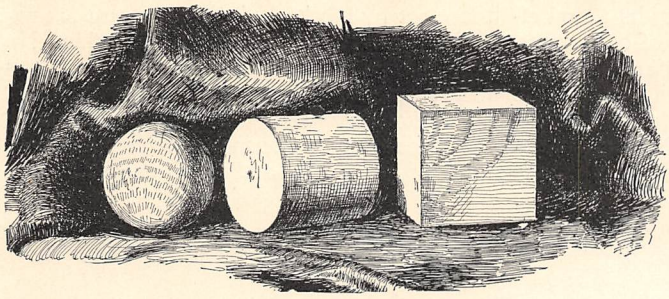
The surest remedy for all this is the introduction into the school fabric of children trained on a different principle, whose demands will create different methods and make new modes inevitable. Kindergartens yearly feed into the common school fresh material, alive,

THE "SHAW MEMORIAL KINDERGARTEN," OF NEW YORK, ON A HOLIDAY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

1 "Kindergartens," by Miss Minna V. Lewis, in the "Californian," p. 13, January, 1892.

2 "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret," p. 47. London, 1879.

alert, awake, taught to think, able in six months to do the work of a year on the old system, grasping numbers with ease and rapidity, their fingers trained to hold the pencil, the task of learning either writing or drawing half accomplished.[1] The child thus trained is already well started on the golden road of thinking for himself. In his own proper person he is enough to transform any teacher loving her work, and called to deal with his training, and the demands of this new material must in time reach even a school-board.

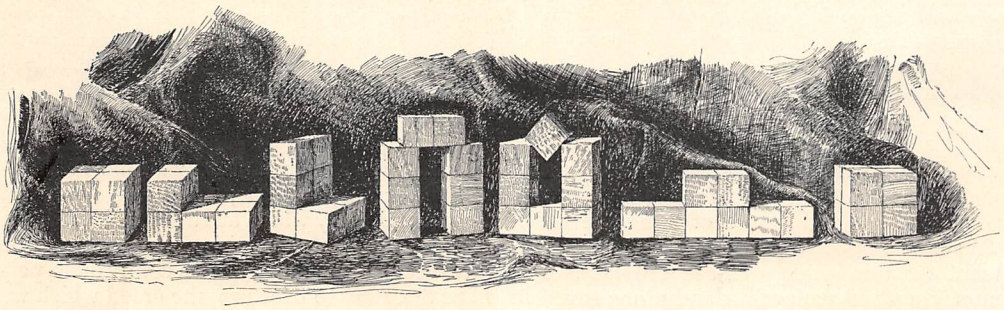


GIFT NO. 2.

The basis of the Kindergarten,— from it all the gifts and occupations are derived. Froebel declared that whoever fully understood this gift understood the kindergarten system. In it he saw the whole material universe epitomized and symbolized. (ANGELINE BROOKS.)

The work of introducing this new influence into our public schools has been accomplished, in nearly every city where the work has been done, by noble and zealous women who opened free kindergartens at their own expense, often with the coöperation of educators like Dr. William T. Harris in St. Louis or Dr. James MacAlister in Philadelphia, always with the eventual conversion of school-boards, who have, after all, no right to experiment with the public money until private enterprise has made the test.

Twenty years, then, after the death of one of the two great educators of the century, Pestalozzi being the other, this was the situation. Froebel's own country had rejected him altogether, and he was excluded by ministerial edict from Prussia, though even there the able daughter of an able mother — the Empress Frederick — had educated her own children on his plan in their country and headed a society to introduce the system in her own. France still waited for the fall of the empire to see the introduction, without credit, of the methods of Froebel in the "mother schools." Austria-Hungary, under the dawning liberty born of disaster, was beginning to introduce kindergartens, and in this Hungary has made unusual progress, as a part of its recent rapid development. Italy had already (1868 and 1871) seen the first kindergartens opened, which, after twenty years of united freedom, were to furnish the instructors to graft the new system on the public schools of the kingdom. Finland, that little enclave of home rule which lies in the despotism of Russia like the few limpid drops locked in the unyielding crystal, was to introduce it a dozen years later. England, which was reorganizing its school system by the education act of 1870, paid no heed to the new method; and nearly twenty years later, a teacher or two appointed by the London school-board, slight recognition elsewhere, and a vigorous but somewhat ineffectual propaganda showed all the progress made.[2] In London, in Manchester, in Dublin, excellent institutions exist, but "as regards influencing public opinion scarcely anything had been done," even in 1889.

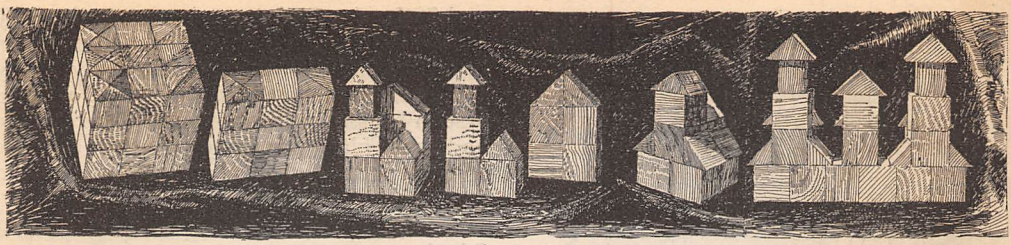


GIFT NO. 3. A SEQUENCE OF FORMS,—EACH FORM EVOLVED FROM THE PRECEDING FORM.

In this country, in 1870, the splendid work done in organizing and methodizing local instruction for twenty years before had brought

1 "Report upon the Effect of Kindergarten Instruction," as observed by the teachers of the youngest classes in the primary schools of Boston, pp. 11–28. School Document No. 21, 1887. Boston, 1887.

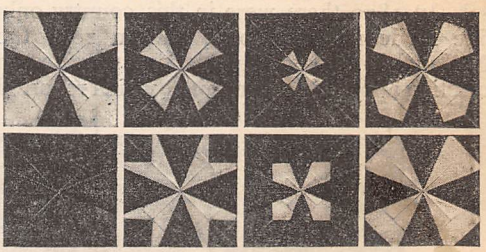
2 "The Kindergarten," by Emily Shirreff, p. 5. London, 1889.



GIFT NO. 5. A SEQUENCE OF FORMS.

the plain beginnings of the baleful mechanical routine since apparent. There was, thank God, no minister of instruction, no great national system, no state license for teachers, no cramping universal method, no "payment by results," as in England; no minister, as in Prussia, "to watch his clock-face and know that every pinafored child had taken up primer No. 1 at this moment." The land was free. But each center of instruction in city and town was also in the hand of boards wedded to old methods and teachers trained to a rigid routine, and there were no organized or statutory means of introducing general reform.

How, then, was this novel and altogether vital method to make its way in this wilderness of school-boards? By the simplest of all paths — experiment. By the best of all leadership — devoted women. If before 1870 a single book had been published in this country on the kindergarten, I have been unable to find it. The "American Journal of Education," established in 1855, and lasting until 1881, had not given either Froebel or the kindergarten more than one indexed reference before the twenty-eighth volume, and this was in the fourth (1857), though references are thick from 1877 to 1881.[1] But in five years (1871–76) seventeen works appeared, with Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody leading in the vigorous polemic. There began straightway to appear honorable women not a few who organized and opened free kindergartens. In Boston it was the wife of the fortunate owner of the largest collection of Millets in the world; in St. Louis the daughter of a man prominent in affairs and politics; in Philadelphia a school-teacher; in San Francisco the teacher of a Bible class backed by the wives of new-made millionaires, and ably seconded by a young woman who — so closely knit together is the vast extent of our republican empire — repeated in New York in the last two years the labors for this reform, which she had begun in San Francisco ten years before.[2] In each place, whether begun by Miss Susan E. Blow in St. Louis in 1872–73, by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw in Boston in 1878, by Miss Anna Hallowell in Philadelphia in 1879–81, by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Kate Douglas (Smith) Wiggin, and others in San Francisco, by the Free Kindergarten Association in New York in 1889–92, or by like associations in Brooklyn and Buffalo, the reform took the same course, save that in San Francisco the schools have never been transferred to public support, while in Milwaukee[3] the early introduction of the reform was solely by public agency, as in most lesser places. In St. Louis the first school, opened in August, 1873, had grown to 70 in 1876–77, and under the influence of Dr. William T. Harris was early incorporated in the public-school system. In Boston 14 schools and 800 pupils were taken over by the city in 1887, after the most careful inquiry and experiment yet given the kindergarten in our educational history, the report in its favor being signed by Samuel Eliot, Francis A. Walker, Joseph D. Fallon, and George B. Hyde. In Philadelphia 32 kindergartens were transferred by the Sub-Primary School Society to public support in January, 1887, the society



PAPER-FOLDING. — FIRST LESSONS IN GEOMETRY.

1 "Analytical Index to Barnard's 'Journal of Education.'" Washington, 1892. Articles, "Froebel" and "Kindergarten."

2 "Report made Dec. 18, 1877, to the Board of Public Schools," by Wm. T. Harris. St. Louis, 1878. "Kindergarten Tract No. 27," by William T. Harris. New York. "Charter and Reports Sub-Primary School Society," Philadelphia, 1881–86. "School-Board Reports," 1881–91. "School Document No. 278," 1887. "Report of Committee on Establishing Kindergarten," Boston, 1887. "Californian," January, 1892. "Report New York Kindergarten Association," 1890. "School Journal," January 30, 1892. New York "Sun," November 8, 1891. New York "Tribune," March 20, 1891. "Reports U. S. Commissioner of Education," 1870–89, particularly 1886–87, 1887–88, 1888–89.

3 "Proceedings of the School-Board," Milwaukee, Wis., September 3, 1889.

WEAVING PAPER.

Lesson in number and color; training of the eye and hand.

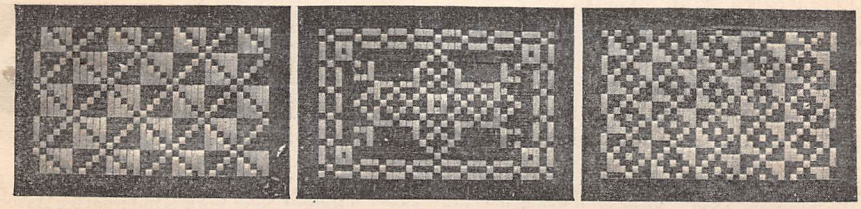
having received a city grant after 1883, and in 1885 one half of its expenditure of $14,000 came from the same source. Last October in the four cities where this system is most completely established, Boston had 36 kindergartens and 2008 pupils; St. Louis, 88 schools and 5398 pupils; Philadelphia, 64 schools and 3800 pupils; and Milwaukee, 30 schools and 2873 pupils. In San Francisco the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association has received since its organization $260,000, including an endowment of $100,000 from Mrs. Leland Stanford, and the city has in all 65 free kindergartens.

The double danger under which the kindergarten labors, of being treated on the one side as mere play, and on the other of being turned into a mere sub-primary school with books and slate to which children go a little earlier, renders it unsafe to generalize as to its progress and spread from such statistics as there are in the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education.[1] If these are to be accepted at their face-value, they show a growth which promises ere long to make the system universal. In 1870 there were in this country only five kindergarten schools, and in 1872 the National Education Association at its Boston meeting appointed a committee which reported a year later recommending the system. Between 1870 and 1873, experimental kindergartens were established in Boston, Cleveland, and St. Louis, public attention was enlisted by the efforts of Miss Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, the most important worker in the early history of the kindergarten in this country, and the system began a rapid growth. Taking private and public kindergartens together, the advance of the system has displayed this most rapid progress:

	1875	1880	1885	1891–2
Schools	95	232	413	1,001
Teachers	216	524	902	2,242
Pupils	2,809	8,871	18,780	50,423

Down to 1880, these figures, outside of St. Louis, relate almost altogether to private schools. By 1885 the public kindergartens were not over a fifth in number of the schools, and held not over a fourth of the pupils. In the figures last given in this table there are 724 private kindergartens with 1517 teachers and 29,357 pupils, and 277 public kindergartens with 725 teachers and 21,066 pupils, so that the latter have now 27 per cent. of the schools, 33 per cent. of the teachers, and 42 per cent. of the pupils. I may add that the Bureau of Education has in addition the addresses of 267 public and 1878 private schools from which no returns have been received, so that the entire number of schools in the country is 3146, of which a sixth, or 544, are public and 2602 private. This advance of some thirtyfold in the number of kindergartens in fifteen or sixteen years is as extraordinary as it is encouraging — not less in the aggregate than in the share of these schools supported by the public. I have before me in addition a list of 118 kindergarten associations scattered over the country, each representing a membership and a society promoting Froebel's system in some of its many forms of application to the work of education and charity, for the kindergarten has done some of its most important work in institutions for the blind, the deaf, and the feeble-minded, proving for each of incomparable value.

Yet great as is this advance, the kindergarten as yet plays but an infinitesimal part in our educational system as a whole. Of our public-school enrolment in 1888–89, 12,931,259, or 94 per cent., were receiving elementary instruction, and of these less than a fifth of one per cent. have had the advantages of the kindergarten. Only



SOME INVENTIONS IN PAPER-WEAVING (SHOWING HOW THE INVENTIVE FACULTY IS DEVELOPED).

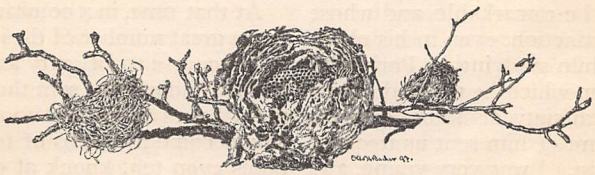
[1] "Report United States Commissioner of Education," 1887–88, pp. 816–824, and MS. report.

Of the sixteen American cities with a population of over 200,000 in 1890, only four — Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, and St. Louis — have incorporated the kindergarten on any large scale in their public-school systems. Four more — New York, Chicago, Brooklyn, and Buffalo — have kindergarten associations organized to introduce the new method as a part of free public education. In San Francisco kindergartens are maintained with no apparent expectation of uniting them to the free-school system. Only Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Detroit, among the seven cities left, — the other three being Pittsburg, Washington, and New Orleans, — are returned as having charitable or religious associations supporting kindergartens. In 1887–88, forty-six lesser places were named as having "one or more kindergartens, mostly experimental," connected with public schools. The entire work of providing a special education for children from three to six years of age is still in this stage in this country. Contrast this with France, where the *écoles maternelles*, begun by Oberlin in 1771, and given new life in 1826 by Mme. Millet, have substantially adopted the Froebelian principle and practice,[1] and had in 1887–88 an attendance of 741,224 between the ages of three and six in a population only two thirds that of the United States, and having a far smaller proportion of young children.

Compared, however, with like movements to secure the education of a class or the adoption of a new system of teaching, the kindergarten movement may fairly be considered unrivaled in the history of national education. "The good Lord could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers," said the Jewish rabbi, familiar with that type of Jewish motherhood which in its supreme manifestation at Nazareth has transfigured the office, estimate, and influence of womanhood throughout the civilized world. The cause of these schools, rounding out the work and supplementing the responsibility of mothers, rich or poor, has appealed to the maternal instinct of women wherever it has been presented. The movement has been essentially theirs. They have led it, supported its schools, officered its associations, and urged its agitation. The same work remains to be done throughout the land. There is not a city, a village, or a hamlet which will not be the better for a kindergarten association. Experience has amply proved that these schools will never be introduced or established save by self-sacrificing pressure. Difficulties have vanished. Teachers have multiplied. Expenses have been reduced. There is needed only the personal effort indispensable for general success and universal adoption.

Talcott Williams.

[1] "Maternal Schools in France," Circular, Bureau of Education, 1882.



THE CHILD-GARDEN.

IN the child-garden buds and blows
A blossom lovelier than the rose.

If all the flowers of all the earth
In one garden broke to birth,

Not the fairest of the fair
Could with this sweet bloom compare;

Nor would all their shining be
Peer to its lone bravery.

Fairer than the rose, I say?
Fairer than the sun-bright day

In whose rays all glories show,
All beauty is, all blossoms blow.

What this blossom, fragrant, tender,
That outbeams the rose's splendor,—

Purer is, more tinct with light
Than the lily's flame of white?

Of beauty hath this flower the whole —
And its name — the Human Soul!

While beside it deeply shine
Blooms that take its light divine:

The perilous sweet flower of Hope
Here its hiding eyes doth ope,

And Gentleness doth near uphold
Its healing leaves and heart of gold;

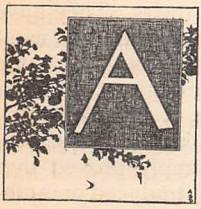
Here tender fingers push the seed
Of Knowledge; pluck the poisonous weed.

Here blossoms Joy one singing hour,
And here of Love the immortal flower.

R. W. G.

THE STORY OF MILLET'S EARLY LIFE.

TOLD BY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.



LTHOUGH my eldest brother's youth was past before I was born, nevertheless, I have a correct knowledge of this part of his life from incidents related by my mother, my grandmother, and my sisters and brothers, all of whom were older than I; and especially by my sister Emélie, who, being but eighteen months his senior, was the best authority concerning his childhood.

An almost romantic affection grew up in my little heart for this brother, whom the household knew to be remarkable, and whose future promised distinction, even in his childhood. François, while studying in Paris, had a serious illness, from which he suffered much. This caused great anxiety at home, and the people who took care of him sent us frequent news of his condition. I was very young, and whenever I heard these reports I wept.

Among these early recollections, stories come to me with distinctness, which were related by the family concerning our father, who had died a few years before.

He was a man of fine figure and graceful carriage, about five feet ten inches in height, with regular features, black hair, a clear complexion, and an expression which commanded respect. Consequently, he was the worthy son of his mother, who, although not beautiful, bore on her aged face a striking expression of Christian goodness, such as one rarely sees, and which corresponded perfectly with her character. She was profoundly imbued with religious principles, and at all times in her daily life her acts were in accordance with these principles. This fine religious feeling was hereditary in her family. Her parents, brothers, and sisters were all known far and near for their piety, honesty, and charity. Our grandmother, Louise Jumelin, on entering the Millet family, had brought into it, in perfection, the great hospitality which has never quitted it.

The Millet house, like the house of the Jumelins, was known as one at the door of which one never knocked in vain, and it was a notable fact that all the needy of the neighborhood, and even those from distant communes, went from one to the other of these two houses, as if they were two stations where all could come with certainty of never being refused.

What these poor people most needed was always given them, whether it was a repast (and bread besides with which to fill the sacks they always carried), a shelter, or clothes.

At that time, in a commune near ours, there was a great number of these poor families who had recourse to beggary as a means of subsistence. The parents sent their children through the villages to collect food. These children would come in bands of four, five, six, sometimes even ten, knock at our door, and utter the customary appeal: "*Charité, s'il vous plait, pour l'amour du bon Dieu!*" Then my grandmother would fill a large wicker basket with pieces of bread, and send me to carry it to them, to teach me, she said, "to be charitable."

When night came, some old person, perhaps two or more, would arrive, and ask for a night's shelter. They were never refused. Sometimes they would come when it was raining, and their clothes would be badly wet. My grandmother would have them sit down by the wood fire,—such as they have in those large fireplaces of Normandy,—telling them to warm themselves, and to dry their wet clothes while waiting for supper. As these beggars occupied the best places by the fire, it often happened that we children grumbled, because, although we were cold, we could not get to the fire. Complaining to our grandmother, she would say: "Have patience! These poor people are cold and wet. Let them get dry, and after supper they will go to bed. You have nothing to complain of, for you have

good clothes, and can wait without suffering till they go to rest. Then you will have the fire for yourselves."

When supper was ready, these guests were served first, seated as they were by the fire, and we went to the table. Our grandmother waited on herself last, and then went to sit with the unfortunates. She knew they often went among her relatives, who lived in the Vallée Hochet, a little village about six leagues from our place, and she would converse pleasantly with her guests about her family, asking them when they had last seen the Jumelins, and how they all were, and whether they knew anything about them which would interest her. Thus these people served as a means of communication in a country where there was scarcely any travel, and where news from a place five or six leagues distant seemed to have come very far.

While eating and talking with them, she would try to sound their moral character, always managing to bring in some good advice, and exhorting them to work for the salvation of their souls. She would tell them not to murmur at the decrees of Providence: "Those whom he loves he chastises; and if you are chastised in this world, and profit by it, that will be for your advantage when you appear before your God, who does not forget those who have faith in him."

If I dwell upon the religious principles of this dear soul, it is that the reader may understand how well such a woman must have brought up her son, who was our father.

Although brought up in a simple, rural community, he had received a thorough education, having for his instructor an uncle who was a priest, who lived with the family, and had a library of ancient and modern authors. Our father developed a taste for reading works of the best writers. He also studied church music, and was so skilful in writing music that one would have said that the scores written by him were printed. He sang well, and instructed in music a certain number of boys of his age, who formed, with himself at their head, the choir which sang every Sunday in the church of the parish.

He had one brother, who studied medicine, but who died when young. Jean Louis (this was our father's name) then remained the only child of the family. They had great fear of losing him, for at this time the wars of the empire tore from their hearths all the young men able to carry arms, and brought mourning to many families. There was a law which exempted from the service all newly married men, and as the young man was already attached to a young person of very good family, whose parents lived in the neighboring parish of St. Croix, the two families hastened this union, and the cherished only son was kept at home, and saved from an almost certain death. The young wife was adopted into the family, as is the custom in Normandy, and when children were born of this marriage, the grandparents took care of them as if they had been their own.

The young people had nine children. The first was a girl, whom they named Emélie, the second a boy, Jean François. In the family they always called him François. My grandmother took the greatest care of her grandchildren. When François was old enough, he studied Latin with the curé of the parish, which enabled him to cultivate his taste by reading good works either in Latin or French — among them the Bible, lives of the saints, Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Racine, etc. He especially enjoyed Virgil, and I remember hearing him say later, when I was living with him, that Virgil kindled the imagination by his beautiful, simple, and clear style of presenting an image.

He read the Bible a great deal, also the lives of the saints, and the impressions he received from these books were never effaced. I have heard him say that he looked upon some of the sentences of the Bible as gigantic monuments.

On his way to school, if he met any one having some peculiarity of appearance, he would be struck by it, and reproduce his impression on the first object having an available surface. These drawings were made in a strikingly life-like style, and were unmistakably the portraits of those whom he thus represented.

About this time a man named Bêneville, of the neighboring county, in company with his two sons, passed through Gréville every Saturday, on his way to the market of Beaumont, which was about a league farther, in order to show some donkeys. These three men had large figures, and to see them mounted on their donkeys, which they had ornamented with false ears, appealed to the imagination of François. He began one day to represent this grotesque little cavalcade, and did it successfully. A short time after he had finished it, the blacksmith of the neighboring village, who had seen the drawing, asked, and was allowed, to take it for a few days, and he put it in a conspicuous place in his shop, that the men with the donkeys, who came often to his place, might see it. At their next visit the first object they spied was this picture, and they at once recognized the party. The father immediately asked who in this place had enough talent to make such things. He was told it was the little Millet.

After this, François made some drawings in crayon, taking his subjects from the Bible. Among these pictures there was one of "The Foolish Virgins." These drawings were always taken by some one in the place, and no

one knows what became of them. Probably most of them have been destroyed.

He once showed me, in his studio at Barbizon, one that he himself had preserved. This was a night scene: a man half opening a door, and holding in his arms loaves of bread, which he was giving to some one who held out his hands to receive them, the whole subject being lighted by a lamp.

On seeing this picture, I was struck by the truth of the effect of the light, and also by the drawing of a leg of one of the men. François had already acquired anatomical knowledge.

"Had you not taken drawing-lessons when you did that?" I asked him.

"No," said he; "I was at home with my parents, and had never spoken to an artist."

"What do you think now of this drawing?" I asked.

His answer was, "I do not know that I could do better to-day, so far as the expression goes."

These drawings were made between the hours of work, or at the siesta, or on rainy days, and during leisure time on Sunday. After vespers he would shut himself into his room, and draw or study.

My sister Emélie has told me that when François had grown to be large, he was not like other boys of his age, who like fine clothes. She was unable to influence him in this matter, although she told him that the other young girls, her friends, said that her brother did wrong not to make himself more fine; but although he was not indifferent to the impression he made on the fair sex, he made no change in his dress.

He became especially attached to one boy named Antoine, who lived in a neighboring village, and for several years they were inseparable friends. When he went with other boys, they enjoyed his keen sense of the ludicrous, and his cleverness in depicting comical traits of character.

He worked at field work with skill and zest. Sometimes he did a little mason work on our place. Later, at Barbizon, he had, at one time, some masons come to build a room to be used as a kitchen; and one day, while they mixed the plaster, he stopped to look at them. Taking in his hand some of this plaster, yet liquid, he began to throw it at the wall, saying to me, "I have always liked to touch with my hands either mortar, plaster, or clay, and I think that if I had not become an artist, I should have been a mason."

On winter nights, during or after a tempest, the men of the village all went together in a body, François with them, armed with long rakes, to tear from the furious sea the seaweed which rolled in on the waves, and which was valuable for fertilizing the fields. He had become very useful to our father when the question presented itself, whether this young man, who had an undoubted talent for painting, should be kept at home and remain only a peasant, or whether he should be permitted to study art.

Our father consulted his friends on this point. Among them was one named Paris Lesfontaines, who lived in a neighboring parish, and who had acquaintance among the authorities of the city of Cherbourg. He made possible an arrangement that would allow the young man to study for a time, in order to decide whether it would be worth while for him to continue his art studies. They placed him with M. Mouchel, a painter of Cherbourg, who assured our father that François had sufficient talent to warrant him in devoting himself entirely to art.

Not long afterward our father was seized with brain fever, which carried him off in a few days. When he knew that his end was approaching, he thought much of François. He said, "I had formed great hopes of seeing François succeed, and I had even formed the project of going with him to enjoy seeing the wonders of Paris." They sent for François, who was at Cherbourg. He came immediately, but only to see his father die.

It was a terrible event for the family. Two poor women were thus left without assistance, with the care of nine children, and with very limited means.

This was a critical moment for François. However, he soon resumed his studies with another painter of Cherbourg named Langlois, with whom he remained some time. Later, influential friends arranged that the municipal council of the city of Cherbourg should vote an appropriation of six hundred francs, to send him to Paris to continue his studies. With this little fortune he departed.

As one can easily imagine, he had a very hard time, having only this small sum as his resource. The second year he was allowed three hundred francs, and there it ended. He was thus forced to provide for himself. Then began the struggle against misery.

He occasionally returned to Cherbourg, and there, as elsewhere, had to find something to do in order to gain his subsistence. When he could find any one to sit, he took portraits. Then he painted pictures to be hung as signs for stores. A milkmaid, painted on a sign, remained hanging over the door of a dry-goods store for a long time. A horse served as a veterinary surgeon's sign. The authorities of the city, instead of helping him, blamed him severely because he made pictures which were used as signs.

During the intervals thus spent at Cherbourg, he came frequently to our home at Gréville, to pass a week or two, according to opportunity.

It once happened that our mother said to him, "You ought to make the portraits of your brothers and sisters while you are here." To please her, he began the work, and in a very short time finished seven portraits of members of the family, painted on oiled paper. Nearly all these portraits have been destroyed by time and careless treatment, but I believe some are yet in existence. He also painted the portrait of our grandmother, but with much more care than he did ours. He never painted a picture of our mother, which I regret, for she was a fine subject. She was of the true mother-type, and, although she had suffered much, had nevertheless preserved a youthful appearance and a graceful, refined air. In her own simple style, she was always carefully and neatly dressed. Her taste did not tend toward the arts, and she would have preferred for her children lucrative professions, which might insure them easy circumstances. But she possessed a decided and instinctive taste for color. If she bought chinaware for the use of the house, she always chose that which was painted in rich colors, and liked ware ornamented with flowers. When she saw a person with a fine, rich complexion and rosy cheeks, she was enthusiastic in her admiration.

About the year 1840, François made the acquaintance, at Cherbourg, of the family Biot, with whom he boarded. They had two daughters, the younger of whom he married in 1841. She was a charming little woman, gentle and affectionate, but her health was very delicate. He took her to Paris, where she fell ill, and died, after they had been married a little more than two years.

Shortly after her death he returned to Cherbourg, remaining some months, during which he came several times to Gréville, where he sketched different subjects; among others a head of Christ with the crown of thorns, done in crayon, tipped or touched with white. It was entitled "*Sainte Face*" (Holy Face).

Finally he quitted Cherbourg once more, and went to Havre, where he also remained several months, doing whatever presented itself. He has since told me that sometimes sailors came to ask him to take their portraits immediately, that they might carry them away the same day. It was of course necessary to be expeditious, and he would finish a portrait in two or three hours. The sailors paid him twenty francs for each picture, and went away delighted.

He soon tired of life at Havre, and returned to Paris. This was toward the end of the year 1845. During the next two years we knew little concerning his movements, as we rarely had news of him until 1847.

The blacksmith who formerly wished to show at his shop the picture representing the donkeys, brought us papers which he had received from Paris, containing articles in which it was mentioned that François Millet had painted a picture, "Œdipus Detached from a Tree by the Shepherd," which had been placed in the Salon, and had begun to awaken the attention of the critics. As may be imagined, this news gave us great pleasure. Again for a long time, save at intervals, we knew nothing of him. But at last came the news of his success at the Salon of the year 1850, when he exhibited his "Sower." This was his first true success.

Several years passed, during which we rarely heard from him, and we had to depend upon the newspapers for our knowledge of him. In 1849 he left Paris to settle at Barbizon, a little village on the border of the forest of Fontainebleau.

In 1853, at last, he came to see us. We had the misfortune to lose our grandmother in 1851, then aged eighty years. Two years later our mother died, and the last link which held our family together was gone.

After this event François was obliged to take part in the division of the little property bequeathed by our parents. This kept him with us several months; and when leisure permitted him to sketch, he profited by it as much as possible. By this time I had become old enough to enjoy his work, and went with him into the fields or upon the hills by the sea. It gave me great pleasure to carry his canvas or easel, for I was thus able not only to enjoy his companionship, but also to see him at work, drawing or painting.

The sight of our old cliffs, whence one has such a fine view of the sea, had a magic effect upon him, mingled, however, with bitter thoughts as he recalled the void in our hearts. He enjoyed putting himself at his ease in the peasant costume, and when at home always wore a blouse, sabots, and a cotton cap. Thus dressed, he felt contented.

Whenever he came to see us, during the lifetime of our mother, he always dressed himself thus, to her great dissatisfaction; for she would have enjoyed seeing him dressed like a Parisian. The women of the village, seeing him pass in this costume, were scandalized. They would come out, expecting to behold a fine gentleman, dressed in the latest Parisian style; but when they saw him, with his long, wavy hair falling over his shoulders, with a thick beard, and thus accoutred, it was a great disappointment to them.

It gave him intense pleasure to return to this rustic life, and he loved to sit by the great wood fire that flamed up in the immense chimney of our old home, around which a whole family could unite. He liked to see about him the large jugs of brass that were used when the girl went to the field to milk the cows; together with large basins and kettles of brass, all of which, placed on one side of the room, on shelves for the purpose, surmounted by a cupboard containing the dishes and plates decorated with flowers, formed a rich and harmonious whole most pleasant to behold.

At different times he made sketches of all these details, and even wished to carry away with him a large brass jug that had been used in the service of the house. He preserved this as a precious relic, giving it an honored place in his kitchen at Barbizon.

When the business connected with the division of the property was ended, François returned to Barbizon. About a year later, he came back on a visit, this time with his second wife. He remained all summer.

I then lived at Cherbourg, and on Saturday always went to the hamlet of Gruchy to pass Sunday with François, returning to Cherbourg Monday morning. He made many excursions through the environs of Gruchy, and sketched the country thereabouts, especially liking the rocky cliffs, from which, at intervals, one catches a glimpse of the sea.

When I was with him, François utilized the opportunity to have me pose, that he might make a correct estimate of the height of a figure in proportion to the altitude of the rocks. Although these oil-paintings were roughly and rapidly done, they well represented the character of the rocks and of the sea in that place. He also took for subjects some of the environs of our home; among others, the end of a house adjoining the one in which we lived. A certain biographer has published this sketch as the house where Millet was born. This is incorrect.

My brother also sketched a corner of the house which is situated directly in front of ours. This picture represents a well in the foreground, and a flight of stone steps leading to a room. This room was the one formerly occupied by our granduncle, the priest.

I also recall a sketch made by him which was extremely pretty. It showed a shady road leading to our home, in which is seen coming the figure of a woman carrying a jug of milk on her shoulder. It was always with a new and increasing pleasure that he found himself in the midst of this homely, rustic life. He never felt any desire to see city people.

In that country there is no idleness. If one sees persons passing, it is easy to know by the hour of the day and the direction they take the task which they are going to perform. Therefore, everything is intelligible and suggestive. Nobody is seen wandering about, as in cities, having the air of being out of work and not knowing what to do with his time.

While the neighbors were harvesting, François went several times to participate in their work, meeting with some of the old comrades of his youth. He competed skilfully with them in cutting the wheat or in tying the sheaves; and when the time came for the collation, he would sit down with them on the sheaves, and eat their brown bread and drink their cider, as he had done years before. I have never seen him in such fine spirits anywhere else.

During this time the political news did not trouble him. He scarcely knew more of what was going on in the political world than if no newspapers had been published. The poetry of the fields filled him completely. Thus the summer slipped away. When the autumn came he prepared, though with great regret, to return to Barbizon. When François arrived at his house, he wrote us that he had found it a very fairy-land. During his absence the garden, which was between the studio and his house, had become adorned with all sorts of creeping and climbing plants. There were morning-glories, hop-vines, and nasturtiums, growing at pleasure, without control, and spreading all over the ground, or climbing along the walls of the studio and of the house. It was like a tangled thicket filled with flowers of all kinds. This wild beauty greatly delighted François.

For about a year after this we did not see him again. I resolved to go to Paris to continue my studies in sculpture, and I wrote to François of my intention. When he learned my decision, he wrote me as follows: "Since you have decided to go to Paris to study sculpture, I wish you would come and stay with me for some time, to learn to draw."

I accepted this offer, and in a short time was domiciled at his home at Barbizon. Some weeks after I was installed in his studio. A little later we went together to Paris to see the exhibition, where his "Grafter" was shown. He wanted to see how it stood its ground among so numerous a company.

When he went to look at his works in an exhibition, François was always in fear lest they should not produce the same effect there as in his studio.

From this time we were constant companions at home and in the studio, where I worked under his instruction during three consecutive years.

Pierre Millet.

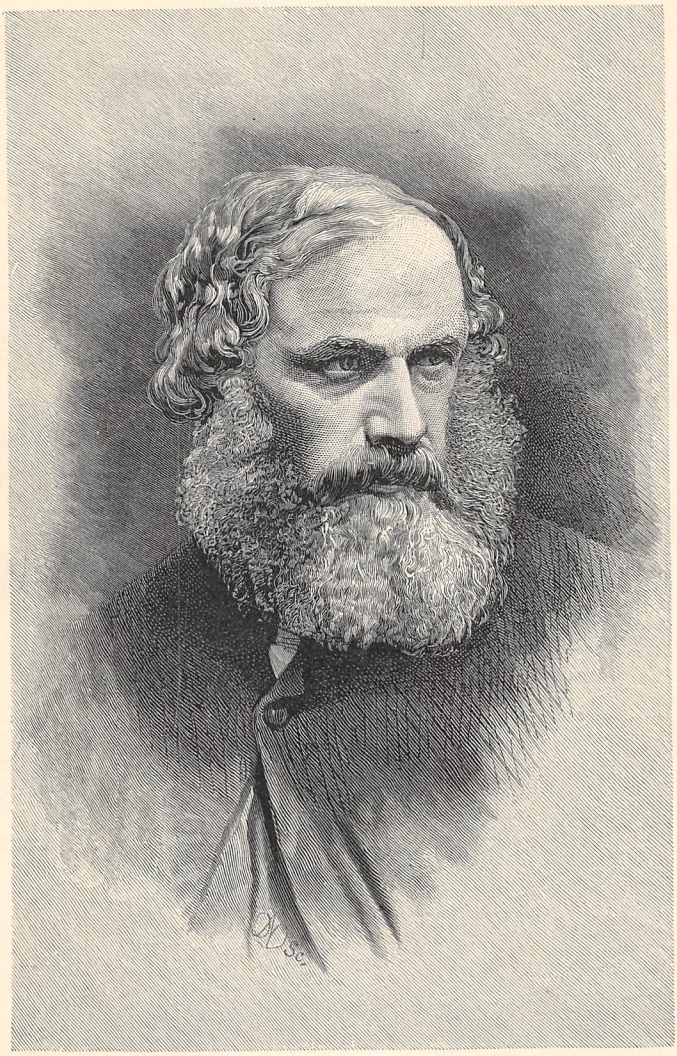
ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, OWNED BY P. C. BROOKS.

THE SHEEP-SHEARERS.

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS.

HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE ("PHIZ").



DRAWN BY HIS SON WALTER BROWNE. ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS.

HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE.

THE revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, sent to England, among many whom France could ill spare, a Huguenot gentleman named Simon Brunet. He settled with his family in Norfolk, and, like many of his compatriots, finding the French name a hindrance to commercial progress, speedily changed it to its English equivalent Browne. In spite of the name, however, the character of the family remained unaltered, his descendants being noticeable for the Gallic vivacity of their manners. One of these, the father of "Phiz," was an East India merchant of good standing, who, meeting with reverses late in life, emigrated to America, where he was generally supposed to be a Frenchman.

During the Peninsular War a French captain named Hablot, a prisoner on parole, made the acquaintance of the family, and eventually became engaged to Miss Kate Browne. Returning to France in 1814, he obeyed the summons of his emperor, resumed his command in the old

THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEBOY'S HALL. ("NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.")

guard, and was shot at Waterloo while leading on his men in their memorable charge. Scarcely a month afterward, on July 12, 1815, in Kennington Lane, the subject of our memoir was born, and, in recollection of his sister's ill-fated betrothed, was christened Hablot. He was the ninth son, and while still young was destined for the Church, his eldest brother having already taken orders; but his unmistakable talent for drawing, shown in sketches made even at the age of eight or nine years, induced his parents to apprentice him to Finden the engraver.

Here Hablot Browne passed most of his time from the age of sixteen to eighteen. He made little progress in line-engraving, and Finden was in the habit of sending him with plates to the printers to superintend the taking of proofs. These absences from the studio seemed very congenial to Browne's taste, and he received many commendations for the despatch and diligence he displayed, although had his masters been aware that their apprentice, leaving the printer to work his will, was spending his time, and filling his sketch-book, among the antiques at the British Museum, they would probably have had their proof-pulling overlooked by some steadier youth, and the sadly neglected plate on Browne's desk would have been the gainer by some few strokes from his burin. The fact was, he detested the mechanical work, and this detestation could not long be concealed. In 1832 he etched in his leisure moments a large plate entitled "John Gilpin's Ride," for which he received a silver medal from the Society of Arts. This plate, his desk-drawer stuffed full of sketches, and the thousand other evidences of the boy's budding genius, showed to the brothers Finden that here was one whose thoughts could not wait for the slow progress of line-engraving, but required the brush and the palette, the pencil and the etching-needle, for their proper expression. He was released from his apprenticeship, his indentures were canceled, and, free at last to follow his natural inclinations, he burst forth with the self-confidence of youth into an artist.

His first proceeding in this venture was to give himself up to the realization of his cherished dreams, working hard all day, and of an evening going generally to the old life school in St. Martin's Lane. Although a nominal stu-

MR. PECKSNIFF DISCHARGES A DUTY WHICH HE OWES TO SOCIETY. ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.")

dent, the old dislike to technical instruction was still strong upon him, and his time was rather spent in watching the efforts of others than in regular study. That at this time he found the labor of his brush insufficient to support him is apparent from the fact of his again turning his attention to book illustration.

In the early part of 1836 he began the illustrations to Winkle's "French Cathedrals," to which he contributed twelve plates. In the same year also he drew three small illustrations for a pamphlet on the Sunday-observance bills — a brochure, now very scarce, written by one calling himself Timothy Sparks, but who was known to his friends as Charles Dickens. In this wise began the connection of two men who, by the mutual commingling of their talents, have given to the world a matchless representation of the social life of their day.

The history of the "Pickwick Papers," the change in the original design, the tragic death of Seymour, the hasty appointment and dismissal of Buss, have been graphically described by Forster in his life of Dickens. The work which had started dependent for the most part on illustration, and had gained success on its letter-press, was now in a perilous state. Its originator dead by his own hand, and his successor declared incapable, the need of an illustrator was soon noised abroad among the artistic fraternity, and two competitors sent in their designs, Hablot Browne and William Makepeace Thackeray. Thackeray, as we know from his own lips, had at this time the intention of becoming an artist. With a few sketches he called upon Dickens, who told him that the choice had fallen upon Browne. Leaving Furnival's Inn, Thackeray made his way to Newman street to acquaint his rival with his success, and to offer him the earliest congratulations. Together these young men immediately repaired to a neighboring public house, where a banquet, consisting of sausages and bottled stout, was held for the better satisfying of their appetites, and to do greater honor to the occasion. The feast finished, the good wishes pledged, and Thackeray gone, Browne started off to communicate the news and to get the assistance of his quondam fellow-apprentice, Robert Young, who was then boarding in Chester Place. Bidding him bring his latch-key, Browne hurried him back to Newman street, and throughout that night the two worked upon the plates, Browne etching while Young bit them in. By morning the first was finished, and in Sam Weller a creation was given to the

world, a new character had entered what may be called the realm of historic fiction.

Browne seems at first to have been undecided as to the adoption of a pseudonym, as his first plate bears the word "Nemo," but in the second, which was published in the same number, he had decided upon "Phiz," in imitation, as he afterward said, of Dickens's "Boz." Once started as the illustrator of Dickens, he continued till the year 1859 the principal expositor of his text; and, as most of his works were produced in weekly numbers each consisting two illustrations, he had but little leisure for his old pursuit of painting. Though at first he does not appear to have taken this much to heart, the time came when, harried by publishers, he exclaimed, not once but many times, "I 'm aweary, I 'm aweary of this illustration business."

Following on the "Pickwick Papers" came "Nicholas Nickleby," in 1838, and then "Master Humphrey's Clock," in which Browne was associated with Cattermole. During the publication of the latter, Phiz determined, with the assistance of Young and the sanction of Dickens, to publish separately four portraits of the principal personages of the tale; these were line-engravings, and were brought out in a small green cover at one shilling. The success of this independent publication was sufficient to encourage its repetition, and accordingly another set of portraits was engraved during the progress of "Barnaby Rudge," and again of "Dombey and Son," for which latter he also published, independently even of Young, eight full-length etchings of Dombey, Carker, Mrs. Pipchin, and the more rugged persons of the tale; selecting the portraits of Edith, Florence, Alice, and little Paul, as capable of more delicate treatment, to be the subjects of his series of steel-engravings.

MR. MICAWBER DELIVERS SOME VALEDICTORY REMARKS. ("DAVID COPPERFIELD.")

Little remains to be said of Browne's connection with Dickens. During the early part of it, in 1837, they went to Belgium together, and the following year to Yorkshire to see the £20 schools afterward described in "Nicholas Nickleby." Forster also speaks of their visiting the prisons of London in company; and purely professional meetings and joint visits to places mentioned in the novels were of course undertaken, but into the social life of Dickens Browne could seldom be drawn. His reserved nature was becoming intensified as he grew older, while upon Dickens began to flow that stream of flattery and adulation which eventually urged him to break with publishers, with assistants, and with tried friends. "I was about the last of those he knew in early days with

CAPTAIN CUTTLE CONSOLES HIS FRIEND. ("DOMBEY AND SON.")

whom Dickens fell out," said Browne to the present writer; "and considering the grand people he had around him, and the compliments he perpetually received, it is a wonder we remained friends so long." During the progress of "Dombey and Son" Dickens found much fault with several of the designs submitted to him, which he said were "so dreadfully bad" that they made him "curl his legs up."

The following letter was written about this time, and is almost the only one preserved by chance from a bonfire made by Browne of his old letters and unfinished drawings previous to a removal some fifteen years ago:

1 CHESTER PLACE,
Monday Night, Fifteenth March, 1847.

MY DEAR BROWNE: The sketch is admirable,— the women *quite perfect*,— I cannot tell you how much I like the younger one. There are one or two points, however, which I must ask you to alter. They are capital in themselves, and I speak solely for the story.

First — I grieve to write it — that native — who is so prodigiously good as he is — must be in European costume. He may wear earrings and look outlandish and be dark brown. In this fashion must be of Moses, Mosesy. I don't mean Old Testament Moses, but him of the Minories.

Secondly, if you *can* make the major older, and with a larger face — do.

That 's all. Never mind the pump room now, unless you have found the sketch, as we may have that another time. I shall propoge to you a trip to Leamington together. We might go one day and return the next.

I wish you *had* been at poor Hall's funeral, and I am sure they would have been glad. They seem to have had a delicacy in asking any one not of the family, lest it should be disagreeable. I went myself, only after communicating with Chapman, and telling him that I wished to pay that last mark of respect, if it did not interfere with their arrangements. He lies in the Highgate cemetery, which is beautiful. He had a good

little wife, if ever man had; and their accounts of her tending of him at the last are deeply affecting. Is it not a curious coincidence, remembering our connection afterward, that I bought the magazine in which the first thing I ever wrote was published from poor Hall's hands? I have been thinking all day of that, and of that time when the Queen went into the City, and we drank claret [it was in their earlier days] in the counting-house. You remember?

Charley, thank God, better and better every hour. Don't mind sending me the second sketch. It is so late.

Ever Faithfully, My dear Browne,

C. D.

In 1849 and 1850 appeared "David Copperfield," in which the design for Micawber seems to have pleased the author, who speaks of it as "uncommonly characteristic." With Skimpole, in "Bleak House," which followed on this in 1852, he was, on the contrary, dissatisfied. "Browne has done Skimpole," he writes, "and helped to make him singularly unlike the great original." If this be so, Browne certainly showed greater respect for the feelings of Leigh Hunt than did Dickens, whose action in holding up the character of a friend to more than ridicule — to contempt — has been and is generally condemned. The severance of the ties between author and artist was not till nearly seven years after this, when domestic troubles seem to have well nigh disturbed Dickens's reason. The novelist appears to have thought the world was interested in his domestic affairs. He broke with the directors of "Punch" on their refusal to throw open their columns to a discussion of his grievances, and eventually published his version of the matter in the pages of "Household Words." Browne persistently refused to express any opinion or to interfere, and though Dickens said nothing further at the time, the book then in progress, the "Tale of Two Cities," was the last Browne was commissioned to illustrate. In a letter to Young, written presumably[1] immediately preceding the publication of "The Uncommercial Traveller," Browne says:

ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

THE PHOOCA. (FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WATER-COLOR PAINTING.)

By your enclosed, Marcus[2] is no doubt to do Dickens. I have been a "good boy," I believe — the plates in hand are all in good time, so that I do not know what 's up any more than you. Dickens probably thinks a new hand would give his old puppets a fresh look, or perhaps he does not like my illustrating Trollope neck and

[1] Browne never dated his letters. Dickens not only dated his, but invariably wrote the day of the month in full. [2] Marcus Stone.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

GIVING JOHN A WARMING. (FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WATER-COLOR PAINTING.)

neck with him, though, by Jingo! he need fear no rivalry there! Confound all authors and publishers, say I; there is no pleasing or satisfying one or t' other. I wish I never had anything to do with the lot.

Years afterward, in a letter to one of his sons, reference is again made to Dickens's strangely silent manner of breaking the connection, and an excuse is apparently sought for his conduct.

SATURDAY.

MY DEAR WALTER: I have no tracings of "Two Cities." I did not do these in water colour for Cosens. I think there ought to be 18—nine numbers altogether, but I have n't stumbled on the others yet. I may do so. A rather curious thing happened with this book: Watts Phillips the dramatist hit upon the very same identical plot; they had evidently both of them been to the same source in Paris for their story. Watts' play came out with great success, with stunning climax, at about the time of Dickens's sixth number. The public saw that they were identically the same story, so Dickens shut up at the ninth number instead of going on to the eighteenth as usual. All this put Dickens out of temper, and he squabbled with me amongst others, and I never drew another line for him. Your affectionate

H. K. B.

THE continuity of our narrative has been purposely broken, that, in their order, all transactions with Dickens might be recorded. In 1839 Mr. Lever's "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" appeared in the then usual weekly numbers, with etchings by Phiz. At the same time began a firm and lasting friendship with its author, for there was much in his character which found its counterpart in that of Browne. The broad sense of humor, the fondness for frolic, the *abandon* so apparent in Lever's books, were what his illustrator keenly appreciated; for, though himself reserved even to shyness, he at all times enjoyed to be among the noisy fun of others.

Browne went with Lever on more than one occasion to Ireland, and it is owing to these visits that the sketches in "Jack Hinton," in "Charles O'Malley," and in "Tom Burke of Ours" are so admirably characteristic of the author's much-loved countrymen. During his second visit, in October, 1847, Browne made a series of large sketches of the peasantry, which at the time he intended to have subsequently etched and published; but the originals were eventually disposed of privately, and are now scattered. On March 28, 1840, Browne married Miss Susannah Reynolds, and removed from his bachelor quarters to Howland street. After passing here the first three years of married life, he removed to Fulham and subsequently went to Croydon. His taste for country life, and his detestation of the trammels of society, had long made him desire this change; and when once the streets had been exchanged

for the fields, he was able to give that careful observation to animal life of which his drawings contain so many traces. He joined the Surrey hounds, and was constant in his attendance at their meets, where he must have gained much of his knowledge of horses in action, since in the hunting-sketches that have appeared in print, and in those numerous ones left behind him in his studio, no model was ever employed; nothing but the retentive memory was there to guide the hand in its reproduction of movement and life. After living for eleven years at Croydon, he removed to an out-of-the-world spot in the neighborhood of Banstead, where he stayed for two years, when, tiring apparently of his solitude, he came back, in December, 1859, to London, and took a house in Horbury Crescent, Bayswater. During his absence from town he had illustrated, among many purely ephemeral publications, and in addition to the works of Lever and Dickens, several of the novels of Ainsworth and of the Mayhews.

Though he found himself unknown to the new generation of authors, still his old reputation was not quite gone. His old, ever-laborious habits remained, and he went on accumulating sketches and executing illustrations for "Davenport Dunn," "Barrington," "Luttrell of Arran," and the various other novels of Lever, Ainsworth, and the brothers Mayhew. Etchings had by this time considerably changed their character, by reason of various newly invented processes, and, in addition, wood-engraving was rapidly superseding them in public favor. To this latter method Browne was never partial, and in it was never so successful. His genius required his own powers for its expression, the work presented to the eye must have been done by his own hand alone to retain all its force; and his blocks, perfect in their drawing, lost very much of their life and beauty when the wood-engraver had completed his task.

In 1859 "Once a Week" was started, and Browne received the offer of a permanent engagement on it. He had in 1841 refused, consequent on a misconception of its aims, the offer of a position on the staff of "Punch" similar to that afterward occupied by Leech; and now that the new venture was to be floated by many of the founders of its humorous predecessor, the aid of Browne's pencil was again solicited, and this time not refused. He drew for this journal for many years, and during the years 1861 and 1862 contributed several large drawings of hunting-subjects to the "Country Gentleman." From Horbury Crescent Browne removed with his family to Blenheim Crescent in 1865, two years after which he received the first intimation of his failing powers. He was stricken with paralysis, which from that time never left him, rendering all use of the right thumb impossible, and partly incapacitating his right arm and leg. On those who have seen no works of Browne anterior to this date, it must be impressed that this stroke rendered what they have seen unfit for the purpose of forming any just estimate of his powers. Although begged by many of his friends to sketch hereafter everything on a large scale for the purpose of reduction, he never acceded to their request, but continued as heretofore to draw on the block.

Once more, in 1872, did he shift his quarters, and this time to a house then bordering on the fields in Ladbroke Grove Road. This, from its exposed position, and in remembrance possibly of one of his greatest triumphs, he named "Bleak House"; and here he labored on against growing infirmities and pecuniary troubles. His hopefulness, however, never failed him for a moment.

In 1880 he left London for good, and went to live in Hove, a suburb of Brighton. Here he seems to have recovered much of his gaiety and his strength, while his unfailing energy induced him to work daily for many hours, filling portfolios with sketches which he trusted would prove valuable to those he was soon to leave. He even thought of returning to etching, which he had long laid aside. The plates were ordered, but were never used, since when they arrived the hand that should have worked on them was fast stiffening in death. His illness was short and most patiently borne, and on July 8, 1882, within a few days of his sixty-seventh birthday, he passed quietly away. He is laid in the Extra Mural Cemetery, Brighton.

It is not only as a caricaturist that Browne's name will go down to posterity. The bent of his mind was by no means toward the making of comic and facetious sketches, but it was at all times his delight to convey some deep moral lesson, generally on the vanity of human wishes, which he overlaid, in that half-shamed English fashion, with the fanciful and grotesque. There is no doubt, however, that the continual caricature demanded of him had a very detrimental influence on his work, an influence which he attempted to counteract in his studio. Of this moralizing tendency which he displayed, the evidences are many in his published works.

In turning from this tendency to moralize, so characteristic of Browne, to his power of delineating character, we must have a thorough grasp of the position, the office, of an illustrator. The influence of an actor on the work of a dramatist is exactly similar to that of an illustrator — an illuminator, a lighter-up to the text of his author. If we compare Quilp, Micawber, Pecksniff, or others of Browne's characters from this point of view with those

either of Cruikshank, Leech, or the later illustrators of Dickens, we shall find that they are distinctly superior to all, the only illustrator who comes near to him in realizing a distinct individuality being Barnard, and even he lacks the spontaneity, the care, the naturalness of the elder man; while Thackeray, although possessing the realistic power, was so ignorant of drawing as to add the element of grotesque incorrectness to his sketches. Phiz's characters seem to be the spontaneous offspring of his imagination. "Mr. Micawber was like this," said Dickens, giving a hasty sketch of his character and habits, and forthwith a few scratches with the point, and Browne produced Micawber in all his grotesqueness, settled once and forever; no labor, no improvement in drawing, no care in drapery or accessories could ever improve the vividness with which the man is embodied and his salient characteristics emphasized.

To consider his purely artistic qualifications, we are struck with the knowledge of composition to which he had attained. He possessed a most remarkable skill in filling any given space to advantage, either in a decorative, symmetrical fashion or in the arrangement of a multitude of figures. His "Irish Sketches" are among the finest specimens of Browne's grouping power, as is also an outline drawing made at the time of the American war, and known as "Death's Revel." Browne's greatest successes, however, it will be admitted by many, were in his delineation of the horse. His knowledge of the action of this animal enabled him to sketch it with ease in any attitude, and, as we have said, without reference to models. This ease rendered him prodigal in his representations, and "Hunting Bits" from his pencil, besides the series published under that title, can be numbered by hundreds. One, called "Rather Too Bad," is worth special notice, from its comicality. It represents a mute from a funeral who has taken one of the hearse-horses and appears, a grim spectacle, amid the healthy red-coated squires and dogs at a "check." It should be remembered here that his power of representing action, either vigorous or merely potential, never left him. In addition to his love of animals, his affection for children must not be forgotten; and many a chubby urchin and shy-faced baby look down from the walls of the little house at Hove on those who still mourn the hand that limned them, the brain from which they sprung.

He is not dead! There in the picture-book
He lives with men and women that he drew.

Arthur Allchin.

A BRIDAL MEASURE.

FOR S. F.

Gifts they sent her manifold,
Diamonds, and pearls, and gold.
One there was among the throng
Had not Midas' touch at need:
He against a sylvan reed
Set his lips, and breathed a song.

BID bright Flora, as she comes,
Snatch a spray of orange blooms
For a maiden's hair.

Let the Hours their aprons fill
With mignonette and daffodil,
And all that 's fair.

For her bosom fetch the rose
That is rarest—
Not that either these or those
Could by any happening be
Ornaments to such as she;
They 'll but show, when she is dressed,
She is fairer than the fairest,
And out-betters what is best!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB.

WHY AND HOW THE CLUB WAS ORGANIZED.

I.

"NO, it is useless to talk; we shall get nothing out of that council this year. We are not the kind of people whom they delight to honor. If the library were only a gin-mill or a poker-den, its petition would be heard; the effectual fervent prayer of that sort availeth much at the city hall. But there are no ears for our supplications."

The speaker is resting his hand upon the mantelpiece, and warming his sturdy figure in the rays of a soft-coal fire. A stout, square-built young fellow, with a broad brow crowned by a shock of stiff hair brushed *à la pompadour*, and lighted with keen gray eyes; a born fighter, you would say, if you glanced at his firm jaw and well-shut lips. He is evidently the latest arrival of a group of five, the other members of which are gathered about the fireplace. The room is plainly furnished with a large office-table in the center, and a few leather-covered chairs; maps and charts are the only decorations of the walls; a head of Homer and a bust of Sophocles look down from the solitary bookcase. It is the directors' room of the Cosmopolis Public Library, and the officials to whom it belongs are now in occupation.

The gentleman who has expressed opinions so dubious respecting the people at the city hall is Mr. Reginald Payne, lawyer. He has been commissioned by his colleagues to find out what might be the prospects of an increased appropriation for the purposes of the library, and this is his report. When it is delivered, he turns from the fire, pulls a chair into the circle, seats himself therein with some emphasis, and brings his two fists unequivocally down upon the arms thereof.

"To spend an hour and a half in that black hole," he continues, "makes a man feel like homicide."

"For a man who spends his days in court-houses, your disgust is somewhat surprising," laughs one of his auditors.

"Court-houses!" explodes the lawyer. "Why, parson, the court-house is a sanctuary compared with that council-chamber. The court-house is not, to be sure, the sweetest place in the world. All sorts of foul and crooked things are gathered into it, but they are there to be cleansed and rectified. That, on the whole, is what is going on in the court-house. The methods, indeed, are not always above criticism, and there are miscarriages of justice; but the net result of it all is righteousness. But your council-chamber—bah! It smells to heaven. Bad tobacco, stale beer, and the incense which always arises from assemblies of the great unwashed perfume the air, and the moral atmosphere is not less tainted."

"You are growing fastidious, Payne," laughs the other. "You must n't look for the representatives of culture in the municipal councils."

"Why not? Those are the people you look for and find in the city council of Berlin, of Glasgow, of Manchester, of Birmingham, of London; why should we not expect to see them in the governing bodies of our own cities?"

"Because," answers another of the group, "if you do, you 'll be awfully disappointed."

"Get thee behind me, pessimist!" cries the sturdy advocate. "I tell you what it is, John Tomlinson, this thing has got to stop. Yes, sir! That infernal hour and a half over in the council-chamber has burned some lessons into my soul. We must take hold of that place and clean it out."

"The voice is the voice of Hercules," laughs the parson, "but the hands are the hands of Reginald Payne. I judge that this job will task their strength."

"It will take more than one pair, doubtless," rejoins the lawyer, springing to his feet. "It will call for the soiling of some that like to keep themselves white, like yours, parson Morison; it will need the coöperation of those sleek saints of yours who so cheerfully describe themselves every Sunday as miserable sinners; it will need to enlist the money of this town, Tomlinson; and its brains, Harper; and its muscle, Hathaway," with a shoulder-hitting gesture in the direction of each of these gentlemen: "but the thing can be done, and it may as well start here as anywhere."

"But you have n't given us much information yet," ventures Tomlinson. "We send you off on a reconnaissance, and you come back and proceed to storm our works. Cool off, young man, and tell us what you have found out."

"Quite right," replies the lawyer; "it will not

take long. I found out, as I said, that you will get no money from the council for the library. 'Millions for boodle, but not one cent for books,' is the motto of these statesmen."

"Whom did you see?" asks Tomlinson.

"First I saw O'Halloran, the president. He was talking with a base-ball delegation, and of course he could not spare me much of his valuable time; he said that our memorial was in the hands of Herr Schwab, of the Ways and Means Committee. I asked him what he thought of the probability of its being favorably acted on. He answered that the case was doubtful; the appropriations were so large already that it was not thought best to increase them. He advised me to see Schwab. This magnate sat in his committee-room, wreathed in smoke and clothed upon with majesty. A small group surrounded his desk: Smiley, the street contractor; Burns, his lawyer; and Mikey Flynn, the small boss of the Nineteenth Ward. From what I overheard, I knew that they were putting up a job to pave that street newly opened through the cow-pasture over on Worthington Heights. At length they withdrew, and I ventured into the august presence. The great man scarcely deigned to notice me at first. When I pressed my business upon his attention, he said, 'Oh, yas; die libarry; das you call de pook pildin' oop on Fon Buren sdreet, not so?' I admitted the accusation, and he went on: 'So you wandt vife tousand tollars of de beople's money for pooks, not so? I shall see, but I bromise not mooch. Die abbrobriations already is sehr heffy. Chim Mulloy he must haf his margot-house at the Nord Ent, and dat gost two hundert tousand tollar; and Gurnel Schneider he must haf his armory ofer de reefer, and dat gost ein hundert tousand more; and dar 's shoost biles of sdreet imbrovements dis year — shoost biles of 'em. And I don'd see where any money 's gomin' from to puy pooks.'

"I asked our chancellor of the exchequer if he intended to report favorably on our appropriation, but he was persistently non-committal. It was quite useless to waste words upon him, so I sought the other members of the committee, most of whom were in the council-chamber, and tried to interest them. They listened as patiently as they could, and agreed that the library was doing good work, and ought to be encouraged; but I saw in their eyes that they did not intend to give us anything. Some of them would, no doubt, if there had been any hint of a 'divvy,' but they are gentlemen who agree with the devil in the opinion that it is a stupid thing to serve God for naught; others who would gladly enough have given us what we ask are so frightened by the enormous extravagance into which the council has been rushing that they dare not add another dollar. The conclusion of the whole matter is that our memorial has n't the ghost of a chance to pass the council; we must get on as best we can without aid from the city."

"It is rather depressing," answers the gentleman addressed as Harper, after a few moments' silence. "The men who erected this building, and gave this library its liberal endowment, and made it free to the city, expected, and had a right to expect, that the city would replenish its shelves from year to year. We have income enough to pay the other expenses, but not enough to buy books; a few thousand dollars a year for books would vastly extend its usefulness. We are learning to use the library in our high-school work more and more; the librarian and the teachers are coöperating very intelligently. We are getting the pupils not only to read good books, but also — which is a thing hardly less important — we are teaching them to use books for purposes of reference, — to find things in books, — to know where to look for the facts which they desire to know. In order that this kind of work may be done in the most serviceable way, the library must be constantly enlarged; not only must we have all the newest and best reference books, but all the new histories, manuals of literature, works upon political and social science, and so forth. The library, properly stocked and properly used, is worth more to the city for educational purposes than the five best teachers in our schools; and it is a melancholy fact that while Jim Mulloy can get two hundred thousand dollars for a market-house out in that suburb, and Colonel Schneider can get a hundred thousand dollars for his armory, the library should beg in vain at the door of our council for a paltry gift of five thousand dollars."

"Melancholy indeed," answers Tomlinson; "but you know very well that Jim Mulloy and Colonel Schneider sustain very different relations to this council from those which you and I sustain. Several of these men were made councilors by them, and must not the potter have power over the work of his own hands? Besides, there is a big real-estate job behind each of these enterprises, and convincing reasons could be shown to many of these gentlemen why the erection of these new buildings could not be deferred for an hour."

"Quite so," rejoins the lawyer. "And I have been ruminating, while the principal here was talking about the uses of the library, upon the impression which his admirable exposition would make upon the minds of those men down there, if they could hear it. How much do you suppose you could make them understand of the educational value of a public library?"

"Not much, alas!" replies the schoolmas-

ter. "And that is the melancholy fact. Why must a fair, prosperous, respectable city like this be governed by men who have no comprehension of its true interests, and no sense of the importance of good government? Take the whole administration, from top to bottom, and apply to it the ordinary business test. Is there a man in any of the executive departments whom you, Tomlinson, would trust as the manager of your factory?"

"Not one," answers the manufacturer.

"In the council," continues Harper, "there are a few fairly good men, but they are either too busy to give much careful attention to the affairs of the city, or else too fastidious to grapple with the corrupt elements of the council, and the result is that the men who have gone into city politics for what there is in it have things pretty much their own way. Between inertia and inefficiency on the one hand, and rascality on the other, the business of our city is horribly mismanaged. Talk about representative government! Does this governmental inaction down at the city hall represent the people of Cosmopolis?"

"Yes," answers the clergyman, deliberately; "I rather think it does."

"Do you mean to assert," persists the schoolmaster, "that O'Halloran and his crew in the council-chamber, and the heads of the executive departments, are fair exponents of the intelligence and morality of this city?"

"Well, perhaps not of what may be described as the latent intelligence and conscience of the community. We may admit that there is a great deal of moral energy packed up and stored away in the minds and hearts of our citizens which is wholly inoperative. Its possessors are doing with it precisely what the man in the parable did with his one talent. This latent wisdom and virtue don't count. For all practical purposes they are non-existent. Of course they are not represented in the character of our city government. Why should they be? But our government fairly represents and expresses the *active* intelligence and conscience of the community. *Potential* morality must be ruled out in all practical estimates of political forces. All the wisdom and all the virtue of the community which are actually in motion have found representation in the city hall. The doctrine of causation does not fail us here. We are reaping exactly what we have sown."

"I suppose so," replies the other. "And what is the remedy for this state of things?"

"I should like to tell you, gentlemen, how the matter looks to me, if it was n't past my bedtime," says the one member of the group who has hitherto listened intently but silently. He is a muscular man of medium height, with angular features and bright eyes, and the hand with which he buttons his plain tweed coat bears the signature of severe toil. The eyes of all the group are turned toward him with evident sympathy and respect as he rises to his feet. "I have been thinking pretty hard," he goes on, "while you have been talking, and some things seem very plain to me."

"Let us hear," says the clergyman.

"No; it is too late. You know that we workingmen must be up in the morning."

"Let us meet here again one week from to-night," proposes the manufacturer. "We have raised a great question, and we must not drop it here. I want to hear what Hathaway has been thinking, for he always thinks to some purpose. Possibly a week's reflection will clear all our heads."

II.

"We are all here now, and Sam Hathaway has the floor," is the cheery word of Reginald Payne, as the five directors assembled in their sanctum on the next Thursday evening.

"What I wanted to say last week," says the carpenter, speaking slowly but directly, "has been on my mind ever since, and it is as clear to me now as it was then that we must have organization, the organization of the industrious and respectable people of this city, to secure good government. You may say that we have two organizations for this purpose already — the Republican and the Democratic party organizations. I don't wish to use any hard words about these two political machines, but it is clear that they are not intended to do the kind of work that we want done here. Whatever Republicanism or Democracy may stand for, it does n't stand for good municipal government. These parties are organized for other purposes; they have no interest in local affairs beyond carrying elections and dividing spoils. When the Republican party puts a presidential or a congressional candidate into the field, he is supposed to represent certain principles or policies which can be discussed and commended to the people; when the Republican party puts a candidate for mayor or councilman into the field, he represents nothing at all except the wish of the managers to get possession of the offices. And it is precisely so with the other party. Municipal contests under these party banners are therefore destitute of meaning. There are no principles on either side that can be defined or advocated; it is an unprincipled scramble for spoils, that 's all. Now it does n't need to be argued that such a method of managing municipal politics will never give us efficient government. It 's just like taking the officers and clerks of a bank, and setting them to work, once a year, to run a laundry. It 's just as if you, Mr. Tomlinson, should try to transform

your big establishment for the manufacture of harvesters into a watch-factory for one month of every year. It is not less absurd to expect that a big party organization which was made to do one kind of work will do equally as well another and a wholly different kind of work. When the national parties enter the municipal field, they leave all their principles behind them. And a party without principles — a party whose only reason for existence is the spoils — is always an unclean thing, and must pollute everything that it touches. This is, in my judgment, one main reason of the corruption of our municipal politics the country over. We have no organizations for municipal politics that have any relation whatever to municipal affairs. Therefore we have no intelligent or well-considered action upon municipal affairs. We must find some way of bringing our people together upon a platform broad enough to include all well-disposed citizens, and train them to coöperate for the promotion of good government in the city."

"Right you are!" cries Reginald Payne. "It takes a carpenter to hit a nail on the head. You 've said exactly what I meant to say, but I forgive you. Give me your hand, Sam Hathaway!"

"Well, gentlemen," says the carpenter, blushing a little, as he grasps the hand of the impulsive lawyer, "there is one lesson that we workingmen have learned, and that 's the value of organization. You can't do much in these days without it. You 've got to stand together if you want to accomplish anything. There must be a great many people in this city, of all classes, who want good, clean, efficient government. If we can get them all, or even a good share of them, to stand together for this one thing, we can secure it."

"'If,'" says the sententious Tomlinson.

"Yes, 'if,'" echoes the exuberant lawyer. "The trouble is to get the rank and file to break away from their parties. It will take no little work to overcome the idolatry of party. It can't be done in one year, nor in half a dozen. It means a long, persistent campaign of agitation and education. And this work cannot begin too soon."

"You are right," says the manufacturer. "I do not wish to be considered as a skeptic or a dissenter. I cordially agree with all that Mr. Hathaway has said. As he was talking, I was reflecting upon the fact that while the average voter in our cities is pretty well informed upon national issues, he knows very little about municipal questions. Most of our voters know something — enough to have some sort of opinion — about the tariff, and the silver question, and the Southern question; how many of them have any, even the remotest, conception of the methods of municipal organization? How many of them could tell you how this city is governed? how its executive force is constituted? how its finances are managed? I 'll venture that if you go down Jefferson street to-morrow, and put these questions to the heads of all the business houses, you will not get an intelligent answer from one man in twenty. All this confirms what Hathaway has said, that our municipal politics are utterly devoid of educational value. There is no organization whose business it is to bring before the people the serious problems which all the while arise respecting the management of city affairs. We ought to have such an organization, and I agree with Payne that it cannot get to work too soon."

"We ought to have it," echoes the schoolmaster; "but how to get it — there is the rub. Who will set the thing in motion? Who will undertake to see that the child is reputably born and baptized?"

"And who," continues the lawyer, "will sit up nights with it till it gets its eye-teeth cut, and nurse it safely through the mumps and the measles? Infants of this sort require a great deal of mothering."

"No doubt of it," rejoins the manufacturer; "and somebody must make up his mind to lose considerable sleep, and to take upon himself no little care, if this thing is to live and grow. But is n't it worth a little labor and sacrifice to rescue our city from its present disgrace, and to put it into clean and competent hands? And is there any reason why we should not start this thing in motion?"

"But how?" persists the lawyer. "Shall we publish in the newspapers a call for a meeting?"

"No, no!" cries the schoolmaster. "Take any shape but that! Don't you know who will come? Half the cranks in town, and none of the people whom you want to secure. The intelligent citizen is shy of the aggregations drawn together by such a summons."

"Let me make a suggestion," ventures the parson. "Let us see if we cannot work out this sum by Mr. Hale's rule of ten-times-one-are-ten. We are a fairly representative little group — business man, lawyer, educator, mechanic, minister. Suppose we appoint a meeting two weeks from to-night, and each of us agree to bring with him, if he can, ten of his associates — men with whom he is most intimately connected. Let Tomlinson have free range of the manufacturers, the merchants, and the bankers; let Payne loose among the lawyers and the judges; let Harper bring in teachers and editors — we want to have one or two of them; let Hathaway pick out some of the brightest and most sensible of the work-

ingmen; and I will invite — ten clergymen? No; I think that that would be a disproportionate number. But I will ask two or three of the other ministers, and two or three doctors, and a few other reputable persons whom I know. If each of us will use his best judgment in selecting men who are likely to be in sympathy with our project, I think that we may bring together a company of gentlemen who will give to our organization, at the outset, dignity and influence with all classes."

"Admirable!" cries the schoolmaster, and the whole company repeats the verdict.

"And yet," ventures Mr. Payne, "I think that this scheme will bear amendment. "Would n't it be well to canvass these names here, before we issue our invitations? I, for example, might, in perfect good faith, select some man whom some of you, knowing him a little better than I do, would know to be an undesirable associate. Let each man make out his list now, and submit it for criticism."

This suggestion is readily adopted, and the next hour is spent in preparing the lists and subjecting them to careful scrutiny, with the result of eliminating several doubtful names, and substituting for them others whose merit is unquestionable.

"Now where shall we meet?" demands the schoolmaster, when the final list has been completed.

"You might come to our chapel," says the rector, dubiously, "but —"

"I would like to emphasize that 'but,'" breaks in the manufacturer. "I know what Mr. Morison means. It is n't wise to let this movement be very closely identified with any form of ecclesiasticism. It ought to be in the largest sense of the word catholic, comprehending all classes, all sects, and all parties; and it must avoid everything that could cast suspicion upon its catholicity."

"That is precisely the thought that was in my own mind," rejoins the clergyman. "It is evidently better that we should find some meeting-place that shall be neutral ground. One of the clergymen whom I shall invite is Father Clancy of St. Patrick's Church; he would hesitate to attend a meeting held in a Protestant church, and we could ill afford to spare him from our conference. I am sure that if he is properly approached he will coöperate with us heartily."

"There is a comfortable little room, large enough for our purposes, in the rear of my counting-room," says Tomlinson. "I will see that it is put in order for this meeting, if you desire it. It is better that this company should meet privately. As soon as our plans are matured the public will be entitled to know all our purposes; not before."

III.

THE company which gathered in Mr. Tomlinson's back office represented very fairly all the best elements of the population. Out of a possible fifty-five thirty-nine were present; the mercantile and professional classes had responded with some excellent representatives, but Mr. Hathaway was the only man who brought his full quota of ten from the ranks of the wage-workers. There were, of course, some conspicuous vacancies in this group. There was not one saloon-keeper, and not one ward politician. Could it be true that these people expected to govern their city without any aid from the powers that be? It must be confessed that to the denizens of the city hall the aspect of this assembly would have been revolutionary in the extreme.

"If you will come to order, gentlemen," said the clear voice of Mr. Tomlinson, "I will venture, as your host, to make known the purpose of this gathering. Five men who meet from time to time for quite another purpose were forced to confront the fact that this city is sadly misgoverned. In a general way, I suppose, we all believe this, and we make a great many complaints about it; yet as to what the defects of our government are, or how they may be corrected, we may have very confused notions. But it seemed to us five men that we, as citizens, had some duties which we had been neglecting, and we determined to call a few of our neighbors together to consult with us, and to take part with us, if they deem it wise, in a sustained and patient effort to improve the character of our city government. Perhaps I may say that the one man of the five whose ideas on the subject were most clear and mature was Mr. Samuel Hathaway; he represents a class whose interest in good government is as deep as that of any other class, and I am glad to see that it is well represented here to-night. I have the honor to propose that the chair be taken by Mr. Hathaway."

The proposition was greeted with cheers, and Mr. Hathaway blushingly advanced to the post of honor.

"I thank you, gentlemen," he said, in manly fashion, but with a little tremor in his voice, "for this expression of your kindness. It was some words of mine upon the value of organization, I suppose, that Mr. Tomlinson referred to. The wage-workers of this generation have learned the power of organization. It is a power that can be abused, of course. Doubtless it is sometimes abused; but it is only through the coöperation of men that rights are secured and justice is established. And we are here to-night to try to learn how to coöperate for the promotion of the best interests of the

community. As capitalists, as laborers, as professional men, as churchmen, as Democrats, as Republicans, as Prohibitionists, our ideas may be unlike, and our interests diverse; but we are all citizens of this city, and we are all alike interested in honest, efficient government. Can we not forget all our other differences and work together for this end?"

The carpenter's little speech was well received, and the pride of his fellow-workmen was evidently touched by the honor accorded to him, and by the modest and sensible way in which he bore it.

"I will venture," said the chairman, "in the way of further explaining the project before us, to call upon Mr. Reginald Payne. Perhaps he may be able to give us something definite to consider."

"We are here," said Mr. Payne, "for conference and consultation. Nobody is authorized to present any plans to this meeting. Nobody wishes to anticipate or define the action to be taken by this meeting. I have myself no clearly formulated scheme, but I will simply throw out a few suggestions, with which I hope you will deal frankly. My ideas are briefly these—I have put them down in writing, for clearness and brevity:

"I. There should be an association of citizens for the improvement of municipal government.

"II. It should be a permanent organization, with the expectation of indefinite continuance. We should no more contemplate the termination of its work than that of a church or a college. The time will never come when there will not be need of such an organization, through which municipal patriotism may be fostered and expressed.

"III. The condition of membership should be the signing of a declaration that in municipal affairs party politics should be ignored, and a pledge that the members will, in all these matters, act in independence of the claims of party.

"IV. The work of the association should be: (*a*) To hold regular meetings for the discussion of topics relating to the welfare of the city, and especially to its government. (*b*) To collect and publish information upon these topics, including the enforcement or non-enforcement of the laws; the management of the city's finances; the manner in which contracts are made and fulfilled; the conduct of elections; and so forth. (*c*) To inquire into the methods by which cities are governed, and to see whether it is possible to improve our charter so that our administration shall be more simple and efficient.

"Some such scheme as this has been simmering in my mind. The details may be improved, the whole plan might be improved. I only offer it for consideration."

A brief silence followed Mr. Payne's statement. Judge Hamlin broke it by the question: "Will Mr. Payne stand up again and let us ask him a few questions? Possibly a colloquy of this sort may bring out the points that need to be made clear."

"With pleasure," answered the lawyer; "you can soon find out how little I know."

"Well, then," continued the judge, "tell us whether you would have this association go into politics by nominating candidates for city offices."

"No; my judgment would be against that for the present. I would make it an educational more than a political association. But I would leave it perfectly free to take such action as its members may at any time think wise."

"The party organizations will remain in the field?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And will present candidates for our suffrages at every city election?"

"That may be presumed."

"How much could this association effect, then, in the way of reforming the government? Should we not be obliged to vote for such candidates as the gods of the caucus saw fit to give us?"

"Certainly. I do not expect, as the fruit of our labors, any immediate and radical change in the government of the city. That is the great mistake of the citizens' movements. They go into this business expecting to do it up in six months or so, and make no provision for a long campaign. Their ideas reach no further than the next election. If, in the first contest, they are successful, they imagine that the city is redeemed, and disband their forces; if they are defeated, they assume that the struggle is hopeless, and fling away their weapons. I hope that this enterprise will begin in a different way."

"Precisely what, then, do you expect to accomplish?" persisted the catechist.

"I should hope," replied the lawyer, "that by the constant agitation which we shall keep up, by the facts which we shall bring to light, by the discussion which we shall promote, public opinion would be created and purified, and thus a steady pressure brought to bear upon the managers of both parties, which might induce them to give us better candidates. I have no doubt that we shall be able to present a great many well-attested and undeniable facts which will startle the people of this city, and make them feel that something must be done. I presume that our careful investigation of the methods by which the city's business is managed will show that it is slipshod, wasteful, reckless

to the last degree. I believe that we shall be able to suggest important and desirable changes in the form of our municipal organization."

"The enterprise is educational, then, mainly?"

"Yes, mainly. The work of enlightenment and agitation seems to me to be the first and most important work."

Mr. Payne sat down, and there was a moment's silence. It was broken by the voice of one of the clerical contingent, the Reverend Fletcher Frambes, a swarthy man with a bushy brow and a heavy jaw.

"This educational campaign," he said, "may furnish a very interesting amusement to those who take part in it, and it may result in some remote benefits; but I confess that I am somewhat disappointed in the program which has been outlined to us. I was hoping that we should be invited to take hold in a more direct and vigorous way of the existing evils. Everybody knows that our city is terribly misgoverned. The laws for the suppression of vice are practically ignored. In spite of statutes and city ordinances, the saloons are open all night long and all day Sunday; the gamblers do business as openly as the druggists; the houses of infamy hang out their signs. It seems to me that the first thing to do is to enforce the laws against these social abominations. Over in Steelopolis they have a Law and Order League which is making it hot for these lawbreakers. I was in hopes that this conference might be looking toward some such work as this."

"Well, gentlemen," said the lawyer, "this is a fair question which my clerical brother has raised: to what extent is it wise to go into the business of detecting and punishing crime? What Mr. Frambes has said about the disregard of law is quite true; the question is, whether it is wise for us to organize a volunteer association for the enforcement of the laws. That was not my idea; but I should like to hear the opinions of others."

"My opinion," said Judge Hamlin, standing up, and speaking deliberately, "is very clear on this point. Nobody who knows me will doubt that I believe in a strict enforcement of the laws; the classes to which Mr. Frambes refers know where I stand. But I am not in favor of volunteer organizations for the prosecution of lawbreakers. I am aware of what has been done in Steelopolis and in other cities; in some cases, no doubt, temporary gains for morality have been made by such methods; but, as a rule, and in the long run, the effect of such measures will be injurious. We have police authorities, and a police force, whose sworn duty it is to enforce statutes and ordinances. This is their business — their only business. We make a great mistake when we take it out of their hands. The moment we begin to employ detectives, and to engage in the prosecution of any class of offenders, the police will consider themselves discharged of responsibility for this portion of their duty. 'You have undertaken this job,' they will say to us; 'now go ahead with it, and see what you can do.' Of course they will give us no help; most likely they will obstruct our efforts in many secret ways. There is now, in all probability, a pretty good understanding between the police authorities and these classes of lawbreakers. This volunteer detective business is much more likely to strengthen than to weaken this league between the lawbreakers and the police. Such desultory and spasmodic efforts as we may make to prosecute the violators of law will accomplish very little, and when they are abandoned, as they soon will be, we shall be more completely in the hands of the lawless classes than we are to-day. Therefore I put very little trust in these private organizations for the enforcement of law. I know that many excellent people have taken part in them, from the highest of motives; I myself was a member of such an organization in this city several years ago; it was my experience then which convinced me that it is an unwise method. A law-abiding people must intrust the enforcement of its laws to officials chosen and sworn to perform their duty, and must hold them responsible for its performance. It is weak and childish to permit them to neglect their work, and then to take hold and do it for them. If my hostler neglects to keep my stable clean, I am not in the habit of showing my displeasure with him by doing the work myself, and permitting him to sit and smoke on the sidewalk. That method of dealing with employees is just as foolish when they are public officials as when they are private workmen. The only way to get the laws enforced in this city is to compel the men to enforce them whose business it is."

Judge Hamlin's little speech was greeted with applause, in which about half of the company joined. The rest looked doubtful.

"The judge's philosophy is all right," said the minister; "but are we to sit still and see our young men ruined and our homes broken up by these public enemies?"

"No; we are not to sit still," replied the judge; "we are to be up and doing; the only question is, what is the wisest thing to do? We might adopt measures which would yield some temporary gains, as I have said, but which would tend, eventually, to weaken respect for government, and to lower the standards of our public officials. The losses of such a course are greater than the gains. The trouble with most of our attempts at municipal reform has been that we have been content with making a raid,

now and then, into the territory of the law-breakers and the corruptionists; and when we have cast out one devil, we have gone our ways to our stores and our offices, and seven others worse than the first have returned and entered in. We have got to think and plan for radical and permanent reform. We must have a government worthy of respect, and we must respect it. We must have an efficient government, and require it to prove its efficiency. We must have a responsible government, and hold it to a strict responsibility. It is our business, as citizens, to select capable employees, and to see that they do their duty. It is not our business to do their duty for them. The people are the sovereigns, and they must behave themselves sovereignly. They lower their dignity, and cripple their authority, when they palter, after this manner, with perfidious and insubordinate servants."

The judge spoke with warmth, and the applause was prompt and pretty nearly unanimous.

"Well," answered Mr. Frambes, "I wish to do nothing unwise, and Judge Hamlin's words seem to me reasonable, in the main. I am ready to coöperate with any movement that promises to give us better government."

"But how are we to enlist the people in this enterprise?" inquired one of the newcomers. "The reform of this municipality can be wrought only by the coöperation of the majority of its citizens. Here are thirty or forty of us. By what multiplier can we increase our number to ten thousand?"

"I do not think," answered Principal Harper, "that we shall do well to be in haste about increasing our numbers. The time may come when we shall wish to recruit our ranks, but that is not the first concern. I happen to have in my pocket a pamphlet treating, in a very judicious manner, this whole problem, from which I beg leave to read a paragraph:

"'The formation of large citizen reform associations, certainly, as an opening wedge to reform, is of questionable value. In such energy is apt to be dissipated, and a sense of individual responsibility lost. Moreover, the way is then opened for the very politicians whom it is designed to discourage, to capture the organization and use its prestige to shield themselves. The best beginning is made by a few enthusiasts, enrolling as much influence as possible, devoting themselves to the study of evils, and the theories and practice elsewhere of purifying local politics and regenerating municipalities. This little company should be thoroughly non-partizan, though much of the best work must be done by working through party primaries. When the organization has acquired a local standing it may enlarge its membership, and declare its indorsement or disapproval of individual candidates for local office. But by agitation, and by education of citizens in the principles on which local government rests, is the best work done. Needed radical changes in the local constitution may be thus accomplished, and the municipality started afresh on approved lines. This has already been done in a number of cities.'

"I am not quite sure," Mr. Harper continued, "about all these suggestions; but the principal contention — that better work can be done in the educational way by a small association than by a large one — appears to be reasonable. When I look round upon this picked company, it seems to me that we have a force fairly adequate to the work in hand. I would urge the attendance of those already invited who are not present; I would not exclude other desirable persons who may wish to join our league; but I would invite no more just now. Most of us have a great deal to learn. If we desire to fit ourselves for wise leadership of this movement, we must know far more than we now do of existing conditions, and of the best methods of improving them; and this study of the problem will be best prosecuted, not in mass meetings, but in small, select, and manageable companies."

"But how," pursued this interlocutor, "would you get the results of your study into the public mind?"

"That," answered the schoolmaster, "is a very important matter, and one to which we may well give immediate attention. In the first place, I would have all the meetings of the league public meetings. The reporters should be notified and welcomed. The results of our study should be embodied, so far as possible, not in offhand speeches, but in crisp, condensed, keenly written papers, which the newspapers will be glad to print in full. The discussions following these papers are likely to be fully reported. I think that this company embodies intelligence and wit enough to furnish this community some mighty interesting reading, and character enough to make its published statements very influential. It will be seen at once that we are not seeking any partizan advantage; that we are students investigating in a scientific spirit the conditions of our municipal life; that we are public-spirited citizens seeking the welfare of the city, and not looking for office. I believe that we can do a great deal in a short time toward correcting and reforming and vitalizing public opinion."

"What the principal has said about the scientific spirit," interposed Mr. Morison, "has put an idea into my mind. Would it not be well to organize our league in sections, as the scientific associations are organized, assigning

to each section some specific branch of inquiry and investigation?"

"That was exactly my thought," answered Mr. Payne. "I had put down here on a piece of paper a sketch of such a subdivision. To one section I would assign for study the Police and the Fire Department; to another, Streets and Sewers; to another, the Schools; to another, Poor Relief and Sanitation; to another, Light and Water; to another, Transportation; and to another, all questions relating to Charter Reform. Let there be a committee of three in charge of each of these sections; let every member of the league join himself to the section in which he can be most useful; and let the chairmen of these seven committees be the executive committee of the league."

"Excellent," responded the rector. "This looks like business. And now, Mr. Chairman, let me propose a committee, consisting of Mr. Payne, Mr. Harper, and yourself, to put this organization into form, nominate officers, and report at a subsequent meeting."

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and underscored with applause.

"There is one more question," said the lawyer, "on which your committee may need instruction. It is assumed that we shall have regular meetings. How often shall we meet?"

"Once a month is often enough for a public meeting," answered Mr. Morison. "The sections will wish to meet more frequently. Let them arrange that for themselves."

"I doubt," said Mr. Tomlinson, "whether once a month will do the work. I understand why the parson, whose evenings are nearly all occupied, should prefer monthly meetings; but it seems to me that if we wish to make upon this community the impression that we ought to make, we must meet every week. The parson knows — at any rate, some of his professional brethren know — the value of continuous impression. If you want to heat the iron by hammering, you must not only strike hard, you must strike often. The same thing is true of all efforts to arouse popular interest. The attention of the people must be held to the subject; you must keep the matter hot in their minds. It seems to me that it would be well to have only one of these sections report at each meeting. That gives each committee seven weeks to prepare its report; it can be fully digested, and sharply presented, and the people will have one subject to think about for that week."

"I quite agree with my neighbor," answered Judge Hamlin. "This is no holiday business which we have undertaken. It means hard work, persistent work, self-denying work. It will involve sacrifice of leisure, loss of sleep, and the postponement or neglect of other interests that are by no means unimportant. Our friends, the clergymen, have many weekly engagements which they consider sacred and binding; I do not disparage their work when I say that they can find no better use for one evening in the week than to devote it to this cause."

"My friend the manufacturer, and my neighbor the judge," said Mr. Morison, "do me a little less than justice if they intimate that I do not apprehend the relative importance of the work in which we have enlisted. My parishioners are not likely to make any such mistake. I have harped upon this string until they are weary. Very well do I understand that the one influence which stands in most deadly opposition to all that the church of God is trying to do in the community is that of our city government. By its notorious complicity with vice; by the official indorsement and continuance that it gives to the worst forms of evil; by the shameless dishonesties which are charged against its administration, and of which in the popular judgment it stands convicted; by the cynical contempt for their oaths of office which many of its officials manifest; by what it does and by what it fails to do, this municipal government of ours is a great foe of morality in this community. It is a hard thing to say, but it is not recklessly said; after much careful thought I am forced to say it. Our studies and investigations will, I trust, bring home to the people of this city some of the facts on which this judgment is based. None of the gentlemen present is likely to estimate more highly than I do the gravity of the interests with which we are dealing. I was thinking of others rather than of myself when I proposed a monthly meeting, and I am more than willing to give one evening in a week to this work."

"There is one other question," said one of the workingmen, "which I will make bold to raise. Some of these municipal clubs, as I happen to know, are rather expensive affairs. We workingmen would be glad to bear our part in this one; but if we are members, we wish to be on an equality with the rest, and we can't stand the fees and dues which are often charged."

"That is an important suggestion," answered Mr. Tomlinson; "I hope that the committee will consider it well. Some expense will necessarily be incurred, but I trust that it will be made as light as possible, so that men with small incomes may, without burdening themselves, be able to meet the obligations of membership."

"The principal expense," answered Mr. Payne, "will be the rent of a room for our meetings. The committee will endeavor to find a suitable room at the lowest possible rent."

"If this room will serve your purpose," Mr. Tomlinson ventured, "you are welcome to it."

The manufacturer's generous offer was greeted with applause, and the meeting adjourned, to assemble in the same place on the next Saturday evening.

IV.

It could hardly be supposed that such a meeting as has now been reported could be kept an entire secret in a city like Cosmopolis. The reporters soon got wind of it, and several of the gentlemen who were present were subjected to interviews through which the people of the city were pretty well informed of all that had taken place. The composite character of the assembly, representing as it did both parties and all sorts and conditions of citizens, excited much comment; no similar combination had ever before been effected; people wondered by what charm such a group had been collected. The denizens of the city hall jeered at it as "Bill Tomlinson's Happy Family"; but though they made light of it, they were evidently rather solemnized by the apparition. It was likely that these people would soon be asking disagreeable questions and publishing annoying statements, and they were inclined to resent such interference. This was a method of attack to which they were not accustomed, and they were at a loss to know how it could best be met. They had been disturbed, now and then, by impulsive attempts on the part of reputable people to get possession of the primaries and to control the nominations for city officers, and by occasional attempts to run a citizens' ticket; and they knew perfectly well how to neutralize or defeat all such political assaults. But these people, who seemed to be bent on getting possession of the facts respecting their administration of the city government, and on keeping these facts before the people, were fighting with a weapon which they did not know how to parry. Herr Schwab, the minister of finance at the city hall, was highly indignant when he heard what was on foot. "Dose infernal sbies!" he vociferated, "let dem come a-sdickin' dere noses into my pizness, off dey tare. I 'll gick de first man of dem de sdairs down!"

"Betther think twice about that, me hearty," said O'Halloran, blandly. "That w'u'd make a foine thriple-header for our young friend the reporter. Ye 'd be playin' into their hands quite too cleverly. Betther howld yer temper, and circumvent them by sthrategy."

Precisely what manner of strategy Mr. O'Halloran proposed was not at once divulged; but it was evident that the club would not be furthered in its investigations by the authorities at the city hall.

The adjourned meeting of the club, on the next Saturday evening, showed an increased attendance. The form of organization, substantially as agreed upon, was reported and adopted; Judge Hamlin was made the president of the club, Sam Hathaway its vice-president, and Mr. Tomlinson its treasurer; the seven committees were constituted, and the machinery was declared to be in running order. The president, whose provisional acceptance of the office had evidently been secured beforehand, was ready with a well-prepared inaugural address, which was intended, no doubt, to strike the key-note of this campaign of education. Some of the points of his speech are worth transferring to this report. It is better to extract them than to condense them:

"The business before us," said Judge Hamlin, "is perhaps the most serious business which Americans now have upon their hands. The population of our cities is rapidly increasing, and the government of our cities is, as a general rule, inefficient and corrupt—in the words of Mr. James Bryce, 'the one conspicuous failure of the United States.' Ex-President White is not speaking too strongly when he asserts that 'the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt.' Reasons for this failure may easily be found. We shall find them in the course of these studies. I will only refer to a few of the more important.

"The rapid growth of our cities has thrown upon us great problems of engineering and physical construction for which we were wholly unprepared. Corruption and jobbery have flourished upon our inexperience.

"The problems of social construction have been complicated in the same way. A form of government which answered fairly well in a large village, or a city of ten or twenty thousand, becomes utterly inadequate when the population rises to scores or hundreds of thousands. You might as well undertake to manage the street traffic of New York with the ancient omnibus as to govern some of our cities under their present charters.

"The municipal problem has been muddled by legislative interference. The municipal corporation has been defined by the United States Courts as 'a subordinate branch of the governmental power of the State'; it is regarded as a creature of the legislature; and what the legislature has made, it may at any time reconstruct or destroy. In many of our States the legislatures have constantly interfered with the administration of municipalities, sometimes with benevolent intention, often with sinister purpose, almost always with mischievous result. The members of the le-

gislature do not understand the problems of municipal organization; a majority of them have no interests involved, and can be held in no way responsible for their action. It would be putting it too strongly to say that the legislature should have no power to interfere with the government of cities, but it is becoming evident that this power should be sharply restricted by constitutional provisions.

"The foreign population is often charged with the miscarriages of municipal government. No doubt this cause must be well studied. The social habits of large classes reared in other lands make the enforcement of liquor laws and Sunday laws difficult; and the disregard of these laws weakens in these people, and in natives as well, the wholesome sentiment of respect for law in general. My own opinion is that the people of the United States, native-born and foreign-born, have received an education in lawlessness through the feeble and futile handling of the liquor laws which it will take them a great many years to unlearn. I do not hesitate to say that it would have been infinitely better for this country if there had been, during the last fifty years, no legal restriction at all upon the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. I do not believe that there would have been any more intemperance than there has been, and I am quite sure that we should see far less of that wide-spread contempt for law which is one of the alarming symptoms of our municipal disorder. This state of things is due, to a considerable extent, to the presence of the foreign elements in our population. It goes without saying, also, that the attempts of these people, who have had very little education under free institutions, to take part in the government of our cities must often have resulted disastrously; while the demagogue finds his opportunity among such ignorant voters. Still, I am not disposed to put quite so much emphasis upon this cause as some critics do. The great mass of the foreigners are industrious, thrifty, law-abiding people; they might be trained to good citizenship if we would give our minds to the business. They need a great deal of political education, and we have left that task mainly to the ward heelers and the spoilsmen. I do not think that American citizens are entitled to say very much about the failure of the foreigners to bear their part wisely in our public affairs. We might have withheld the suffrage from them; but when we gave it, we ought to have known that we took upon ourselves the responsibility of training them to use it. This involves a vast deal of hard work, and we have shirked the work. Why should we blame them for failing in a function for which they have had no preparation? If you should turn a force of raw hands into a shoe-factory, to run the machinery and to carry on the manufacture with little or no instruction, you would not be greatly surprised if the output were meager and poor and if the machinery were wrecked and ruined. Something like this is what we have done with our foreign voters, and it strikes me that we are rather unjust when we throw upon them, so largely as we are inclined to do, the fault of the failure of our municipal government.

"The last reason of this failure which I shall mention is the neglect of their duty by those citizens who are the natural leaders of society. The educated men, the professional men, the active business men of our cities, are the men to whom the political leadership of the community belongs; we shall never have good government until these men come to the front and take hold of it. You might just as well expect the human body to be an efficient servant of the mind with its eyes put out and its hands cut off, as to expect the body politic to perform its functions properly when these classes practically exclude themselves from all part in the government. That these classes have neglected their duty as citizens is too palpable to need proof. 'The great mass of so-called "best citizens,"' says a moderate writer, 'have no sympathy with local affairs; they want no office; they refuse to take it when offered. They wash their hands of responsibility. There were, it is estimated, 100,000 citizens of New York city who in 1890 failed to register, and of those registered about 43,000 failed to vote. Of the 266,000 voters in New York city in 1885 but 201,000 voted, and of these but from 20,000 to 25,000, it is estimated, went to the primaries. The alarming part of it is that these heedless ones are in great measure the citizens of intelligence and character, whose votes are needed to nullify the votes of the ignorant and irresponsible, whom political workers never fail to muster at the polls.'

"How true, also, are these words of Mr. Bryce: 'In America, as everywhere else in the world, the commonwealth suffers more from apathy and short-sightedness in the upper classes, who ought to lead, than from ignorance or recklessness in the humbler classes, who are generally ready to follow when they are wisely and patriotically led.' And the excuses made for their neglect only aggravate the guilt of it. It is the offense which these delicate and fastidious gentlemen fear to suffer in their feelings, so they say, which leads them to keep out of the political arena. They do not enjoy contact with rough, uncultivated, not always savory crowds. They have been jostled in the caucuses; they have been jeered

at by persons who do not use good grammar; they feel that their superior intelligence is not properly recognized by the political bosses. Sometimes they have attempted, singly, or in squads of two or three, to take part in the primaries; naturally they have accomplished very little, and they have abandoned politics as a hopeless field of effort. I must say that I regard this excuse as very largely false and hypocritical. I do not believe that these persons have suffered half so much as they pretend to have suffered from the disagreeable incidents of political campaigning. All this unpleasantness is greatly exaggerated. The real reason why these gentlemen neglect their political duties is, in nine cases out of ten, because they are too selfish, too sordid, to give attention to them; because they are unwilling to sacrifice their financial and professional interests to the extent which is required in a thorough and faithful performance of the duties of citizenship. The blight upon our municipal patriotism is what President White calls 'mercantilism.' It is a hard thing to say, but I believe that it is true. It matters not, however, which is the real cause of this neglect. Either explanation is sufficiently shameful. It is a despicable soul which can take refuge in either of them. Not for such dainty fingers or such itching palms are the great privileges of American citizenship.

"I trust, gentlemen, that this club may do something to awaken in the minds of our citizens the sentiment of municipal patriotism. These local interests with which we are to deal are not less important, not less vital, than those interests of which the National Government is the custodian. Indeed, the very foundation of national welfare is laid in the right ordering of the life of our towns and cities. The nation can no more prosper while its local communities are badly governed than a tree can prosper while its several branches are covered with nests of worms and blight. Our first political duty is to give this city a good system of government. We must not look to the legislature; we must give the legislature very distinctly to understand that we insist on governing ourselves; that it will be dangerous business to impose upon this city a form of government which is not acceptable to its citizens. There is intelligence enough in this city to govern the city, and it must be summoned to the task. The men whose business it is to govern it, and who have neglected their business, must be made ashamed of their neglect, and must bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

"One more remark will, I trust, be pardoned. We are to study the municipal problem in all its bearings. We shall be compelled to investigate the current administration. We are going to find out all the facts, and to publish them. Let this investigation be conducted in a perfectly judicial temper. Let us be careful to make no statements for which we have not abundant proof. Let us content ourselves, for the most part, with pointing out the facts, and avoiding objurgatory comments. The confidence of this community in our conclusions will be secured by cautious, moderate, colorless statements. We shall be brought into constant contact with the city officials. They must be made to understand that our object is to coöperate with them in the discharge of their duty; to raise no unjust prejudice against them; to put no hindrances in their way so long as they are engaged in the administration of their offices. We shall be glad to find, in any case, that these affairs are honestly and efficiently administered. We shall be ready to give the full meed of approval to any official who shows himself mindful of his oath and his honor. We do not purpose to meddle with any man who is doing his duty. But we are entitled, as citizens, as the responsible rulers of this community, to know whether our employees are doing their duty or not; and we are determined to find out. If they are not doing their duty, we mean to know why. It may be that they are crippled or embarrassed by bad forms of organization. It may be that their failure is largely due to the poor tools which we have furnished them. If so, we must give them better tools. But whatever the reason may be, we are going to bring it to the light of day. In this effort all right-minded officials will cooperate with us. From the sort that is otherwise-minded, and from all their political associates, we may expect unstinted abuse and unscrupulous misrepresentation. I trust that we are not so thin-skinned as to flinch from our duty on this account. We have a great work to do, the difficulty and disagreeableness of which are largely the fruit of our own neglect. Let us try to make amends for past remissness by the courage, fidelity, and persistence with which we prosecute the task which we have all too tardily undertaken."

The inaugural address of Judge Hamlin was frequently punctuated with cheers, and its vigorous conclusion was greeted with prolonged applause.

After an announcement by the executive committee that the next meeting would be devoted to perfecting the organization, that the committees in charge of the several sections would be expected to report in the order of their appointment, and that the first report would be called for in two weeks from the committee on the Police and the Fire Department, the club adjourned.

Washington Gladden.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

III.

ELEVEN thousand feet above sea-level the dry air reaches the point of saturation with a kind of gasp and shiver. Philip Deed was sure of the storm in the air half an hour before the clouds began to gather. It was the day on which he was to meet his father at Maverick; and he had set forth in the morning from Piñon, where he had spent his unprofitable year in mining, planning to reach Bayles's Park by one o'clock, and to take the railway there for Maverick, where he expected to arrive in time for the wedding. Cutter, who also had failed in the mountains, and whose arrangements for the future were indefinite, was going to the wedding with Philip. His family had always known the Deeds in New York, and he and Philip were friends.

The air grew moist, and the sky darkened as they put their horses at the ascent out of Laughing Valley, into which they had just come down from the other side. A mile up the trail they stopped on an eminence commanding the valley, to look about. A ray of sunshine shot a half-hearted glance from behind the clouds brooding above the way they were to take. The ray was instantly swallowed up; but the valley was swept by a momentary radiance, under which it started dazzlingly fresh and green, and took the sudden gold on its face with a dancing quiver which almost excused its foolish name.

The range of hills over which they had just come rose behind Laughing Valley City to the north. To the south the exit from the valley was through Red Rock Cañon, between the narrow walls of which the Chepita fled roaring. The sound reached them where they stood on their height at the edge of the cañon, above the scattered noises of the town, which at this hour (just before the three-o'clock shift at the mines) was as peaceful, and almost as noiseless, as if it had not been a city on all the maps.

Where the Chepita cast itself down out of the hills over Moshier's Rock, at the other end of the valley, they could vaguely see its white leap; and then could follow its serene course through the town. Down at their feet they watched it go brawling into the cañon. Quietly as it slipped through Laughing Valley City, the river gave a certain effect of life to the valley, which spread a vast green lawn at their feet, unbroken save by the huddle of buildings at its center, and by the dumps of green or gray or red that marked the mines outside the town. The close-ranked mountains looked down from every side upon the young city; and the only apparent points of egress to the world without were those by which the river entered and left the valley — the cleft in the hills through which the Chepita hurled itself upon the fall, and the cañon by which it swept away.

Philip Deed was giving up his mining at Piñon because his father wished it, not because he liked the easy prospect of a home and a bank-account held out to him from Maverick. The thing for which he actually cared was a life not responsible to its next minute — a life that should leave him altogether free to speculate with himself. At twenty-three Philip Deed was an interesting subject for prophecy. It would surprise no one who knew him if he should turn out to be a great success,— and this was Cutter's faith,—but the betting was against it. He had a fine, straggling army of talents, and for commander of them a gusty temper. The sound sense that would often bless him was for the most part present in the hours when he did not need it, and when he would not have been anything but sensible upon any temptation. He was wise upon impulse, and the propriety of his sentiments in his best hours merely served to shame him when he was less wise: it did not establish a permanent state of wisdom in him. He made mistakes as other men are respectable, from instinct. He often had occasion to denounce himself passionately. He had a noble and unthinking generosity, a warm heart, and a habit of taking people at their own valuation, and of owing more than he could pay.

There was a generous touch even in Philip's incapacity — for it amounted to that — to perceive the delicate moment at which *meum* melts into *tuum*. It was a kind of incapacity to infect an entire character, and it infected Philip's; at strange times and upon odd occasions the fiber for which one instinctively looked as the accompaniment of other fine traits in him was missing: it was like a lacking sense,

rather than a vice, as excellent people are absent-minded. It might nevertheless have been odious — Jasper said it *was* — if it had not been seen to be merely the obverse side of his generosity: what was his was yours, if you were his friend; and it followed, as the kind of corollary to which no open-handed man would give a thought, that what was yours was his. Good-fellowship was like that; it was one of the things that one did not question. One did not compel one's friend to ask for one's second coat when one's friend was shivering; one gave it, and asked no questions when the friend forgot to return it: that was the way of coats and friends. And when the need for a coat was one's own, it was a poor compliment to one's friend if one could not trust him for as good an understanding of the transaction as one's own.

Philip had never reasoned it out,— it was not the sort of thing to reason about,— but this was, in general terms, his instinct about the whole business of give and take. He had an entirely good conscience about his money dealings, and obligations of every sort. He knew that he borrowed more than he lent, but that was because the borrowers did not come to him early enough. When he received a sum of money there were always a dozen tedious people who wanted it — people to whom he owed it: they got hold of it often before he could lend it to any of the half-dozen borrowers who usually hang about such a man. About certain obligations of honor he had as sensitive a pride as that of his father, who never owed anybody a penny; but he would have postponed any ordinary debt to lend ten dollars to a friend in need, and he would have had no more scruple in putting the gratification of some wish of his own before it. It was, in fact, often a race between the wish and the creditor: the kind of wish that it took some time and trouble to gratify was an advantage to the creditor. When the conditions were favorable, he would often arrive first. In fine, upon principle and in practice, Philip was always generous before he was just.

He would have found it difficult to explain his theory about the propriety of being generous to himself. It was involved in the foolish pride, not unlike a sense of caste, which had given him a belief, cherished in a careless way from his boyhood and now become an instinctive feeling in him, like a religion, that certain things were proper to him. Reduced to its obvious terms, it would have become, like a number of our more obstinate inner religions, an absurdity. Philip got along with his religion by not reducing it, by not so much as thinking of it. He acted upon it. Was it that certain insignia, a certain ceremonial, a peculiar dignity were an hereditary appanage of his station? But what was his station? If he had been brought to this, he would have urged that his station was to be Philip Deed, which might not be much, but was what it was. He could not pretend to explain.

One of the more immediate results of this theory of the preëminence of the debt he owed permanently to himself above the accidental obligations incurred in paying it, was that his unpaid bills in Piñon, over and above the money his father regularly sent him to run his mine, amounted to a trifle more than $400. The several small debts making up this sum began to be pressing, and he was glad to be leaving Piñon, not merely because the mines he had been working for himself and Jasper offered no prospect of yielding ore in paying quantities, but because he saw no present means of paying these debts by his own exertions, and they had reached a point where it was inconvenient, and occasionally a little humiliating, to add to them. He meant to ask his father to lend him the money. He would be able to pay him in six months; he knew where he could make twice $400 by that time; and meanwhile he would pay him interest. He disliked to be borrowing from his father in the loose way he had used hitherto. They would make it a business transaction, and he should have his note.

"Is n't that Piñon Mountain to the right of the big dome of Ute Chief?" he asked, as they stood on their height, looking out over the hills.

"Yes; I make it out so," said Cutter. "Melancholy sight."

"Yes — oh, yes," agreed Philip, heavily. "I 've been thinking of our year up there: what an ass I made of myself dropping three or four hundred days into those holes in the ground on Mineral Hill!"

"Ugh!" grunted Cutter.

"They were n't much as days, of course, but they were the best I had at the time. They might have brought me in a clear ten thousand or so if I had set them to work bank-presidenting, or something. Why,—think of it!—a fellow might have married on the earnings of those days. And there they lie at the bottom of the 'Little Cipher' and the 'Pay Ore.' 'Pay Ore'!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Happy thought of its fairy godmother, that name."

"Well, I 'm not banking heavily on the 'Little Cipher.' But it was luck enough for one day to locate the 'Pay Ore.' The Ryan outfit are going to have those days out of the 'Pay Ore,' you know, Deed. There 's stuff in that claim."

"Yes, I know," assented Philip, indifferently; "low-grade stuff. I don't see how it helps me that it would pay to ship if it assayed three dollars better. It might as well be a thousand."

"Wait a while. It *will* be a thousand—a thousand better than pay dirt."

Philip made a contemptuous sound, but his contempt was outward only. He believed in the future of the "Pay Ore," now that money enough was to be put into it to sink the shaft to the proper depth, as men believe in the woman of their secret ideal—the woman whom they shall one day meet and love, but whose virtues it is unprofitable to discuss meanwhile.

"That 's all right," returned Cutter, unshakenly. "I 've been down in the mine. Ryan 's going to make a big stake out of his lease of the 'Pay Ore.' Watch him and see. He might even take something out of the 'Little Cipher.' He and Buckham know what they are about. Who supposed there was anything in the 'Celestina' until they took hold of it on a lease? And now look at it. Why, they were saying in Piñon yesterday that the last assay gave a thousand dollars to the ton."

"Pshaw, Cutter! I am ashamed of that bargain with Ryan."

His companion permitted himself to smile, "Well, you ought to be—the other way. You did n't get enough. Man alive, you don't suppose he and Buckham are here for their health. How many pairs of eyes do you think they need to see that you are next the 'Celestina,' and that the 'Pay Ore,' anyway, and perhaps the 'Little Cipher,' is a straight continuation of their lead?" He had raised his voice, but he lowered it to say: "Why, look here, Deed; I 'll tell you what I 'll do: I 'll stake my reputation as a mining engineer that they have struck a true fissure vein in the 'Celestina,' and that it dips your way."

Philip laughed. "Your confidence is charming, Cutter—charming. If you will give me a note of introduction to the person you have in mind who is prepared to furnish me with board and lodging in exchange for such confidence as that, I don't see what more I can ask."

The silence that fell between them recognized the existence of the subject they were shying away from. It was an hour since Philip had been handed his father's long telegram as they passed through Laughing Valley City. He had bit his lip, and turned it over to Cutter. They had found no words for it since, and were still trying to talk of other things.

"I wonder if you 'd mind, Deed, if I were to say what an awful cad that brother of yours seems to be," Cutter broke forth at last, while they still stood looking down into the valley from their eminence.

Philip ground his teeth.

"Hardly; it saves me the trouble. Oh," he cried, venting the feeling he had been choking back in a helpless shout of rage, "to think of his coming it over father and me like that! Confound it, I believe I could have stood being swindled out of my whole future, and have managed to pull a decent face about it, if he had done it like a gentleman. But this—! The thing 's so dirty, so small, so sneaking! Why, Cutter, it 's the grade of midnight assassination. Fancy father! The favorite son!" He gave a scornful little laugh, and dashed his hand to his eyes. "D—— the fellow, anyway!" he cried. "I swear, when I think of it, it seems too low a thing for any one who has a drop of my father's blood in him to have done. I was n't old enough when my mother died to know her intimately, but I don't believe she was like that. And to think that I have spent a year in those cursed mountains up at Piñon, working that mine for him right alongside my own; rising early and going to bed late; giving up every Christian habit; denying myself every kind of decency of living—yes, forgetting how it might feel to live like a gentleman; and all of it just as much, every ounce as much, for his infernal mine as for my own; and I get this for it. I tell you, Cutter, some things turn you sour. The beastly ingratitude of the thing makes me so sick that I can't kick against it. I have n't any kick left in me. I believe some day, when I am cooler about it, I shall be sorry for the fellow for being such a devil of a cad. And to think that he is my brother—yes, and my father's son!"

"Pshaw! He 'll never stick to that point, Deed. It 's too indecent."

"Won't he!" cried Philip. "You 've got a lot to learn about Jasper. He 'll not only stick to it, but he 'll prove that he 's right. And what 's more, he will think so himself. Jasper would n't do anything he did n't think right. He 'll think it right if it chokes him. He has done the right thing, and done it at the right time, ever since I can remember; and I 've always admired it in him. A man can't help admiring a quality so remote from himself as that, you know," he said bitterly. "Jasper is n't the kind of fool to chuck away a year in a place like Piñon. He knows better, and I respect him for it. His discretion and propriety, that habit of his of doing the wise and sensible thing while I was lucklessly going to some new style of dogs every six months or so, and disappointing my father—you can't think, Cutter, what an impression that makes on a younger brother. Jasper's very schoolmasters used to praise him, and even then I knew they were right, and that I had earned my stool in a corner for shirked lessons. As early as that he had a sort of instinct for the buttered side of life, and you see he has n't forgotten it. You ought to have played marbles with a boy for 'keeps' to really understand a man, you know, Cutter."

"Oh, come!" said Cutter. "His habit of being right is n't going to help him to hold that ranch against your claim. Your father will have him out of that before we get to Maverick. Jasper is n't the only man who knows law."

"Humph! Poor father!" sighed Philip. He lighted a cigarette. "He won't have much heart left for law, I 'm afraid. His way is a quicker way. I can't think what would have happened to Jasper if he had told that to father instead of writing it. Like him to use a letter for it! Father does n't bear things well, you know. They make him wild, just at first. It 's part of Jasper's discretion that he knew better than to stand up and tell him such a thing. I believe father would have had to kill him."

"And that is the kind of man you think likely to sit down under such an injury and twirl his thumbs?"

"Hardly. He won't be sitting down. He will be raging about. But it won't do him any good. We 've only got the barest facts; but you can figure out a good deal if one of your known quantities is character; and if you know Jasper's character you may be sure that he 's behind the strongest kind of fortress, if it comes to that. The law can't touch him, I 'll wager. Jasper always knows what he is about; he 's got his earthworks piled sky high. You might as well try to storm that cliff over there." He pointed to the sheer lift of rock opposite them. "It would be a pity, I 'm sure, if a man 's going to abuse a trust, if he should n't make a good job of it. Poor father! That 's what cuts him up, I know. He trusted the fellow, you see. Trusted him! Heavens! He loved him! Pshaw! Let 's talk of something else, Cutter. What 's become of *your* trouble? Come, I don't want to monopolize all the fun. Tell me, old fellow," he said, laying his hand on the other's shoulder; "do you hear anything?"

Cutter bit an end off the cigarette he had just lighted, and nibbled at the tendrils of tobacco nervously. He glanced with a vengeful look at the stony wall opposite, as he cast the cigarette out into the air, and watched it fall in a wavering line into the cañon, a thousand feet beneath them. "No; nothing," he answered at last.

"And you want to?"

"Want to? You don't suppose I have any will about it, do you? A man in love, as you may find out some day, Deed, is away past 'want' and 'not want.' It 's all 'must.'"

"Yes," admitted Philip, sententiously; "it 's been described to me that way. But one would say —"

"Of course they would; and awfully easy it is to say, when it 's somebody else, and the girl does n't happen to be the archetype of girlhood, and the one maiden arranged for you from the beginning of time, and possessed of the only smile and the only droop of eyelid you have any use at all for, and all the rest of it. They babble about the happiness of love until a man has to try it, as he tries smoking, because it seems at the time about the most interesting experience one can buy; but it is a good deal like the smoking when you have taken a puff or two at it: your cigar *has* a Havana wrapper, 'as advertised'; it 's the Hoboken filler that breaks you up."

Philip roared at the gloomy face with which Cutter said this; but his companion's countenance kept its ruefulness.

It was a year since Cutter's easy life had been given a violently new twist by Elsa Berrian's refusal of him. He had left New York immediately after, in a passion of rage, humiliation, and love, and his hurt was still fresh in him.

The day on which she refused him held more instruction for Cutter about the constitution of human society than he had gathered in the entire preceding twenty-four years. Perhaps most men can look back to such days, when life closed about them with a kind of rigor, and they fought their way through the desperate view of the excessive and useless hardness of things (which suggested suicide as a natural and not unpicturesque remedy) to the mixed doggedness and pluck that enabled them to rise next morning, and have a try, at least, at the inexorability of Fate. Cutter, when he had tasted the dregs of this species of learning, was, to his own sense, a stalking repository of melancholy wisdom.

He had thought his misery must make all things indifferent. But when he snatched at Philip's suggestion that he should go West with him, he had not supposed it would be so unlike New York. He had what he called his "profession,"—he had studied mining engineering for two years at Columbia,—but the demand for his inexperience at Piñon left him plenty of time to wish he had not been in such a hurry to leave a life which was arranged for him, and which he understood, for the crude West. His dissatisfaction may not have been altogether unconnected with the fact that at home he had been a young man about town with a rich father, who did not object to his idling until he should have found the thing he wanted to do; while at Piñon every one was a worker, and was grossly, even brutally, intolerant of any one who was not.

He was going to stay a year, though. He was resolved upon that. He would have felt it to be a confession that he lacked "sand" to give it up earlier; and he was really too heart-sick about Elsa to be able to think with patience of revisiting New York for a long time to come. It

ended in his forcing his habit of laziness into regular application to such business as found its way to him, and, for the first time, he began to study mining engineering in earnest.

He felt, after a few months of life in Piñon, as if he had "had a great deal of nonsense knocked out of him." He liked the outdoor life, and, when he could keep the old Cutter under, he got along fairly well with the men with whom his business brought him in contact. But it was perhaps because, after all, he could not help letting them see that he could imagine nobler, not to say more interesting, examples of the race than they, that he was a failure at Piñon, when all was said.

It was not quite his fault. It was not to be expected that he should at once be able to rid himself of the New York theory of life; and that, other things being equal (though other things had a hard time of it to be equal under such conditions), a man should not seem somehow a better man to whom such words as Wallack's, Daly's, Del's, the Union League, the Academy, Brown's, suggested the same host of associations that they suggested to him. This was, of course, no more than the deathless and invincible New York conceit, which amuses the country at all times; but it was perhaps dearer to him than to the usual New Yorker, because he had for a number of years had nothing better to do than to foster it. It was his misfortune that he had somewhat less than the usual tact, which helps other New Yorkers to cloak their sense of an obvious superiority; but it was happily his luck not to be a snob in any sense or degree.

Philip, who had long since accepted the West, and whose direct habit of thought removed him from the temptation of remaining the critical outsider who analyzes the situation it is his main duty to be living, was never tired of making game of Cutter's crude struggles to be crude, and of his habit of pettifogging with his temporary Western lot. He had been accustomed to defend him when he was ridiculed in Piñon; but in the privacy of the cabin which the two occupied together on Mineral Hill, he guyed Cutter's amusing fopperies as much as the camp could have desired. Cutter continued to apply his daintiness to the coarse exigencies of Western life with a smile, and good-humoredly went on being in his dress the most elegant rowdy that ever was. He was a picturesque figure when in full regalia, with his fire-new chapereros, his nickel-plated spurs, his spotless sombrero, on which he kept a fresh leather band at all times, his English riding-boots, and his crop. His revolver was of the latest make, and his cartridge-belt looked as if he never used it.

Cutter's faults, like this little foible of his, were for the most part on the surface. Beneath them all he was as simple, honest, and manly as any one need be; and men who had need of a loyal friend sought Lenox Cutter. The self-confidence, which was not quite conceit, and the touch of selfishness which went with it, were of that not too insistent sort which women are accustomed to the need of condoning in the men of their acquaintance daily, and which men — because they know how much of both qualities a man needs to earn a living — are accustomed to tolerate so long as the like qualities in themselves are not trodden upon.

The clouds had been gathering while they talked, and hung, a threatening black bank, in the west as Cutter, turning away from Philip's laugh, glanced at them.

"We are going to catch it," he said. "Shall we go on?"

Philip put out his hand from his pony to test the air. The harsh damp that had fallen on the day made itself felt between his interrogating thumb and forefinger.

"I must, you know. They will be looking for me at Maverick to-day. I could n't risk being snowed up down there in Laughing Valley City for a week or two. But you must wait, Cutter. There 's nothing to hurry you."

"Pshaw, we shall get to Bayles's Park before the fun begins. Anyway, we 'll see it out together, unless you want to get rid of me."

"You 're a brick, Cutter; but you 'd better stay. I am going to have company, whether or no, I think." He nodded toward the town. "Down the trail there — do you see?"

Cutter, following the direction of his nod, saw a large crowd of men on horseback issuing from the town, which, a few moments earlier, had seemed depopulated. They had just passed the last group of cabins, on the outskirts of the settlement, and were riding at a canter up the first rise of the long hill which the young men had climbed half-way. In the still air the talk of the company rose loudly. It was plain that an unusual event had called them forth.

"Let 's have the glass," said Cutter, suddenly. "Fact!" he exclaimed, after a moment. "There 's a young girl among them, riding alongside the tall fellow in front. See?"

Philip took the glass Cutter handed him, and scanned the party. "By Jove!" He studied the shouting throng anxiously for a moment. "I don't more than half like the look of that crowd, Cutter. The girl — why, man, she 's —"

"Rather! See how she bears herself at the head of that crazy lot. A lady? She 's a queen."

"Yes," assented Deed, musingly, while he kept the glass upon the moving group. "But

the man in the center — what do you make of him?"

"Which?" asked Cutter, taking the glass. "The clerical-looking chap?"

"Yes; I thought he looked like a clergyman."

"He is too, by George. See here, Deed, there 's going to be a circus here of some sort. We 'll have to see this thing out."

Philip nodded. "Do you notice how all the gestures point his way; and how they seem to be shouting at him, and keeping him in the center, while he sits his horse without a word. Do you know, I believe *he 's* the row."

Cutter's restless pony would not stand while he turned the glass on the crowd again. He got off, and, putting an arm through the rein, made an attentive observation.

"It can't be," he said at length.

"What?"

"That they are running him out of town."

"Why, my dear fellow, it fits in perfectly with all you 're in the habit of pretending you believe about the cloth."

"Stuff! I never said they were rascals," said Cutter, keeping the glass to his eyes. He put the glass down, and remounted.

"What do you make of the girl 's relation to him?" asked Philip after a moment.

"Oh, daughter, I suppose. She does n't look as if she belonged to any of the rest of the mob."

"Careful there, Cutter; careful!" He was straining his eyes through the glass. "Some of them may be Englishmen. In fact, I think I see a viscount. That 's no way to speak of the imported article."

The group was coming within easy eye-shot. A shout that went up at the moment sounded close by.

"The imported article has a domestic howl," said Cutter.

"Yes; and it 's getting precious near. We must n't let them find us studying them."

With one of the silent twitches of the rein understood by cattle-ponies, they put their horses into a canter, and passed out of sight of the crowd by a turn in the trail, which writhed about the hill until, near the summit, it pushed forth in the direction of their journey, and began to find its way loftily along the walls of Red Rock Cañon. The winding trail brought them in a moment to a point just above that which they had left, and, looking down from behind a pile of rocks shielding them from observation, they saw the party halted there. It was a shaggy mob, not carrying out in its dress its suggested English birth and breeding.

It seemed to be made up of all classes of the town's population. Those in the group at the left, with clay-grimed trousers stuffed in their boots, were from the mines, and, in one or two instances, the candles which they had apparently neglected to put down in their haste were carried by the steel hooks upon their fingers. The two wearing white shirts (the rest were clothed in the flannel of the West) had a hard look, and might be gamblers. The shopkeepers, who had come along to see the fun, were to be distinguished by the eccentricity of allowing their trousers to drape themselves outside their boots. There were a couple of cow-boys, with chapereros, spurs, and sombreros, and with lariats coiled about their saddle-pommels. Most of the crowd carried their weapons in sight. Some of the revolvers were to be seen peeping from saddle-holsters. The cow-boys wore their "guns" in cartridge-belts about their waists. It was a threatening-looking lot; yet, when the leader drew his fat black revolver from his belt, and began to toy with it, his playful use of it seemed merely a waggish substitute for the hems and haws of other public speakers.

The crowd, grouping itself about him, arraigned the clergyman before them, and somewhat apart (still on his horse), with that eye for the scenic and dramatic which plays its unconscious share in all the extra-legal functions assumed by the people in the country beyond the Mississippi. The tone in which the leader addressed the clergyman was peremptory, certainly; but his address had its humorous moments, and once — when, from the pitch of his voice, the listeners above guessed that he was burlesquing the hortatory clerical manner — the guffaw greeting the bit of farce showed how the sovereign people may find rewards even in the solemn and painful duty of administering justice.

Philip watched the scene intently. "We shall have to take a hand in this," he whispered at last. "They mean to lynch him."

"No, no," answered Cutter, under his breath; "the leader is beginning on a set of resolutions. They don't resolve at lynching-bees; they act. Besides, what would they be doing with the girl? They 're running him out."

Philip said nothing, but glanced thoughtfully at the clouds, which had been folding hill after hill while they waited, and had now totally obscured the mountains, which, in fair weather, seemed so near Laughing Valley City that it appeared at times as if one might touch them by stretching out one's hand. The vapor scurried close above them. They knew that their own hill must be out of sight from the town. The air grew chillier.

"Perhaps they might better lynch him," said Philip, at length. "Do you remember when they ran that tin-horn gambling outfit out of Piñon? It was just such a day as this has been — all sun until ten o'clock. You surveyed the 'Little Cipher' and the 'Pay Ore' for me that

morning, and the weather could n't have been fairer. But how it got its back up after they were escorted out of camp! It was n't an hour before the town was trying to find itself."

"Yes," admitted Cutter. "It snowed."

"Snowed? You could n't see the electric lights until you ran against the poles. And those fellows, wandering toward shelter in that storm, without a horse, and with no telegraph-poles to guide them to Castaway Springs — I know, you always say the vigilance committee could n't suppose it was going to snow. But when they brought the bodies in the week after — do you remember? — it was awful to see the camp find its conscience. Absolutions would have had a livelier sale than whisky in Piñon, that day, I 've often thought."

"The wind is n't right for an old-fashioned blizzard to-day," said Cutter, divining his thought. "You and I and the minister will get through all right if they 'll only start him; but they 'll have to get a move on soon."

"I was n't thinking of him," said Philip.

"Why, great heaven! Deed, you don't suppose they are going to send her along?"

"Send her? No. But she 'll do what she likes, I think; and you don't believe she 'll desert her father, do you?"

Deed took the glass from its case again, and directed it to where the girl stood withdrawn at a considerable distance, out of ear-shot, gazing on the scene with a face of anxious misery. He had not seen her closely before. She seemed a young girl. She might be twenty or twenty-one, not more.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, in a low tone.

Cutter took the glass he offered. "She *is* pretty," he admitted.

"Pretty!" cried Philip.

Cutter smiled. "Well, do you want to go down and rescue her? I 'm with you."

"From what? Don't you see what delicate consideration and courtesy they use toward her? See the tall one standing guard over her privacy with averted eyes. And did n't you notice, as they came up the hill, how first one and then another would ride forward to see if there was anything he could do for her? Why, those fellows are knights, you know, Cutter, when it comes to regard for a woman — especially a woman above them. By George, she has an air!" He spent a long moment watching her through the glass. "She is the princess they treat her like; and she can unbend, too. See the gracious smile she gives her subject-captor — the tall fellow. He 's been offering to fetch her an ice from the north pole, and she has declined, with the sort of grace that makes denial a favor."

The leader folded the paper from which he had been reading the resolutions, and stuck it in his belt. Philip, turning his glass on the minister, caught the glance of uneasy scorn with which he awaited the next movement of his persecutors. It was violent only in its sarcasm: they lifted their wide-brimmed hats as one man, and made way for him to pass. The unanimity and silence with which this was accomplished would have been impressive if it had not been rather laughable. The minister winced, but straightened himself immediately on his horse, and rode by the ordeal of the row of eyes, fixed contemptuously upon him, with proudly lifted head. Jack Devine, the leading saloon-keeper of the town, bridled in imitation of his haughty carriage, and a smile ran about. The minister continued to look before him, implying his indifference as well as he might by the walk out of which he scorned to press his horse. The crowd seemed under the spell of its own silence, and no jeer broke from it until the minister had passed the last man, and was on his way up the hill.

A jocose stone or two pursued him amid the derisive yells that now rose, and one of the group, creeping nimbly up behind, smote the horse resoundingly with a cudgel. The beast gave a snorting bound, and leaped forward up the steep at a gallop. The clergyman's hat — an English parson's wideawake — was blown from his head by the sudden movement, and his dignity was scattered upon the wind which wafted it from him toward the crowd, and which blew his thin locks out behind as the horse scampered up the uneven ascent, reckless of rocks and turns.

Philip had seen the girl's streaming eyes as she started to follow him, and was gently withheld; and now he saw her dry her tears with a start of indignation, and point imperiously to the flying hat. The tall young man beside her made after it, and returned it humbly to her. She nodded her thanks, and at the same moment, with a dexterous hand, wheeled her horse, and with a smart touch of the whip set off at a run after her father.

The thing was done so quickly that no one had time to interfere, and all stood gazing stupidly after her for a moment. Then the tall young man gave his pony the spur, and followed her. His animal's clattering hoofs on the rocks urged her horse on, and he did not overtake her until she was rounding the summit on which the young men awaited, unseen, the issue of the scene below. He appeared to entreat her; she shook her head vigorously, and put his hand down from her rein with a firm but not unkind briskness. She gave him a smile through her tears, and he rode on with her.

The young men followed. It had begun to snow.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

TO GIPSYLAND.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BEAUTY OF BETHLEN.

AS we went farther and farther into the country, we learned that there never was a yearly or weekly market without its gipsies. They were there with their baskets or horseshoes or brushes, the men rarely with horses to sell, the women often with mops and buckets for whitewashing, waiting to be hired. And this we did not mind; there was something of the pride of race in their clinging to trades which had been their forefathers' before the first gipsy wandered into Europe, which are their brothers' into whatever land they may have journeyed.

In the bewildering costumes filling the market-square, we could never mistake the gipsy. If he wore the peasant dress of the district, it was with an additional melodramatic effect which made it hard to believe that he was not got up for the occasion in theater or studio properties. But far oftener he wore what has come to be the typical costume of the Roumanian gipsy in Transylvania—the blue Austrian infantry tights, ragged after long service at first hand, and a blue jacket with silver clasps; perhaps a tall black sheepskin hat, perhaps a straw hat, or, as we got farther south and east, a broad-crowned, wide-brimmed felt with cords and tassels. But whatever he wore, his dark oval face with its delicate features, the sensitive mouth, the nose something like that of the old Assyrian, the unmistakable eye of his people, the ears peeping from under the curls, would have stamped him as the stranger he is among the low-browed, swarthy Wallachs, the fair, high-cheeked Hungarians, the stolid Saxons, and the Jews. And as refined as his face were the long slim hands that looked unused to labor, and the graceful, shapely limbs. I used to wonder at the manly beauty of the Lovells and Stanleys at home, but they were commonplace compared with these wild creatures of the mountains and the plains. The youths of sixteen or eighteen were as beautiful as the archangels or Sebastians of the old masters, and the older men, whose beards had grown, when, their hats off, you could see the curling hair parted in the middle, were of such stuff as saints and prophets are made. The women were less beautiful, though now and then we wondered at a faultless face under the inevitable handkerchief, and there was less character in their dress; they wore, usually, the Roumanian aprons.

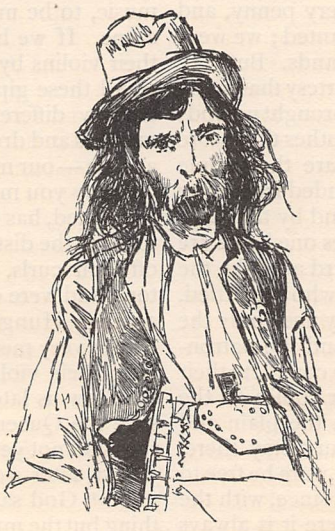
But the delicacy of their features, the refinement of their expression, meant nothing. They were little better than animals. The Sebastians crouched for hours in the sun, their arms clasped about their knees, waiting for something to turn up. For a pipeful of tobacco the prophets would stand for J——; that is, if they stood at all. Far oftener, when they saw what he was about, they would be off like a shot, fearful lest their souls might become his with their portrait. There was no overtaking them; lightning was in their feet when, as straight as arrows and as lithe and lean as greyhounds, they walked away, cursing in deepest Romany. Nothing showed the race like this swift stride of theirs.

We expected less of them after our experience with the Beauty of Bethlen, as we called him, a marvelous creature with the face of an Apollo of the woods and the dress of an operatic bandit. We ought to have realized how tame he was, for he let J—— make a sketch of him where we found him bargaining for odd pieces of broken china in the market-place of the town near Dées. But, the sketch finished, he refused the tobacco J—— offered, and asked for money. As we ate our midday dinner we fancied him getting uproariously drunk in the nearest wine-shop before he staggered off to his lonely tent in the hills. It is certainly what he would have done had he been the gipsy he looked. But a couple of hours later, on our bicycles, we passed him walking along the highway, holding a little girl by one hand, carrying in the other a large piece of meat. By that time my gipsy would have had out his violin and been playing himself into ecstasy. True, they were not all so sober as this model father of a family. We had not left him far behind when we rode through a village where a large colony of gipsies had settled, and there was not a man or woman of them who was not gay with wine. The prophets were bawling dis-

cordantly in their cottages. When we stopped, women ran up to us, and, in the white road, danced about us, ringing our bicycle-bells and chanting strange, wild snatches of song, like so many bacchantes. We ought to have liked them, I suppose, but they were too drunk. The prophets staggered out at the noise, and wanted to fight.

No town or village was without this gipsy quarter. In giving up the free life, the Romanies have not lost that unerring instinct which leads them to make their home always where there is most beauty. If willows hung low over the stream from the mountains as it flowed, cold and fast, by the village, there were the gipsy homes and the gipsies sleeping, the naked boys and girls playing in the sun. Or if the town began to climb a hill that looked westward or over the valley with the river winding through it, there, too, were the cottages of the dark-browed sons and daughters of the far East; as at Dées, where, strolling past them one afternoon, a door opened suddenly, and down the road, out of the town and far away, danced men and women stamping and twirling in the dust, three gipsies close behind playing on old cracked fiddles.

It was at the end of the first week of our journey, by the time we reached Bestercze, the little Saxon town almost in the Bukovina, with German signs on all the shops, and German student caps on all the boys, and flaxen pigtails on all the peasant girls, that we gave up hope of meeting the real gipsy traveling on the road. We thought that if we explored the byways we might perhaps be more successful, and for a week or more we made the quiet town our headquarters, wandering from it, sometimes on foot, up and down the near hills in the cloudless September sunshine, following the course of the willow-veiled stream where, in America, we would have seen the blue smoke among the trees; racing across the wide fields in the twilight when, in the distance, we caught a glimpse of a man leading horses to water. But never were there any gipsies.



POSING FOR TOBACCO.

Then we took our bicycles, and wheeled to remote, unknown, unpronounceable villages far from railways; stopping in the shade of the broad street as the peasants in brilliant dress gathered about us, always the dark-robed Jew among them, and asking, "Are there gipsies in the country near?" Or else we rode high up into the mountains of the Bukovina, over the wild passes, where we met no one but the shepherd with his black-faced sheep, and gendarmes with their guns, or, now and then, when with a new thrill we hurried in pursuit of the trail of smoke, road-menders cooking their dinners. But never were there any gipsies.

In the villages we found them, and once in a village of their own. We were coming from the Bukovina, and as we coasted down the mountain-side, between the trees, a turn of the road showed us the great plain where Bestercze lies far below, and just at the foot of the mountain, on a solitary hilltop, was a group of huts. There was no road to it, and over the stubble we pushed our bicycles, then up through the bushes. A bitterly cold wind was blowing down the hills behind us, and at first no one was about. But from the huts they began to come, men in blue soldier tights, women in Roumanian aprons, children in their own pretty brown skins, black pigs running at their side. Wretchedly forlorn and poor it all looked. The huts, thatched with branches of trees from the near forest, weeds and wild flowers growing on top, one or two with a tiny cross at the highest point, were so low we wondered how a full-grown person could stand upright within them; the men's shirts were ragged; the women were barefoot, though about their necks were full twenty ducats upon their Sunday necklace, beautiful silver coins of the last century.

But the huts inside were fairly comfortable. Though there was not one gipsy word among the colony, the *tacho Romany* was stamped upon their faces, came out in their work,—the women were making baskets,—and, above all, showed itself in the grace of their hospitality. Now that I was no longer riding, I shivered in my linen blouse, and an old Dye, seeing this, took me by the hand and led me into her hut: the branches of the trees were woven over a small porch or antechamber, where two pretty girls sat weaving their baskets. The real living-room was beyond, and here they had burrowed so deep into the ground that it was twice as high as it looked from without. There was a soft bed with many pillows on one side, white skirts and aprons hung in a line above, and, opposite, ears of corn made a golden frieze, while a good fire burned in the corner. We sat down

together on the floor, the old Dye and I. She wanted to make me a cake out of the golden corn-meal; she offered me a cream-cheese, then an apple, and as I still shook my head, she peeled and quartered it, and when again I refused, she threatened to throw it in the flames, so that I was shamed into eating it, though with every mouthful I felt that I was robbing her. I am not sure that it was the apple that made the lump in my throat. How often had I rested like this by the fire, drinking tea with the Costellos and the Whartons. If the gipsy knows you for a friend, he is not happy until he has given you something, no matter what, like that untamed Romany of Badajos who flung down his bursting pomegranate on the table before Borrow.

The Dye, in her pretty Roumanian apron, with the coins about her withered neck, was no greater curiosity to me than I to her. She examined my boots, my blue serge skirt, my blouse, and then, coming at last to my hat, for the first time noticed that my ears were bare to the biting wind. In a flash she snatched the orange handkerchief from her gray hair, and had almost tied it over my head before I could stop her.

This gipsy village was in a desolate place far from the road. The men looked like so many brigands; there were daggers in their belts. They could have taken our every penny, and have done with us what they wanted; we were defenseless, powerless, in their hands. But they received us as friends, with a courtesy that made our thanks seem boorish. They brought us food; they would have given us the clothes they wore had we let them. And these are the people who are being hunted and hounded from their old haunts in the green forest and by the quiet stream, of whom the only stories one hears are of the descent upon the farm-yard at night, the unguarded clothes-line by day; who are settled, and housed, and taxed, until they need only the visit of the extension lecturer and the patronage of the amateur missionary to complete their degradation. And when winter comes on the hilltop, and snow lies white on the plain and on the mountains, the gipsy must stay there, half frozen, half starved, though, were he free to live his own life, he would long since, with the birds, have flown to a land where it is always summer. And who would have been the worse for his flight?

But there was something more than freedom missing from the life of these gipsies, whose beautiful faces and fantastic dress went so far beyond our dreaming. And this something was the music which we had hoped to hear as we wandered over the hills and through the forests. In only one or two cottages had we seen the violin hanging on the wall, though in the picture-galleries of Budapest it was common enough in the Romany hut; only once or twice, as on that gay afternoon in Dées, or now and then at markets in the smaller villages, did we listen to them play; and then, as musicians, they were no better than the fiddler in many an out-of-the-way English hamlet — than the old darky of the Southern plantation.

I do not mean that there was never any music at all. In the little Transylvanian towns, as in Budapest, we could go nowhere in the evening toward the sunset hour without hearing the sad wail or loud frenzy of the Czárdás; and when we followed the sound, as we always did, it led us either to the wine-cellar of the peasant, or to the restaurant of the large hotel, or once, in Dées, to a pretty park where people were walking up and down the shady paths, while the sun set in splendor to the playing of the gipsies. And how they played in the warm September evening, until the gloaming faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night! The people, mere shadows in the darkness, gradually left the park, but still the Czárdás rang out loud and fierce, or low and sweet, in the silent night. There were no lights save the stars above, and at times the red glow of a cigarette in the band-stand. I suppose they were paid by the town or somebody for coming there, but they seemed to have lost themselves in their music, to be making it for their own pleasure alone. If we had only found them thus with their violins by the roadside!

All these gipsies, however, belong to a class entirely different from those who haunt the markets and dress like the peasants. "We have a trade — our music!" they often told us; "the Tzigany you meet on the road, whose children run naked, has nothing; he is a beggar." And, to mark the distinction, they had long since cut off their curls, and put away their silver buttons, and were doing their best to look like the average Hungarian or Wallach of the town. Those very men who had lingered so lovingly over their violins in the park at Dées, when they saw us later in the hotel, struck up "God save the Queen!" It was some comfort that they had not yet got so far as "Yankee Doodle."

But, after we spoke to them, there was no more "God save the Queen"; there was nothing but the music of their own people, nothing but the Czárdás and the waltzes played to us of old at the Männerchor. It was a further mark of their demoralization that only two knew any Romany — the man who played the bass viol and the servant of the cymbal-player; for few gipsy bands are without a "slavey," a gipsy too, who carries the heavier instruments and runs errands, but whom the musicians treat as one of themselves, and who, probably, is working out in service a debt to his own people,

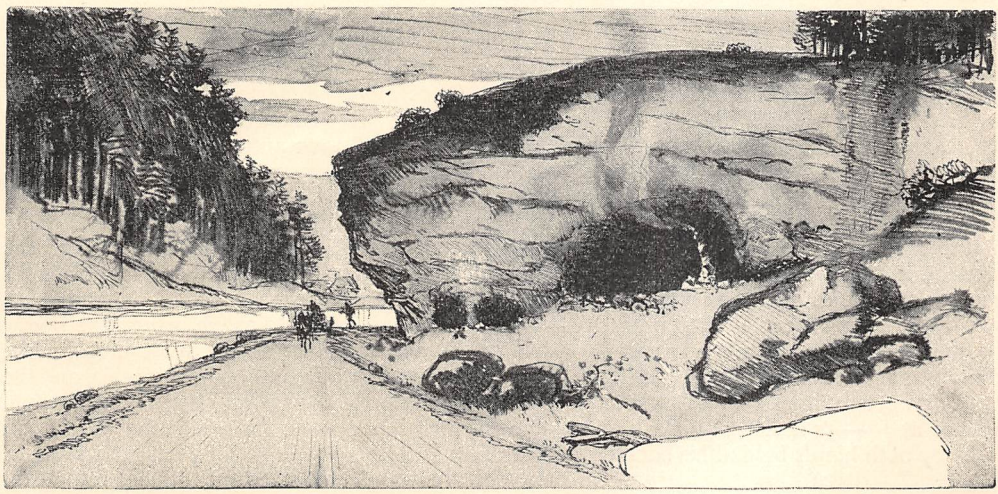
HIS ONLY FIRESIDE.

according to the old Romany custom. It was funny at Dées to watch this creature going out to buy cake for the cymbal-player,— they are all very like children,— and then sharing it with him on his return. But if they could not speak Romany themselves, they liked our being able to talk it, and they came and sat with us at our table, and begged us to stop next at Bestercze: the gipsies there spoke nothing else in their own homes.

And to Bestercze, as I have said, we went. When I look back on our evenings in its little hotels at the end of those long days of hopeless hunting after the real gipsy, I scarce know whether I feel more like laughing or crying. For if there was much that was gay in our friendship with the musicians we met here, their life, as we saw it, seemed as bitter to bear as that of the begging gipsy they despised.

We were friends at the first word of Romany. They did not accept it with the indifference of the gipsy in the brickyard and the market, nor did they wonder why, knowing so much, we still could say so little. They had tried to talk with Turkish gipsies, but with them, as with us, though the words were the same, they could not keep up a conversation: it was the fault of the grammar, they explained. Besides, the Archduke Joseph had sent his great book on the Romany language to Goghi Karoly, the leader, and in it they had learned that the gipsy speaks in many different dialects.

It was especially to see this book and the Archduke's signature that Goghi, so jaunty in his soft green hat and feather, invited us to his house in the little street near the mill-stream. We sat in the one large room, with the white and red pillows piled high on the bed in the corner, while he read long passages to us, and his pretty young wife, an orange handkerchief tied over her black hair, looked on, and one by one other dark-eyed, dark-browed gipsies strayed in, and sat down on the floor to listen. What a reception they gave us in the sunny street afterward! The men working at the forge stopped to come and talk; the old Dyes hobbled from their houses; the children, just from school, their books under their arms, were brought and introduced to us. They said, and I know the pleasant fiction will be forgiven them, that my Romany was better than theirs. And as we



THE CAVE-DWELLERS NEAR BORSZEK.

ROUMANIAN PEASANT DANCE.

strolled back toward the hotel, they kept by our side under the trees along the shady walk around the old fortifications.

There was no question of their pleasure in being with us. In the evening they would leave violins to gather round our table, until the landlord, who had been amiability itself when we first came, turned his back upon us in undisguised disgust; it was then we discovered that in Hungary one must be an archduke before one can associate with the gipsy without losing caste. Once they took up their violins, again the music was all for us, not only their *tacho Romany gillis*, as wild and savage as the song we had heard in the Budapest villa on the Blocksberg, but even the Hungarian melodies which made the officers who overcrowded Bestercze weep in merriment, and squander their ten- and twenty-kreutzer pieces with wild recklessness. Here, as in the capital, the collection was the inevitable accompaniment of the gipsy concert. Goghi, or Janos, the second violin, went around with the plate as regularly as did Racz Pal at the Hungaria, and the weeping officers were forced to pay for the luxury of tears. But to our table he never came; that is why I say the music was always for us. Not from the Romany brother from overseas must money be asked in return for pleasure. If we called to Janos to say a word as he passed, if Goghi stopped to glance at J——'s sketch of him, the plate was held by both hands behind his back out of our reach.

But it was on the evenings when they did not play that we felt the bitterness of their life most keenly. There was less sadness in their saddest Czárdás than in the dark faces peering into the dining-room to see whether people were there to listen to their music. And inexpressibly mournful was the way they waited, listless and silent, in an outer room in hopes they might be wanted. Had they not played so well it would have seemed less hard. But in their violins were ever the swing and the wild rhythm that we so seldom heard from the more prosperous Tziganies of Budapest.

No; there was no real gipsy in or near Bestercze. It was useless to stay. There were only poverty and misery on that lonely hilltop, only misery and poverty in the pretty street by the mill-stream.

Once more we started on our search. Far and long we wandered over the hills, now clothed in all their autumn pomp of gold and scarlet and bronze, meeting the huge timber-wagons, with the little tented huts on top, where the men slept all day, pulled slowly down by three horses abreast, or else drawn up in the clearing at the foot of the pass for the night's camp. We crossed the broad uplands that stretch from range to range, where the sleepy oxen and peasants at the plow crept, white and shining, through the somber fields, and the women astride their white horses, and the men in their low wicker carts, and the crowds on foot, were going to or coming from the markets.

We wandered eastward, almost into Moldavia; to Borszek, the famous springs, now

closed and deserted, for the season was over; to Gyorgyo Szent Miklos and Toplicza, where the Americans live; down the wild course of the Maros as it falls swiftly through dense pine forests, where again we met gipsies on the road, and between great cliffs, where in caves we saw others who live there, savage and without music.

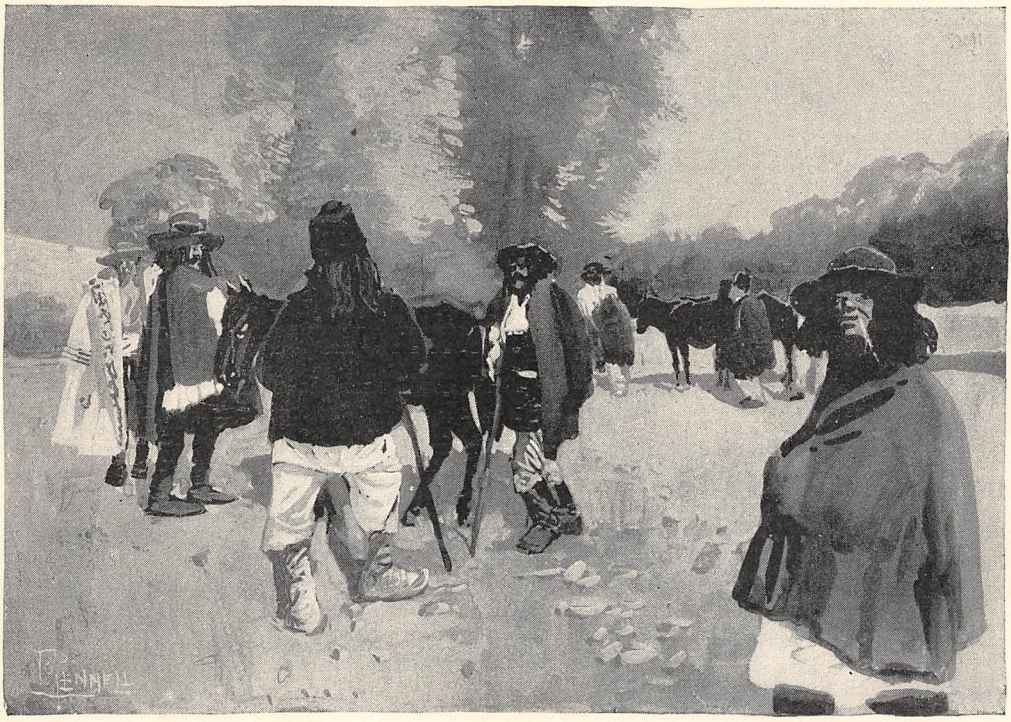
We strayed into the very heart of Szeklerland, from Maros Vasarhely to Szekely Udvarhely and Czik Szereda and Sepsi Szent Gyorgyo, those towns with the awful names, where men proudly call themselves Szeklers, and claim to be sons of the oldest Huns of all who followed Attila on his lawless raids. scoured the country in vain. Once in a long while we met a family on the march, crossing the mountains with cart and horses, or hanging up the kettle by the road, their only fireside.

One happy Sunday, late in the golden September afternoon and in a remote mountain village, we came upon Wallachs dancing on a tiny green by the church, to the music of two gipsies in peasant dress, with the tails of their white shirts sticking out like little skirts below their sleeveless jackets. Had we seen it on the stage, we should have pronounced it overdone, so great was the excess of costume. Spangles and tinsel glittered on the aprons of the girls; row upon row of gold and silver and scarlet

THE MUSICIANS' HOUSES, MAROS VASARHELY.

We lingered in the country of the Saxons; in Schässburg, with its fortress and church-crowned hill; in Kronstadt, with mountains on every side rising from its streets; in Herrmanstadt, with its great breweries and beer-cellar. We came back again to Magyarland, at Gyula Fehervar and Torda and Koloszvar. But the real gipsy? We were as far from him as ever. Those perfect Sebastians, those wild-eyed prophets, still smiled as they threw their "*Del o del Bakk!*" after us down the hot, white road; the musicians still played in restaurant and café, not for pleasure, but for money, though from us never would they take a kreutzer once we had spoken a word of Romany. But for the gipsy as free as the deer in the forest, as the bird in the air, alone with his violin, his music the breath of life to him, we beads hung about their necks; long ribbons streamed from their plaited hair; and the tip of a peacock's feather or a flower was stuck in their gorgeous handkerchiefs over each ear. Large bunches of peacock feathers were in the men's hats, their wide belts were studded close with brass, and bells around their boots pealed at every movement. Two by two they walked around the green, holding themselves and taking their steps with a stateliness and grace rarely surpassed by the professional dancer, and then suddenly they began twirling, the white skirts and aprons of the girls flying and showing all their high red boots, the men now and then throwing back their heads, and singing wild snatches of improvised song. Once or twice a girl smiled, but it was mostly a solemn performance, like a mystic dance sacred to the

gods; and there was an impressive Oriental monotony in the tune to which they danced, cracked though the fiddles of the gipsies were. We stood looking with the people of the village, a Roumanian woman's arm about my waist, while the sun went down, and the moon rose beyond the bank of trees behind the dancers, the polite superintendent and cashiers suspended all business while one sang a gipsy song for Dr. Herrmann, and J—— sketched a second, who had a face like an angel, but who groveled in the dust to kiss our feet in thanks for a few kreutzers and a half-smoked cigar. The wonder was to see them in such a



TRADING HORSES.

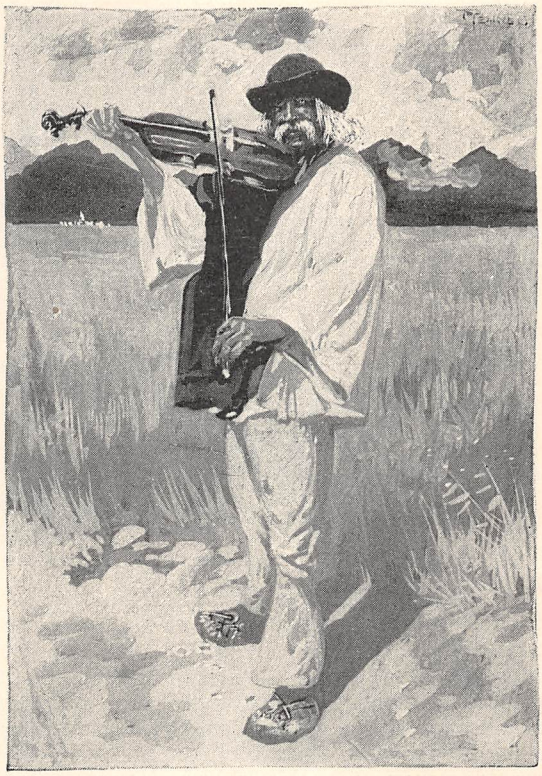
and we left them there, twirling and singing in the silver moonlight, like the Phrygian girls whom the summer evening of old saw

> Flashing in the dance's whirls
> Underneath the starlit trees
> In the mountain villages.

Another day that will live long in our memory was passed at Maros Vasarhely with Dr. Herrmann, the gipsy scholar from Budapest, visiting among the gipsy huts on the hillside, where old men dozed in the sun, and children played games in hopes of kreutzers, and women cooked their dinners, while naked babies tumbled about them, and one poor dying man, with eyes as brown and pathetic as a setter's when it had been beaten, and a shock of black hair shading them, lay motionless and silent among the chattering women at his cottage door. It was on the same day, too, that we met the three Romanies, in the rags of Callot's beggars, whom we followed into a bank, where place; but after they had gone, the superintendent took us into a rear room, and showed us the silver cups they had brought to pawn, and then shelf after shelf full of other cups, all beautiful in design, many dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is no gipsy family in Transylvania without such a cup; pawn it they may, and do often enough, but no matter how sore their straits, they never sell it. It is a superstition with them, and they would rather sell themselves. Who could explain how it happened that then, in the private carriage of a man we had never seen before, we drove out in the hot noontide sunshine—"*Nous trois Bohémiens!*" as Dr. Herrmann said with a laugh—between the fields, to the country house of people we knew no better, where, though the midday meal was just over, a dinner was cooked for us, and fresh horses were harnessed to a new carriage, and we were driven to a gipsy village? Who could explain it who does not know something of the Hungarian courtesy and kindness to the

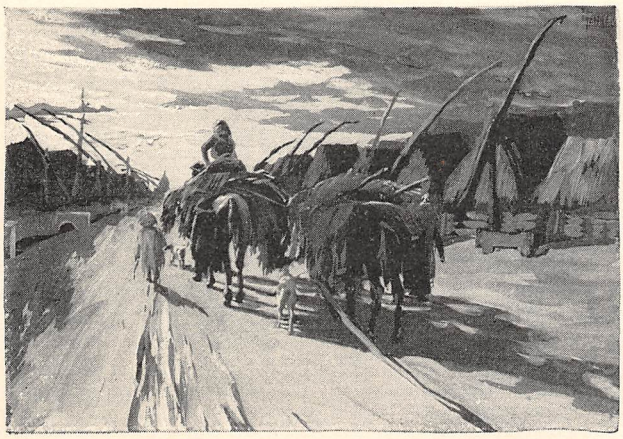
stranger? We could not be allowed to go fasting from the Hungarian's house, and as we were more interested in Romanies than anything else, odd as our fancy seemed, the Romanies were produced for us. But the visit to the village was formal and profitless; the people eyed us from a respectful distance. The real gipsy was not apt to show himself to "carriage folk."

A third of our rare days I count that at the horse- and cattle-fair in an unknown wayside town. All morning the road was full of long-haired gipsies riding to it with their horses, the first we had seen following the trade of the American Lovells and Whartons, or resting in the inn where we halted for bread and an early glass of beer. When at noon we wandered over the broad meadows, there under the willows by the river were tents,—real tents this time,—and in front, little girls in coarse white nightgowns, their plaited hair full of shells and coins, for kreutzers from the gorgios made cart-wheels in the short, parched grass, and danced, swaying their bodies as in the *danse du ventre*, crouching on the ground, still swaying backward and forward, beating their little breasts. Beyond the tents were the horses and cows and pigs and peasants, and almost every other man was a Romany with the face of a Christ and the whine of a beggar; a few were prosperous farmers, and one, in the dress of the Wallach, showed me his cattle, and asked about the *Romany chals* in our country. I remember him because he was the only gipsy of his class who seemed interested in his people who had *jalled pardel o pani* (gone over the water). As we went on in the afternoon, we overtook more Tziganies travelling with all their chattels on their horses, the long tent-poles trailing behind like an Indian's on the march, the men drunk and happy and singing, the women scolding at their sides, the children and the dogs running on before.



THE REALITY OF OUR DREAMS.

With October, these cattle-fairs and yearly markets began to be held in every town and village, and many a morning we awoke to see the square beneath our windows packed solid with booths and people; many a noon we came into a tiny village to find it all confusion and merriment. One afternoon we rode away from Brasso, from the market there. For hours we had strolled around its pretty old town-hall, where eminently respectable gipsies stood selling their iron horse-shoes, where the dark Romany women sat selling their wooden spoons and brushes. At first, now, the road was crowded with people starting for home, looking as tired as their oxen, which stepped along sedately at snail's pace, so that we quickly outdistanced them all on the great plain. In the brown fields peasants, bent double, were at work.



ON THE MARCH.

TREADING THE GRAPES TO GIPSY MUSIC.

The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the air was sweet with the fragrance of the fresh-turned earth, but men and women were too busy at their endless labors to know or care. The mountains of Fogaras were still shadowy on the horizon, when, by the road-side, in the middle of the plain, we came upon an old gipsy, in the white shirt and trousers of the Wallach, sitting in the grass, playing on his violin. There was no one near; he was playing to the sun and to the birds and to himself. When he heard us, he stood up, and went on fiddling in the dusty road, his eyes dancing, his foot keeping time. We stopped to listen to his poor crazy tune, expecting every minute that he would beg. But presently he pulled off his hat, made a low bow, turned, and walked away with the graceful swing of the race, an erect white figure in the white road, fiddling as he went. A wagon passed us, and the peasants in it, overtaking him, made him jump in at their side. When we rode on again, he was sitting by the driver, still fiddling, the only man in all that broad plain, dotted with its Millet-like toilers, who was idle and heedless of to-day and the morrow!

October is the vintage month in the wine-gardens of the east of Transylvania, and it is upon the shining days when we roamed among the vines, feasting on grapes, that my memory dwells the longest. It was only for the ending of the vintage that we reached the little Saxon town of Mühlbach, with the old broken walls still encircling it, and the beautiful fortified church still overlooking its central square. The sun had set, and the church spire and the line of poplars rose black against the red of the afterglow as the town came in sight, and from the fields to our right, where the full harvest moon was rising, wound the long procession of ox-teams, each with its wine-cask decked with vine-leaves and its white peasant leading the white oxen. Men wrapped in their sheepskins sat leaning against the casks, blowing loud and sweet on their pipes, and children, lagging behind, were still gorging themselves with the golden grapes. The hotel was crowded with wine-merchants and wandering peddlers, and in the restaurant there was not an empty seat, and the balls on the billiard-table in the middle of the room never stopped clicking. A gipsy band played all evening. The next morning the square was besieged with begging Romanies from remote villages, and well-to-do farming Tziganies from the country with cattle and pigs to sell. One man, tall and spare, with keen eyes flashing from the tangle of black curls that framed his long, thin face, was pointed out to us as the Voivode. But what a degenerate gipsy king!—a mere farmer, like the peasants.

In Mühlbach the grapes were all picked, the juice all crushed from out their sun-ripened clusters. But for the beginning of the vintage we rode in time into near Petersdorf, where not a soul was in the street of the tiny village: men, women, and children had gone to the wine-gardens. In the meadows the white oxen rested under the trees, among the vines the white peasants came and went, emptying their overflowing baskets into the yawning wine-cask, and as we passed they ran out to fill our hands with huge bunches of grapes. Two dark *Romany chals* in loose shirts and broad Wallachian belts were fiddling in the fields; men were firing guns on the sunny hillside. It was a simple, merry scene. The vineyards were small; they belonged to peasant proprietors.

For beginning and ending alike, from the time the first grapes were thrown into the tubs and baskets until the full casks were stowed away in dark, cool cellars, we were at Gyula Fehervar. The amber Riesling is made on the sunny slopes that rise from the far side of the meadows beyond the town. We walked out toward them in the cool of the early morn-

ing, under the shadow of the high fortress, with the cathedral and campanile-like tower springing aloft above the triple walls, the burial-place of Hunyadi Janos and his son Ladislaus. Soldiers in the blue infantry tights were drilling just below, and the air was full of the call of bugles and the bated *recht, links eins* of the Austrian commands. Across the fields, from every direction, crept the ox-teams, followed by groups of peasants. Already in the wine-gardens the work had begun; the unyoked oxen lay in the pleasant shade; carts, with the wine-casks set in them, were drawn up here and there in a little open space; the white figures went to and fro among the vines; there was a buzz of voices from every side, and now and then snatches of song. Up and down the broad alleyways through the vineyards we strayed, the sun burning us with fiercer heat as it rose higher and higher, the warmth and the scents of summer everywhere on the busy hillside. At each vineyard we were laden with a fresh burden of grapes, and we ate them as we went, flinging bunch after bunch to the begging gipsy children who romped at our heels.

Long before noon a man with loose white trousers rolled high above his knees was jumping in every wine-cask, the juice in rich reddish streams falling into the buckets set below. At noon the smoke from many camp-kettles rose above the vines, and mingling with the sweet scents of summer was the smell of the midday *gulyas*.

As we passed the large vineyards we saw in each little white house of the guardian a banquet spread, and around the table one of the gipsy bands from the hotel of the town stood playing. But at the smaller vineyards the cloth was laid on the grass, or on a table under a rude shed, and here Romanies in peasant dress from the near villages were fiddling away under the trees, while men, pressing the grapes in the casks, danced wildly to the music, throwing their brown, grape-stained arms above their heads, every now and then a mad couple twirling round and round on the smooth grass; smiling Wallachs were begging us to taste the new wine; even the children in the nun's garden were pirouetting and singing, while the black-robed sisters and the priest in cassock chalked up on the cask the number of buckets emptied into it.

In Tuscany, when we went to the vintage, the peasants pressed the wines inside dark, gloomy cellars; in Provence, the land of "sunburnt mirth," the grapes were crushed by steam in brand-new buildings with all the latest modern improvements. It was only in Transylvania that we found the peasants dancing in the old glad, free fashion of classic days, out in the sunshine, to the sound of music.

The sun was setting when we saw the long white line again moving across the fields to the town opposite, with the cathedral-crowned fortress towering above it, and far away on each side toward neighboring villages. The light was fading when we started after them, and stalking through the stubble came the black line of the gipsy bands, in each one man with his bass viol held over his shoulder like some strange, mystic banner. They played in the hotel restaurant that evening, when the town was gay with the gaiety of an abundant vintage. The gipsies were always showing us some new

THE WANDERING MUSICIANS IN THE WINE-GARDENS.

undreamed-of side of their character, and I remember it was at Gyula Fehervar, where we had not spoken to them, that when J—— was drawing in our corner, and the second violin, taking up the collection, came and stopped in front of our table with the usual polite bow, such a furious protest came hissing across the room from the leader and all the others, that he thrust the plate quickly behind his back, and fled. They did not know us, but J—— was an artist; they were artists too; that was enough!

Two days later we were in the midst of the vintage at Koloszvar, again wandering, and gossiping, and tasting wine in the sloping vine-

yards. We came into Koloszvar strangers, but we were greeted as friends in more than one wine-garden, and all the long, warm, sunny Sunday morning we spent with the professor and the parson, while the Czárdás rang in our ears, the *gulyas* steamed on the table in front of us, and we looked to the town below, knows, may have been first sung in the valleys of the Altai or on the banks of the Volga, and in this watchman bearing through streets lined with the houses of nineteenth-century civilization the arms with which his ancestors, under Hunyadi Janos, once repulsed the Turks.

It had turned bitter cold in the night. In

THE RETURN OF THE MUSICIANS.

glittering in the hot sunlight, to the windings of the Szamos, and to the near hazy mountains, over which we had journeyed from Torda.

With the same friends we dined in the evening, down in the town, and Pongratz was there with his band — Pongratz, who is invited to the feasts of kings and emperors, who, now that old Racz Pal is dead, is the most famous gipsy leader in all Hungary. He did us the honor to come up to our table and "to play into our ear," and in his music there was that which sets one dreaming again one's old broken dreams of the past.

As we rode out of the town in the hour before dawn on the day following, some young men, their silk hats on the back of their heads, were reeling home from the night's orgy, singing the last wild Czárdás with which the gipsies had drugged their wine; and the watchman, in long sheepskin, was making his rounds, his halberd striking the ground at every step. This was the last we saw of Koloszvar, but the entire character of that Eastern land, so strange to us, seemed typified in these men, whose dress belonged to the boulevards, but whose song, for all one the dawn we saw snow on all the near mountains. Winter had come, and this year, at least, we could wander no more on the roads. Near Koloszvar we took the train for Budapest.

We had not found the real gipsy, unless, indeed, we should have known him in the old man fiddling for himself in the broad Burzenland. He was the only gipsy left in Transylvania, where the Romanies are being fast elevated into common farmers and laborers, fast degraded into serfs. Our gipsy, free as the deer in the forest, as the fish where the river flows, as the bird in the air, has vanished from Hungary forever. It had been at home that our ideal had been most nearly realized. Davy Wharton at the Camden Reservoir, Rudi in the Männerchor Garden, Mattie Cooper at Hampton Wick, and not Pongratz of Koloszvar, Goghi of Bestercze, Racz Pal of Budapest, were the *tacho Romany chals*. Sometimes we wonder if we ourselves are not the only human beings now who are

> Free as the deer in the forest,
> As the fish where the river flows,
> Free as the bird in the air!

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

LETTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.[1]

PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL AND SENATOR SHERMAN.

THE GLOOMY YEARS OF THE WAR.

NEEDS ON THE KENTUCKY LINE.

AFTER Bull Run, Sherman's brigade remained encamped at Fort Corcoran, near Washington. He was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and in his next letters explains his transfer to the West. He was relieved of his command by General Fitz-John Porter, and started for Cincinnati on one of the last days of August, to meet General Robert Anderson.

At this time John Sherman was in Ohio, and his letters from there to his brother require no explanation.

FORT CORCORAN, August 19, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . A few days since General Robert Anderson sent for me to meet him at Willard's. I found him with Senator Johnson, a Mr. Maynard, and several other members from Kentucky and Tennessee. They told me the President had resolved to send assistance to the Union men of Kentucky and Tennessee, that Anderson being a Kentuckian, to him was given the lead, and that he was allowed to select three brigadiers; that he had chosen me first and Burnside and Thomas next. The President agreed, but McClellan would not spare me till the danger in his front was lessened. It was then agreed to wait a week, when, if nothing happens here, I am to be ordered into Kentucky. As I understand, we are to go there in person, mingle with the people, satisfy ourselves of their purpose to oppose the Southern Confederacy, and then to assist in the organization there of a force adequate to the end in view, that when Kentucky is assured in her allegiance we then push into East Tennessee. I feel well satisfied that unless Kentucky and Tennessee remain in our Union it is a doubtful question whether the Federal Government can restore the old Union. . . .

There is no time to be lost, and I will not spare my individual efforts, though I still feel as one groping in the dark. Slowly but surely the public is realizing what I knew all the time — the strong vindictive feeling of the whole South. Your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

CINCINNATI, September 9, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I am still here. General A—— went quietly over to Frankfort last Thursday, and I hear from him that things are progressing favorably. The time seems to have passed in this country when the voice of the People is considered the voice of God. Notwithstanding the large vote for the Union, and the controlling majority in the Legislature, there is still a doubt whether that State (Kentucky) will go for the Union. . . .

I think it of vast importance, and that Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois must sooner or later arm every inhabitant, and the sooner the better. I hardly apprehend that Beauregard can succeed in getting Washington, but should he, it will be worse to us than Manassas; but supposing he falls back, he will first try to overwhelm Rosecrans in Western Virginia and then look to Tennessee. We ought to have here a well-appointed army of a hundred thousand men.[2] I don't see where they are to come from, but this is the great center. I still think the Mississippi will be the grand field of operations. Memphis ought to be taken in October, even if we have to fortify and hold it a year. I think it of more importance than Richmond. It may be that the Southern leaders have made such tremendous calls upon their people and resources that if we remain on the defense they will exhaust themselves; but upon the first manifest symptoms of such a result, we should follow it up. Here we have no means of offense and but little of defense, and if you are full of zeal you could not do better than to raise your voice to call the young and middle-aged men of Ohio to arms. If they can't get muskets, then let them get such arms as can be gathered together, or if not that, then let them organize in companies in every township, and be ready to collect together and move on short notice. I am amazed to see here and every-

1 It should be explained that the letters printed here are only a part of the correspondence of General and Senator Sherman, which is to appear later in book form. — EDITOR.

2 On page 231 of his "Memoirs," General Sherman describes how on October 11, 1861, he made his famous suggestion (turned to his great injury) to Secretary Cameron, that 60,000 troops were needed on that line for defense, and 200,000 for offense. See also his letter herewith dated October 5.

where such apparent indifference when all know that rebels threaten the capital and are creeping around us in Missouri and Kansas. If they are united, and we disunited or indifferent, they will succeed. I knew this reaction was natural and to be expected, but it is none the less to be deplored. . . . Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, September 12, 1861.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Enlistments in this part of the State now go on rapidly. . . . If, however, voluntary enlistments fail, then drafting must be resorted to. It is the fairest and best mode, for it makes all classes contribute alike.

I have been at a loss what to do with myself this fall. I dislike the idea of being idle in these stirring times. My relations with Governor Dennison are not such as will justify me in asking the organization of a regiment, and I will not undertake it without carte blanche as to officers. I notice from the papers that he has adopted somewhat such a plan of enlistment as I suggested to him. If he asks me to assist to execute it I will do so at once and actively, but I presume he will not do so. As to making speeches through the State, it is very irksome. And this is not all. Speeches from me, unless I enlist or were in the service myself, will not come with a good grace. My speeches would be regarded as political. There is no disposition this fall to gather in mass-meetings to hear speeches. It is probable that I shall take some part in the canvass for the Union ticket, but after the election I will go to Washington and seek some active employment until after Congress meets. . . . JOHN SHERMAN.

[LETTER DICTATED.]

MANSFIELD, OHIO, September 28, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I am at last engaged in recruiting. I have received an order from Governor Dennison to raise two regiments of infantry, one squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and I am now hard at work executing the order. I want a good colonel, an educated, brave, reliable officer. I must have him. The order of the Governor gives me the utmost latitude in the selection of the officers of this force, and I am determined it shall be well commanded if proper officers can be obtained. Can you name me one as major, and one as lieutenant-colonel? They will receive promotion upon the meeting of Congress, when I shall resign the nominal place of Colonel. In the multiplicity of your important duties I trust you can name such officers as I wish. I would like it all the better if one at least of them may be a Kentuckian, as this force is intended for Kentucky. Affectionately, your brother, J. S.

MULDRAUGH'S HILL, 40 miles from Louisville, October 5, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I 'm afraid you are too late to save Kentucky. The young, active element is all secession; the older stay-at-homes are for union and peace, but they will not take part. In the mean time the Southern Confederacy, looking forward to this very condition of things, has armies organized, equipped, etc., and has the railroads so disposed that by concentration they can overwhelm any part. . . . It will require near one hundred thousand men in Kentucky, and where they are to come from I don't know. . . .

If the Confederates take St. Louis and get Kentucky this winter, you will be far more embarrassed than if Washington had fallen into their possession, as whatever nation gets the control of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers will control the Continent. This they know, and for this they will labor. You of the North never fully appreciated the energy of the South. My health is good, but, as you perceive I am far from easy about the fate of Kentucky. Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN, Brigadier-general.

On the 8th of October, 1861, General Anderson, worn out by the cares of his position, resigned, and General Sherman naturally was forced into the command until he could be relieved. He continued in it until the middle of November, when General Don Carlos Buell was sent to relieve him, and Sherman was ordered to report to General H. W. Halleck, then in command in Missouri. In a letter to Adjutant-general Lorenzo Thomas, dated Louisville, October 22, General Sherman wrote:

You know my views, that this great center of our field was too weak, far too weak, and I have begged and implored till I dare not say more.

The two following letters show clearly how weak General Sherman considered his position, and how hard he tried to better it by acquiring more men and better arms.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, October 26, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: I am just in receipt of your letter, and am glad the Secretary remembered my remark that to accomplish the only purposes for which Kentucky can be used there should be a force here of 200,000 men. My force is ridiculously small, and I hate to augment it by driblets. Look at the facts; we know the South is all armed and prepared and must have Kentucky — for it they will struggle. They see us undervaluing their force. They have already invaded the State with five times

my forces, and are gradually preparing for an onset. I know their leaders and their designs, and feel that I am to be sacrificed. The Western part of the State is now in their possession. They have about 6000 men in the Valley of the Big Sandy, 6000 or 7000 at Cumberland Gap and Ford, and I doubt not at least 35,000 in front of me, with nothing between us but Green River, now fordable, and about 23 miles of intervening country. Indiana is devoid of arms, so is Ohio and the Northwest, and to my crying demand for arms they send me a few hundred of condemned European muskets, whilst the people ask for rifles. We have called on the Kentuckians to form regiments, and they are responding slowly to be sure, but when they come for arms I can only answer I have none, or such as they won't touch. I tell you, and warn you of the danger so far as my power goes, I cannot promise to prevent the enemy reaching the Ohio River at a hundred different points. Our camps are full of their spies, and the people here all prefer their Southern connections. . . . I am compelled to distribute them [the troops] on three weak lines, all dependent on railroads which may at any moment be interrupted; also on telegraphs which are daily cut. A reverse to any one of these might be fatal to all, yet I cannot do otherwise. The forces up Sandy must be driven or threatened from the direction of Paris. Those at Cumberland Gap from [Camp] Dick Robinson, and those over Green River from here; this is the most important point and the most in danger. The Southern army wants it with its mills, foundries, shops, and all the affairs of a city, besides the control of the river. . . .

Yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

It is interesting to remember how completely the future carried out General Sherman's prediction with regard to the Kentucky line. In 1863 Burnside was cornered there, as Sherman always believed his successor must be, and Sherman was sent to his relief. After being relieved of his command in Kentucky by General Buell, and reporting to Halleck in St. Louis, General Sherman went to his old home in Lancaster, Ohio, for a short leave, and on his return was sent to take command of the camp of instruction at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, and to get the troops there into condition for immediate use. On January 9, 1862, he writes:

. . . By giving up command in Kentucky I acknowledged my inability to manage the case, and I do think Buell can manage better than I could, and if he succeeds he will deserve all honor, but I do think it is wrong to push him on that line, whilst the army at Washington remains comparatively inert. . . .

Now Halleck has in Missouri about 80,000 men on paper, and there are not in an organized shape more than 10,000 or 20,000 opposed to him, yet the country is full of Secessionists, and it takes all his command to watch them. This is an element which politicians have never given full credit to. These local Secessionists are really more dangerous than if assembled in one or more bodies, for then they could be traced out and found, whereas now they are scattered on farms and are very peaceable, but when a bridge is to be burned they are about. . . .

Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP OF INSTRUCTION,
BENTON BARRACKS (near St. Louis, Mo.),
Feb. 3, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER. . . . I am still here at the Barracks, doing my best to organize, equip, and prepare regiments for the coming spring. . . .

I believe an attempt will be made on the forts on the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers in coöperation with Buell, who finds with his 120,000 men he still needs help. I rather think they will come up to my figures yet. Halleck is expected to send them from 30,000 to 50,000 men. Had this been done early and promptly, the Confederates could not have made Bowling Green and Columbus next to impregnable. Until these places are reduced it will not do to advance far into Tennessee, and I doubt if it will be done. East Tennessee cannot exercise much influence on the final result. West Tennessee is more important, as without the navigation of the Mississippi all commercial interests will lean to the Southern cause. If the Southern Confederacy can control the navigation of the Lower Mississippi, and European nations from the mouths of the Mississippi, what can Missouri and Kentucky do? These are, however, questions for the future. . . .

Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER. I was infinitely rejoiced to see in this morning's paper the announcement that you were to command at Cairo. I sincerely hope it is true. If so, you will have a noble opportunity to answer those who have belied you. Take my advice: be hopeful, cheerful, polite to everybody, even a newspaper reporter. They are, in the main, clever, intelligent men, a little too pressing in their vocation.

Above all things be hopeful and push ahead. Active, bold, prompt, vigorous action is now demanded. McClellan is dead in the estimation of even military men. . . .

Do not the cheers with which our gunboats were received in Tennessee and Alabama show you what I have always contended, that this rebellion is a political one, managed by "Southern gentlemen" and not grounded in the uni-

versal assent of the people? [Andrew] Johnson has now more adherents in Tennessee than Jeff Davis. Let our leading army officers who have been educated to defend the nation catch the spirit of our people, a generous, hopeful, self-sacrificing spirit. Let them go ahead, and you will find the Union restored and strengthened by its trials. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

While General Sherman was in command of the camp of instruction at Benton Barracks, the movement up the Tennessee began. Grant and Foote took Fort Henry. Before Fort Donelson was taken, Sherman was ordered to go at once to Paducah, Ky., to take command of that post and expedite the operations up the Tennessee and Cumberland. The day after his arrival [February 16] there came the news of the capture of Fort Donelson.

On February 23, General Sherman wrote from Paducah, Ky.:

Don't get to war with McClellan. You mistake him if you underrate him. He must begin to move soon, and I think he will. If he can threaten Richmond and cause Johnston to fall back from Manassas, he will relieve the capital, which is the reason why foreign governments talk of acknowledging the Southern Independence.

THE QUESTION OF SURPRISE AT SHILOH.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON CITY,
April 20, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: I heartily and with great pride in you congratulate you on your escape and for the high honor you won in the battle of the 7th [6th] and the 8th [7th]. Cecilia[1] and I have watched with the most anxious interest your course, and have read every word that was accessible to us in regard to the battle. I need not say that it has been with the highest satisfaction. The official reports of Generals Halleck and Grant leave nothing to desire except that the information as to your wound in the hand is indefinite. From your subsequent operations I infer it is not so serious as to disable you. It was a fearful battle, and I cannot yet conceive how a general rout was avoided. The first accounts gave an exaggerated account of the surprise, of whole regiments killed or captured in their tents, and of inexcusable carelessness in guarding against surprise. More recent accounts modify the extent of the surprise, but still there is an impression that sufficient care was not taken; that pickets were not far enough advanced or of sufficient force, and that General Grant should have been nearer his command. I sincerely hope he will be relieved from all blame.

[1] John Sherman's wife.

The general tone of public sentiment is very hopeful.

This arises partly from the changed tone of our foreign news, and perhaps from the comparative ease of money matters under our enormous expenditures.

The great drawback is on account of McClellan's position. Military men of the highest character, as well as nearly all civilians, think he is in a position from which he cannot retreat, and where he must fight under very great disadvantage. Still the general feeling is hopeful of the success of our arms and the preservation of the Union. I still adhere to my conviction that we shall demonstrate the strength, unity and prosperity of a Republican Government for fifty years to come. Notwithstanding your reluctance to mingle in the stirring events of the time it will be your fate to do so, and I have entire confidence that it will be with success and distinction. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP SHILOH,
April 22, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: My hand is still very sore, but I am able to write some. The newspapers came back to us with accounts of our battle of the 6th and 7th inst., as usual made by people who ran away and had to excuse their cowardice by charging bad management on the part of leaders. I see that we were surprised, that our men were bayoneted in their tents, that officers had not had breakfast, etc. This is all simply false. The attack did not begin until 7:45 A.M. All but the worthless cowards had had breakfast. Not a man was bayoneted in or near his tent. Indeed our brigade surgeon Hartshorn has not yet seen a single bayonet wound on a living or dead subject. The regiments that professed to have been surprised lost no officers at all, and of the two that first broke in my division, the 53d and 57th Ohio, the 53d lost no officers and only 7 men, the 57th 2 officers and 7 men. Some of my Ohio regiments that did fight well lost as many as 49 and 34, but not a bayonet, sword, or knife wound, all cannon and musket ball. Those of my brigade held our original position from 7:45 A. M., when the attack began, until 10:10 A. M., when the enemy had passed my left and got artillery to enfilade my line, when I ordered them to fall back. We held our second position until 4 P. M., and then fell back without opposition to the third and last position, more than a mile from the river.

As to surprise, we had constant skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry all the week before, and I had strong guards out in front of each brigade, which guards were driven in on the morning of the battle, but before the enemy

came within cannon-range of my position every regiment was under arms at the post I had previously assigned to them. The cavalry was saddled and artillery harnessed up, unlimbered, and commenced firing as soon as we could see anything to fire at. . . . The enemy did not carry either of my roads until he had driven Prentiss and got in on my left. . . .

Whether we should have been on this or that side of the Tennessee River is not my business. I did not apprehend an attack from Beauregard, because I thought then and think now he would have done better if he could have chosen ground as far back from our stores as possible. We are bound to attack him, and had we run out of cartridges or stores or got stampeded twenty miles back from the Tennessee the result would have been different from now. But we knew the enemy was in our front, but in what form we could not tell, and I was always ready for an attack. I am out of all patience that our people should prefer to believe the horrid stories of butchery, ridiculous in themselves, gotten up by cowards to cover their shame, than the plain natural reports of the officers who are responsible, and who saw what they describe. My report, with all the subordinate reports of brigadiers and colonels, with lists of killed and wounded and missing, went to General Grant on the 11th.

The enemy is still in our front; we can get a fight the hour and minute we want it. Halleck, Buell, Grant, all in authority are now here and responsibility cannot be shifted. The common soldiers and subordinates ran away, and now want to blame the commanders. . . . Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

CAMP 8 MILES FRONT OF CORINTH, May 7, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER. . . . The scoundrels who fled their ranks and left about half their number to do their work have succeeded in establishing the story of surprise, stuck with bayonets and swords in their tents, and all that stuff.

They were surprised, astonished, and disgusted at the utter want of respect for life on the part of the Confederates, whom they have been taught to regard as inferior to them, and were surprised to see them approach with banners fluttering, bayonets glistening, and lines dressed on the center. It was a beautiful and dreadful sight, and I was prepared and have freely overlooked the fact that many wilted and fled, but, gradually recovering, rejoined our ranks. But those who did not recover their astonishment had to cast about for a legitimate excuse, and the cheapest one was to accuse their officers; and, strange to say, this story is believed before ours who fought two whole days. . . .

Every battery (3) was harnessed up in position before called on to fire, and the cavalry — only 350 in my whole division — was in the saddle at daylight, and the attack did not begin until the sun was two hours high. . . .

Prentiss was not surprised, for I sent him word an hour before the enemy's infantry began to appear, and he was not made prisoner until after 3 P. M. . . .

I confess I did not think Beauregard would abandon his railroads to attack us on our base, when he knew that by waiting a short time we would be forced to advance, when he would most assuredly have been beaten.

I am now on the extreme right, and we are in contact with the enemy's pickets. Some fierce struggle must soon follow, but that the war is ended or even fairly begun I do not believe. Affectionately your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 10, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your recent letter, in which you mention your position on the morning of Sunday very opportunely.

It arrived on the morning I had to make a speech on Ohio volunteers. . . . You will see from Harlan's remarks there is much feeling against Grant, and I try to defend him, but with little success. . . .

As to your personal position you need not fear. Halleck's opinion about your action on Sunday is the opinion of the country. You are as likely to be abused on my account as on your own. I am so accustomed to the storms of factious opposition as to be perfectly serene under it. I hope you will become so. Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

CAMP BEFORE CORINTH, HEADQUARTERS 5TH DIVISION, May 12, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER. . . . I was gratified on Monday when I came in contact with my old Kentucky command. They gathered around me, and were evidently pleased to meet me again, officers and men. I think Mr. Lincoln is a pure-minded, honest, and good man. I have all faith in him. . . .

I think it is a great mistake to stop enlistments. There may be enough soldiers on paper, but not enough in fact. My aggregate, present and absent, is 10,452. Present for duty, 5298; absent sick, 2557; absent wounded, 855. The rest are on various detached duties, as teamsters or hospital attendants, embracing about 600 sick in camp. About this proportion will run through the whole army. I have not really one thorough soldier in my command. They are all green and raw. . . .

Last evening I had to post my own pickets and come under the fire of the enemy's pickets. Came near being hit. Of course being mounted and ahead, I and staff always get an undue share of attention.

I made my official report of the battle of the 6th and 7th [Shiloh] on the 11th of April, sent it to Grant, and he to Halleck. It has not been published, and it is none of my business. An officer ought not to publish anything. His report is to the Government, may contain confidential matter, and the War Department alone should have the discretion or not, according to the interests of Government. . . .

Grant had been expecting Buell a whole week before he arrived. We all knew the enemy was in our front, but we had to guess at his purpose. Now that it is known, all are prophets; but before we were supposed to be a vast aggressive force sent by an intelligent government to invade the South, and for us to have been nervous on the subject of attack would have indicated weakness. Beauregard then performed the very thing which Johnston should have done in Kentucky last October. My force was divided, he could have interposed his, attacked McCook at Mobile and Thomas at London, and would have defeated us with perfect ease. The Secessionists would then have had Kentucky and Mobile both. Why he did not is a mystery to me. And Buckner told me that Johnston's neglect on that occasion was so galling to him that he made him give a written order not to attempt to manœuver. . . . Affectionately yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

NOT IN PERFECT ACCORD POLITICALLY.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, August 24, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of August 13, with inclosures, was received. I have read carefully your general orders inclosed, and also your order on the employment of negroes. I see no objection to the latter, except the doubt and delay caused by postponing the pay of negroes until the courts determine their freedom. As the act securing their freedom is a military rule, you ought to presume their freedom until the contrary is shown, and pay them accordingly. . . .

You can form no conception of the change of public opinion here as to the negro question. Men of all parties who now appreciate the magnitude of the contest and who are determined to preserve the unity of the Government at all hazards, agree that we must seek the aid and make it the interest of the negroes to help us. Nothing but our party divisions and our natural prejudice of caste has kept us from using them as *allies* in the war, to be used for all purposes in which they can advance the cause of the country. Obedience and protection must go together. When rebels take up arms, not only refuse obedience, but resist by force, they have no right to ask protection in any way. And especially that protection should not extend to a local right inconsistent with the general spirit of our laws, and the existence of which has been from the beginning the chief element of discord in the country. I am prepared, for one, to meet the broad issue of universal emancipation. . . .

By the way, the only criticism I notice of your management in Memphis is your leniency to the rebels. I inclose you an extract. I take it that most of these complaints are groundless, but you perceive from it the point upon which public opinion rests. The energy and bitterness which they have infused into the contest must be met with energy and determination. . . . Such is not only the lesson of history, the dictate of policy, but it is the general popular sentiment. I know you care very little for the latter. . . . It is sometimes passionate, hasty, and intemperate, but after a little fluctuation it settles very near the true line. You notice that Frémont, Butler, Mitchel, Turchin, and Cochrane are popular, while Buell, Thomas, McClellan, and others are not. It is not for military merit, for most persons concede the inferiority in many respects of the officers first named, but it is because these officers agree with and act upon the popular idea. . . .

Since my return I have spent most of my time in my library. I have always felt that my knowledge of American politics was rather the superficial view of the politician, and not accurate enough for the position assigned me. I therefore read and study more and speak less than usual. . . .

We all wait with intense anxiety the events impending in Virginia. We all fear results for a month to come. Now is the chance for the rebels. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

On July 16, Halleck, who had just been ordered to the East to succeed McClellan, sent General Sherman a despatch telling him that Grant was to succeed to his [Halleck's] command, and ordering Sherman to Memphis. Sherman reached Memphis July 21, and immediately took command, giving his time to the discipline and drill of his two divisions, and to the administration of civil affairs.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 22, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Troops are moving up through Arkansas from Missouri. It looks as though they want to swap countries with us. It is about time the North understood the truth that the entire South, man, woman, and child, is against us, armed and determined. It will call for a million men for several years to put them down. They are more confident than ever; none seem to doubt their independence, but some hope to conquer the Northwest. My opinion is, there never can be peace and we must fight it out. I guess you now see how,

from the very first, I argued that you all underestimated the task. None of you would admit for a moment that after a year's fighting the enemy would still threaten Washington, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. We ought to hold fast to the Mississippi as a great base of operations. I would regard the loss of St. Louis as more fatal to our future success than the capture of Harrisburg and Philadelphia. . . . You doubtless, like most Americans, attribute our want of success to bad generals. I do not. With us you insist the boys, the soldiers, govern. They must have this or that, or will cry down their leaders in the newspapers, so no general can achieve much. They fight or run as they please, and of course it is the general's fault. Until this is cured, you must not look for success. Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Sept. 23, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . As one of the bad signs I regret to notice so many quarrels between officers. . . . The feeling among the people is general that the regular officers are indisposed to treat with decent civility those who, like most of the great military men of history, are educated in the field rather than in the school. And it is feared that habits of education and association make them feel indifferent to the success of the war — fighting rather from a pride of duty than from an earnest conviction that the rebellion must be put down with energy. Since Halleck went to Washington every movement is left to him absolutely. No interference or even advice is tendered. He has chosen his own officers, and if he fails I see nothing left but for the people to resort to such desperate means as the French and English did in their revolutions.

I am rejoiced that you have been able to keep out of the adversities that have befallen us. Your course in Memphis is judicious. Your speech I can heartily indorse. I hope you can maintain yourself at Memphis until relieved, and I have no doubt you will fill an honorable place in the history of our times. By the way, I received within a day or two a letter from a gentleman of the highest political status, containing this passage: "Within the last few days I heard an officer say he heard your brother the General abuse you roundly at Corinth as one of the blank abolitionists who had brought on the war, and that he was ashamed to own you as a brother." I have no doubt the officer said this, but I knew you did not, and so contradicted it with decided emphasis. I only repeat it now to show you how persistently efforts are being made to separate the class of high regular officers to which you belong from civilians. Whenever that separation is effected all important commands will gradually be transferred to such officers as Banks, Sigel, Morgan, Nelson, and to such regular officers as show a sympathy with the radical faction, as Hunter, Frémont, and Doubleday. I earnestly deprecate all such tendencies. I want the war conducted regularly according to the tenets of civilized warfare. I prefer regular officers, and scarcely ever criticize them, and never in public; but if the time shall come when emancipation of blacks and colonization of whites is necessary in order to preserve the unity of this country, then I would prefer a fanatic like John Brown to lead our armies and an Abolitionist like Chase, with brains and energy, to guide our counsels. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 1, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER. . . . I rather think you now agree with me that this is no common war, that it was not going to end in a few months or a few years. For after eighteen months' war the enemy is actually united, armed, and determined, with powerful forces, well handled, disciplined, and commanded, on the Potomac, the Ohio, and Missouri. You must now see that I was right in not seeking prominence at the outstart. I knew and know yet that the Northern people have to unlearn all their experience of the past thirty years and be born again before they will see the truth. . . . Everybody thought I exaggerated the dangers, so I have no right to an opinion; but I rather think many now see the character of the war in which we are engaged. I don't see the end, or the beginning of the end, but suppose we must prevail or perish. I don't believe that two nations can exist within our old limits, and, therefore, that war is on us, and we must fight it out. . . .

When anybody tells you that I ever doubted your honesty and patriotism, tell him he says false. I may have said you were a politician, and that we differed widely in the origin of this war, but that being in it we fully agreed that it must be fought out. But you have more faith than I in the people. They are not infallible. People may err as much as men, as individuals, and whole communities may err. Can the people of the North be right and the South too? One of the peoples must be wrong. . . .

Your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS IN 1862.

THE following letter from John Sherman was written just after the autumn elections, which resulted so disastrously to the Republican party.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Nov. 16, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Two matters now excite attention among politicians: What is the

cause and what will be the effect of the recent elections; and what are we to do about our depreciated paper money? No doubt many causes conspired to defeat the Union party. The two I will name were the most influential, and yet the least will be said about them.

The first is that the Republican organization was voluntarily abandoned by the President and his leading followers, and a no-party Union was formed to run against an old, well-drilled party organization. This was simply ridiculous. It was as if you would disband your army organization because it was tyrannical, and substitute the temporary enthusiasm of masses to fight regular armies. Political as well as military organization is necessary to success. Ward meetings, committees, conventions, party cries are just as necessary in politics as drills, reviews, etc., are in war; so the Republicans have found out. If they have the wisdom to throw overboard the old debris that joined them in the Union movement, they will succeed. If not, they are doomed.

The other prominent reason for defeat is, the people were dissatisfied at the conduct and results of the war. The slow movements on the Potomac and, worse still, in Kentucky dissatisfied and discouraged people. It was a little singular that the Democrats, some of whom opposed the war, should reap the benefit of this feeling, but such is the fate of parties. Lincoln was a Republican. He put and kept in these slow generals, and we will be punished for it by having an organized opposition limiting appropriations. No doubt the wanton and unnecessary use of the power to arrest without trial, and the ill-timed proclamation, contributed to the general result. The other matter I allude to is demanding careful consideration. As it is my line of official duty, I have formed certain theories, which may be all wrong, but as they are the result of reflection I will act upon them. My remedy for paper money is by taxation to destroy the banks and confine the issue to Government paper. Let this [be the] only issue, as it is found to be difficult to negotiate the bonds of the Government. As a matter of course, there will a time come when this or any scheme of paper money will lead to bankruptcy, but that is the result of war, not of any particular plan of finance. I watch your course closely and take great interest and pride in your success. Affectionately your brother,

JOHN SHERMAN.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 24, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The late elections don't disturb me a particle. The people have so long been accustomed to think they could accomplish anything by a vote, that they still think so; but now a vote is nothing more than a change, and will produce no effect. The war might have been staved off a few years, or the issue might have been made up more clearly, or the first enthusiasm of the country might have been better taken advantage of, but these are now all passed, and faultfinding will do no good. We are involved in a war that will try the sincerity of all our professions of endurance, courage, and patriotism. Leaders will, of course, be killed off by the score. Thousands will perish by the bullet or sickness, but war must go on — it can't be stopped. The North must rule, or submit to degradation and insult forever more. The war must now be fought out. The President, Congress, no earthly power, can stop it without absolute submission. . . . Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

REACHING OUT FOR VICKSBURG.

GENERAL SHERMAN sent to his brother copies of the orders he received from Grant before his [Sherman's] attack on Vicksburg, and also the following remarks, which have never been published, and which were written by him in response to the severe criticisms of the press after the failure of his attempt.

I put the division of M. L. Smith in motion the next day (9th), and in the three succeeding days we marched into Memphis, arriving there the 12th. Forthwith sent special aids to Helena, to which point Curtis's forces detached to Grenada had returned to Columbus, Ky.; communicated daily to General Grant progress made, and fixed the 18th to embark. I got some boats in Memphis, loaded them with ammunition, provisions, and forage in advance, calculating for 30,000 men for forty days. I reported promptly the fact that by combining the Memphis and Helena forces, and deducting the garrisons ordered, I could not make up more than 30,000 men. I reported the same fact to Halleck. I could not get the boats to embark at Memphis until the 20th and at Helena the 22d, but I had appointed Christmas day to reach the mouth of the Yazoo, and did it, detaching portions on my way down to break the very important railroad leading from Vicksburg to Texas; finished out 100 miles to Monroe, La., and running three trains a day. Arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo, I met all the navy officers who had been running up and down for months. All agreed we could not land at Haynes' Bluff on account of the batteries and torpedoes. The only practicable landing-place where we could emerge was at or near Johnson's plantation. All agreed on this, but no one knew of the road or roads leading back to Vicksburg, save that there had been roads, and the distance was seven miles.

I examined all the maps, questioned all the officers and negroes, and then announced, in orders, the time, place, and manner of landing, marching, and fighting. Grant had been advised of all my movements, and his orders were "as soon as possible," naming to me the 18th. I had no reason to doubt that he would soon be heard of. I once did hear from a negro that the Yankees had got to Yazoo City. Had that been true, we could have succeeded. Same of Banks coming up. My instructions never contemplated my taking Vicksburg alone. It was ridiculous, but I supposed every hour and minute I might hear Grant's guns to the north and Banks's south. Grant was, it appears, by rain and the acts of the enemy, compelled to fall back of where I had left him, and had no means of sending me word. I urged the attack because, from the masses of the enemy I saw, and the sounds of cars coming twenty and thirty times a day, I felt the enemy was receiving large reinforcements. I know the attack was made on the best point, and those who say otherwise don't know the ground. I do, having examined each spot in person by night and day. On the point of the real attack, the head of the Chickasaw Bayou, I had assembled all of Morgan's and Steele's divisions,—more than half my whole force,—and as many men as could be assembled on that ground. The other divisions at the same time also were actually engaged, though Morgan and Blair did not think so because they could not see and hear it, but I did. . . .

It is not so that the troops were injured by my management. They were reëmbarked as soon as such a thing could be done. We went by Milliken's Bend to Arkansas Post, where as usual I had to lead, and back again here, before Banks can be heard of or Grant's troops come up even by water. Grant is now here in command, well satisfied that I fulfilled his orders to the letter, regretting only that he was unable to coöperate until too late. Yours,

SHERMAN.

MEMPHIS, Dec. 20, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The great evil is absenteeism, which is real desertion, and should be punished with death. Of course I would have the wounded and sick well cared for, but the sick-list, real and feigned, is fearful. More than one half the paper army is not in the enemy's country, and whilst the actual regiments present for duty are in arrears of pay and favor, sick and discharged men are carefully paid and provided for. Unite with others and discriminate in favor of the officers and soldiers who are with their companies. The "absent and sick" should receive half pay, because of the advantages they receive of fine hospitals and quiet residence at home. The "absent without leave" should be treated as deserters, and in no event receive a dollar's pay, clothing, or anything else. In course of time we may get an army. Finance is very important, but no use of discussing that now; we must fight it out, if it devastates the land and costs every cent of the North. . . .

I rise at 3 A. M. to finish up necessary business, and as usual write in haste. . . . I am very popular with the people here, and officers, and indeed with all my men. I don't seek popularity with the "sneaks and absentees" or the "dear people." . . . Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

JOHN SHERMAN'S CONFIDENCE IN GENERAL BANKS.

WASHINGTON, January 2, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We are watching with the most eager interest the progress of your expedition. We all hope its success will brighten the gloom cast by operations here. If the Mississippi can only be opened and Texas and Arkansas detached, it will be a gleam of hope by which I can see the end of the war. Without an outlet to the South and West, and with such a blockade as we can easily keep up, the Southern Confederacy cannot exist. This will settle the cotton question, for Texas and Arkansas, with the free labor that can easily be thrown there, can grow enough cotton for the world—another ground of hope. Banks and yourself I regard as the best officers we have. . . . I have always believed in you, even when you were under a cloud. If you and Banks can act harmoniously and actively together, you are able to do more than any two men in this continent.

By the way, Banks is a reserved man, not from pride or over self-confidence, but from the defects of a limited education and from a sensitiveness this unconsciously gives him. The more you know him the better you will like him. He and I are warm friends. Became early attached in his famous contest for Speaker when I first entered Congress. Although new in political life, I stuck to him when his prospects were dark, and ever since there has been a sincere friendship between us, although we have not often met. This feeling I know will warm him toward you, and his abilities will excite your respect. I write this in anticipation of your meeting and having to coöperate. . . .

This Government has to be maintained, and I now look to you and Banks as the "men of promise." . . . I do not favor the Bankrupt Law, as you suppose, and I can't conceive how you got that idea, unless because I presented petitions. I am occasionally asked for letters

to you. I generally decline, except where refusal would wound a valued friend.

Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

NAPOLEON, ARK.,
STEAMER "FOREST QUEEN,"
Jan. 17, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . On the supposition that Banks will have taken Port Hudson and reached Vicksburg, we start back for that place to-morrow. Of ourselves we cannot take Vicksburg. With Banks, and a fleet below us and a fleet above, we may make a desperate attempt, but Vicksburg is as strong as Gibraltar, and is of vital importance to the cause of the South. Of course they will fight desperately for it. We must do the same, for all are conscious that the real danger of this war — anarchy among our people — begins to dawn. The people of the North mistake widely if they suppose they can have peace now by opposing this war. . . .

I hope the politicians will not interfere with Halleck. You have driven off McClellan, and is Burnside any better? Buell is displaced. Is Rosecrans any faster? His victory at Murfreesboro is dearly bought. Let Halleck alone, and if things don't go to your liking, don't charge it to men but to the condition of things. Human power is limited, and you cannot appreciate the difficulty of molding into a homogeneous machine the discordant elements which go to make up our armies. A thousand dollars a day would not pay me for the trouble of managing a volunteer army. I never dreamed of so severe a test of my patriotism as being superseded by McClernand, and if I can keep down my tame [?] spirit and live, I will claim a virtue higher than Brutus'. I rarely see a newspaper, and am far behind the times; indeed, am not conscious that a Congress sits, though I know it must. Do think of the army, and try and give us the means to maintain discipline, prevent desertion, pillage and absenteeism. Under the present system of mere threats and no punishment, our armies melt away like snow before the sun. I doubt if Burnside, Rosecrans, Grant, and Curtis now have, all combined, 300,000 in their front ranks. This army, 30,000 a month ago, though reinforced by 2400 men, is now down to 24,000, though we have lost only 2500 in battle; sickness and detachments make a perfect stream to the rear. Blair has a brigade in my corps, and sees now the practices of war as contrasted with its theory, and could give some useful hints on these points. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG,
Jan. 25, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Unless you enact a law denying to all citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who do not enlist and serve three years faithfully, the right of suffrage or to hold office after the war is over, you will have trouble. The army growls a good deal at the apathy of the nation, at home quiet, comfortable and happy, yet pushing them forward on all sorts of desperate expeditions. Newspapers can't now turn armies against their leaders. Every officer and soldier knows I pushed the attack on Vicksburg as far as they wanted to venture, and if others think differently, they naturally say, "Why not come down and try?" . . . Two years have passed, and the rebel flag still haunts our national capital — our armies enter the vast rebel territory, and the wave closes in behind, scarcely leaving a furrow mark behind. The utmost we can claim is that our enemy respects our power to do them physical harm more than they did at first, but as to loving us any more, it were idle even to claim it. Our armies are devastating the land, and it is sad to see the destruction that attends our progress — we cannot help it. Farms disappear, houses are burned and plundered, and every living animal killed and eaten. General officers make feeble efforts to stay the disorder, but it is idle. . . .

The South abounds in corn, cattle, and provisions, and their progress in manufacturing shoes and cloth for their soldiers is wonderful. They are as well supplied as we, and they have an abundance of the best cannon, arms, and ammunition. In long-range cannon they rather excel us, and their regiments are armed with the very best Enfield rifles and cartridges, put up at Glasgow, Liverpool, and their new Southern armories, and I still say they have now as large armies in the field as we. They give up cheerfully all they have. I still see no end, or even the beginning of the end. . . .

The early actors and heroes of the war will be swept away, and those who study its progress, its developments, and divine its course and destiny, will be most appreciated. We are in for the war, and must fight it out, cost what it may. As to making popularity out of it, it is simply ridiculous, and all who attempt it will be swept as chaff before the wind. . . . Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 27, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: The pressure of official duties here prevented me writing sooner, but I have kept a watchful eye on all your movements recently.

I have not the slightest hesitation in justifying every movement you have made. The newspapers are generally down on you, and will command the public attention to your prejudice, but intelligent persons do not fail to notice that not a specific allegation is made

against you. The authorities sustain your actions throughout. This is especially so as to the Secretary of War. I read your official report, and was very anxious to have it published. It would correct many errors, and would be a complete justification and explanation of many things not understood.

I asked General Halleck to allow me to publish it. He declined unless the Secretary of War consented, and said he would submit my application to the secretary. Afterward I saw the secretary, and he told me he had directed a copy of the report to be furnished for publication. I again called at Halleck's, and saw General Cullum, who objected to the publication of the report on various grounds.

After a full conversation with Cullum, I supposed I had satisfied him that it ought to be published, and he agreed to submit my reasons to Halleck, and ask a reconsideration. This morning I received a note from Halleck stating that as further operations would occur before Vicksburg, he did not deem it advisable to publish the report at present. Thus the matter ends. Cullum stated to me that there was no officer of the army who did not entirely justify your attack on Vicksburg under the circumstances as you supposed them to be. In the end you will be justified in public opinion.

Military matters look dark here in the Army of the Potomac. Burnside is relieved, and Hooker is in command. The entire army seems demoralized. Perhaps when it is ready to move it may be all right. A certain amount of dissatisfaction always will exist in an army. I was very glad to notice that you were popular with, and had the confidence of, your men. This is the case with but few officers. I deeply pity Porter.[1] . . .

If we recover from the folly of legislators, and the quarrels of our generals, it will be evidence of vitality remarkable in the history of any nation. I believe we will survive all these dangers, and I agree with you that no course is left for us but to fight it out. I cannot respect some of the constituted authorities, yet I will cordially support and aid them while they are authorized to administer the Government. Pray write me as often as you can. Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

THE PRESS AS AN ALLY OF THE ENEMY.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG,
February 4, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I now know the secret of this last tirade against me personally.

Of course newspaper correspondents regard me as the enemy of their class. I announced that all such accompanying the expedition were and should be treated as spies. They are spies because their publications reach the enemy, give them direct and minute information of the composition of our forces, and while invariably they puff up their immediate patrons they pull down all others. Thus this man K——, dating his paper upon the steamer *Continental*, the headquarters of Generals Steele and Blair, gives to these general officers and their divisions undue praise, and libel and abuse to all others. This not only plays into the hands of our enemies by sowing dissensions among us, but it encourages discontent among the officers who find themselves abused by men seemingly under the influence of officers high in command. I caused K——'s communication to be read to him, paragraph by paragraph, and then showed him my instructions by my orders made at the time and the official reports of others, and how wide he was of the truth. And now I have asked his arrest and trial by General Grant on charges as a spy and informer. The 57th article of war, which is a law of Congress, is as follows: "Whoever shall be convicted of holding correspondence with, or giving intelligence to, the enemy, either directly or indirectly, shall suffer death," etc. I will endeavor to bring in all the facts by means of the evidence of officers who took part in all these events. My purpose is not to bring K—— to death or other severe punishment, but I do want to establish the principle that citizens shall not, against the orders of the competent military superior, attend a military expedition, report its proceedings, and comment on its officers. Affectionately your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

To a copy of General Orders No. 67, in regard to the giving of intelligence to the enemy, General Sherman added this comment:

. . . Now, to every army and almost every general a newspaper reporter goes along, filling up our transports, swelling our trains, reporting our progress, guessing at plans, picking up dropped expressions, inciting jealousy and discontent, and doing infinite mischief. We are commanded absolutely to proceed against them under the 57th article of war. Shall the laws of Congress be obeyed? Shall the orders of the War Department be respected? Or shall the press go on sweeping everything before it? . . .

The press has now killed McClellan, Buell, Fitz-John Porter, Sumner, Franklin, and Burnside. Add my name, and I am not ashamed of the association. If the press can govern the country, let them fight the battles.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG,
February 12, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: I have hitherto sent you original papers or copies to satisfy any one of

[1] Fitz-John Porter.

the falsehood of the attacks against me in the late Vicksburg matter. I had a newspaper reporter arrested and tried by a court-martial, but by the rulings of the court I infer they are of opinion that to make the accused come within the order of the War Department, the fact should be proven that the very substance of the objectionable matter went to the enemy. I have been unable to find the identical matter, but in every Southern paper I get I find abundance of evidence to show that Northern papers furnish the Southern leaders abundant and timely notice of every movement. I send you two to show this fact. In the Vicksburg "Whig," at the bottom of the last column of the first page, you will see that it states positively that a correspondent of one of the Northern journals wrote *in advance of* the Federal plans in the late move on Vicksburg. Had they received three days' notice of our coming to the Post of Arkansas, they could have so reinforced that it would have cost us a siege; but then we were beyond the power of the press, and succeeded. And so it must ever be. These newspaper correspondents hanging about the skirts of our army reveal all plans, and are worth a hundred thousand men to the enemy. . . .

Affectionately your brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG,
February 18, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . We have reproached the South for arbitrary conduct in coercing their people — at last we find we must imitate their example. We have denounced their tyranny in filling their armies with conscripts, and now we must follow her example. We have denounced their tyranny in suppressing freedom of speech and the press, and here too in time we must follow her example. The longer it is deferred, the worse it becomes. Who gave notice of McDowell's movement on Manassas, and enabled Johnston so to reinforce Beauregard that our army was defeated? The press. Who gave notice of the movement on Vicksburg? The press. Who has prevented all secret combinations and movements against our enemy? The press. . . .

In the South this powerful machine was at once scotched and used by the rebel government, but at the North was allowed to go free. What are the results? After arousing the passions of the people till the two great sections hate each other with a hate hardly paralleled in history, it now begins to stir up sedition at home, and even to encourage mutiny in our armies. What has paralyzed the Army of the Potomac? Mutual jealousies kept alive by the press. What has enabled the enemy to combine so as to hold Tennessee after we have twice crossed it with victorious armies? What defeats, and will continue to defeat, our best plans here and elsewhere? The press. I cannot pick up a paper but tells of our situation here, in the mud, sickness, and digging a canal in which we have little faith. But our officers attempt secretly to cut two other channels — one into Yazoo by an old pass, and one through Lake Providence into Tensas, Black, Red, etc., whereby we could turn not only Vicksburg, Port Hudson, but also Grand Gulf, Natchez, Ellis Cliff, Fort Adams, and all the strategic points on the main river, and the busy agents of the press follow up and proclaim to the world the whole thing, and instead of surprising our enemy, we find him felling trees and blocking passages that would without this have been in our possession, and all the real effects of surprise are lost. I say, with the press unfettered as now, we are defeated to the end of time. 'T is folly to say the people must have news. Every soldier can and does write to his family and friends, and all have ample opportunities for so doing, and this pretext forms no good reason why agents of the press should reveal prematurely all our plans and designs. We cannot prevent it. Clerks of steamboats, correspondents, in disguise or openly, attend each army and detachment, and presto! appear in Memphis and St. Louis minute accounts of our plans and designs. These reach Vicksburg by telegraph from Hernando and Holly Springs before we know of it. The only two really successful military strokes out here have succeeded because of the absence of newspapers, or by throwing them off the trail. Halleck had to make a simulated attack on Columbus to prevent the press giving notice of his intended move against Forts Henry and Donelson. We succeeded in reaching the Post of Arkansas before the correspondents could reach the papers. . . . Affectionately, SHERMAN.

During this time John Sherman writes to his brother urging him to be more moderate in his dealings with the newspaper men, and protesting against his threats of retiring, which have given him grave concern.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG,
March 14, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . The Conscript Bill is all even I could ask — it is the first real step toward war. And if Mr. Lincoln will now use the power thus conferred, ignore popular clamor, and do as near right as he can, we may at last have an army somewhat approximating the vast undertaking which was begun in utter blind, wilful ignorance of the difficulties and dangers that we were forced to encounter. . . .

I have been much pleased with your course in Congress, and regret that anything I have

done or may do has given you trouble or concern. I could easily have been popular, as I believe I am with my own command, by courting the newspaper men, but it does go hard to know that our camps are full of spies revealing our most secret steps, conveying regularly to the enemy our every act, when a thousand dollars won't procure us a word of information from Vicksburg. I know the press has defeated us, and will continue to do it, and as an honest man I cannot flatter them. I know they will ruin me, but they will ruin the country too. . . .

Napoleon himself would have been defeated with a free press. But I will honestly try to be patient, though I know in this, as in other matters, time *must* bring about its true result, just as the summer ripens the fruits of the season. . . . Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 3, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your long letter from Mansfield, for which I am much obliged. You certainly have achieved an envious name in the Senate, and I confess I am astonished at your industry and acquirements. I readily understand how, in a revolution of the magnitude that now involves us all, older men should devolve on you and the younger school of men the legislation and experiments necessary to meet a state of facts so different from the common run of events. The Finance Bill and Conscription Acts of the late Congress in my judgment may keep the management of the affairs of the nation in the hands of the Constitutional Government. Anything short of them, the war would have drifted out of the control of President and Congress. Now, if Mr. Lincoln will assume the same position that Davis did at the outset, he can unite the fighting North against the fighting South, and numerical force systematized will settle the war. I know the impatience of the people, but this is one of the lessons of war. People must learn that war is a question of physical force and courage. A million of men engaged in peaceful pursuits will be vanquished by a few thousand determined armed men. The justice of the cause has nothing to do with it. It is a question of force. Again, we are the assailants, and have to overcome not only an equal number of determined men, however wrongfully engaged, but the natural obstacles of a most difficult country. . . .

McPherson is a splendid officer. Grant is honest and does his best. I will do as ordered. I will suggest little, as others talk of my failing to take Vicksburg, and I want them to try a hand. . . . Affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

THE CONSCRIPT ACT.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG, April 23, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: I had noticed in the Conscript Act the clauses which empowered the President to consolidate the ten companies of a regiment into five when the aggregate was below one half the maximum standard, and to reduce the officers accordingly. Had I dreamed that this was going to be made universal, I would have written you and begged you, for the love of our ruined country, to implore Lincoln to spare us this last and fatal blow. Two years of costly war have enabled the North to realize the fact that by organized and disciplined armies alone can she hope to restore the old and found a new empire. We had succeeded in making the skeletons of armies, eliminating out of the crude materials that first came forth the worthless material, and had just begun to have some good young colonels, captains, sergeants, and corporals. And Congress had passed the Conscript Bill, which would have enabled the President to fill up these skeleton regiments full of privates who soon, from their fellows, and with experienced officers, would make an army capable of marching and being handled and directed. But to my amazement comes this order. . . . This is a far worse defeat than Manassas. Mr. Wade, in his report to condemn McClellan, gave a positive assurance to the army that henceforth, instead of fighting with diminishing ranks, we should feel assured that the gaps made by the bullet, by disease, desertion, etc., should be promptly filled, whereas only such parts of the conscript law as tend to weaken us are enforced, viz.: 5 per cent. for furlough, and 50 per cent. of officers and non-commissioned officers discharged to consolidate regiments. Even Blair is amazed at this. He protests the order cannot be executed, and we should appeal to Mr. Lincoln, whom he still insists has no desire to destroy the army. But the order is positive, and I don't see how we can hesitate. . . . Grant started to-day down to Carthage, and I have written to him, which may stave it off for a few days; but I tremble at the loss of so many young and good officers who have been hard at work for two years, and now that they begin to see how to take care of soldiers, must be turned out. . . .

If not too late, do, for mercy's sake, exhaust your influence to stop this consolidation of regiments. Fill all the regiments with conscripts, and if the army is then too large, disband the regiments that prefer to serve north of the Potomac and the Ohio. Keep the war south at all hazards. If this consolidation law is literally enforced, and no new draft is made, this campaign is over. And the outside world

will have a perfect right to say our Government is afraid of its own people. . . . Affectionately yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

DISTRUST OF GRANT'S VICKSBURG PLANS.

CAMP BEFORE VICKSBURG,
April 26, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: To-morrow I start with my corps to bring up the rear of the movement against Grand Gulf, and, maybe, Jackson, Miss. I feel in its success less confidence than any similar undertaking of the war, but it is my duty to coöperate with zeal, and I shall endeavor to do it. . . .

Grant came down by river, and his entire army—about 70,000—is now near here, but the whole country is under water, save little ribands of alluvial ground along the main Mississippi and all parallel bayous. My proposition was one month ago to fall back upon our original plan, modified by the fact that Yazoo River could be entered by its head and could be used as far down as Greenwood, which is the mouth of the Yalabusha. If our gunboats could have passed that point, a real substantial advantage would have been gained, for it would have enabled the army to pass the Yalabusha, whereas now it is a serious obstacle like the Rappahannock, and will have to be fought for. . . .

McClernand's corps marched from Milliken's Bend along a narrow road to Carthage. McPherson has followed, and I start to-morrow. Sixty thousand men will thus be on a single road, narrow, crooked, and liable to become a quagmire on the occurrence of a single rain. We hope to carry ten days' rations with us. Seven iron-clad gunboats and seven transports have run the Vicksburg batteries; with these we can reach Grand Gulf below the mouth of Black River, whence there is a road to Raymond sixty-five miles, and Jackson. The destruction of this road isolates Vicksburg. Now, if we can sustain the army, it may do, but I know the materials of food, forage, and ammunition cannot be conveyed on that single precarious road. Grant has been opening a canal from the Mississippi to Willow Bayou three miles; and Willow Bayou Roundaway and Bayou Vidal form a connected channel for forty-seven miles, terminating at Carthage, but it is crooked, narrow, and full of trees. Large working parties are employed in removing these, but at best it is only calculated that it can be used by scows drawn by small steam-tugs. It is not even contemplated that the smallest transports can navigate it. The canal itself is far from being done. I went through it yesterday in a small boat, and estimate it will take one month to give it eight feet water with the present stage, but the water in the river is now falling rapidly. We count on another rise in June from the Missouri, but these rises are accidental and may or may not come. The great difficulty will be to support an army operating from Grand Gulf. . . .

Between the two choices open to him I far prefer Grenada. One is sure and natural, the other is difficult and hazardous in the extreme. There is no national or political reason why this army should be forced to undertake unnecessary hazard. It is far in advance of Hooker, Rosecrans, or Curtis. We have done far more than either of these armies, but have encountered more calumny and abuse than all. . . .

Banks is afraid even to attempt Port Hudson, and from all I can hear is more likely to be caged up in New Orleans than to assist us against Vicksburg. . . . Affectionately your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

POLITICAL GLOOM.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, May 7, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . I regret to notice from your letter that Grant's recent movements do not meet your approval. It was regarded as a bold and successful plan to turn the flank of the enemy, but if he is no weaker from the south side of Vicksburg than from above, I do not see what we have gained. We have a telegraphic account of your recent attack on Haynes' Bluff, but do not understand its purpose.

As for the consolidation of regiments, it is idle for me to interpose. Halleck regulates all these matters. He is king in all questions regulating the detail affecting the army. Stanton has far less power than Halleck, and indeed holds office by a frail tenure and with limited influence. It is no use for a civilian to talk to Halleck. He would regard your opinion, but certainly not mine, though we are good friends. . . . You certainly have been sagacious in your anticipation of military events. Charleston is not taken, the war is prolonged, and but little chance of its ending until we have a new deal.

If only the people will be patient so long, all will be well. The best of it is, they can't help themselves. The rebels won't let us have peace even if we wanted it. It may be better that the Democrats be allowed to take the helm, as they could not make peace, and then war would be more vigorous and united.

This war has always seemed to me simply a tragic necessity. I have watched its civic progress, and hope to see its termination. It may, like the French Revolution, travel in a large circle, destroying all that have taken part in it; still there is no way but to go ahead. We may slowly learn wisdom in its prosecution, for we certainly have not shown it thus far. . . . Affectionately your brother, JOHN SHERMAN.

CREDIT FOR VICKSBURG.

WALNUT HILLS, VICKSBURG, May 29, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received a few days since your most acceptable letter of May 7, which met me here. You will now have a fair understanding of the whole move thus far. The move by way of Grand Gulf to secure a foothold on the hills wherefrom to assail Vicksburg appeared to me too risky at the time, and General Grant is entitled to all the merit of its conception and execution. . . . [Not signed.]

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 18, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I supposed when Vicksburg fell that you would have a period of rest, and perhaps might return to Ohio to find yourself popular and famous. But the fortune of war carries you into new dangers, and I hope new successes. We have been very anxious for news from your movements, but as yet we have only had uncertain reports, and can only live in the hope that you will whip Johnston and win new laurels. I have just returned from Cincinnati, where I was during the whole of Morgan's raid. How completely the tone of the press has changed in regard to you. Even the "Gazette," which has been malignant to the last degree, published quite a number of letters in which your share of the movements about Vicksburg was highly praised. I notice, however, that the editor has said nothing. All other papers, and indeed all officers and citizens with whom I conversed, gave you great credit. So that now in the Northern States, and especially here in Ohio, your popularity is second only to that of Grant. You need care but little for this, as you passed through a storm of obloquy which would have submerged many an officer. Popular opinion is so changeable that it is worthless. It is founded upon rumor, and is as explosive as gas. Meade has had a foretaste of this. His drawn battle at Gettysburg relieved the country from a great danger, and he was at once a hero, he was the coming man. He has allowed Lee to escape him, and all his popular honors are lost. McClellan has succeeded in establishing the position of a party leader, and now enjoys the bad honor of being cheered by a New York mob of thieves and scoundrels, while poor Hooker is dropped by all just when he thought he had Lee in his power.

While the war goes on there is a danger looming up that seems to me more ominous than any other. It is the Presidential election next summer. We will have a fierce canvass. If the election cannot be held in the Southern States, no one is likely to get a majority of the electoral college. This must be, to secure an election by the people. All the States must be counted, and under the Constitution the successful candidate must have a majority of all the electoral votes. Can this be secured by any one man? If not, the election then goes into the House, and who can tell the result? The war has done a great deal to shake that implicit obedience to law which has been the great conservative element; but in the struggle for so vast a prize will it not be easy to clog the machinery for a legal election, and then civil war or anarchy is the certain result? These are only possible dangers, but it is well to look them in the face.

At present I do not stand very well with my political associates, because I have openly differed with them on important questions. But I am too well grounded in the principles of the Republican party to be shaken in my faith. Indeed, nearly all the errors into which the administration has fallen have arisen from the advice of an old school of politicians who never belonged to the Republican party. Affectionately your brother, JOHN SHERMAN.

JACKSON, MISS., July 19, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: The fall of Vicksburg and consequent capitulation of Port Hudson, the opening the navigation of the Mississippi, and now the driving out of this great valley the only strong army that threatened us, complete as pretty a page in the history of war and of our country as ever you could ask my name to be identified with. The share I have personally borne in all these events is one in which you may take pride for me. You know I have avoided notoriety, and the press, my standard enemy, may strip me of all popular applause, but not a soldier of the Army of the Tennessee but knows the part I have borne in this great drama, and the day will come when that army will speak in a voice that cannot be drowned. . . .

In the events resulting thus the guiding minds and hands were Grant's, Sherman's, and McPherson's, all natives of Ohio. . . . Your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, August 3, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter dated July 19 at Jackson is received. What you say about the injustice of the press was undoubtedly true a month ago, but it is true no longer. Since the fall of Vicksburg each of the officers named by you has been very highly lauded, and that by all parties and papers. With you it has been especially laudatory. Even your old enemy, the Cincinnati "Gazette," has in several recent numbers spoken of you in very complimentary terms and without any apparent recollection that it has libelled you for months. With the officers of the army you stand very high. Indeed, it is now unnecessary for you to care for defenders. I will think of your proposition to visit Vicksburg, and will probably do so this fall. At present I am involved in the politi-

cal canvass now going on in Ohio, but will not be long. My position does not require me to take a very active part.

Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

General Sherman did not visit Ohio until the following Christmas.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON LAW AND ORDER.

CAMP ON BIG BLACK, EIGHTEEN MILES FROM VICKSBURG, August 3, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . You and I may differ in our premises, but will agree in our conclusions. A government resting mediately on the caprice of a people is too unstable to last. The will of the people is the ultimate appeal, but the Constitution, Laws of Congress, and Regulations of the executive departments, subject to the decisions of the Supreme Court, are the laws which all must obey, without stopping to inquire why. All *must* obey. Government,—that is, the executive,—having no discretion but to execute the law, must be to that extent despotic. If this be our government, it is the "best on earth"—but if the people of localities can bias and twist the law or execution of it to suit their local prejudices, then our government is the worst on earth. If you look back only two years, you will see the application. There are about six millions of men in this country all thinking themselves sovereign and qualified to govern; some thirty-four governors of States who feel like petty kings; and about ten thousand editors who presume to dictate to generals, presidents, and cabinets. I treat all these as nothing, but when the case arises I simply ask—Where is the law? Supposing the pilot of a ship should steer his vessel according to the opinion of every fellow who watched the clouds above or the currents below, where would his ship land? No, the pilot has before him a little needle; he watches that, and he never errs. So if we make that our simple code, the law of the land must and shall be executed, no matter what the consequences; we cannot err. Hundreds and thousands may honestly differ as to what the law should be, but it is rarely the case, but all men of ordinary understanding can tell what the law is. We have for years been drifting toward an unadulterated democracy or demagogism, and its signs were manifest in mob laws and vigilance committees all over our country. And States and towns and mere squads of men took upon themselves to set aside the Constitution and Laws of Congress, and substitute therefor their own opinions. I saw it and tried to resist it in California, but always the General Government yielded to the pressure. I say that our Government, judged by its conduct as a whole, paved the way for rebellion. The South, that lived on slavery, saw the United States yield to abolition pressure at the North, to pro-slavery pressure at the South, to the miners of California, the rowdies of Baltimore, and to the people everywhere. They paved the way to this rebellion. The people of the South were assured that so far from resisting an attempt to set up an independent government of homogeneous interests, the United States would give in and yield. They appealed to precedents and proved it, and I confess I had seen so much of it that I doubted whether our Government would not yield to the pressure and die a natural death. But I confess my agreeable surprise. Though full of corruption and base materials, our country is a majestic one, full of natural wealth and good people. They have risen not in full majesty, but enough to give all hopes of vitality. Our progress has been as rapid as any philosopher could ask. The resources of the land in money, in men, in provisions, in forage, and in intelligence, have surprised us all, and we have had as much success as could be hoped for. The Mississippi is now ours, not by commission but by right, by the right of manly power. No great interest in our land has risen superior to government, and I deem it fortunate that no man has risen to dictate terms to all. Better as it is. Lincoln is but the last of the old-school presidents, the index (mathematically) of one stage of our national existence. . . . Our Government should become a machine, self-regulating, independent of the man. . . .

As to the press of America, it is a shame and a reproach to a civilized people. . . . I begin to feel a high opinion of myself that I am their butt. I shall begin to suspect myself of being in a decline when a compliment appears in type. I know in what estimation I am held by *my* press, those who have been with me all the time, and they are capable to judge, from privates to major-generals. I saw a move to bring Grant and myself East. No, they don't. . . .

We will be in Mobile in October, and Georgia by Christmas, if required. . . .

I see much of the people here—men of heretofore high repute. The fall of Vicksburg has had a powerful effect. They are subjugated. I, even, am amazed at the effect; we are actually feeding the people. . . .

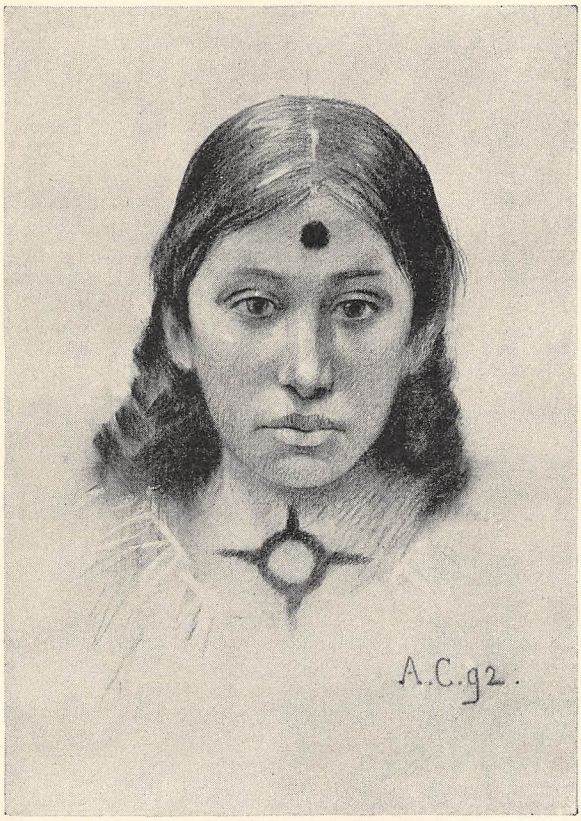
Grant and wife visited me in camp yesterday. I have the handsomest camp I ever saw, and should really be glad to have visitors come down. I don't think a shot will be fired at a boat till Jeff Davis can call his friends about him and agree upon the next campaign. I want recruits and conscripts, and will be all ready in October. As ever, your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

POLITICS AND "PIPE-DANCING."

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



THE MARK OF HONOR.

MEMBERS of an Indian tribe can hardly be considered as citizens of a State having a developed political organization, and yet they are not without a system of government, which serves to hold the people in order, and to preserve tribal unity and strength.

The tribe is composed of gentes, and each gens in its turn is made up of groups of kindred forming sub-gentes; these have their distinctive names, their fixed positions around the council-fire of the gens, and often they have peculiar duties to perform.

The government, strictly speaking, is not by gentes, or by hereditary chieftaincy, but is an oligarchy representative of the people. Sometimes the oligarchy is composed of the head chiefs of each gens, and in some instances these officers must be taken from a particular sub-gens; but in all cases the man is elected by the people of the tribal division to which he belongs. Thus entrance into the rank of chief is obtained through election, but candidacy is gained solely by individual merit, and this merit must be attested by certain acts, which sometimes are of a ceremonial order, but always of such character as to prove the man possessed of qualities fitting him to become a leader of the people. The path to honor is open to every man in the tribe who has the courage, ability, and persistency to reach distinction. A place in the oligarchy necessarily falls to but few; a subordinate chief of marked power will often wield an influence over the tribe which cannot be ignored by the rulers.

The head chiefs are taken from the members of the oligarchy; the manner in which they are selected to fill this office varies in different tribes. In some instances the choice may be restricted to a certain gens, or to the chief who has performed a number of prescribed rites; but as

CIRCLING THE LODGE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

these head chiefs always act in accord with their associate members of the oligarchy, that body stands as a unit. To this supreme council are relegated all the affairs of the tribe, except that of war, the highest grade of chieftainship devoting itself only to the preservation of peace and good order. The war power is vested in the people, who go forth individually, or in small companies, or, in some instances, are led by war captains, or war chiefs; but in general the regulation and control of war form no part of the tribal administrative system. The bond between the war power and the governing power is religious rather than secular; and while all Indians must defend their kindred with their lives, the position of the warrior as related to the tribe is one of defense, and is not constructive in policy.

In all tribes there are different orders of chiefs. The Omahas have two, unlimited as to the number of members — the Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae and the Ne'ka-ga-he Khu'dae. The general term Ne'ka-ga-he, or chief, is derived from three words signifying "the people," "to throw," and "the end arrived at," thus embodying the idea that the position has been reached by means of the will or act of the people.

The Omaha oligarchy was composed of seven members of the Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae. To these chiefs were confided the internal regulation of the tribe, the settlement of individual difficulties, the preservation of general tranquillity, the maintenance of established usages, the creation of chiefs, the direction of the tribe when on the annual hunt, and also the power to make tribal peace. From their decision there was no appeal. They represented the seven gentes having a Ne-ne-ba-tan sub-gens. Ne-ne-ba-tan means "owning a pipe," and the pipe was the symbol of the chief. In earlier days the seven chiefs were actually taken from these seven gentes, so that these only were represented in the oligarchy; but in the process of time the birthplace of a chief ceased to be a requisite, and the seven members of the oligarchy simply represented the gentes which originally furnished the ruling class. The two chiefs who could count the most wa-thin'ae-thae became the principal chiefs, and bore the title of Ne'ka-ga-he Oo'zhu. These chiefs represented the two divisions of the Hoo-thu-ga — the In-shta-sunda and the Hun-ga-shae-nu. The other five members of the oligarchy formed the advisory council of the two principal chiefs; in governmental action, however, the seven acted as a unit, unanimity being essential to a decision upon all affairs under their jurisdiction.

A member of the oligarchy could resign from age or infirmity, but he still held his title, and was permitted to name his successor. This custom led to considerable intriguing, as it afforded opportunity for the installation of sons or favorites, although the man chosen must belong to the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae. In the event of a death among the seven, the place was filled according to the rule of promotion, which was as follows: The members of this order when in council were grouped in a circle having an opening; the two principal chiefs occupied the place opposite the opening; the other members ranged themselves on each side; thus each one had his special seat in the order. This seat was not changed unless a vacancy by death occurred; then, if this vacancy was among the seven, the order was called together, and the man who could count the most wa-thin'ae-thae was entitled to the vacant place, and all between this man and the opening moved up one seat, thus closing the broken line. If one of the principal chiefs died or resigned, his place was taken by the man who was able to count most, whether it was the newcomer into the seven, or one of the old members.

The names of these orders are significant. Ne'ka-ga-he Khu'dae, brown chief, refers to the color of the earth; Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae, dark chief, indicates the appearance of some elevated object as seen at a distance. These terms, Khu'dae and Sha'bae, present to the Omaha mind the teaching that until a man by his actions has attained distinction, he cannot be discriminated from the mass of men, where all are alike of one color, as of the ground. It is by deeds worthy of record that a man is elevated, that he rises from the level of his brethren, and stands above the horizon like a dark object — even as the sacred pole of the tribe, typical of the authority and honors of chieftainship, erected before the people, is seen as a dark object outlined against the sky.

Men ambitious of tribal distinction seldom sought entrance into the lower order of Ne'ka-ga-he Khu'dae; the acts requisite for admission were not graded and declared openly according to fixed tribal custom, but were passed upon and rated by the chiefs in council; members of this order were not entitled to become candidates for a place among the governing class, nor could they take part in the councils or attend the festivities of the higher order.

The election of members of the Khu'dae order took place in a council called by the Hun-ga gens. This council was composed of all the chiefs of both orders. When the company was assembled, and the official pipes of the tribe were placed before the principal chiefs, some chief would mention the name of a candidate, and state what he had done; then, turning to another chief, would ask, "What has he given you?" In this way the man's record would be

canvassed openly. All having spoken, the seven principal chiefs consulted, and decided whether the man's gifts entitled him to become a Khu'-dae. After the several candidates had been thus passed upon, the seven principal chiefs arose from the council, and the leaders, reverently holding the two official pipes with their stems elevated, walked slowly forth to pass around the Hoo-thu-ga, or tribal circle. When they came to the lodge of the man who had been elected a Khu'dae, they paused at the door of his tent. He had at this point the option to accept or refuse the honor. If he should say, "I do not wish to become a chief," and wave away the tribal pipes offered him to smoke, thus refusing permission to the chiefs to enter his lodge, they would pass on, leaving him as though he had not been proposed and elected. When a man accepted the position, he smoked the pipes as they were offered, whereupon the seven chiefs entered his lodge, and, bearing the official pipes before them, passed around his fire. This act signified to all the tribe that the man was henceforth a member of the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Khu'dae. Councils of this character were held at long and irregular intervals.

A man became a candidate for the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae by having accomplished certain acts called wa-thin'ae-thae, a word indicating that a gift of prescribed articles has been made under certain circumstances, in accordance with ancient custom. When a man could count publicly one hundred wa-thin'ae-thae, he was entitled to enter the order through certain initiatory rites. His further promotion in the order was gained by his being able to count more than the required hundred of these acts; the greater the number, the higher the rank secured.

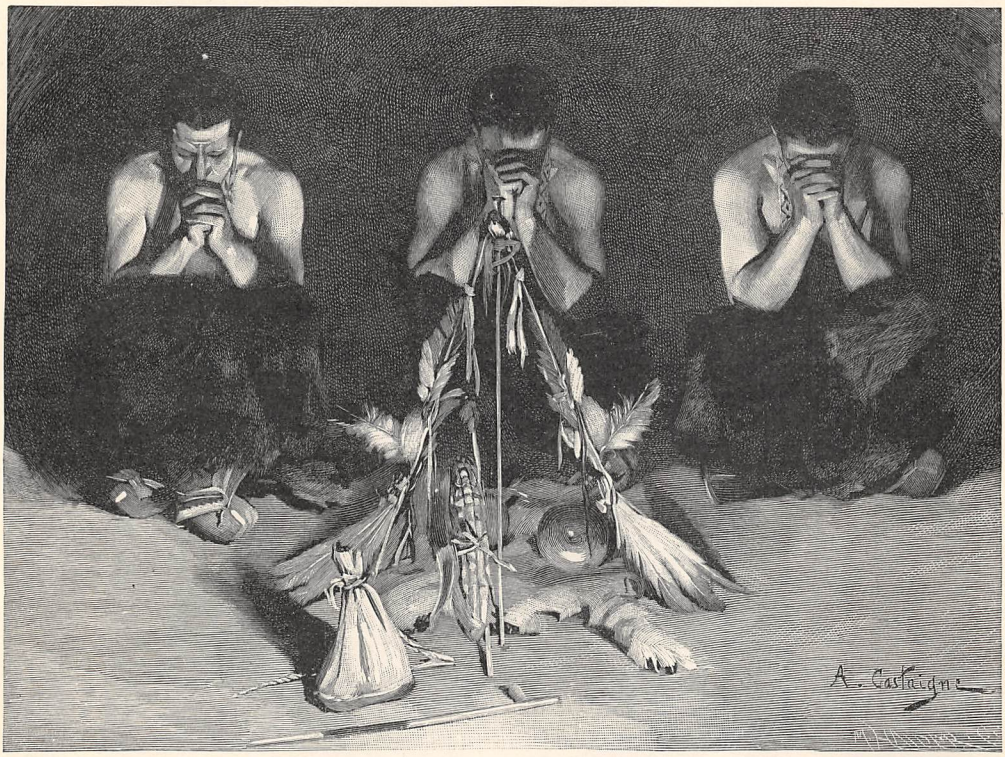
The prescribed articles used as gifts in the wa-thin'ae-thae were eagles, eagle war-bonnets, quivers (including bows and arrows), catlinite pipes with ornamented stems, wa-wan pipes, tobacco-pouches, otter-skins, buffalo-robes, ornamented shirts, and leggings. In olden times burden-bearing dogs, tents, and pottery were in the list; these have been replaced more recently by horses, guns, blankets, red and blue cloth, silver medals, and brass kettles. Each of these articles, if presented to a chief, counted one; but if given to a man without rank, the gift won for the giver reputation only, and could not be regarded as wa-thin'ae-thae. The gifts to chiefs were in recognition of the governing power to which the aspirant thus paid tribute. It is worthy of notice that all of the raw materials used in construction, as well as the unmanufactured articles, were such as required of the man prowess as a hunter, care and industry in accumulating, and valor as a warrior. To obtain many of these things he had to travel far, and he was not only exposed to danger from enemies while securing them, but in bringing them home. Moreover, as upon the men devolved the arduous task of procuring all the meat needed for food, and the pelts used to make clothing, bedding, and tents, and as there was no medium for the exchange of labor in a tribe, such as money affords, each household had to provide from the very foundation, so to speak, every article it used or consumed. It will be seen that persistent work on the part of the men was necessary not only to provide food and clothing for the daily use of the family, but to accumulate the surplus necessary to afford leisure for the construction of the articles to be counted as wa-thin'ae-thae. The men made the bows and arrows, the war-bonnets, and the pipes; the ornamentation was the woman's task; her deft fingers prepared the porcupine quills, but her husband or brother had first to catch the wary little animal. For the slow task of embroidering with the dyed quills, she needed leisure and a home well stocked with food and securely defended from lurking war-parties. A cowardly, lazy fellow, or an impulsive, improvident Indian, could in no way acquire the property represented in the gifts. A thrifty man could seldom count his one hundred until well on in middle life, even though he wasted no opportunity. The stimulus to reach honors kept the tribe active and industrious; and the men who obtained high rank in chieftaincy reached that grade only by a slow process representing work and ability.

The Omahas had seven grades of wa-thin'-ae-thae which, when accomplished, gave rank within the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae, and also enhanced the chance of promotion to the oligarchy of Seven. Their order and value were not known to the people generally, nor to all the chiefs; those possessed of this secret were apt to keep it for the benefit of their aspiring kinsmen; the lack of this knowledge sometimes cost a man the loss of the advantage to which his gift really entitled him. The grades were:

First.— Procuring the materials necessary to make the Wa-sha-bae, an ornamented staff carried by the Wa-than, or leader of the annual buffalo hunt, upon whom rested the gravest responsibilities. His costly staff of office was constructed by the Wa-sha'bae-tan the sub-gens of the Hun-ga gens. The materials were a buffalo-hide with the hair removed, a crow, two eagles (the golden and the gray sea-eagle), a shell disk, sinew, a pipe with ornamented stem, and in olden times a cooking-jar of pottery, which in modern times has been replaced by a brass kettle. The money value here represented is not less than one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars. If a Sha'bae chief should do this deed four times, he would rank the highest in

his order; but no Omaha, it is said, was ever able to accomplish this feat.

Second.—Named Bon'wa-ke-thae ("I caused the herald to call"). The seven principal chiefs, together with the member of the Inshta-sunda gens who was the keeper of the bring a horse or a new robe, and present it to the pole, the gift being appropriated by the Wa-sha'bae-tan, the sub-gens of the Hun-ga gens, having charge of the pole. During this act the entire tribe would halt while the herald proclaimed the name of the giver.



THE CEREMONIAL REST. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

ritual chanted during the filling of the tribal pipes, were summoned by the tribal herald to a feast given by the aspirant. Besides provisions for the feast, leggings, robes, bows and arrows, and tobacco were required as gifts. If it chanced that he was not on friendly terms with the keeper of the ritual, or if from any other motive the keeper desired to check the man's ambition, it lay in his power to thwart it by permitting the pipes to remain unfilled, in which case the gifts and feast would go for nothing.

Third.—Tying a horse at his tent door, and throwing a new robe over the entrance, a man would make a feast for the seven principal chiefs; the horse and robe being gifts for the invited dignitaries. An Omaha once gained high renown by counting eight acts of this grade, performing four in one day.

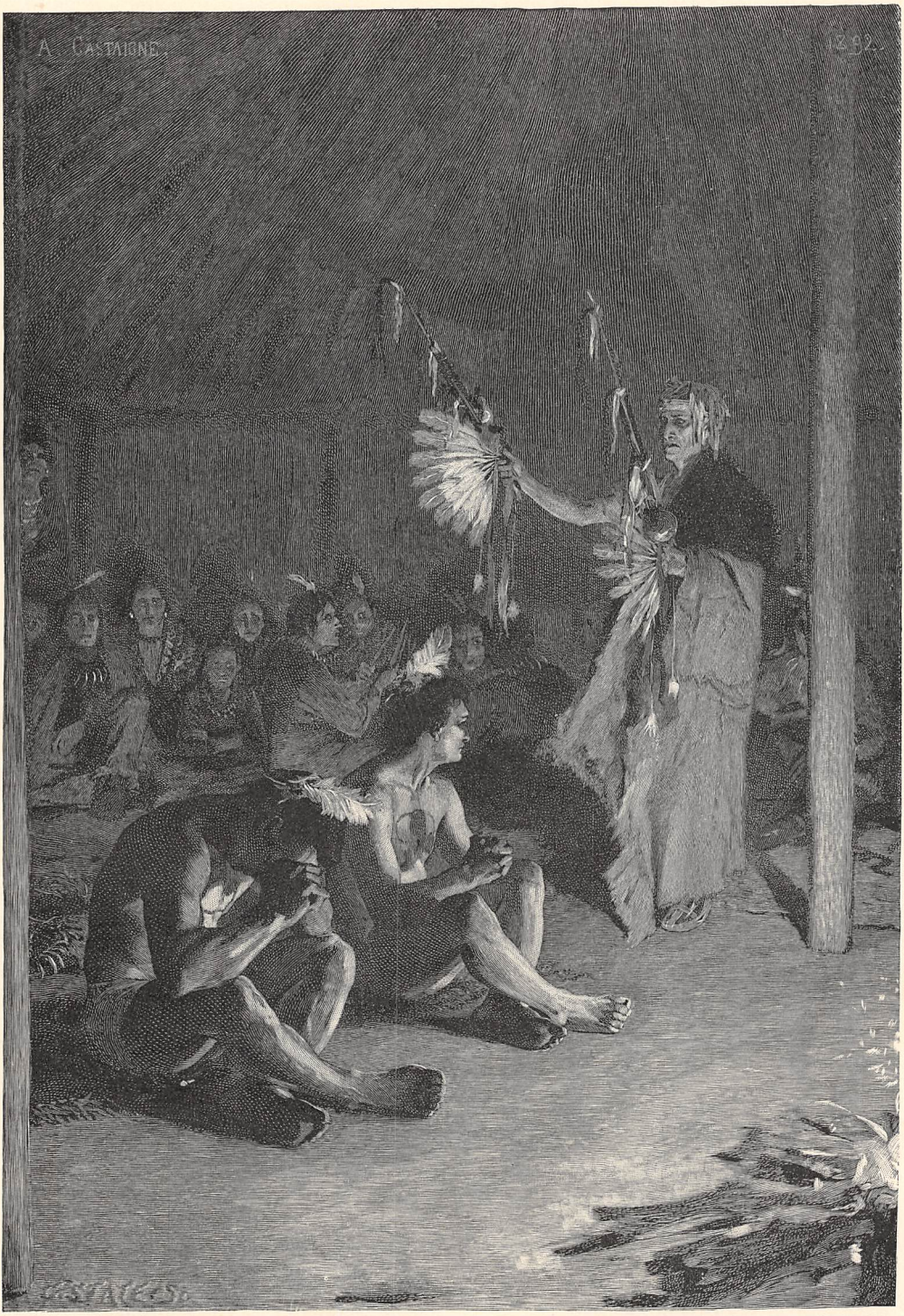
Fourth.—Called "Causing the people to halt," and only possible during the annual tribal hunt. The sacred pole being in advance with the seven principal chiefs, a man would

Fifth.—During the annual ceremony of the exhibition of the white buffalo-hide, a shell disk, moccasins, or some other article of value would be presented to it; the gifts becoming the property of the Wa-hrae-hae-tan, the sub-gens, having the care of this sacred object. To have full force this act, like the foregoing, must be repeated four times in one day.

Sixth.—"Going to see the dead" consisted of gifts to mourners of rank. The giving of a mule, a horse, and a bearskin by one man is the largest gift remembered under the sixth grade.

Seventh.—A man, through the chiefs, made contributions to the family of a person who had been killed in malice or by accident. The acceptance of these gifts, and the smoking of the tribal pipes, signified that the aggrieved parties were appeased, that further bloodshed was prevented, and peace restored in the tribe.

While these seven grades were the regular steps by which a man advanced to eminence in the order, his efforts would all fail of their



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

PREPARING FOR THE FINAL DANCE.

end if his life proved him to be of a disputatious or quarrelsome temper, as a chief must be a man who can govern himself.

These grades depending for opportunity of accomplishment upon public ceremonies and events, that recurred but seldom, promotion through them was necessarily slow; there were, therefore, other methods by which honors could be obtained.

Among the Omahas, upon the death of a member of the tribe who is greatly respected, all societies suspend their meetings, and dancing ceases. A year will sometimes pass, and the entire village keep silence in honor of the dead. At length a chief calls the people together, and those who wish bring gifts of gay clothing and ornaments. When these are collected, two men, each of whom gives a horse for the honor of bearing the offerings to the mourners, go to them, saying:

"You have grieved many days, your hair has grown long; we have brought you these gifts that you may cut your hair, and return to the people."

Then the chief mourner cuts his hair, arrays himself in the gala dress, distributes the gifts to his near of kin, and the herald is sent forth to proclaim through the village, "Ye the people are told to be joyous again." And once more the lodges resound with song, merrymaking, and the rhythm of the dance. This act is called "Cutting the hair of the mourners," and was performed for the last time about forty years ago, after the death of the son of a noted man.

Contributions for the making of peace between the Omahas and another tribe were acts of public merit, and could be counted by the donors as wa-thin'ae-thae.

If the camp was quiet, a man might add to his score by placing a robe on the arms of a child, and bidding the small messenger take the gift to a certain chief, who, on receiving it, would emerge from his lodge and, passing about the village, call aloud the name of the giver.

Wa-ha-he, a noted man who died about forty years ago, defied the custom of confining the counting of the gifts to those which were made only to chiefs. One day a very old woman came to his tent, entered the door, and sat down. No one noticed her, but after a while the chief bade his wife clothe the old woman. So the packs were opened, leggings, petticoat, and tunic of red cloth were put upon her, and a red blanket wrapped about her form; then the chief arose, placed corn in her hand, and sent her home. The appearance of the gaily clad old woman, bearing corn, attracted the attention of all the people, and the chief, already of high rank, was permitted to add this act in behalf of the beggar to his number of wa-thin'-ae-thae.

When a candidate for admission into the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae could count his one hundred, the record represented a money value of over three thousand dollars. Besides this large sum he had also to provide for the ceremony of initiation. The fee consisted of one hundred articles, one or more of which must be horses, its total value exceeded one hundred dollars, and this did not include the provisions required for the entertainment of the chiefs and other guests during the four days occupied in the ceremonies.

When everything was in readiness, the candidate invited to his lodge the seven principal chiefs and all the members of the order of Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae. Up to this time the man had never spoken of his ambition to enter the order; during all the years of preparation he had worked silently for this occasion. The herald's announcement soon brought a crowd about the candidate's lodge, where no one but the Ne'ka-ga-he Sha'bae could enter. These men, as they arrived, took their seats in silence, while the concourse outside, composed of Ne'-ka-ga-he Khu'dae, young warriors, secret aspirants to chieftainship, steadily increased in numbers. Among these were the man's relatives, who moved anxiously about, desirous of helping when his memory of a deed became confused; for any one was permitted to question, controvert, and try to embarrass the candidate while he was within, counting his wa-thin'ae-thae. The excitement without the lodge contrasted sharply with the decorum within, where the man stood before the assembled chiefs, holding in a bundle one hundred reeds, each reed representing a particular gift. As he took a reed from the bundle he described the article he had given, the man to whom it was presented, and detailed minutely the circumstances of the act. As these frequently extended over twenty years or more, the test as to accuracy of memory was severe, particularly as every effort was made by those within, as well as by those without, to disconcert the candidate. The seven principal chiefs formed a sort of jury. When they were satisfied of the exactness of a count, the man laid that reed aside, and ever after he could count that deed unchallenged. It took two or three days for the recital of the record of the one hundred. If the man passed the ordeal successfully, he was then granted permission to put the mark of honor on a virgin, his own daughter, or some other damsel whom he had secretly selected, it being the general belief that if the choice was made known prior to the time of the ceremony, the maid would die, or misfortune and ill success attend the man.

THE FINAL DANCE.

During the nights of the second and third days of the counting, the girl, clad in gala dress made for the occasion, and decked with many ornaments, danced before the assembled chiefs. On the fourth day the mark of honor was placed upon her. This was the only way in which the honor of a chief could descend to his child. The mark was a small round spot, less than a half-inch in diameter, tattooed in the center of the forehead, and called H'thae-khae. The process of putting the emblem on the maid was spoken of as Wae-h'thae-khae; the name of the sacred pole of the tribe was Wa-h'thae-khae. Thus the name of the symbol, and the act of placing it on the forehead, signified that the right to do this was derived from the sacred pole which symbolized the united power of the priest and chief. Besides this spot on the forehead, a four-pointed star having an open circle in the center was tattooed on the chest just beneath the throat, and on the back below the neck; occasionally a small star or turtle was outlined on the back of the hands.

On the fourth day the blankets, robes, and other goods that composed the fee of one hundred articles to be given to the man who tattooed the emblems, were gathered together in a low pile forming a sort of bed, on which the girl was laid. The instrument used in tattooing was a bunch of needles securely fastened together with leather, and ornamented at the top with a small bell. Moistened charcoal made from the box-elder was pricked into the skin, to the sound of the songs belonging to this ceremony, while the tinkling of the bell on the needles answered to the rapid accompaniment of the drum-beats. The operation lasted all day, and it was a point of honor on the part of the girl to make no complaint, otherwise she would be thought to have strayed from a virtuous life. The songs used on this occasion, and the emblems placed upon the girl, indicate that this rite refers to the ancient worship of the sun and the elements. By it also the newly elected chief was taught that the religion and traditions of his ancestors were now confided to his keeping, and that thenceforth he stood between his people and the unseen powers in a relation partaking of the priestly character. Thereafter his conduct must be more circumspect, and his walk and conversation slow and well considered. The girl upon whom the mark was placed was also held to a higher standard of life than that demanded of ordinary women: she now belonged to a class that stood for social rank and order.

The rite of placing the symbols upon a virgin was intimately connected with the ceremonies of the Ne-ne-ba wae-ah-wan, during which there were opportunities for a man to perform acts he could count as wa-thin'ae-thae. Ne-ne-ba wae-ah-wan means "Pipes to sing with." Songs form an important part of the ritual of these pipes, and are accompanied by rhythmic movements of the pipes and their bearers, which have been characterized by white people as dancing, and the ceremony spoken of as the "pipe or calumet dance"; but the movements are not like ordinary dancing, except in a part of the ceremony which occurs on the fourth night.

The calumet, according to the records of early observers, from Marquette down to the present day, has been closely associated with the idea of fellowship and peace. In many tribes the sacred characteristics and the peculiar religious teaching of the ritual have been lost, while among the Sioux the calumet ceremonies have become degraded into the "begging-dance."

The Ne-ne-ba wae-ah-wan, or wa-wan, is the formal presentation of the pipes by a man of one gens or tribe to a man of another gens or tribe. By means of this ceremony the two men become bound by a tie equal to that of father and son. As the honors given and received could affect a man's standing in the tribe, the consent of the chiefs was necessary to the undertaking or reception of a wa-wan party; and as the ceremonies required considerable outlay of property, both on the part of the one who took and the one who received the pipes, the relatives and friends of both parties were always consulted, that they might render assistance.

The gifts that were presented by the wa-wan party were eagle war-bonnets, bows and arrows, red-stone pipes, tobacco-bags, otter-skins, leggings, buffalo-robes, and, in recent times, brass kettles, guns, and blankets; the pipes made return gifts of ponies. In olden times he gave pottery, bows and arrows, dogs, and tents. The dogs most valued were large, shaggy animals resembling wolves, very strong as burden-bearers and sometimes noted for hunting. The breed is said to be extinct. The leader of the wa-wan provided the two pipes peculiar to this ceremony, a crotched stick, two gourd-rattles, a buffalo-bladder tobacco-pouch, a whistle made from the wing-bone of the eagle, three downy eagle-feathers, and the skin of a wildcat having the head and claws intact.

A wa-wan party usually consisted of eight or twelve men, and for several nights before starting they met together to practise the songs, as it was a point of honor to have the ceremonies pass off creditably. On the day of starting, the leader selected one of the party to carry the catskin, in which were wrapped in a long bundle the pipes, stick, rattles, tobacco-pouch, whistle, and feathers. The provisions for the journey and for the feasts to be given during

the four days required for the ceremony, together with the gifts to be distributed, were tied in bundles and packed upon ponies. When all was ready, the party moved off amid the good wishes of the camp, often having two hundred miles or more to travel before reaching their destination; they had, however, no fear of war-parties, for all such must turn aside to avoid meeting the pipes, which had a right to pass in peace over the country. Should game be plenty, a little hunting was permissible; but the party never scattered, nor could they bathe, or drink water from the hand, before the close of the ceremony, for fear they might bring storms. If the weather should prove unpleasant, the party could halt for the rites of augury concerning their success, but if the sun shone, this observance was deferred until within twenty-four hours of the end of their journey. When this point was reached, one of the elder men of the party was selected by the leader to be the bearer of the tobacco-pouch to the lodge of the man for whom the pipes were destined. The messenger was clothed in the ceremonial manner, wearing leggings, breech-cloth, moccasins, the buffalo-robe wrapped about him in a peculiar fashion with the hair outside, and one of the downy eagle-feathers tied in his braided scalp-lock; three young men, similarly attired, with the exception of the feather, attended the bearer of the pouch. On reaching the village, they walked in single file to the lodge of the man who was to act as host, and presented the pouch. The man at once summoned his kindred for consultation, because as from twelve to thirty ponies must be given away, the question was a serious one; for should a man accept the honor, and present only a few ponies, he would suffer disgrace, having attempted to do that which he could not carry out properly. Either poverty or a recent death in the family was an honorable reason for refusing the pipes; or, if the leader was a youthful aspirant for honors, and the one asked to receive the pipes a man of mark, he was permitted to refuse because of the difference in rank between himself and the leader of the wa-wan party. The acceptance of the pouch indicated also the acceptance of the ceremony, and the messenger went back with the word, "Bid the leader come; we are ready for him."

During the absence of the messenger the rites of augury as to success were performed, and by the time the men returned bringing the tidings that the pipes were accepted, the wa-wan party was ready to start toward the village. The pipes were taken from the catskin, and the latter, with the crotched stick showing above the head, was carried by the neck, the carrier walking between the two pipe-bearers. These three men were dressed in the same manner as the messenger, and when near the village the ritual of song began, each stage of advance having its peculiar song, as when entering the village, and when meeting the messenger from the host, who conducted them to the tent set apart for the ceremonies. The words hidden amid the musical syllables of the song of approach sung on entering the lodge are, "Peace, the one good gift, that do I bring you." There are songs appropriate to the act of laying down the pipes, the accompanying movements representing the eagle alighting on its nest. Just before these songs were sung, the catskin was laid on a cleared space at the back of the tent, a few feet from the fire. The crotched stick was thrust into the ground at the mouth of the cat, and when the pipes were laid, the mouthpieces of the two rested in the crotch, pointing toward the east, that of the pipe having the white feathers lying uppermost. Under the large feathers the rattles were placed. The space between the pipes and the fire was never stepped upon, except by a man who should advance there to make gifts to the pipes.

The pipes disposed of, the wa-wan party — with the exception of the pipe-bearers, who could not leave their charge — busied themselves unpacking and preparing for the evening's festivity. About sunset the host entered the lodge, laid the tobacco-pouch in its place near the pipes, and took the seat which belonged to him, the middle of the south side of the tent. The head-men of his gens or tribe sat at his left, the young men at his right, while about the door of the lodge huddled the poor of the village. The leader and his party occupied the north side.

The feast prepared by the wa-wan party could not be eaten, nor could singing begin until some young man from the host's side gave a pony by saying, "Father, arise; sing for us." The host at once rose, and advanced to the young man who had made the gift, paused before him, lifted both hands, palms outward, and dropped them slowly; then he passed his right hand over his left arm, from shoulder to wrist, and repeated the same motion with the left hand upon his right arm; afterward he slowly moved in front of his kindred and gens, addressing each one by a term of relationship, raising his right hand, palm outward, in token of thanks. Meanwhile the leader crossed over to the young man who had made the gift, and gave the same sign of thanks. The leader then raised his right hand, palm outward, and turned his body to the left, then to the right, thus covering with thanks the host's side of the lodge. While this was going on an old man from among the poor at the door of the lodge began a song of thanks, passing out as he sang. In the

THE HUN-GA.

song, which was sung twice, he introduced the name of the person making the gift, and at the close called out the name of the donor twice, that all the village might know of the act. This triple form of simultaneous thanks was observed after each gift of a horse made to the wa-wan party during the four days of the ceremony.

Then the pipes were raised, and the appropriate ceremonial songs sung. The rhythm of the music and the swaying of the pipes expressed the motion of the eagle rising and making ready for flight. Three of these songs were sung, after which the pipes were carried four times around the lodge, different songs being sung during each circling, and the words being in praise of peace and fellowship. After the fourth passage around the fire, the pipes were laid at rest with appropriate song, and with a downward fluttering movement of the eagle returning once more to her nest.

The usual form of asking for a song after the first request, and by so doing giving away a horse, was for one of the host's side to say to the leader, "My father, your sons wish to hear you sing." Another form by which a gift could be made was by a man stepping up to the tobacco-pouch and filling his pipe from it, whereupon the triple thanks were bestowed upon him. The feast, and the taking up the pipes twice, occupied the first evening. The second and third evenings were similarly spent.

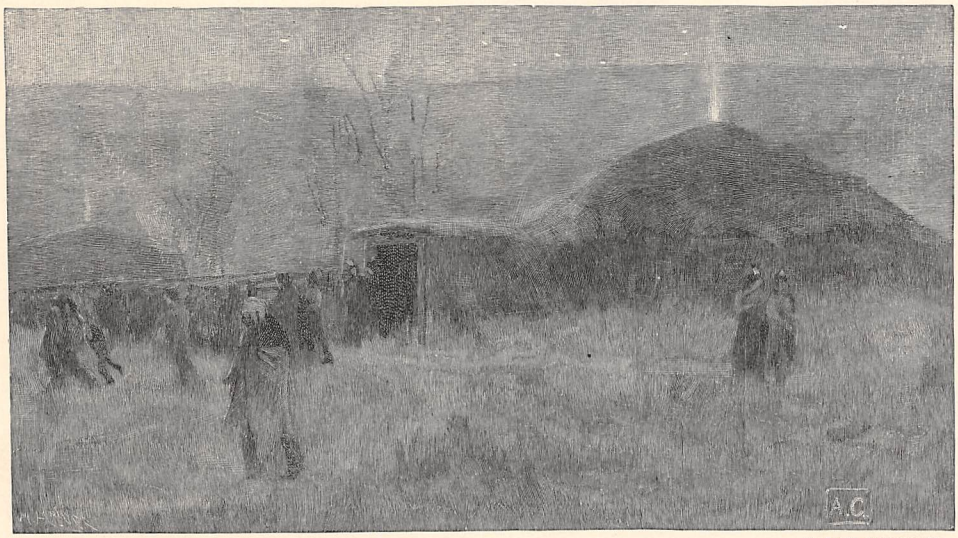
During the day the men rested, although a kind of discipline was maintained. Upon the singing of a certain ritual song each morning the men were obliged to rise and enter upon their duties. They did all their own work, and had to render any service asked of them by a member of the tribe they were visiting. This custom afforded the small boy opportunity to play tricks and to tease; a little head would be pushed through the tent door, and a piping voice call, "Father, I want some wood," or, "Father, I want some water," and the man addressed must go and get the urchin the wood or the water. In accordance with Indian etiquette, the leader's party could not partake of the food they prepared for the host and his friends; they were also forbidden to smoke during the ceremony, although two of their number attended to the filling of the pipes for their host and his party.

On the fourth night the leader counted the horses received, and if the number was sufficient to divide among his party, he indicated that the ceremony could go forward to its conclusion. After the feast was partaken of, and the host had said, "Father, this is all you shall take home; now sway the pipes," the leader deputed two of his men to open the bundles of gifts, saying, as they were displayed, "Behold, sons, this is what I have brought you." After an exclamation of approval, the host designated two men to distribute the gifts among those who had presented horses. The most valuable articles were given to the noted men, but should these men wish to count the horses they had given away as wa-thin'ae-thae, they must not retain these gifts, but pass them on to some one not a relative, or to a poor person. The poor, therefore, often received a considerable portion of the gifts brought by the wa-wan party. The pipes and other ceremonial articles became the property of the host at the close of the ceremonies.

The time for final ceremonies having arrived, two athletic young men of the wa-wan party made themselves ready for the dance by removing all clothing but the breech-cloth. A red circle was painted on the breast and back, and the downy feather tied in the hair. The leader advanced to recount his gifts made to the pipes on other occasions, and began this ceremony by taking a pipe in his hand, and saying, "When a pipe like this was brought to me, I gave"—mentioning the number of horses; again he waved the pipe to indicate a new count, repeating the same formula, and mentioning his gift. After each enumeration, the drum was struck in token of applause. After counting twenty or more gifts, he gave the pipe he had been holding to one of the dancers, and taking the other pipe in his right hand, con-

tinued the count; at the conclusion he placed the second pipe in the hand of the other dancer. If the leader was a young man, he might need to call on his kindred to help him to count on the pipes; for while he must be able to out-count any one member of the wa-wan party, he

The ceremony of the fourth day began before sunrise, when the wa-wan party, without breaking their fast, proceeded to the lodge of the host, singing to the swaying of the pipes the ritual song of "Going for the Hun-ga." Hun-ga is the name given to the child se-



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

LEAVING THE EARTH LODGE.

and they would fall into disgrace if fifty gifts were not represented and publicly enumerated when giving the pipes to the dancers. This ceremony concluded, a man at the drum gave a prolonged signal-call, responded to by the rest of the drummers with the victory shout; then the ritual song for the final dance began. During the first part the dancers remained seated, waving the pipes over their heads to the tremolo of the gourds. At a sudden change in the song they leaped to their feet, and in rapid, light, and springing movements swung the pipes high over their heads, suggesting in a graceful, inspiriting manner the flight of eagles.

During this dance the pipes could be challenged by one of the host's party stepping up to the dancer, stopping him, and taking the pipe, saying, "Father, when a pipe like this was brought to me, I gave"—so many horses; "when it was brought to"—such and such a man, indicating him—"I gave"—so many horses. "If you can exceed that number, take up your pipe again." The pipe was then laid on the ground, where the dancing had been interrupted, and there it had to lie until redeemed by the leader or his party, who must exceed the count of the challenger. Sometimes both pipes were thus arrested, amid much laughter and many jokes.

lected by the host for this honor. It was decked in new garments brought by the wa-wan party, its face painted red, a band of black drawn across the forehead and down each cheek and on the bridge of the nose; white down of the eagle was put on its head, and one of the downy feathers fastened in its hair. All this was done by a man whose bravery in battle had been well attested, while the party chanted the ritual songs appropriate to each particular act. When the child was ready, it was carried to the lodge, where it was held in the arms of the leader, who took his seat behind the pipes. These were now taken up and presented to the dancers, with the counting ceremony already described. After this was done the wa-wan party, including the leader and the Hun-ga, repaired outside the lodge. The leader took his seat near the entrance with the child still in his arms, and the ceremonies were concluded in the open air.

During challenging of the pipes and the dancing, the horses that had been presented to the leader by the host and his friends were led up one by one by children dressed for the occasion, who received thanks from the Hun-ga, the leader guiding the small hands in their ceremonial movements. The better part of the day was thus occupied, to the great weariness of the Hun-ga, who was consoled by such dainties as the leader could command.

AMONG the peculiarities of the fellowship pipes is the absence of the bowl, thus indicating their typical character. It is also noteworthy that all the articles used in their construction are connected with myths and symbols of the sun, earth, thunder, and fire, bringing together many emblems used in ancient religious rites over a wide area of country and among Indians of diverse linguistic stock.

Literally, there are no ancient or original pipes, but through the ritual the fashion of them has been kept intact for generations. They are said to be "older than the flat-stemmed, red-stone official tribal pipes," and the Indians state, in proof of this assertion, that the latter can be "used by the chiefs alone," while these (the wa-wan pipes) "are for all the people." This statement is particularly interesting when it is remembered that the chiefs derive their authority from the people, who are the primary power. "So great is the affection and respect we feel for these pipes," said an Omaha, "that were we to see them imitated in corn-husk we would show them honor." This is a strong testimony to their symbolic character. The stem is of ash, the opening through it is made with fire, and must be perfect; if in former days a man had presented one of these pipes, and the breath could not pass freely through it, the sacrilege would have cost him his life. Seven spans of the thumb and forefinger constitute the standard of length for the stem. Seven red streamers — four of painted buckskin, and three of dyed hair, the latter tied on by cord made of the white hair from the breast of the rabbit — are fastened along the stem, which is painted green. Near the mouthpiece is placed the head of the large woodpecker, the bill opened and turned back upon the head, exposing the inner side, which is painted green. A bunch of owl-feathers is bound on near the middle of the stem, and the bowl-end is covered with the head, neck, and breast of the mallard duck, the four buckskin streamers holding it in place. Last of all, the fan-shaped arrangement of eagle-feathers depends from the stem, the buckskin thong which holds them being tipped with downy feathers of the eagle.

The number seven is repeated in many ways: seven kinds of articles are used in making the pipes; there are seven ceremonial movements, and seven parts in the ceremony. The number occurs so often that it seems as though its use could not have been accidental. The green paint on the stem is symbolic of the verdant, fruitful earth and the clear sky. The red streamers tell of the rising sun sending its beams up to the zenith. The rabbit and woodpecker are connected with myths of the sun. The owl and the duck are related to the destructive and conserving forces in nature. The eagle is the fierce bird of battle, and allied to thunder and fire. The downy feathers floating from the ends of the thongs indicate the falling away of the immature when the eagle in its power and strength rises from its nest to go forth on its mission of war or peace. The pipe having the seven white eagle-feathers is spoken of as the masculine, and the dark-feathered pipe as the feminine. The crotched stick upon which they rest is colored red for the east. Upon the gourds and tobacco-pouch is painted in green a circle with four equidistant lines starting from it; the circle symbolizing the horizon-line, the space within the sky, the lines standing for the four quarters or winds. The gourds are spoken of as the eggs, and when not used are slipped under the eagle-feathers when the pipes are at ceremonial rest. The braided sweet-grass attached to the pouch lends its savor when the giver of a horse lights with it his pipe, filled from the tobacco in the pouch. The downy feather tied in the hair of the pipe-bearers and dancers links them to the eagle and its symbols.

The ritual of the pipes and the meaning of the ceremonies are given the host over the head of the little child called Hun-ga. This word means "the ancient one, the one who goes before, the leader." It is the name of the gens having charge of the two sacred tents containing the sacred pole and the white buffalo-skin, and it is also the designation of one half of the tribal circle. The word has a meaning that refers to the earliest time or knowledge, and the child is chosen to represent innocence and docility; its head is covered with down like the young eagle; the brilliant red paint on its face denotes the rays of the rising sun; the black lines indicate the shadows or experiences of life, which finally end in death. This symbolic painting is put on the face of a dead member of the Hun-ga gens, and is indicative of the entrance of the man into another life.

Along the stem of the pipe a straight groove is cut, and the incision colored red. This is explained over the head of the Hun-ga as follows: "My son, you have bestowed on me many gifts, but they will soon be gone. That which I am about to give to you will remain with you forever, if you will to keep it. The words which I am about to give you are worth more than many gifts; if you hold to them your way in life shall be as the groove in this pipe-stem, which signifies the straight path toward peace and happiness."

The tie formed by the pipes brings amity and help as between father and son. It is a tie that unites men and their families who have no kinship bond; and while it is not tribal in its direct effect, it weaves members of different communities together, and produces re-

sults that become tribal in their influence. The pipes are prized by ambitious men, as they afford opportunities for making gifts which can be counted as wa-thin'ae-thae; while the poor and unfortunate hold them in high regard, as through them they are often fed, clothed, and rendered comfortable.

In the passing away of old customs the younger generations are losing the knowledge of the details of these ceremonies. But few know even that there is a ritual belonging to these pipes, and it is doubtful if there lives an Omaha to-day who has received it fully. While the esoteric portion of the ceremonies is thus lost, there yet remains a general understanding of the symbolism, and this, with the beauty of the songs, lingers with reverent affection in the memory of those who have shared in the wa-wan.

Eight years ago some of the leading Omahas agreed to exhibit to me the ceremonies connected with these pipes, and to place a set of them in my keeping. The act was so unusual that a word of explanation seems to be demanded.

While living with the tribe, and studying their life and history, I grew to know the fervor with which the people loved their land, and to see that over each fireside hung a shadow that would not lift — the fear of compulsory removal to the Indian Territory, such as their kindred, the Ponkas, had suffered a few years before. The sorrow and the helplessness of the people moved me deeply; closing my scientific note-books, I passed months in gathering statistics of the work they had done on their little homes and farms, and, armed with these, entered Washington to plead their cause. As a result, an act of Congress gave them patents to their lands in severalty, and for the two years following I was busy carrying out the provisions of that act. This work done, and the great gift of peace and security being with the people, the leaders opened to me the meaning and beauty of these pipes, and permitted me to carry them forth on a new mission, and one that may help to interpret the Indian to the white man, and to reveal a kinship in aspirations, beneath strangely differing external conditions — a kinship often unrecognized, indeed hardly guessed at, by either race through the medium of superstition, prejudice, and cruelty.

"The fierce birds on the pipes and the wild-cat never lose their prey, but these animals here give their unfailing power to bring good feelings, and gifts for the poor. The pipes can subdue the anger of the worst man and make him at peace with his enemy," said an Omaha one day. His friend, who stood looking at the pipes, as they hung on the walls of my room, remarked:

"My grandfather knew the ritual; he would take the pipes and pray by them, and his prayers were always heard. This is hard to believe, but it is true. Some of the songs in the ritual ask for fair weather, and when sung the sun shines. This too is strange, but it is true. When we see the streamers on the pipes we think of the dawn; the day is coming, light and peace are coming, and with them good hearts, and gifts, and help to the poor."

Said another man: "My father knew all these things; I know but little, but I think about what I know. I know the green circle and the four lines are for all the earth and the four winds that fill the sky; peace and good will fill the earth and the sky by these pipes. All things bear their part; the birds, the animals, the trees, the earth, and men share in them; the pipes are of God."

The occasion on which I saw the ceremonies exemplified was that of my first meeting with the people out of my room, where a painful and dangerous illness had kept me for many months. The feast I had prepared for that night would serve about one hundred; but as I watched the crowds pouring into the great earth lodge, my housewifely spirit took alarm; I felt sure the food could not be made to go around. Turning to the former head chief at my side, I asked if the entrance could not be closed to prevent the disaster that was pending. "No," he replied; "they can come: the pipes are free to all. Do not fear for the food; the servers will understand." So I rested in faith, for nothing short of a miracle, I was sure, could provide enough for the two hundred and more men, women, and children who gathered to witness the ceremonies.

Soon I heard faintly the song of approach; it grew more and more distinct, and at last came with full choral volume as the bearers moved slowly through the long passage into the lodge, where the blazing fire in the center caught the colors of the waving pipes as the men swayed them to the rhythm of the music. Round the fire they came to the back of the lodge, where, facing the entrance and the east, the songs for laying down were sung to the circling movements of the pipes as of the eagle descending. From the first sound of the music until the pipes were laid at rest, silence fell on the assembly; a decorous pause followed the close of the ritual songs, and then the merry chatter was resumed.

Half a dozen women gathered at the fire, but no one entered the space between it and the pipes, and preparation for the feast began. As the occasion was informal, women did the the cooking. The picturesqueness of the scene was full of charm; the leaping flames of the wood-fire glinted on the ornaments, and sent

dancing shadows all about the lodge, bringing into relief the rich hues of the faces, the glossy hair, sparkling eyes, and white teeth that laughter revealed. Happiness pervaded the place as women rolled out the dough on boards resting partly on the lap, partly on the ground; children chased in and out about their elders, while the pots bubbled on the fire, the piles of round cakes of fried bread grew taller and taller, and the coffee sent out savory puffs of steam. By and by the food was ready, then two or three of the men made grave speeches referring to the affection felt toward the pipes, but "sadness lay at their hearts because of the informality of the present ceremonies, which they had consented to perform for good reasons, and in no spirit of disrespect." The wood was piled on the fire, and the flames leaped high, lighting up the black ribbed dome of the lodge until it shone like polished ebony. Then the pipe-bearers arose, and exemplified with ritual songs the raising of the pipes and their movement around the lodge, facing the people, and waving over them the blessing of peace and fellowship as they sat closely grouped against the wall. The firelight revealed the brilliant hues, the wing-like shadows followed like a phantom bird, the men and women caught up the refrain, and a wave of song enveloped the pipes as they passed in joyful solemnity about the lodge.

When the pipes were laid at rest, an Indian friend, who, having lost a promising son, had been in retirement for two years, took this occasion, as a delicate tribute of friendship to me, to lay aside his mourning and to return to the festivities of his friends. Stepping into the space between the pipes and the fire, he said:

"Shall the pipes of our fathers pass unheeded about the fire, and our hearts lie cold!"

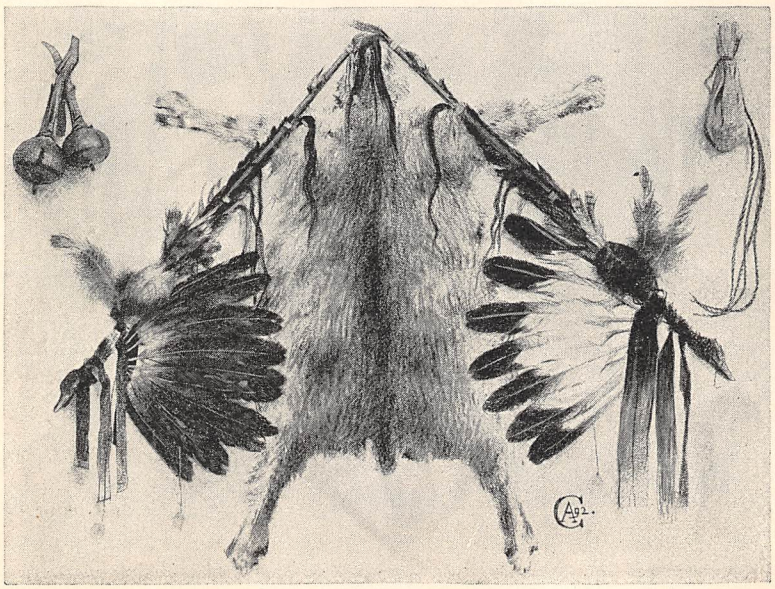
Then in a few words he gave a horse to a man who had recently met with a sorrow like his own great grief, and presented a number of articles of clothing and food to poor and aged people.

A former chief arose, and in a stirring speech thanked the giver, bidding him welcome once more among the people; then with praises of the pipes he exhorted the young men to lead lives honorable in peace and industry. Meanwhile an old man had passed out of the lodge, and we heard his voice ringing through the night air as he sang the generous deed of my friend.

Then another man advanced in front of the pipes, leading his four-year-old son. The man and boy were both in the dress of the white man. He had long been living and working on his farm, in every way committed to our mode of life, which added to the pathos of his act.

"The pipes," he said, "were the care of my fathers My son is born into their rights. Now we do not often see them." Tears filled his eyes, and with breaking voice he added, "I want my boy to touch the pipes of my fathers." And, taking a little stick that the child held in his hand, the father threw it into my lap. It was the gift of a pony, which I at once presented to the pipes, that its value might be used to feed the hungry.

Alice C. Fletcher.



THE MEETING IN MRS. VAN SHUTER'S EMPIRE ROOM.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

VI.

IT was clear to the widow Vernon's critics that a sweet little cherub of some kind was sitting up aloft keeping watch over her social progress — she was so plainly and provokingly on the rise. Mrs. Peter Van Shuter, having convinced her James that the occasion justified the effort, that stately one, his scorn ill concealed by the collar of a large fur cape, alighting at a convenient hour from the box of the well-known blue chariot bearing the Van Shuter crest, delivered into the hands of Mrs. Vernon's menial at her front door a couple of visiting-cards. One of these bits of pasteboard revealed "Mrs. Van Shuter" simply; her residence was supposed to be known to all the initiated — for the vulgar herd it had no possible concern. The smaller card, representing the Idol's humdrum little spouse, had to the larger the same relation in size and modest bearing sustained by Mr. Van Shuter to his lady in the flesh.

When James had performed his duty, and received an apologetic "To the park" from his mistress's lips, the carriage drove away, but not before Mrs. Vernon,— whose victoria awaited her descent, her footman, the double of Mrs. Van Shuter's, remaining in a statuesque pose upon the curbstone,— happening to glance through the silk curtains of her morning-room, had the advantage of seeing Mrs. Van Shuter's knees. She recognized the carriage and liveries, and felt, in the impatient drawing up of the rug over an ample lap, that if knees could speak, those said, "Now I have done it, let me go." Mrs. Vernon, however, went on buttoning her gloves quietly, and, when the cards were handed in, glanced at them with admirable self-control. But as she leaned back in the victoria, and allowed herself, also, to be driven to the park, a smile relaxed her visage into satisfaction no longer to be restrained.

Lent was under way, and among the penitential exercises in order for the fashionable world was the meeting at Mrs. Van Shuter's, to be conducted by the most recent society fad, a Mrs. Calliope Duncombe, who had suddenly appeared as a herald of a women's movement in behalf of fellow-women — whence, nobody knew.

As everybody is aware, a women's meeting of this class means the collection of a fund, and as collecting a fund entails more or less ordering around of other people, distribution of patronage, and seeing one's name in print, it is always popular. Add to this that the affair was to be nurtured and coaxed into prominence in the cream-and-gold Empire salon of Mrs. Peter Van Shuter, and there was small doubt of its vogue.

Mrs. Vernon, thanks to Mrs. Van Shuter's two bits of pasteboard, now saw no reason why she might not go to this convocation with self-respect. But she resolved so to dress and demean herself, and so to time her arrival, that the fact of her presence should bring all it was worth.

At eleven A. M. on the appointed day, the handsome room, with its walls hung in pumpkin-colored damask between panels of ivory and gilt, its crystal chandeliers and cabinets of curios, was filled with ladies seated upon spindling gilt chairs. Assembled there with an honest intention of making money for a fund, most of them had entered no farther into an understanding of the affair than that Mrs. Van Shuter's Miss Thompson had addressed the invitations for them to meet in Mrs. Van Shuter's famous Empire room. Pending the opening of the proceedings, a chatter went on, gaining strength till it reached the ear-piercing climax known among congregations of our American fair. Voices strained to shrillness met and clashed in the air. They talked of — bodily complaints, table-waters, faith-cure; the excellence of rival schools as illustrated by their respective progeny; one's anxiety in bringing out a girl; the rudeness of young men one takes the trouble to invite; the butler's asthma and the chef's impertinence; their recent travels, to which nobody would listen because every one had traveled recently; the latest scandal — one of the current week, since all earlier were forgotten; spring plans, summer plans; the name and author of the naughty novel nobody must read; and the fact that the last diamond necklace of one of their leaders had cost fifty thousand

dollars more than that belonging to her sister-in-law, who had gone into mortified retreat.

Mrs. Van Shuter, august and sleepy, sat by a table at the far end of the room — around her two or three of those ladies, important as ball-and-dinner-givers, who are rightly reckoned our true nobility. In the lap of this grandeur, a meek-looking woman in a Quakerish bonnet and plain brown gown remained with down-dropped eyes, awaiting her signal to arise.

"Dear me! It is half past! Are n't they ready to begin?" said Mrs. Bullion to Mrs. Van Shuter.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Van Shuter, yawning. "If they don't, it will make us late for lunch, and I can't be made late for lunch."

"Then you must call the meeting to order," said Mrs. Bullion, briskly. She was president of a Baby Hospital, and knew her business well.

Thus prodded, Mrs. Van Shuter wearily took up a paper-knife inlaid with turquoise and coral, and knocked with it on a table of buhl and malachite. She had only one fear — that it might be voted to raise the fund by subscription, and that she would have to head the list. In the hush that ensued, several unconscious women on the outskirts went on talking to one another as before.

"If *my* husband had that cough, I 'd put him in flannel from top to toe," remarked one lady at the highest pitch of her voice; then, covered with confusion, she sank into obscurity.

Next Mrs. Calliope Duncombe, having been preluded and introduced, stood upon her feet, with a deprecating smile, while her patronesses wrangled over some point of parliamentary law. At this precise moment Mrs. Vernon, last to arrive, was ushered by a footman between the folds of a yellow satin door-curtain at the lower end of the room, and remained standing long enough for every one present to be aware of her identity. Then with a little bend of the head in the direction of the hostess, and nods here and there about the crowd, she sank leisurely into a chair, let fall away from her a cloak rigid with Russian sables, crossed her gloved hands lightly upon her lap, and prepared to listen.

It was undoubtedly a well-managed entrance, that struck conviction home to many souls. But the keen eyes of Betty Halliday, perhaps the most interested person in the throng, saw a change come over Mrs. Vernon's face as her gaze rested upon the speaker of the day. She flushed, withdrew a little into the shade of the curtain, fidgeted, lost her imperial calm. Curious Betty looked from her again to the lecturer, but in the mild visage under the poke-bonnet discovered nothing. In a musical voice, with a pleading manner, Mrs. Duncombe began her smooth appeal.

With her argument, this narrative has no desire to deal. From her opening statement, that history everywhere has shown that, in proportion as women have had the right to protect themselves, they have freed themselves from inglorious burdens, to the closing reminder, that it is woman's place to bear good tidings of release to her suffering sisters, Betty, and unbelievers like her, felt a strange desire to laugh. They could not, however, deny to Mrs. Duncombe the possession of that magnetic eloquence of manner that often clothes weak speech with power to move an audience. Many of her hearers wiped their eyes, some took notes upon tablets hanging at their chatelaines. Every woman who took notes did so with an intention of bringing Mrs. Duncombe's schemes for resistance to arbitrary man to bear upon her own domestic lawgiver, and was afraid she would not remember to quote them exactly right. For there was this inevitable feature of some women's acceptance of new doctrine — each one instinctively tested every plea, argument or illustration advanced by the speaker, upon her own relations to the husband of her choice.

Betty, who had no husband to experiment on, sat bolt upright, and looked about her cynically, listening to the chat that arose as Mrs. Duncombe took her seat.

"How sweet!" "How true!" "How terrible!" "How touching!" "What an engaging personality!" "What a privilege dear Mrs. Van Shuter has accorded us!" "Those poke-bonnets are rather becoming, don't you think?" "We shall certainly have to get up something wonderful." "I 'm awfully sorry to leave, but I 've got to take little Gladys to the dentist," and "Are you going on to Mrs. Atterbury's lunch?"

Rat-tat-tat went the rococo paper-knife. Mrs. Bullion arose to say that in view of the stirring need in the homes of our laboring sisters Mrs. Duncombe's able presentation of the facts had manifested, it was clearly the duty of the ladies here met to organize themselves into a body to be known by a name yet to be selected, for the creation and maintenance of a fund in aid of Mrs. Duncombe's work. Here, being plucked by the gathers of her gown by Mrs. Van Shuter, who inquired in a loud whisper how long it was going to take, Mrs. Bullion forgot her point, looked vexed, repeated herself in a vague way, and sat down, while Mrs. Boulter, her most intimate enemy, cut in, and proposed to vote Mrs. Van Shuter into the chair which Mrs. Bullion had made sure herself to occupy.

Mrs. Boulter, a beginner in society, who had compiled a birthday book and written pretty Christmas carols, having been next offered and accepted as secretary, Mrs. Bullion, the wife of a famous banker, was in everybody's mind

as a fitting treasurer; but on the principle, perhaps, that kings have desired to excel as locksmiths or players upon the flute, Mrs. Bullion had set her affections upon the other post, and was highly miffed at losing it. She made one or two public observations to Mrs. Boulter of an acrimonious type, to which Mrs. Boulter replied airily, and then Mrs. Bullion, with a red face, gathered her street garment about her, and, pleading an immediate engagement, left the room and the committee.

This interruption necessitating whispered consultation of those in chief authority, the general committee took occasion to start an animated discussion as to the best means of raising the money said to be required.

"If I were n't so awfully afraid of the sound of my own voice," said a matron with a family of brunette girls, "I should like to suggest a powder ball at the Madison Square Assembly Rooms, with men and women in purest white, and the tickets ten dollars each. I saw one in London last year, and the effect was positively dream-like."

"A white ball is all very well for women with dark eyes and eyebrows," retorted her interlocutor, a sandy blonde, "but most people look like frights, and you never get the powder out of your hair. Say what you will, nothing pays like amateur theatricals—"

A faint chill fell upon her audience.

"They have never yet paid *me*," said a voice. "I don't know which is worse—to have to sell tickets for them, or to have to go."

"I am sure," retorted the sandy lady, "those in New York have developed the most charming talent. Now, I don't like to mention it, but my daughter has written a three-act play, and *would* do the leading part. Though, of course, we don't *wish* to have her appear in public, she is considered by many to recite 'Les Deux Pigeons' exactly like Bernhardt, and—for such a charity—"

"There is a most deserving person I know who supports her husband and five children by whistling beautifully"—began a benevolent old lady, who could get no hearing, and dropped out.

"How would a Greek play in the original take in New York?" ventured a lady from Boston.

"I 'd rather sell for a nigger minstrel show or an amateur circus," answered an experienced vender of tickets, whose authority was law.

"Have we an infant pianist among us?"

"No phenomena, please."

"A bazar?"

"Never."

"A Russian tea?"

"The same old fair disguised."

"Carmencita in a studio?"

"Bernhardt in 'Jean-Marie,' in one of the big drawing-rooms?"

"Sarah would know better than to go on the Punch-and-Judy stage at any price—"

Rat-tat-tat went the paper-knife. Mrs. Boulter, speaking for Mrs. Van Shuter, whose bronchitis would not allow her to use her voice, gracefully suggested as treasurer a lady whose support would be of the utmost value to the board, and proposed Mrs. Vernon. That surprised outsider found herself elected before she could say—if she had been inclined to say anything so coarse—Jack Robinson.

The color came into Mrs. Vernon's face. She lost her studied suavity of manner, but her protest was overcome. She was placed in a chair near Mrs. Van Shuter, whose fondest wish was now to hurry this thing through. And then the general committee, from whom Mrs. Van Shuter's countenance made no attempt to conceal the fact that she was torpid with fatigue and with hunger for her midday chop, was dismissed, to meet again that day week, at the same hour and—

"Place, shall I say, dear Mrs. Van Shuter?" said the Idol's mouthpiece, in an undertone.

"Oh, I think not," said the chairwoman, disappointingly. "Mrs. Van Loon would have taken them, if she 'd been here. Mrs. Bullion would have been the one, but she 's gone home. I 'm sure I don't know whom to ask, and I don't think the doctor would like me to have to think of anything."

"*My* rooms are so ridiculously small," said Mrs. Boulter, looking at Mrs. Vernon.

Here was Mrs. Vernon's opportunity. Why did she not avail herself of it? Betty Halliday, observing this, was fairly puzzled at her reticence.

"Yes, certainly; Mrs. Vernon is the one," said Mrs. Van Shuter, grasping at relief. "You 'd better tell them now; it will save Miss Thompson writing little notes."

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Vernon, stiffly, and, Mrs. Boulter proclaiming the fact, the meeting broke up in a sea of small talk.

While people were moving (in Mrs. Van Shuter's eyes far too slowly) to the door, Mrs. Vernon, whose feelings may have been said to have passed the point of words, felt her hand taken in the slim brown kid fingers of Mrs. Calliope Duncombe.

"So you won't speak to me, Luella?" said that saintly personage. "I did n't think you would go back on so very old a friend. It gave *me* such pleasure to be of use to *you* to-day."

"It would n't take two words from you, Jane Ketcham," flashed forth a low answer, "to make me come out before all these women, and tell 'em what you are."

"No; that you would never do, Luella. How could you explain — about Judd's Hotel, you know."

"At least, I 'm an honest woman — Oh! I wonder you have the face —"

"Come, Luella, be nice. Did I, or did n't I, do you a good turn when I suggested having you made the treasurer of this fashionable fund?"

"I don't believe it; if you did, it was to spite me in the end. But there, it is n't the first time — what 'll you take to drop this and clear out?"

"It is n't money I need, but a backing, dear," said the apostle of married women's rights. "And, for the sake of old times, you are going to keep dark about me, are n't you?"

"And you expect me to help you in your frauds — I 'll declare that takes the lead," said the widow, a dangerous look coming into her eyes.

"Sh-sh!" whispered Mrs. Duncombe. "Let us finish this talk another time. Let me come to your fine house to-morrow, and give me lunch, and we 'll find some way to settle the matter to suit you, never fear."

"May I go home with you, Mrs. Vernon?" said Betty Halliday, coming up and ignoring the meek bow of the philanthropist. "I 've a letter from Nell, and other things about which I want to talk."

"Do come," answered the widow, gratefully, while Mrs. Duncombe glided away into the center of a group of women, eager to lavish praises upon her and to receive counsel at her lips.

"That woman!" mused Betty, as they drove off in the brougham. "Where have I seen her face? I 've a vague idea connecting her with the keeper of a bureau for placing teachers, which broke up under a cloud a year or two ago. But I 'm not sure, and I *am* sure Duncombe was not the name. Well, I suppose Mrs. Van Shuter knows where she got her; but to speak frankly, I would n't trust her with the spoons. What I wanted to ask you is if you think Nell and Jerry have suddenly gone mad. My last letter was from the hotel, and here, in this morning's papers, is a 'special despatch' from Florida, stating that Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon are enjoying the hospitalities of Major and Mrs. Shafto at The Bungalow near Badajoz —"

"It can't be," said the widow, overpowered. She felt to-day as if she were stepping into space.

"That 's not all," said Betty. "Among other guests are Miss Kitty Foote, Mr. Carteret Leeds, Mr. Timothy Van Loon, and the celebrated Mrs. Hildegarde de Lancey. There 's a choice houseful! I thought, as I dare not tell my mother, you would n't mind telegraphing to Jerry to come home and all will be forgiven. What a 'school for wives' he has taken his to!"

On the day following, a visitor whom Mrs. Vernon's servants had directions to admit, touched the button of the electric bell under the stately portal of the corner house where Mrs. Van Shuter had consented to make a call — and where black care had found an entrance, notwithstanding.

Mrs. Calliope Duncombe, delivering up her umbrella and removing her modest overshoes in the presence of Mrs. Vernon's flunkeys, in a wide hall where antique tapestries made a gloom at midday, amid rare carvings and costly ceramics, had a humorous sense of the extremes possible to American fortune within the compass of a quarter of a century. In her mind's eye, she saw a raw frontier town, of which the chief center was the tavern kept by Major Judd, known familiarly as "Buck." She saw the lean "Major" presiding over the bar, or ushering his patrons into the long, bare room where two untidy tables were kept forever covered with spotted cloths, and set with casters, pitchers, thick goblets, and dingy knives and forks, with the red or green glasses full of toothpicks which formed their ornaments. She saw, issuing from the pantry door and whisking smartly about these tables, to do the service of the boarders amid an incense of kitchen smoke, two girls — one spare and sickly, the other blooming above her sordid surroundings in the effulgence of health and beauty and animal spirits. She saw the pale girl look with envy after the rosy one, who shot like a meteor among the guests, bandying jests, repelling impudence, carrying all before her.

"If you will please step up into the morning-room, madam, Mrs. Vernon will see you there," said a portly, low-voiced functionary, who wore clothes such as old "Buck" Judd had been married and buried in — but with a difference.

The mistress of the house was sitting before a wood fire in the depths of a low arm-chair, the morning's papers and a handful of notes and cards torn from their envelops on the table at her side. Morning sunlight came warmly through embroidered stuffs of golden hue, falling over divans and couches, cabinets and tables, each of its kind the best, and chosen by an artist to be grouped in this favored interior. The walls and many shelves and brackets were encumbered with Mrs. Vernon's well-known collection of "boudoir porcelain," sold in Paris the year before with the effects of a lyric queen, to whom they had been given by their inheritor, a Russian prince. Mrs. Duncombe did not know the value in dollars of this egg-

shell loveliness glittering softly on every side of her, but it brought to mind a droll suggestion of the stone-china cups and plates and saucers and "sauce-plates" and bird-bath dishes she and Luella used to mop, and drain, and wipe, and put away, till they hated the very sight of them.

Mrs. Vernon wore nothing that was not sent out to her from her man milliner in Paris, who had convinced her that in order fairly to illustrate his genius she must commit no infidelities to his celebrated atelier. Her morning-robe was of an oriental red stuff shaded like the plumage of a bird, bordered with black fur, and over it a sort of surtout of Carmelite black serge, girdled with ropes of gold—a freak of luxury attempting but not quite resigned to go into eclipse. The effect upon her mature beauty was to soften and yet enhance it, and fully justified the whim of the gown's creator. This, again, Calliope Jane's keen gaze made note of, in contrast with the Sunday best of Miss Martha Luella Judd.

Mrs. Vernon had not slept well, and had broken her fast since the night before with only a cup of coffee and a few black Hamburg grapes at nine A. M.; so that she felt absolutely unable to enter, until after luncheon, into a conversation that threatened to be trying at the best. Embarrassed by Mrs. Duncombe's satirical study of herself and surroundings, she took a stitch or two in a table-scarf she was embroidering, dropped it on the floor, drew toward her a Venetian jug of white hyacinths and rearranged the flowers, and finally got up and walked to the window, where she remained, turning her back upon her guest.

"That 's it. Keep movin'. Seems more like you, Luella, to be stirrin' around a bit," said Calliope Jane, in an admiring voice.

"Luncheon is served, if you please, madam," said the butler, making a *cavalier-seul* movement within the doorway.

The two ladies sat down in the vast refectory at a table of black oak, square and massive, displaying upon a centerpiece of fair linen edged with convent lace a pierced silver dish containing growing ferns, together with sundry odd devices in silver to hold fruit and sweets, and flagons for claret set in silver openwork.

"My!" said Mrs. Duncombe, in the artless accent of her youth. "You keep a considerable sight o' plated ware, don't you, Luella? And these thin glasses round my plate—I be 'most afraid to touch 'em, for fear they 'll fly right out o' my hand."

"Consommé?" said the butler, in her ear.

"What 's this in the little cups—tea? No, sir, I 'm 'bliged to you; I make it a rule never to fill my stummick up with liquids when I start in to eat. That 's a real pritty tidy you 've got in the middle of the table, Luella, an' sensible, for I s'pose you ca'late to save your tablecloth clean for dinner, and washin' 's powerful dear in New York City."

There were three men in attendance, and a ghost of a grin hovered over the face of the youngest, at that moment laboriously engaged in carrying a fork from a side-table to a tray. Mrs. Vernon saw it, and her soul waxed hot. She began to talk rapidly, continuously—her visitor, the while, gazing upon her with that enjoying exasperating smile.

"La me suz, Luella," she chimed in, at the first convenient pause. "T' hear your talk *does* carry me back to Judd's. How well I remember your pa sayin' once, 'That gal o' mine, gentlemen, can talk the socks off 'n anybody I ever see.'"

Mrs. Vernon started, dropped her napkin, and reclaimed it with a shaking hand. It was not the matter only, but the manner of the speech. Not the least of Mrs. Duncombe's accomplishments was her inimitable faculty of reproducing tones.

"Often and often," pursued the visitor, pensively, "I think I can see the old man sittin' in his shirt-sleeves, under the drinkin'-water bucket, with his feet on the railin' of the hotel-poach, and gittin' up every now and then to go back into the bar. Don't you remember, when he 'd had about enough, an' was feelin' real good, how he 'd always shut one eye an' say: 'I 'm a plain Blue Grass man, boys; ain't got no book-larnin', an' git my relijun onst a year reg'lar—but I was bawn an' raised in the finest country on God's yeth, an' don't you forgit it, nuther'?"

Mrs. Vernon was spared witnessing the effect of this impersonation, by the disappearance behind the screen of two of her servants, while the butler kept discreetly at her back. She emptied her water-glass, and bestowed a pleading look upon her relentless guest.

"The stage loses an accomplished actress in you, Jane," she said. "I wonder you don't try giving character sketches in people's drawing-rooms. It would surely be a success, and—perhaps—a *safer* method of securing what you want."

"What! you advise it!" said Calliope, beaming. "I am certain you 'd recognize my models, if no one else found me out. But don't trouble your head about me, dear. I 'm doing splendidly, thanks to the kind ladies of New York society, who are always in want of an outlet for their zeal."

The dreadful meal proceeded to its close, and Mrs. Duncombe having afforded, as it were, a sample of her skill, relaxed her efforts in that particular line of torment. When the two women were again alone, Mrs. Vernon,

with a sudden departure from her attempted indifference, confronted her opponent boldly.

"Was your life in the House of Correction, while you were serving a two-years' sentence for getting money under false pretences, so much to your taste that you want to go back to it, Jane?"

"I am the widow of a Union soldier who died for his country at Antietam," said Calliope, dropping her eyes. "And if I seek to eke out my modest pension of eight dollars a month from the Government by the use of the talents with which God has gifted me—"

"Rubbish!" interrupted the other. "Come, now, there 's no use wasting my time. I know you, root and branch, Jane Ketcham; and when I saw you, yesterday, sitting up among all those women you had taken in, looking like the cat that had been at the cream, I made my mind up, *straight*."

"To do what, Luella?" asked Calliope, still meekly.

"To force you to back out of this business without open scandal, as you suspected when you saw me, or you would n't have tried getting me upon the board to be a party to your fraud."

"Now you are getting angry, dear, and in your tantrums you always lose your grip. Just keep calm, and consider what exposing me will do for you. It 'll be a thousand times worse for the public to have a full account *now* of your life as a table-girl at Judd's, where old Vernon picked you up and married you, than it would have been before your son made his aristocratic match. Now, just as you are getting into the Four Hundred, fancy it! And I think you may trust me, love, to do the thing thoroughly when I set out to have my revenge."

"And I have given—not paid—you hundreds of dollars—would have done anything—to keep you a decent woman," cried the widow, whose passion, long repressed, had by this time burst its bounds. She broke into a storm of weeping, at which Calliope looked serenely on. When Luella "lost her grip," it had always been the advance signal of Calliope's success. In this paroxysm, the untamed creature hinted at in the smiling portrait below-stairs revealed herself without restraint.

"There—there, Luella," said the visitor, at last. "You 'll cry yourself down sick, you know you will. Take the thing quietly, as I do. Lord knows, you 've got lots to comfort you."

"Will no money pay you to give this up, and leave New York?"

"Judging from appearances, I shall soon command what will supply my necessities for the present. But can't you understand—you, Luella, who have made such a struggle to know the right sort? It is social place, the regard of the community, I need most, now. Six months ago, I was, under the lowly name of Madame Isaacson, an astrologist in Boston, telling fortunes at twenty-five cents each; and, my dear, I nearly starved. Now—well, you saw for yourself how the great ladies of Gotham swarmed around me. Do you suppose I mean to renounce all this until—when—I am obliged?"

"You are a shameless wretch," said the widow, between her teeth. "I should like to call a policeman and have you put out of my house."

"But you won't, love. I know you. You have n't moral courage enough for that. Ah, it was always such a relief, Luella, to talk freely before you."

"What do you mean to do?"

"What do *you* mean to do? If you can't be satisfied to keep quiet, and patronize me with the rest of your swell friends, I should almost suggest *your* leaving town, instead of me."

Poor Mrs. Vernon, to whom this episode was but the culmination of many trials from the same source, looked at her old acquaintance in dismay. Leave town! Now, at the moment of Gerald's return with the young wife who was to be her most powerful lever in forcing her way upward! When her entertainments for the bridal pair, that were intended to conquer all lingering opposition to her advance, were planned and waiting! Now, when her lip was on the cup! The climax of her tragic comedy was reached.

"Me leave town?" she said, suddenly dropping into the verbiage of a distant but not forgotten past. "Well, of all the impudence! I 'll tell you what, Jane Ketcham, I have had my fill of this. Walk out of my house, this minute, and never set foot in it again."

"I am going, dear," murmured the invincible Jane; "though, seeing you have n't been troubled with me in two years, you might have had a little more patience, now. But before I go, Luella, let me warn you that the best way out of your present complications is to—let me see—have a sudden indisposition before the next meeting of the board, and resign because your physician has advised a change of air."

"This, then, is your little game? This is what you wanted from the first?"

"If we can't work together, we are best apart, certainly," said Jane, drawing her veil over her poke-bonnet, and buttoning the brown gloves. "Might I ask that butler of yours where he put my silk umbrella—a testimonial of esteem from an Ibsen class I had at a summer resort a little while ago? I think your butler has a soul for the drama, Luella, for his face was eloquent with appreciation while I impersonated your poor dear papa. Good-by, again, and don't trouble to see me to the door. I

shall not be surprised to hear of your leaving town before I 've a chance to visit you again."

VII.

"On time," said Gerald, consulting his watch, as the Washington express slackened speed in the station at Jersey City. "Come, Nell — has that woman got your bag and wraps? Hughes will go on ahead to find the carriage on the other side — I 'll swear it 's a jolly thing to fill one's lungs again with our own North River air."

Eleanor, quietly, and with a lagging step, kept at her husband's side as they followed the throng on the platform, through the ferry-house to the boat, thence to the forward deck, where she leaned against the rail and gazed over at the roofs and spires of her birthplace, quitted some short two months before. Jerry, growing more exhilarated as the salt breeze swept from him the remnants of stale railway smoke, hardly glanced at her. His thoughts had sprung forward with a bound to his old familiar life and association with other men, interrupted by an episode that, however charming, was now parcel of the past. A hundred images of his active, popular, buoyant young manhood swarmed around him, and tickled his imagination with the joy of return into their broad arena. When he caught sight, standing against the opposite railing, and eyeing him without appearing to wish to do so, of a man whom he had known at a club to which both belonged, having but a tepid liking for him hitherto, his heart expanded into radiant friendship for the more recent dweller in the scenes to which he was going back.

"Why, that 's Telfair," he said to Eleanor, with animation. "He 's been to Washington about the Stryker case, of course. If you don't mind my leaving you a minute, — you are all right here, — I 'll be back at once. I 'd like to find out from Telfair how that Stryker business is likely to come out."

Eleanor smiled, nodding assent. When he left her, she turned her back on the crowd and leaned over the rail, staring down into the green combs of the waves, trying to keep hot tears out of her eyes. During the latter part of their journey, the unconscious Gerald had shown her plainly the sort of relief he felt in getting back. As if to make up for it, he had redoubled endearments, and was again the bright, fascinating fellow who had wooed her, the fond young husband of the earliest married days. He had done his best to atone for the frequent shows of petulance, of boyish tyranny, that had come thick and fast since the unfortunate day of their arrival at The Bungalow.

That visit! Eleanor's cheeks crimsoned again at thought of it. She would have liked to blot out forever the memory of her hysterical pleading with her husband to take her away on the morrow after the scene of the midnight ballet; of his vexed, then angry, remonstrance against her prudishness; of her dismay when she found that in the fast society the home-bred, pure-minded girl found so offensive to her instincts, he was not only at home but admirably entertained.

Eleanor vanquished, but not convinced, they had stayed on at The Bungalow until after the first limit fixed. The four days of it had been forty in her sight. A letter from Gerald's mother, urging him to return home, had added to his impatience of feminine restraint. He accused Eleanor of being in league with his mother to keep him in leading-strings, and put the offending missive in the fire. And Mrs. Shafto had somehow become aware of all these petty infelicities, and had ventured to counsel and sympathize with Nell, while giving Gerald opportunities to calm his excitement in the soothing society of his fair friend Hildegarde.

Hildegarde! Eleanor hated herself for dwelling ever so lightly on an uncomfortable feeling that had sprung up in her mind at Badajoz. She had put it aside, and trampled on the base temptation to misjudge her husband. Did not Gerald come back to her from Hildegarde's companionship, swearing that poor dear creature was very pitiful ringing the changes on her wrongs, but that he had learned to prefer a woman with a future to a woman with a past, and was content to leave the task of consolation to Mr. Timothy Van Loon. Was not Hildegarde herself all that was tender, sympathetic, admiring, to Eleanor? For Mrs. Shafto Nell had conceived a dislike that did not lessen upon acquaintance. But Mrs. de Lancey, in her refined gentleness, her winning deprecation of unkind judgment — what was she but a flower beaten from its stalk by a tempest? One must be warped by unworthy prejudice indeed to have such fancies as occasionally crept into Eleanor's brain concerning her. Ah, well — whatever Jerry's offenses were, they had always been met in loving condonation by his wife. To her, every hair of his head was now dear with a tenderness unimagined in her girlhood. They were on their way to the new home, where the world was to be shut out, and they two were to reign supreme. Everything that fortune could do to lend external brightness to their lives had been done; why, then, did Eleanor sigh again at the close of her reverie? Jerry returned to her as the boat drew in to the slip.

"Telfair 's a capital fellow," he said in great good humor. "He 's been telling me all that 's gone on about town and at the clubs. Seems to me we 've been away a thousand years.

There 's Hughes gone ahead, and your new footman waiting near the gang-plank, Mrs. Vernon. Blest if I remember the fellow's name, do you? Nell, I 'm afraid we 'll be a regular pair of Veneerings — that couple in Dickens, don't you know? — in our new house, with the new servants and horses, and all that. I wonder which of the family will be there. I don't believe my mother 'll come, but I hardly think yours will be able to keep away — why, what a long face you have! Not a bit what it ought to be."

Nell forced a smile in answer to his rattling challenge. She was thinking: "Oh, I hope mama won't see me till I 've had a chance to get over this little doleful fit, for which there is no reason. She 'd be so quick to read my face; and Betty's eyes are so sharp, and dear Trix loves me so, I could n't bear for them to imagine I 'm not the happiest woman in the world."

Even when leaning back on the cushioned lining of her brougham,— that 'dark myrtle-green satin' Trix and she had so often pictured as the limit of their luxurious desires,— Eleanor's mind had not regained its normal calm. She felt ashamed of herself that the home-coming, so happy in anticipation, should be thus clouded; and with a strong effort lent herself to Jerry's joyous mood.

To him, the squalor of the down-town region through which his high-stepping cobs minced daintily, as if despising it, was full of renewed interest.

With the zest of the returning cockney, he inhaled the faded air of the dull thoroughfares pregnant with the smell of over-ripe foreign fruits, clothing of hurrying crowds, contents of shops open to the sidewalk, black slime of uncleaned streets. He looked up at the skeleton trestlework along which the elevated trains went incessantly whizzing overhead, with satisfaction, as a symbol of the busy metropolitan life. The roar overhead, the rumble of trucks upon the granite, the ceaseless swarming of eager pedestrians, the tinkle of street-car bells, the cries of children playing on the sidewalk amid all this hurly-burly, the shouts over repeated blockings of the way by a mass of vehicles,— all blending to swell the chant of a great city in business hours,— to Jerry were welcome music.

"What a change from our sylvan solitudes!" Eleanor said, with another sigh.

"Change! I should think so," he answered cheerily "Why, you silly girl, you did n't expect to go on philandering for a year and a day did you? We 're part of the community now; come back to take our place in actual life, out of our lovers' paradise, that had to end."

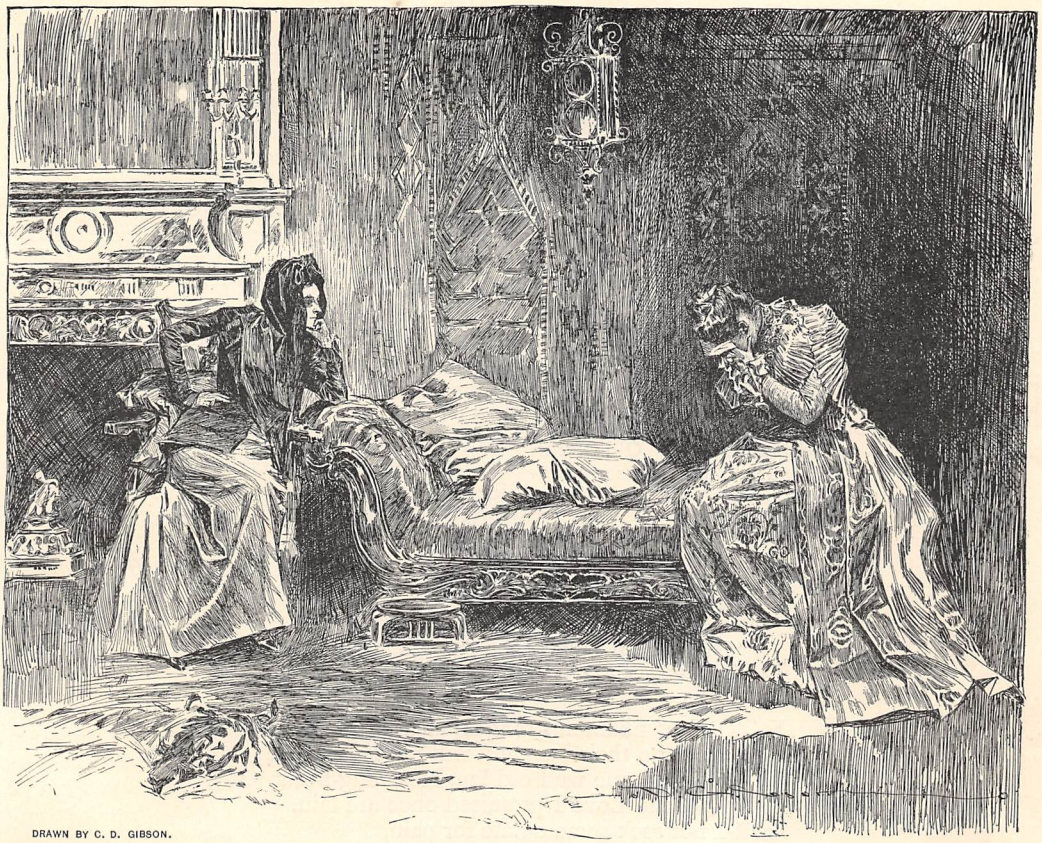
That had to end! Poor foolish Nell, her young heart straining to hold on to its ideals, felt her eyes fill with tears. There are times when listening to common sense is like lying down upon paving-stones.

Soon they had left the haunts of work-a-day, and come out into Fifth Avenue at an hour when the leisure world was in full enjoyment of a brilliant afternoon in spring. From victorias and open landaus rolling toward them head after head inclined in gracious salutation. Men, determinately appareled after Piccadilly modes, wearing well-made cheviot body-coats, well-kempt silk hats, well-chosen flowers in their buttonholes, carrying sticks, and walking in the long, easy stride of the patrician idlers of Park Row, bowed to them from the sidewalks, whence also came airy greetings from a larger number of the other sex who have no need to seek Mayfair models to turn themselves out in the prettiest dress-parade in Christendom.

On such an afternoon the thoroughfare of New York's fashion is at its best. The huge buildings of cream-colored and of buff brick, with their delicate traceries and finials of carvings, which have been erected by modern art to take away our reproach of monotonous brownstone, seem to catch and throw off the sunlight. Many houses in the older and lower part have their strips of green turf dight with pansies and English daisies. Flowers are everywhere: in the bonnets, in posies worn upon the breast, behind windows where Easter lilies rear their pure crests, in balconies and boxes, in street-barrows, in the baskets of humbler venders. Roses, azaleas, hyacinths, geraniums, ferns, appear to be loitering on call. From Washington Square to Madison Square, where leaves have just ventured from winter bondage, and in the green precincts of which the busy New York day stands still to breathe awhile, as on both sides of the long avenue to the Plaza, nearly two miles and a half in all, there is a never-ending procession of pedestrians, who in temper illustrate frankly the American virtues of good humor and self-respect, as they push ahead, amused at the passing show of the vehicles of luxury and pleasure that throng between.

In a side-street west of Fifth Avenue Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon's home revealed itself by a blush of newly painted brick, a series of crisp muslin curtains veiling the four rows of windows, a variety of new brass- and iron-work and plate-glass about the swinging doors of the vestibule, and balcony-boxes newly filled with daisies and myosotis.

When they stopped by the curbstone, Gerald, conscious of a shamefaced desire to avoid the notice of possible observers in Numbers 14 and 18, glanced about him nervously before inviting his bride to alight. But in the cold-blooded current of town life, where the casualties of birth, death, and marriage pass often unheard



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"WHEN LUELLA 'LOST HER GRIP.'"

of by an adjoining neighbor, their home-coming was unnoticed save by an Italian gentleman grinding with maddening deliberation from a barrel-organ, "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea, Dressed in his best suit of clothes," whose smile, as he doffed his hat, was conventionally blank.

"But for the precedent," said Gerald, "I 'd give that fellow twenty-five cents for treating us like regular old married hacks. No! basta, signor, allez-vous-en — get out for Heaven's sake! Now, Nell, if you don't say this is better than a Florida hotel!"

With a word of shy greeting to her new domestic staff, Eleanor went from room to room, suspecting Trix in ambush, her heart warm with the thought that mama might be hidden behind some portière. Evidences of their loving work were everywhere: in the ordering of furniture as Nell liked it, in the judicious distribution of bridal gifts. Up-stairs, in a sunny room where Nell's books and Gerald's met upon low shelves, a divan was revealed whereon Jerry's lazy length might sprawl; Nell's wicker chair stood on a bearskin by the tea-table, before a couple of logs burning softly in the fireplace of ivory tiles, and here the married pair brought their explorations to a halt.

"They must have just left the house," Eleanor said, with a burst of girlish tenderness. "Oh! Jerry darling, how much better home people's love is than anything the world can give you if it tries!"

"Hullo! They 've got all my old college pictures in here," Jerry rejoined, well pleased. "What 's that scratching under the sofa, Nell? By George, I believe it 's Nip."

And Nip it was, Trix's second self, her inseparable fox-terrier, who, with a muffled bark, darted out from beneath a couch, sliding partly on his head, in his effort to be rid of a note tied to his collar with a large orange bow.

"It 's from Trix, of course. Be still, Nip dear, till I get it off," cried Eleanor, as Nip bounded into her lap in rapturous welcome and desire to be rid of his encumbrance.

Read the young couple, cheek to cheek:

My dearest Nell and Jerry: What it will cost me to sneak out the basement way as you go up the front steps you can never know, but mama and Betty have left me here till the last minute, making me promise not to show an eyelash when

you come. You are to have your first dinner to yourselves; and there are sweetbreads, and birds, and little things that you can't have *every day*, I know, and that Nip and I *just love*. We have been in the kitchen interviewing the cook, and there 's nothing we 've not found out. Mind, don't be at the table a minute after eight, for we are all coming then, and I 've so much to say, I can't hold it in — oh! I 'm just *dying* to stay and talk. Nip knows this is your house, for he has gone under the sofa and is about to take a nap, as I told him, and he would never do that in any stranger's. So welcome, welcome, welcome home, from your ever loving

TRIX.

P. S. — We 've got places for all the wedding-presents but Mrs. Cranston's bothering clock, and that 's in the third story back. Cousin Sarah's vase is on the lowest shelf of the Indian cabinet, where nobody can see it. Old Norah would break her heart if you did n't use her crazy-quilt, so I 've put it on your lounge, and I know you 'll let it stay.

N. B. — La cuisinière est peu aimable envers mon cher Nip, et je la déteste; mais n'importe, la *vieille chose* ne peut pas lire ceci!

Where now were Eleanor's fears, tremors, sad remembrances? Vanished, swept away by a heartening breeze. When eight o'clock brought with it her dear ones, the first evening at home closed in unbroken peace, even though Jerry, who had promised to finish it with his mother, bade her not trouble to sit up for him, as he might look in later at the club.

"I hope Mrs. Vernon is not feeling seriously ill," said Mrs. Halliday, who had made up her mind to inaugurate the new era with all that was needful in the way of Christian suavity.

"I don't know — I imagine not," Jerry answered shortly. He had not recovered from the letter of rebuke for taking his wife to Badajoz, and in his heart thought his mother was sulking at home to punish him.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

LETHE.

"What shall assuage the unforgotten pain,
And teach the unforgetful to forget?"

ROSSETTI.

I TIRE of phantoms that my heart distrain;
That claim their own and will not let me rest;
That mock me with old laughter, long-husht jest;
And of the Love I promised once are fain.
Shall I not seek some opiate for pain,
And drug the ceaseless ache within my breast —
Bid Memory "Hence!" as an unwelcome guest,
And smite the joyous chords of Life again?
Nay! Then I must forbid the Dead to speak;
And do the Holy Past unholy wrong —
Disown its claim — refuse to pay its debt —
All Heaven would look with scorn on one so weak!
I choose, instead, to suffer and grow strong —
Give me no Lethe! I will *not* forget.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

NEW DAY.

I OPED an eastern window as the day
Stepped from the sea upon the dark world's rim;
Against the pulsing sky earth's matin hymn
Broke from a thousand birds, and up the way
Of myriad colors blent, the sun's first ray
Shot golden-white. Throughout my chamber dim,
E'en in the corners, where the shadows grim
Had sat the night, the gracious sunlight lay.
E'en so thou camest to me, O my friend,
Above the verge of years in which thou wast
To me unknown — if e'er was such a night;
For now, since o'er my life thy dear eyes bend,
The very nooks and crannies of my past,
Ere thou wast come, seem flooded with thy light.

Charles Washington Coleman.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE MOTHER, PAINTED BY ALICE D. KELLOGG.

DOROTHEA DIX.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

DOROTHEA L. DIX.

THE passion for self-effacement cherished by Dorothea Dix had, and continues to have, its effect on her fame. During the period of her journeys up and down the civilized regions of the world, her name became indeed a household word; but beyond the circle of those with whom she dealt directly, few knew aught of her achievements, save that she labored especially for the amelioration of the condition of the insane. The five closing years of her life were passed in retirement, and she slipped out of this mortal existence as quietly as she had labored in it. Not above half a dozen of her closer friends gathered at the open grave of her who was considered by one of them the most useful and distinguished woman America has produced. Nor since the appearance, a year or more ago, of Francis Tiffany's sympathetic and in every way admirable biography, does the general interest in her seem to have increased. Here, Silence has her fame in ward, while one can but believe that,

> Somewhere out of human view,
> Whate'er her hands are set to do
> Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

Yet she is one of the half-dozen women to whom the Republic owes deep gratitude and lasting recognition. Her record of direct achievement transcends that of any other philanthropist. But she regarded popularity, in the ordinary sense of the word, as a degradation. A thorough aristocrat in loftiness of spirit, she was averse to it, though she prized the competent judgment of the few on her works. Self-contained, austere, proud with a pride such as commands admiration, she stands apart in the American Valhalla, even from the friends who loved her — men such as Channing, Sumner, Whittier, Dr. Howe, and others of her contemporaries of eminence.

Her distinctive vocation contributed to this aloofness. In its realms both sufferers and succorers are beyond the pale of the ordinary world-life. Their experience is not blazoned by newspaper head-lines. They live in a kind of Hades, a shadow-land, separate from the world of bodily sickness and health, and from the affairs which occupy the mass of mankind. The most capable and devoted specialist, entering the portal of this Hades, leaves no name behind, save in his medical fraternity. And, as would appear from the record of Miss Dix, the most eminent philanthropist, in entering that realm, invites a similar fate. In both cases the renunciation is absolute.

The force of her character asserted itself distinctly in her fourteenth year. Burdened with the prospect of the support and education of herself and of her two brothers, both much younger than herself, she opened, at that age, a school for young children. To give herself an adult appearance, she lengthened her sleeves and her skirts. But her imposing beauty, her air of command, her seriousness, needed no externals to enhance their impressing effect. The children recognized in the larger child a teacher not to be trifled with; a teacher who, though little older than themselves, could inspire an awe that commanded their obedience by placing a mortgage on their reverence. At nineteen she was girl-principal of a day- and boarding-school, and exercising the same severe, if also beneficent, moral power. During a period of ill health she served as governess to Dr. Channing's daughters, one of whom describes her discipline as inflexible; an iron will, from which it was hopeless to appeal; a will as unchangeable as the Mœræ themselves.

But her character, like that of all strong personalities, was composed of contrasts which manifested themselves as occasion demanded, under the control of tender intuitions and sound

judgment. With the rigor of a Puritan, she had also the Puritan's warmth of affection, and was "full of heart-break" for the closer ties of love. Menaced with an early death, she could not bear the thought of leaving her little brother, to whom she was sister-mother. All through her life she suffered from hunger for love. One of her last words uttered, or put on paper, was "Darling!" addressed to one of her lifelong friends.

By patient submission to discipline she softened her proud spirit with the gentle arts of tact and persuasion. Terrible in rebuke, feared by the incompetent or the guilty, she yet exercised a tender constraining power, a winning patience, not to be resisted, a veritable patience of the saints. "Yours is a goodness that never tires, a benevolence that never wearies," wrote President Fillmore to her. "I wonder at your patience and equanimity."

This blending of virile force with womanly sweetness, the fusion of austere and winning elements, rendered her at times angelic and irresistible. Her record is marked with successes gained by her power over individuals, inexplicable save by these harmonized contrasting elements. For example, early in her philanthropic career she wished to enlarge a small asylum for the insane, in Providence, Rhode Island, and to that end she appealed to a millionaire, devoted to money-making and with no special fondness for benevolence. In anticipation, the task was thought by her friends to be like drawing milk out of a stone. In the interview the rich man began by keeping her at a distance with prolonged conversation on commonplace generalities, a conversation which she humored for a time; but at last, rising, with commanding dignity, she announced her errand. She gave an array of facts that described the sufferings of men and women who were his townspeople and fellow-citizens; she spoke as though in all the world there were no beings but these children of sorrow, the man she was addressing, and the God who avenges the sufferings of the neglected, the cruelly afflicted. Her auditor listened, more and more constrained by her low-voiced eloquence, and, when she ended, asked what she would have him do. She said that she wanted fifty thousand dollars for the enlargement of the asylum, the only one in the city; and he then and there promised her the money. Inasmuch as such a sum is a prospective million in hands that can turn it to advantage, its surrender from such a man was creditable to the giver not less than to the pleader. But who can instruct us in the magic used by the gentle, invalid school-teacher to roll away the stone from the long-sealed sepulcher in which the money-getter's heart had lain unstirred by any pulse of sympathy, and in the power of cogent statement and impassioned fervor that loosened the rooted habit of a lifetime?

Again, having obtained an appropriation from Congress for a hospital at Washington, D. C., for the insane of the army and the navy, a desirable site for the building was discovered, a homestead owned by a Mr. Blagden, who refused to sell it, the estate being greatly prized by his wife and daughters, and valued at $40,000, while the appropriation for a site allowed only $25,000. Her friend, Dr. Nichols, having exhausted his eloquence unavailingly upon the owner, said: "There is nothing more to be done. We shall have to give the matter up; and it is the finest site for a hospital in the world." Miss Dix replied in her usual quiet tone, "We must try what can be done." She procured an interview with the owner of the place, and so movingly represented to him the good that could be accomplished for hundreds of sufferers, if he would surrender his home, that he was persuaded to yield it, to his considerable personal loss, for the sum specified by the bill. None the less the parting with it cost him a fearful wrench; for when Dr. Nichols called next day, with the requisite papers to sign, the good man was walking the room to and fro, weeping, and wringing his hands in a half-hysteric condition. "I don't want to part with it," he reiterated. "It is dear to me and dear to my family; but I won't break my word to Miss Dix; I won't break my word! I told her she should have it, and she shall have it."

In besieging a State for suitable provision for its indigent insane,—and she achieved her self-appointed task in twenty of the great States,—her first step was the visiting of every jail and almshouse in it, taking ample notes at each station, and accumulating thus a mass of eye-witness testimony from which she drew up her memorials. These were written with a reserve force, a pathos, and a power, coupled with judgment, that elicited tributes of praise from some of the most eminent judicial officials of the land. For, as necessary to her work, she studied the art of statement and of vital appeal till she had made herself mistress of the forces of her native speech. "She studied language as the soldier grinds his sword, to make it cut." Born to the royalty of leadership, she had an infallible instinct for discovering a like capacity in others, and for attaching to her cause the directors of the social and political world. Her memorial ready for presentation, she confided it to men of high character and ability, cognizant of every appliance likely to be used by the party of opposition. But as the sentiment of humanity to the insane was one that had to be created in the early part of her ca-

reer, and, in some quarters of the Union, in all periods of her career, she had to educate many of her public helpers up to it by conversations, editorials, and all the other enginery of the spoken and written word. During the session of a legislature she received evenings, in her parlor, from fifteen to twenty of the leading members, with whom she discoursed for one, two, and three hours. In the morning she was up before the sun writing articles for the local press. "You cannot imagine the labor of conversing and converting," she wrote to a friend. She grew familiar with political types, and for many men of accredited influence she entertained a quiet, prudently disguised contempt. Abhorrent indeed was it to her proud and ardent spirit to descend to the level of the demagogue battening in the sties of the proletariate. But she turned that spirit to patience and sweetness with all sorts of men, in the service whereto she was called; and however rude or low were the natures she wrought on, if they held anything of good she could make it manifest and utilize it. In the tact and patience that achieved these continual individual victories lay the hiding-place of her power.

A rural New Jersey member who had announced in the House that the wants and sufferings of the insane of the State "were all humbug," went to her parlor to silence her with his arguments, but was constrained by her gentle force to listen to hers. At the end of an hour and a half he moved into the middle of the room, and thus delivered himself: "Ma'am, I bid you good night. I do not want, for my part, to hear anything more; the others can stay if they want to, *I am convinced;* you 've conquered me out and out; I shall vote for the hospital. If you 'll come to the House and talk there as you 've done here, no man that is n't a brute can stand you; and so, when a man 's convinced, that 's enough. The Lord bless you!" Thereupon he took his departure.

The great and, for a time, crushing affliction of her life was the veto President Pierce put upon a bill for the passage of which in Congress she had given the arduous labors of six years. The first form of the bill was a petition for 5,000,000 acres of the public lands, to be apportioned among the States, for provision, in the form of a perpetual fund, for the care of the insane. This bill had a partial success during the first two years of its urging; but the opposition it excited led Miss Dix, to whom opposition was ever a tonic, to enlarge it by a request for 12,225,000 acres—about 20,000 square miles—for the same purpose, allowing the odd 225,000 for provision for the deaf and dumb. By sustained and most strenuous exertions on her part, the bill thus enlarged passed the Senate, in 1854, by a more than two-thirds majority, and the House by a plurality of fourteen; one of the signal moral achievements of history. The President had evinced a personal interest in the progress of this effort; but his attitude toward slavery, the burning question of the period, affected his perception of the real or prospective rights of others held in bonds, and of the various phases of human suffering. The reasons he gave for resisting "the deep sympathies of his heart" were ably answered in the Senate; but a veto altereth not. No one anticipated this bolt out of a clear sky, yet it seems certain that could Miss Dix have had warning of it, the President himself might have been led to doubt the reasonableness of the principles on which he grounded his action.

To collect her spent and scattered energies she went across the seas. But there was no escape from the attestations of her afflections, nor her ruling passion. Almost immediately she set about the remodeling of the lunacy laws of Scotland. The high officials resented her intrusion; when they obstructed her way, she left for London, getting the start of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who went also, to contravene her. She was introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Argyle, and to Sir George Gray, the Home Secretary, with whom she had one of those soul-searching interviews recorded in no book save that of the divine Recorder. She had a similar one with the Lord Advocate, with the result of an appointment, by order of the Queen, of two commissions of investigation, and two years later of an act of Parliament, passed without serious opposition, for the remodeling of the laws referred to. The swiftness of this achievement of an invalid woman, an "invader," whose labors were compressed within a period of two months, contrasts with a defeat along the same lines, nine years before, when Lord Rutherford, who at that time was Lord Advocate, and Sir George Gray failed to secure the passage of a similar bill. Again and again did the friends of our American philanthropist, in Scotland, express their astonishment at her power to impress persons of influence, and urge her presence as essential to the completion of the reform she had begun.

If anything could surpass these instances of her success with individuals high in place and power, it was her experience with Pius IX. In 1856 Italy was a sink of political rottenness. The Pope had been powerless during his much troubled reign to improve the condition of his public institutions; and as a result, the hospitals and prisons of the city were centers of confusion and disorder. Miss Dix found the hospitals of Constantinople supplied with more appliances of comfort than were those of Rome; and

though she disapproved of much that she saw elsewhere in Italy, she regarded the institutions of the country with comparative favor after investigating those of the pontifical center. Everywhere she had not merely to convince government officers, but to make stand against the priests. An appeal to the Pope involved an incalculable amount of care, time, patience, and negotiation. How to tell the supreme pontiff of Western Christendom that, in the light of modern science and humanity, the asylum of his cathedral city was a disgrace and a scandal; to tell him not offensively, but so graciously as to win him by persuasions, and yet to tell him by the mouth of a foreign Protestant, a woman, self-elected to the mission — were even the offenseless weapons of this latter-day saint sufficient for this thing? With her wonted sagacity she gained the support of Antonelli, who, notwithstanding certain well-known shortcomings, had a large sense of humanity. When the day came for her audience, she found the Pope in benignant mood, and happily at home in English, so that an interpreter was not needed. He expressed himself as surprised and shocked at the details of her recital, and promised to make a personal examination of the hospital of the city, which he did within a day or two, unannounced, taking the officials unawares. In a second audience he acknowledged the bad condition of the institution, and thanked this audacious American Protestant Theresa. Cries of distress elsewhere called her from Rome; but it was understood in its official circles that she would return to it, if the promises made her were not early redeemed. This announcement, given with no air of menace, but carrying a weight of character behind it, procured that a physician was sent to France to study the methods of the asylums of that country; procured also the purchase of land for a suitable retreat just outside the Porta del Popolo, and ere long, the erection of a building, a refuge for the mentally afflicted of the city. A visitor to it in 1876 reports good and humane management, considering the poverty of the country, and the general status, somewhat backward, as yet, of its medical knowledge and practice.

That her remarkable personal influence was not merely of transient or occasional manifestation is attested by superintendents whose institutions were visited at frequent stated intervals by the "gentle lady" but "terrible reformer" who exercised it. "To have her suddenly arrive at your asylum, and find aught neglected or amiss, was considerably worse than an earthquake," said Dr. Ray of Providence. "Not that she said anything on the spot, but one felt something ominous suspended in the very air." Another wrote:

> Your clear and unmistakable showing of our defects is the greatest boon you could have conferred. I did not misunderstand those criticisms . . . so applicable to us. Not only has every observation been carefully treasured, but every word which could be remembered has been made the text for suggestive commentaries of my own.

And still another, with a deference rarely used by a professional man to a woman, without diploma, even though she be a woman with a record:

> I have diligently striven to do . . . what I thought you would approve — always feeling a responsibility to your prospective approbation in carrying on a work which is rightfully yours. If you can say "Well done" to what is done, I shall be glad. Your confidence and friendship are a well of pleasure, a tower of strength, to me. I think I appreciate them. I hope they are not misplaced.

"Those who heard her when she addressed the nurses and attendants of a new asylum," writes Mr. Tiffany, "say they never listened to such moving speech from human lips." Her auditory would be wrought to mingled tears and exultation, as though their call to serve the suffering had descended to them audibly out of the heavens.

It would be impossible, save in a more extended space than the limits of this paper will admit, to do anything more than refer to her visits among jails and prisons; her labors as Superintendent of Nurses during the civil war; her foresight and quickness of decision in giving warning in the hour of emergency to the one man who could bar the roads to the National capital from the armed insurgent forces whose design was to occupy it and to prevent, if need were, by the assassin's bullet, the inauguration of the President-elect; her labors as a builder of more than one of the stately structures, grants for which she had procured from the State, and of a monument for the Union soldiers who had fallen on the field, or had perished in the prison pen or the hospital ward; her procuring of libraries and of life-saving appliances for those who serve at the coast-stations for the rescue of the shipwrecked — labors any one of which would have sufficed to fill the measure of the strength, and to crown with honor a character of less large proportions than was this woman's, who gave herself to world-wide beneficence, not for emoluments, nor as a means of support, but wholly out of love for her kind, her disabled brethren and sisters of the human family.

Her voice was of a quality that controlled the rudest and the most violent; sweet, rich, low, perfect in enunciation, pervaded in every tone by love and power. Her apparel was quiet, spotlessly neat, and uniquely tasteful —

the apparel of a delicate, high-bred Friend. A plain gray dress sufficed for traveling, a black silk one was reserved for social and public occasions. A shawl or velvet mantle without ornament she reserved for occasions when she was to meet persons of high social or public position. Her waving brown hair was brought over the temples, and carried above the ears, in the fashion of the period. Her soft, brilliant, blue-gray eyes, with pupils so dilating as to cause the eyes to seem black; the bright glow of her cheeks; her shapely head set on a neck so long, flexible, and graceful as to impart an air of distinction to her carriage — all expressed the blending of dignity, force, and tenderness in her character. She was one of those who have greatness thrust upon them. She never sought nor proclaimed it, but bore herself with an endearing humility to the last, leaving the impress of a life inimitable, truly, in its proportions, but precious in its efficiency, in its absence of ostentation, and in its deep-seated but never cymbal-clanging piety.

Mary S. Robinson.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Proposed Recession of the Yosemite Valley.

NO one who has beheld the glories of the Yosemite Valley can remain indifferent to the preservation and (so far as it is possible by the work of man) the enhancement of the attractiveness of this phenomenal scenery; and it is doubtless this penetrating impression in the minds of persons of taste which has led to the numerous and continuous protests against what are, to say the least, serious errors of judgment in the official conduct of the valley.

Remembering that the total effect of this colossal scenery is not dependent merely upon the unspoiled and unspoilable natural monuments and waterfalls, but upon the harmonious relation which these bear in the mind of the beholder to the beautiful groves and fields which form the floor of the valley, one sees the necessity of providing for this concord on the highest plane of expert intelligence.

That such intelligence has been sadly wanting, and that in the past six years respectful appeals to members of the successive boards of control for a reform of the amateur system have been contemptuously disregarded, are matters of abundant record. It will be remembered by the readers of THE CENTURY that in this magazine for January, 1890, we printed three temperate statements, made after personal investigation, calling attention to the "Destructive Tendencies in the Yosemite Valley"; and without taking responsibility for any exaggerated statements that may have been made elsewhere, we called special attention editorially to the question of greatest importance — "Has the treatment of the Yosemite landscape been intrusted to skilful hands?" This publication was not made in THE CENTURY until after the attention of an influential member of the Yosemite Commission of 1889 had been personally called to the evident necessity of reform; nor were we by any means the first to take this view of the matter, for so great had been the abuses resulting from the lack of intelligent supervision that, at the original instance of Mr. Charles D. Robinson, a previous investigation of the matter had been made by a legislative committee, which revealed, at least, that the landscape management of the valley was not on the high plane demanded by the character of the scenery.

In presenting to our readers at that time photographic views showing unskilful treatment of the landscape, we said:

> Without going into the details of the alleged abuses, monopolies, rings, and persecutions, it is easy to see in the above testimony and photographs abundant confirmation of those who hold that the valley has not had the benefit of expert supervision. In saying this we are not impugning the good faith of past or present commissions or commissioners, appointed for other reasons than their skilfulness in the treatment of landscape. They are certainly to be acquitted of any intention to injure the valley: that would be unbelievable. It is no reproach to them that they are not trained foresters. Their responsibility, however, does not end there: it is, in fact, there that it begins; for, in the absence of knowledge of a professional nature, it should be their first aim to obtain the very best man or men available to do this work. No such expert is too good or too expensive, and no claim upon the budget of California should have precedence of this. If the commissioners have not money enough for this expenditure, it is part of their duty as holders of a great trust to arouse a public sentiment which shall procure the proper appropriation. The press of the country, which is never backward in such matters, would lend an effective support to the demand for funds for this most necessary expert care.

Evidence is not wanting that this and similar discussions of the subject were of use in bringing public opinion to bear upon the commissioners, and there is no doubt that in some respects the management of the valley has since been freer from causes of criticism. There is, however, no evidence of a fixed disposition on the part of the commissioners to recognize the crying need of expert supervision, and at their annual meeting held in June of the present year, a contract was let for the "underbrushing" of the valley at an expense of $3000, and to a person with no pretension to the requisite skill. At the time of our publication the intention to "cut down every tree that has sprouted within the last thirty years" had been announced by an active member of the commission, and it had been declared by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted (who, it need hardly be said, stands at the head of the profession of landscape engineers in this country) that this policy, if it were carried out, "would eventually result in an irreparable calamity — a calamity to the civilized world."

It will thus be seen that this danger, against which we protested when it was nothing more than a threat, has now been put on the highway to realization. How far it will be carried, who shall say? The following extracts from a letter from Eugene F. Weigel, Special Land Inspector, written from San Francisco, October 3, 1892, as part of his report to the Hon. John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, tells its own story:

As I already informed you, a good deal of underbrushing had been done near the Stoneman House in Yosemite Valley and around the stables of the Transportation Co., by direction of the State Commissioners, under the supervision of Galen Clark, the Guardian. Mr. Clark was formerly one of the commissioners, and, although 78 years old, is still active, and appears to be an educated, honorable man. He took me around to the places where the clearing had been done for the purpose of lessening the danger of fires, and which, it is true, at times partook of the nature of a mutilation of natural beauty. Guardian Clark was free to confess that he was no scientific landscaper, and that he carried out the orders of the board to the best of his ability. *He said that he had frequently importuned the commissioners to employ some expert landscape engineer to thoroughly study the valley, and make a systematic plan of improvements that might be carried out in the course of several years, but all to no avail.*

Mr. Clark's failure to obtain any attention for these suggestions recalls the reception given to our similar suggestion in the summer of 1889, when a member of the Commission of that year declared to the writer that in this matter he "would rather have the services of a Yosemite tree-cutter than of the best so-called Eastern expert, Frederick Law Olmsted, or anybody else."

In the face of such a policy, both passive and avowed, it clearly becomes the duty of Congress to consider whether this and other defects in the management of the valley do not invalidate the stipulation made in the act of cession of 1864, that the said State "shall accept this grant upon the express conditions that its premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation, inalienable for all time," etc. For this action a strong basis would be found in the opinion which, in response to a Senate resolution and after careful official inquiry, Secretary Noble has expressed, that the conditions of the grant have not been complied with.

There is good reason, however, to hope that such a course will not be necessary, but that the better judgment of public opinion in California will be operative to procure a voluntary act of recession of the valley. A prominent member of the Commission has denied that California is in sympathy with the reform sentiment; but Mr. Weigel, writing from San Francisco, says:

To judge by the utterances of individuals here, as well as in Merced, Mariposa, and Fresno counties, a large majority of the people would be in favor of letting the government of the Yosemite Valley revert to the National Government. I have been informed by different parties that an effort will be made in the next Assembly to accomplish this object.

An additional reason for this action exists in the fact that by an act of October 1, 1890, Congress created a new National Park, of which the old grant to the State of California is the heart, and which is almost equal in extent to the State of Rhode Island, but does not include in its jurisdiction the valley which it surrounds. It was the belief of those most active in procuring this legislation, that the establishment of the larger park was not only desirable in itself, but would be a stepping-stone to reform within the State grant. It is obvious that the two reservations should be under one control. Were the official management of the smaller such as to awaken public confidence, it is not improbable that there would be a movement to place the larger in the same hands. As it is, the continued disregard by the Commission of what is due to the American people in this matter, makes it all the more desirable that the consolidation should be under the Government.

The sincere regard for the public interests shown by Secretary Noble in the matter of such reservations, and his vigorous and intelligent action in the management of the Yosemite National Park, in spite of the lack of an adequate appropriation for his work, are worthy of the highest praise. His demonstration of the efficiency of national control, and his conviction that recession is necessary, are strong arguments in favor of a policy which would, in the long run, prove to be vastly more beneficial to all the legitimate interests of California than the present policy of neglect and blundering.

Moreover, the granting by Congress during the past year of right of way to a free road into the valley makes it less desirable for the vested interests now virtually in control of the valley to oppose such a movement. Mr. Weigel says:

To the ordinary traveler the toll-roads in and outside of the Park are very annoying, and the free road to be built up to the valley from Merced this winter will be hailed with delight, besides possessing the advantage of enabling the tourist to visit the valley all the year round. It will reach Yosemite Valley on easy grades *via* Mariposa, and attain no high altitudes, so that it can be kept open all winter.

Mr. A. H. Ward, a prominent citizen of Alameda, California, writing October 5, 1892, says:

At present, as you are aware, the valley is only reached by a roundabout mountain toll-road that is open but six months in the year. This new road is to be free and open the year round. It will greatly increase the number of visitors, and, as a consequence, make the government of the park much more difficult. It will simply be impossible to manage it from a camp located on its extreme southern boundary. The headquarters should be in the valley. At present the valley is in the hands of a ring who run it for the number of dollars they can make, caring nothing for the public or their obligation to the State government. I strongly urge that the State of California be requested to return the deed of trust of the valley, that this valley ring be turned out, that the headquarters be established in the valley, and that a competent army officer be given full control.

It is to be hoped that Californians will not be misled by appeals to a false State pride in the cry that anybody is "attacking Yosemite" or the State of California, when the main point at issue is whether or not the servants of the State are exercising proper care of the wonders committed to their charge in trust for the people of the whole country. It is to be hoped that the legislature, at its coming session, will promptly pass an act receding the valley, and thus put an end once for all to the Yosemite scandal. Meantime Californians should organize to procure this action, remembering that eternal vigilance is the price of public parks.

New York and the World's Fair.

THE artistic and magnificent housing of the World's Fair at Chicago is in itself an exhibit more splendid and effective than any of its contents can possibly be. And yet the very worthiness of site, grounds, and buildings furnishes a new argument for the hearty and complete coöperation of the nation, and of the several States, in the preparation and presentation of the contained exhibits.

In this matter the State of New York has the greatest responsibility, and must put forth the greatest energy. But it is evident that the State appropriation is lamentably deficient. Especially is it deficient on the

side of the art department. The sum devoted to the arts proper is, at this writing, no greater than that devoted to the same department by States having hardly a twentieth of the art products of New York. In architecture, painting, sculpture, stained glass, wood and other engraving, the metropolis of the country naturally leads all other cities; and if the means were not forthcoming for New York's department of art, then the art of the country itself would fail of its proper presentation at the World's Fair. The failure would be national.

Take the single item of stained glass — the "art of glass." This is an art not only costly in fabrication, but especially costly in the matter of transportation, and in the necessary arrangements for exhibition. Under the present appropriation it might utterly fail of a representative showing; and yet this exquisite art, which is daily becoming more wide-spread in its uses, not only in our public buildings, but in the homes of the people — this exquisite art is one of the very few in which America has struck an original note, has even in some respects surpassed the work of modern Europe. There are, indeed, European critics who think that at least in the art of stained glass and in the art of wood-engraving America can show examples of greater subtlety and art value than can be found in these branches to-day in the Old World.

But in every branch of art New York is strong; hers are the great national art societies; she is the home of contemporaneous American art. It is to her collections also on which the country must largely depend for the success of the retrospective side of the art exhibition. There is every reason of State pride as well as of national self-respect why the State should be liberal in its Fair appropriation, and especially in the appropriation for art.

Legal Tenders and Bimetallism.

THE following letter, which comes to us from a reader in Arkansas, is one of many similar communications which have been received during the past few months:

I have read with interest articles which have appeared from time to time in THE CENTURY on the currency question, and, in particular, "The People's Money," in "Topics of the Time," May number. Two points in the last article I should be pleased to have you explain in your magazine in the near future.

You say, "All debts would therefore be scaled down 30 per cent." Why so? If the 70-cent dollar is legal tender for all debts both public and private, would it not be still legal tender with as great purchasing and paying power?

Again you say, "If advocates of free silver were honest," etc., etc., "they would consent to a coinage of a silver dollar worth 100 cents," etc. The present value of a silver dollar you say is 70 cents. You arrive at this by estimating its value in gold, do you not? Grant that you raise its value to 100 cents, how long would its value remain at 100 cents? As the supply of gold decreases, the value of gold increases, and from year to year, as gold increased or decreased in value, would not the value of the silver dollar fluctuate from the higher to the lower standard, and vice versâ? Can you maintain a fixed standard of either metal without an international agreement?

Your explanation of above points will be of interest to many who like myself are trying to study this financial question in all its phases, and seeking a remedy for a stringency in the currency which nearly all confess exists.

Making the 66-cent dollar — it is worth four cents less than it was when our May article was written — a legal tender would have no effect upon its value. All that a government does when it declares any kind of money a legal tender is to give it compulsory circulation. Its purchasing power is not changed by the act, though its paying power as applied to existing debts may be. Any creditor who has loaned money, without stipulating the coin in which the debt is to be paid, can be forced by law to accept the legal tender at its face-value in payment, but he is the loser by the transaction if the legal tender be worth less in the exchanges of the world than the money in which the debt was contracted. Says the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, in his "Men and Measures of Half a Century" (p. 177), when speaking of the greenbacks issued by Secretary Chase: "By their being made a legal tender, they enabled, most unjustly, debtors to use them in discharge of obligations executed when coin was the only standard; but their value was not enhanced by it." All the various forms of cheap money with which the world has been made familiar — John Law's, the Rhode Island Paper Bank's, the Argentine Republic's, our own "greenbacks" — were made legal tenders, but their purchasing power was always expressed in gold, and the prices of commodities at once adjusted themselves to the situation. It would be the same with a 66-cent silver dollar; it would buy only 66 cents' worth of goods, and the creditor who had to receive $1000 of it in payment of a debt of that amount would in reality get only $660, for he could buy only that money's worth of goods.

Of course when we say the silver dollar is worth sixty-six cents, we estimate its value in gold. There is no other standard to measure it by, for gold is the basis upon which the commerce of the world is conducted. The value of gold, like the value of silver, is its purchasing power, and is fixed largely by the cost of its production. If a gold dollar were to be dropped into the fire and melted, the shapeless mass taken from the ashes could be sold for a dollar anywhere; but if the silver dollar were to go through the same experience, the resulting mass could be sold for only 66 cents. The Government stamp adds nothing to the intrinsic value. Gold has been adopted as the standard for the commerce of the world, not because it is gold, but because it best meets the uses to which it is put. It is convenient, it is divisible without loss, and it is more steady in value than any other known medium of exchange.

It is because silver has fluctuated so violently in value that the nations of the world have been forced to abandon it as a standard, and to conduct their business on the gold basis. There has been no hostility to silver as silver, or no fetish-worship of gold as gold, in this proceeding, but simply plain business necessity. The inexorable law of nature has compelled it by making the supply of silver both larger and more unsteady than that of gold. If the gold-supply were to become invested with similar qualities in the future, the nations of the world would have to find some other standard of value upon which to transact their business.

In regard to the effect of international agreements upon standards of value, there is a difference of opinion among financiers and economists. The advocates of bimetallism contend that an international agreement upon a common ratio for the free coinage of both gold and silver would be both practicable and beneficial. The opponents of it contend that no ratio can be fixed which will maintain the two metals at one and the same value, that constant revision will be necessary, and that in every case in which the market value

of one coin is higher than that of the other, the cheaper will drive the dearer from circulation. This has been the experience of all nations. Various attempts have been made in the United States during the present century to circulate both silver and gold on equal terms, but there has never been any considerable period in which it has succeeded. Sometimes we had silver alone, sometimes gold alone, but never permanently the two together. A difference of 1½ per cent. in the value of one coin over the other has invariably driven the dearer one out of circulation. This has been the experience of other countries, and those to-day which are nominally bimetal countries conduct all their international business on the gold basis. It is this voice of experience which convinces many of the leading economists of the world that even if we had an international bimetallic agreement, the international business of the world would still be conducted in gold alone.

But whatever doubts there may be about the effect of international bimetallism, there are none about the folly of the United States or any other nation adopting a bimetallic standard separately, with free coinage of both metals, no matter what the ratio of value might be. If it were the present ratio, that of a 66-cent silver dollar, the result would be a plunge to the silver standard, the consequences of which we have discussed in this place (see "Topics of the Time" in May CENTURY). If the ratio gave us a dollar worth 100 cents at the outset, it would be impossible to maintain it with all the silver of the world poured upon us, as it would be, from other nations eager to get upon the gold standard. We should have the whole world against us in international trade, and would suffer loss in every direction. On this point, the oft-quoted words of Webster, in his speech on the Bank Bill of 1815, are complete and final:

> The circulating medium of a commercial community must be that which is also the circulating medium of other commercial communities, or must be capable of being converted into that medium without loss. It must be able, not only to pass in payments and receipts among individuals of the same society and nation, but to adjust and discharge the balance of exchanges between different nations.

The Kindergarten not a Fad.[1]

A RACE that is said to take its pleasures sadly,— a branch of which, indeed, by inheritance is inclined to look upon all amusement as sinful,— such a race very naturally produces many minds that cannot help suspecting the utility of an institution like the kindergarten, which might to a casual observer seem merely organized pleasure. This kind of observer, seeing for the first time a kindergarten "in full play," naturally asks himself, Can anything so delightful really be part of a grave, scientific system of education; or is it merely a pretty way of keeping children — especially the children of the poor — out of mischief?

That it is a thoroughly accredited, successful, scientific, and rapidly spreading educational device, and no mere fad of the moment, seems to be an established fact, as may be gathered from inquiry among the leaders of education everywhere in America, and from all the teachers who, whether kindergartners or not, have come into contact with the system.

The kindergarten is no longer an experiment. It is not now on the defensive, either on its educational or on its philanthropic side. It is rather for those who ignorantly oppose the kindergarten to show cause for their opposition in the face of the almost unanimous approval of experts, and the enthusiastic indorsement of all that part of the general public who have had the opportunity of becoming familiar with its methods and results.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Kindergarten in a Nutshell.

WHEN I wish to put my ideas on the kindergarten in a nutshell, I say that:

The kindergarten provides for two classes of weaklings that develop in a city community. First, the children of the very poor who lack the virtue of thrift, and do what they can to educate their children into the same weakness. The kindergarten takes these from the street at an early age, and gives them a humane introduction to neatness, cleanliness, and social union with their fellows, thus initiating them into civilization. On the basis of self-respect, industry and thrift will grow.

The second class of weaklings which develop are the moral weaklings; for example, those furnished by the class of spoiled children. The many chances for wealth in this country combine to create a class of people newly become wealthy. The time of the father has been absorbed in gaining the wealth, that of the mother in adjusting herself to the new social caste into which she has entered. Their children are precocious in directive power, and almost unmanageable by the ordinary tutor or governess. In the absence of parental restraint, they develop selfishness, indulge all their appetites, and often die of excess in early manhood. The kindergarten, through its mild discipline, and its facilities for employing these precocious children in work, by means of gifts, occupations, and games, succeeds in saving most of them.

I believe that the kindergarten should not be modified from the form in which it comes to us from Froebel and his immediate disciples, under the plea that it needs adaptation to the primary school. Such an adaptation ends in changing the kindergarten into a species of primary school of the old sort. The primary school is well adapted in its present form to pupils of seven years of age and upward. The kindergarten is the only good educational method invented for the child between the

[1] Besides papers in the present number, see article on "The Kindergarten," June, 1871; on "The Child-Garden," by Edward Eggleston, June, 1876; on the Adler "Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten," June, 1888; also paper by Felix Adler, October, 1889; on "Free Kindergartens in New York," by Angeline Brooks, November, 1889. In the Adler kindergarten, and the kindergartens connected with the New York College for the training of Teachers and the Normal College, kindergartners are trained, as well as in the kindergartens taught by Miss M. L. Van Wagenen and Miss Jenny Hunter, and in the school of Mrs. Kraus. The kindergartens of the New York Kindergarten Association aim at a high standard; and good kindergarten work is done in some of our private and mission kindergartens, Christian and Jewish. The New York City Board of Education has recently resolved to adopt the system.

ages of four and six. In the kindergarten age the child needs a symbolic education for his best nourishment. In the primary age the child has begun to feel the desire for learning the conventional instruments invented by the race for communicating and preserving human experience. He learns letters and numbers to great advantage in the primary stage. But if these are given him in the kindergarten age, it results often in producing arrested development.

W. T. Harris,
Commissioner of Education of the United States.

The Possibilities of the Kindergarten.

How to save the children, and how to reach the homes of "the other half," are the two questions most prominent before the philanthropists of the present time. A careful consideration of the means at hand for the accomplishment of these two inclusive purposes discloses the fact that there is no other available agency that in the least compares with the kindergarten. Apart from its philanthropic aspects, it is also recognized as an educational institution, and the idea of introducing it into our public-school systems has for some time been gaining ground.

It is true that the kindergarten has possibilities which ally it to the school, and it is claimed by some that when public kindergartens shall have been established there will be no further need of those whose object is purely philanthropic. However, a consideration of the methods employed in the attempt to adapt the system to the schools leads to the conclusion that they fail fully to appreciate the requirements of the true kindergarten, and that, under their administration, society will not realize its fullest possibilities.

One reason for this conclusion is that the school regards the kindergarten as a mere preliminary to the established course of school work, whereas a view of the present state of society must convince the careful observer that what is needed is not merely more school, but something different from the school.

In proportion to the population, the number of criminals in this country is greater now than it was twenty-five years ago, and, furthermore, statistics show that the average age of criminals is decreasing, each succeeding year adding a list younger than any of the preceding years. The cause of this alarming state of affairs may, to a great extent, be traced to the neglect of childhood.

It must be conceded that the public schools fail in not making character-building their primal duty, as, theoretically, the chief reason for their existence is to make good citizens. Their failure to do this necessitates, in many instances, the establishment of juvenile asylums and reformatory prisons, the object of which is to reclaim a dangerous class, who, had they been properly trained in early childhood, would have required no reclaiming.

An important failure of the schools in their adoption of the kindergarten is in not utilizing the two years between three and five; for if the kindergarten were to be merely preliminary to the school, with its present standard of purely intellectual training, it would be a mistake to overlook these years in which the child develops intellectually more than in any subsequent two years of his life, and to which the kindergarten is perfectly adapted. Before the development of the kindergarten there was no systematic course of intellectual training available for children below five years of age, the infant schools of two generations ago, with their forcing processes, having been abandoned as entirely impracticable. Important as these years are for intellectual training, the kindergarten values them especially as a time for moral and spiritual nurture — an opportunity for doing both preventive and upbuilding work.

Even should the public school take the child at three years of age, these social possibilities of the kindergarten, which are important factors in philanthropic work, would not be realized, for the public-school teacher is not required to know, and seldom does know, anything of the home life of her pupils. Indeed, her long hours and many pupils render this impossible. In all philanthropic kindergartens, however, visiting in the homes of the children is an essential part of the work, and the kindergarten is frequently a welcome visitor where no city missionary would be admitted, often supplying what is most needed, namely, a friend.

The true kindergarten regards not merely the intellect, but aims to cultivate the heart and to train the hand. It has a purpose entirely distinct from that which is practically recognized in the schools. It seeks to make children joyous, pure, trustful, docile, reverent, and unselfish, while it is conceded that the effect of school influences is often the very opposite.

Many of the faults of the schools are traceable to the fact that so many pupils are assigned to one teacher that she cannot give them attention individually, and the same conditions are found in most of the public kindergartens thus far established. The true kindergarten idea is to develop the highest possibilities of each individual child, and at the same time so to cultivate the social feeling that the individual will be subordinate to the good of the community. To promote these ends, the kindergarten must be in sympathetic relations with each of the children, and, therefore, the number must not be too great.

Angeline Brooks.

NEW YORK COLLEGE FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

The Philanthropic Side of Kindergarten Work.

WITH the tide of immigration setting so steadily in the direction of this country, a certain quarter of a large city often becomes densely populated with people from some foreign land, who occupy it almost to the exclusion of every other nationality. They possess little or no power of affiliation with other people, and retain to a great extent their own customs and language, until they belong neither to the country which they have left nor to the one to which they have come. They are so crowded together in tenement-houses that evils which they do not bring with them are soon engendered and acquired by the dreadful conditions under which they live. It is in such places as these that the kindergarten may expect to accomplish much. But if we concentrate our energies to working among the older people, we are destined to see most of our efforts turn out to be fruitless. It is plainly taking things up by the wrong end, for it is with the children of these people that the great opportunity lies. It is an easy thing to guide in the right direction the heart and mind of the little child who is as yet unwarped by prejudice and distrust, not bound

by habits of long duration, and comparatively untouched by his surroundings. The writer recalls a little boy four years old, in one of the kindergartens, who used so many "swear words" that for the good of the other children he had to sit by himself. He was perfectly willing to use other words, but until he came to the kindergarten he did n't know there were any just as good. His mother kept a boarding-house for mechanics, and his home surroundings were of the coarsest and roughest kind. The kindergarten was the opening of a new world to him; he was very much interested in everything that happened, and seemed particularly fond of the flowers which were often brought to the kindergartner by friends. The morning after Decoration Day he came with a bunch of faded clover, which he gave to the kindergartner. She asked him where he found it, and the answer brought to light a touching little story. He had been thinking of one of the kindergarten songs, and the thought of dewy meadows, with white daisies and clover-tops really growing there, had touched his imagination; so after kindergarten was over he found some older boy to go with him, and they started on the elevated road to find the country. Just where they went no one knows, but he found some clover, and brought a large bunch back with him. On his way home he stopped at the kindergarten, but as it was late in the afternoon, and there was no one there, he went home, still holding tightly the beloved bunch of flowers, which he kept all the next day, while the kindergarten was closed. The following morning he started bright and early, and brought Miss B—— the clover, which by this time had all withered. He told her he had tried to bring some buttercups too, but "they all broke." It is no small thing to secure the heart and imagination of these neglected children. A wise man has said, "To fill the imagination with beautiful images is the best thing that can be done to educate little children." The mind imagines what the heart loves. At the end of the year this little boy's mother sent Miss B—— an envelop. When it was opened it was found to contain, as an expression of her gratitude for all that had been done for her little boy, two hard-earned dollars.

Mary Katharine Young.

The Eye and the Ear at Chicago.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR NEXT MAY.

THE great assembly gathered on the opening day in the largest of the noble buildings appropriated to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago learned a lesson that was not set down upon the program. The lesson was this: that the ear is not as receptive as the eye; or, to use the terms Lord Kelvin applied to the senses, that the ear-gate to the mind is narrower than the eye-gate. And this is the way that the lesson was learned.

Never before in modern times, except in dreamland, has there been such an array of grand, varied, harmonious, well-proportioned, well-decorated structures as those that are standing on the shores of the lake, the lagoon, the canal, and the water-court of Jackson Park. The eye was delighted with their beauty and fitness. The most cultivated observers, and those who were uneducated, were alike enthusiastic in their admiration. For the first time, on a great scale, they saw the fine arts enlisted in the service of the useful and the liberal arts. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and landscape-gardening had been employed in preparing homes for manufactures, transportation, agriculture, horticulture, machinery, electricity, as well as for science, literature, education, charity, and for the pictorial and plastic arts. The mind instantly received a vivid and enduring impression from the sight of these examples of the master-builder's skill. The hospitable eye welcomed many new ideas.

All this was in remarkable contrast to that which followed. Within a vast assembly hall, perhaps one hundred thousand people — some say one hundred and fifty thousand — were gathered on October 21. There was here no effort to gratify the sight. Arrays of black coats and plain dresses grow less interesting as they increase in number. Over the platform hung a few flags, and a few plants stood upon the staging. That was all the decoration. But everything that could interest the ear was provided in profusion. The military bands played while the cannon roared. An orchestra and chorus, said to number five thousand musicians, performed a new composition; but the notes of it were only faintly heard on the speakers' stand half-way across the building. A Methodist bishop and a Catholic cardinal, not unused to vast assemblies, offered up prayers, which we may hope were heard in heaven, but were not heard by most of the audience. The penetrating voice of a lady accustomed to public reading carried a musical note to a distance, but it was only a note and not a word. The Vice-President of the United States read an address, but his hearers might have been deaf for all the pleasure they received. Two orators of distinction spoke in succession, — men who are wont to appear upon the hustings, — but in the gallery directly opposite the platform their eloquence was that of the dumb appealing by gesture and attitude. The ear-gate was closed to those inspiring influences which the eye-gate received so freely.

Is it worth while to offer a suggestion for the next vast assembly in Chicago — that of May, for example? Is it worth while to set the American people thinking about the difference between what appeals to the eye, and what to the ear? If it be, let the value of a pageant be considered. Let us imagine a vast room, or a great space in the open air, with a dais, on which the colors should be effective and harmonious. Let there be standards and floral decorations in abundance, arranged by some artistic hand. When the few chief dignities have been received, let other representative people be brought forward in groups bearing emblems or symbols which indicate their claims to consideration. Let delegations of the various professions and arts, in their appropriate robes, uniforms, or traditional dresses, be introduced. Let the workmen in every craft — the workers in wood, iron, brick, stone, the architects, sculptors, painters, decorators, manufacturers, engineers, carriers, — all who have been concerned in making the Exposition a success, — send their representatives to participate in the opening ceremony. A simple act, the bestowal of medals, wreaths, flags, would give point to the assembly. A sentence from the mouth of some high official, a collect, and a doxology would express all that language need say on such an occasion.

In another place, at another hour, let there be oratory, poetry, song, addressed to audiences who will enjoy listening if they can only hope to hear.

Daniel C. Gilman.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.

American Artists Series.

ALICE D. KELLOGG.

MISS ALICE D. KELLOGG has been fortunate in her instructors. Going abroad in 1887, she came successively under the influence of Boulanger and Lefebvre at the Académie Julian, Courtois and Rixen at the Carlorossa School, Dagnan-Bouveret, and that very successful American teacher in Paris, Charles Lasar. Before leaving her native city she had proved her ability by winning, during her first year of study at what was then the Academy of Fine Arts,—now that noble monument to the growth of art taste in the West, the Chicago Art Institute,—a scholarship, and one year later was appointed an assistant teacher.

During her residence abroad she was twice an exhibitor in the Salon, and in the American section of the Paris International Exhibition a portrait of her sister, painted by her, was given a good place. The picture which forms the frontispiece of this number of the magazine was painted during her last year in France. Since her return to America she has produced many portraits, among others that of John C. Coonley, for the Union League of Chicago.

It is perhaps a pity that so large a proportion of Miss Kellogg's time is given over to teaching, for she draws well, possesses sentiment, and is a fair colorist; and though her works are unfortunately few, it is possible that as an enthusiastic and successful teacher, a charter member of the Bohemian, and president of the Palette Club, she may exert a strong influence on the art of Chicago.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

An Unconscious Diplomat.

MRS. PIPER stood near the gate, waiting for the westward-bound stage. It was a cold November day, and she was enveloped in a comfortable gray woolen shawl and numerous smaller wrappings. The stage came through from Cherryfield, and was due in Skillings Village at about half-past two. It was now two o'clock, and although the driver had been spoken to the day before on his way east, and was to be again cautioned at the post-office not to forget to call for Mrs. Piper, the old lady felt it was best to be on the safe side, and was waiting patiently.

Mrs. Stone, her nearest neighbor, had come over to bid Mrs. Piper good-by, and stood beside her under the large willow-tree which shaded the gate.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mrs. Piper, that you 're goin' to Ellsworth with only one shawl? Land! you 'll freeze to death a-crossin' that ferry. I never could bring myself to go 'cross that ferry, noways. The current sets master strong there jest above the falls. Seems if that ferry was a sort of temptin' Providence," and Mrs. Stone shivered apprehensively.

"Well, I dunno; 't ain't ever worried me none to speak of," responded Mrs. Piper. "I always try to occupy my mind someways jest before we get to it. Though when the wind 's fresh, and Mr. Atkins gets up a sail, I own to it I don't feel as if I had much purchase on life."

"Now don't you worry 'bout Mr. Piper one mite. You jest have a good visit; I 'll kinder keep an eye on him," said Mrs. Stone, amiably. "I often wish 't was so I was free to go as you be, but I seem to be tied hand an' foot, one way an' another."

The stage was now in sight, and in a short time the mud-bespattered wagon, drawn by two raw-boned horses, came to a gradual pause before the gate, and the substantial figure of Mrs. Piper was hoisted into the back seat. The driver arranged the worn buffalo-robes, and started his horses into a mild and dispirited trot.

"Terrible rough goin'," ventured Mr. Hall, looking over his shoulder toward his passenger. "Yesterday, jest as I was a-comin' down that rough place by the ferry, one of the fore wheels give way; let the whole fore part of the wagon right down. I fixed it up 's well as I could, but this cart 's seen its best days. 'T ain't what I call safe."

"Well, Mr. Hall, travelin' is always more or less risky. I 've always said stage-drivin' must be dreadful tryin'. Still, I s'pose you find a good deal to divert you," responded Mrs. Piper.

"Yes, 'm; I see considerable, but it gets tiresome. I was a-thinkin' of that willer-tree of yours as I come along to-day," continued Mr. Hall, after a brief pause. "It makes such a shady spot in summer that I always sort of slow up the horses 'long there."

"I set a good deal by that tree," replied Mrs. Piper, briefly. "This wagon ain't over comfortable," she continued; "I declare to it, I thought I should go out over backward when you was a-goin' up that steep hill."

"Goin' to stop long in Ellsworth?" questioned Mr. Hall, ignoring his passenger's complaint.

"I 'm a-calculatin' on stoppin' a week; I 've been a-thinkin' of goin' fer some time, an' gettin' it off my mind before winter set in. I expected William would object to my goin'; but he seemed real pleased; said he guessed the change would do me good."

Mr. Hall received these remarks in ruminative silence.

MR. PIPER had finished the chores, and cleared away the remains of his lonely supper. He now took down a candlestick from the high mantelpiece in the kitchen.

"I sha'n't fool round with no kerosene-lamps," he muttered. "They ain't safe, an' I ain't goin' to begin at my time of life experimentin' with 'em."

He lighted the candle carefully, and put it on a small pine table which he drew near the fire, and, after rubbing his glasses, unfolded the "Eastern Argus," and tried to read. But the feeble, flickering light made reading too hard a task, and Mr. Piper put the paper away.

"It 's lonesome, I declare to it if 't ain't," he soliloquized. "If I had n't had that tree on my mind, I dunno as I should been willin' fer mother to hev gone. But 't wa'n't no use arguin'; she never could see that that tree was puffickly useless. An' I wa'n't goin' to upset her by talkin' 'bout it. It keeps the yard all littered up," he concluded, as if justifying himself to some unseen objector.

Mr. Piper made a short evening, and before the clock struck eight his solitary light was extinguished. But he was up at an early hour the next morning, and as Mrs. Stone went out to feed her chickens, she saw Mr. Piper putting a ladder up against the willow-tree. Mrs. Stone stood and watched him. He had a coil of rope, one end of which he fastened securely about the middle of the tree; the other end he carried toward the barn, and for a moment disappeared from his neighbor's view. The rope had evidently been fastened, as it now came up taut and strong; and in a moment Mr. Piper reappeared with an ax.

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, "if he ain't goin' to cut down that tree. Seems just as if William Piper thought trees was pizen; an' Mis' Piper away,—he sha'n't do it!" and leaving the chickens to their own devices, Mrs. Stone hurried across the field, calling out as she went, "Mr. Piper! Mr. Piper!"

That worthy man had carefully examined the blade of his ax, and found it satisfactorily sharp, and had just raised it for a full swinging blow against the beautiful tree, when his neighbor's voice diverted his attention for one fatal instant. The ax came crashing down against the tree, only to glance off and to come back against Mr. Piper's leg with such force that he immediately loosened his hold upon the handle.

"There, Susan Stone, you 've done it now. I 'm lamed fer life," screamed the old man, as his neighbor, out of breath and greatly alarmed, came to his assistance.

It was no slight wound. The heavy leather boot-leg had been but little protection against the force of the blow, and Mr. Piper found himself unable to walk. Mrs. Stone's vigorous calls soon brought her husband and son to her aid, and Mr. Piper was carried into the house and placed in his arm-chair, with his injured leg stretched across another chair.

He was made as comfortable as possible. Mrs. Stone decided she must remain until the arrival of Mrs. Piper, who was to be sent for by the next day's stage.

"What 'n the name of creation was you a-yellin' at me for, anyway, Mis' Stone?" inquired the old man after the departure of the village doctor, who had consoled him by saying that the cut was not a serious one.

"I was a-comin' to stop you a-cuttin' down that willer-tree, Mr. Piper. I saw you a-fussin' round, an' I knew jest how bad Mis' Piper was goin' to feel when she got home; an' says I, 'I 'll stop it if I can. Mis' Piper 'd do as much fer me.'"

"Well, you stopped it; an' I s'pose you calculate on Mis' Piper's being real grateful when she gets home an' finds me lamed fer life," said Mr. Piper.

"Now, Mr. Piper, you ain't no more lamed fer life 'n I be. You 'll be out by spring. An' what you want to cut down that tree fer, is more 'n I can see. You ain't put to it fer kindlin'-wood, an' it 's something your wife thinks a sight of. That little girl of yours that died used to play under it. I remember she had a play-house one side of it, an' used to hev tea-parties there, all by herself, an' her ma 'd sit by the winder an'

watch her. I s'pect there 's a good many times, when Mis' Piper 's sittin' here alone, that she looks out 'n the winder and thinks of them days."

"Willer-trees spoil the land," replied Mr. Piper. "The leaves an' twigs litter the yard all up; an' 't ain't no use, nohow; it ought to be cut down, but I dunno as I shall ever get to it now," he concluded.

Mrs. Stone was silent, and it was some little time before Mr. Piper spoke again.

"I 've been a-thinkin', Mis' Stone, I 'd ask a favor if 't was so you could feel to grant it. I ain't anxious fer Mis' Piper to know how I got hurt, an' if you 'll manage to get that rope off 'n the tree, I 'll jest let it go that I was a-cuttin' wood."

The old man's eyes were downcast, and his lips trembled a little as he went on:

"I 've been a-thinkin' of our little gal. I ain't a hard man ginerally, Mis' Stone, an' if you think Mis' Piper gets comfort out of that tree, I 'll jest agree that an ax sha'n't ever be put to it."

"I 'll see to that rope right away; an' Mis' Piper sha'n't ever mistrust from me," replied Mrs. Stone, briskly.

MR. HALL had safely landed his passenger at her destination, and received the regular fare between Skillings Village and Ellsworth. He was, therefore, greatly surprised the next morning to find Mrs. Piper and her bundles at the stage-office, evidently intending to return.

"I 'm a-goin' back this mornin', Mr. Hall. I s'pose it looks foolish, an' like enough 't will prove so," said Mrs. Piper, after she was seated in the wagon. "Sister Fifield did n't hesitate to say that she thought my mind was failin' me, after goin' to the expense of gettin' here only to stay one night."

Mr. Hall was evidently disturbed in his mind by this unexpected passenger.

"I 'm glad to have your company, ma'am," he said politely. "There 's a good many days that I ride 'thout havin' no one to speak to. I hope you ain't had a present'ment, hev you, Mis' Piper?"

"I ain't no believer in no such things as present'ments; an' if I was inclined that way, I would n't give in to it. No, 't ain't that; but I 've jest had it on my mind ever since I took off my things at Sister Fifield's last night that something was wrong to home. It came over me jest as Sister Fifield was a-lightin' her sittin'-room lamp; an' I spoke right out then, an' says I, 'I hope William won't meddle with the kerosene-lamps.' An' the more I thought on it, the more likely it seemed that he 'd try an' light one. I hope everything 's all right; but 't would n't s'prise me to find the house burned to ashes."

"Great Peter! Mis' Piper," responded the driver, "I don't wonder you 're anxious to get there. Hope Atkins 'll be on this side when we get to the ferry, so 's to save time."

Mrs. Piper did not reply; she was evidently in a despondent frame of mind, and several miles were traveled in silence. Then Mr. Hall spoke again:

"When spring comes, Mis' Piper, I want you to cut me off some little sprouts of your willer-tree. I mean to set 'em out round my place."

"You 'll be welcome to 'em, Mr. Hall. May is the best time to set 'em out. That tree is jest like folks to me. I tell Mis' Stone it seems like a neighbor," replied Mrs. Piper.

"Mr. Piper ain't never got it into his head to cut that down, has he?" inquired Mr. Hall.

Mrs. Piper indulged in a faint laugh.

"No; 't ain't seemed to wear on him as those near the house did, and he knows I 'd never listen to it, nohow."

It was a dull and tiresome ride. Both driver and passenger seemed overshadowed by the possible conflagration, and Mrs. Piper alighted at her own gate with a certain surprised relief at finding the house still standing.

"Sha'n't stop for you to-morrow ag'in, shall I?" inquired Mr. Hall,—a feeble attempt at a joke which Mrs. Piper did not notice.

"Jest as I expected," she exclaimed as she pushed open the kitchen door and saw Mr. Piper extended on two chairs.

"Whatever possessed you, William, to try to light one of those lamps, anyway? Where be you burned the wust?"

"I ain't burned. Who told you I was burned? My leg 's cut," replied Mr. Piper, after a surprised stare at his wife's unexpected appearance.

"Did the lamp explode, or what?" continued Mrs. Piper, unfastening her shawl.

"I tell ye, I did n't meddle with no lamps. I was a-cuttin' wood, an' the ax slipped, an' here I be."

It was a long winter for Mr. Piper. He was obliged to keep indoors, and his temper did not improve with misfortune. From the window he watched the branches of the willow waving triumphantly in the wind, while he was lame and unable to prevent it.

"I s'pose you think that tree 's somethin' handsome," he said one day to Mrs. Piper; "but to my mind they ain't nothin' 'bout it wuth noticin'." Mrs. Piper looked at him in surprise, but made no reply, and the old man continued in a more gentle voice, "I s'pose, though, the tree kinder reminds you of Ann."

"It does so, William," she replied; "I allus think of her playin' round it like she used to."

"Well, then, there sha'n't no ax ever be put to it," said Mr. Piper.

One day in early May Mrs. Piper went out to cut off the willow-sprouts she had promised the stage-driver. As she looked the tree over carefully, she noticed, about a foot from the ground, a gash in the bark, evidently made by an ax. It was not a new cut; and remembering her husband's accident, which had been but awkwardly accounted for, there flashed across Mrs. Piper's mind a possible explanation of his injuries.

Her surprise and indignation found expression in "Served him right; it 'll be a lesson to him." But she did not mention her suspicions except to Mrs. Stone, who listened vaguely, and with little apparent sympathy.

"I ain't goin' to say what I do think now, nor what I don't," said Mrs. Stone. "I 've had my lesson, I may say, in interferin'; an' 'cordin' to my way of lookin' at things, 't ain't safe. Howsumever, don't you go to rilin' Mr. Piper by talkin' 'bout it. He 'll get over it, an' so 'll the tree."

Alice Turner.

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Love took up the Harp of life, & smote on all the Chords
with might,
Smote the Chord of Self that, trembling, past in music
out of sight.

Tennyson

Aug^st 24^th 1892

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

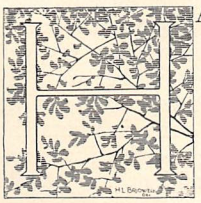
BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FELIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART FIRST.

I.



HAD we not gone roundabout through devious ways in Languedoc,—being thereto beguiled by the fleshpots of Collias, and the charms of the ducal city of Uzès, and a proper desire to look upon the Pont du Gard, and a longing for the shade of an illusive forest,—we might have made the journey from Nimes to Avignon not in a week, but in a single day. Had we made the journey by rail, taking the noon express, we could have covered the distance in three minutes less than a single hour.

The railroad, of course, was out of the question. Geoffroi Rudel, even in the fever of his longing to take ship for Tripoli, and there breathe out his life and love together at his lady's feet, never would have consented to travel from Bordeaux to Cette by the *rapide*. To me, a troubadour's representative, the accredited Ambassador of an American poet to his friends and fellows of Provence, the *rapide* equally was impossible. Strictly, the nice proprieties of the case required that I should go upon my embassy on horseback or on foot. Consideration for the Ambassadress, however, forbade walking; and the only horses for hire in Nimes were round little ponies of the Camargue, not nearly up to my weight — smaller, even, than El Chico Alazan: whose size, in relation to my size, was wont to excite derisive comment among my friends in Mexico. The

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outcome of it all was that — compromising between the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries — we decided to drive.

By a friend in whom we had every confidence, we were commended to an honest livery-man, one Noé Mourgue. It was ten in the morning when we went to the stables. Outside the door a lithe young fellow — a Catalonian, with crisp black hair, a jaunty black mustache, and daredevil black eyes — was rubbing down a horse. To him we applied ourselves.

"M'sieu' Noé is absent upon an affair," the Catalan replied. "He is a witness at the Palais de Justice. It is most provoking. But he surely will return at noon. That is of necessity — it is his breakfast-hour. Even a court of justice is not so barbarous as to keep a man from his breakfast. Is it not so?"

We looked at carriages in the *remise*,— it all was delightfully like Yorick, and the "desobligeant," and Monsieur Dessein,— but found nothing to serve our turn. The Catalan cheered us with the assurance that precisely what we wanted would come in that very night. At the moment, a commercial gent had it upon the road. It was a carriage of one seat, with a hood which could be raised or lowered, and in the rear was a locker wherein m'sieu'-madame could carry their samples with great convenience. It was in constant request among commercial folk, this carriage — not because of its elegance, but because of its comfort: it ran so smoothly that driving in it was like a dream!

A little after noon we returned to the stables. The Catalan had vanished, and the only live thing visible was a very old dog asleep on a truss of straw in the sun. The dog slowly roused himself, and gave an aged bark or two without rising from his place; whereupon a woman came down the spiral stair from the dwelling-place above. She was in a fine state of indignation, and replied to our question as to the whereabouts of the proprietor hotly. "The breakfast of M'sieu' Noé is waiting for him," she said. "It has been waiting for more than a quarter of an hour. If he delays another instant the whole of it will perish! What are these judges thinking of that they keep an honest man from his breakfast? It is an outrage! It is a crime!"

Even as she thus wrathfully delivered herself, Noé returned; but with so harried and hungry a look that 't was plain this was no time to make a bargain with him. We assured him that our matter did not press; bade him eat his breakfast in peace, and to take his time over it; and to come to us, when it was ended, at our hotel — the Cheval Blanc.

When he presented himself, a couple of hours later, he was in the most amiable of moods, and our bargain was struck briskly. Provided, he said, that we took the horse and carriage for not less than a week — here I interpolated that we should want it for a considerably longer period — we should have it for six francs a day; and, also, monsieur was to pay for the food of the horse. Nothing could be more reasonable than these terms. We accepted them without more words.

"And what sort of a horse does monsieur require?"

Monsieur replied that he required simply a good average horse; neither a sheep, nor yet a wild bull.

"Ah, the Ponette is precisely the animal suited to monsieur's needs. She is a brave beast! Perhaps monsieur will not think her handsome, but he will acknowledge her worth — for she is wonderful to go! He must not hurry her. She is of a resolute disposition, and prefers to do her work in her own way. But if monsieur will give her her head, she will accomplish marvels — forty, even fifty, kilometers in a single day." And as to the carriage, Monsieur Noé declared briefly that it was fit for the Pope.

The excellent Noé, be it remembered, came to us fresh from the Palais de Justice, and the strain of delivering himself under oath. We caught his veracity, as it were, on the rebound. There was truth in his statement, but the percentage of this element was not high. The Ponette, stocky, stolid, did have a considerable amount of dull endurance; but she was very much lazier than she was long. The carriage did run easily, for its springs were relaxed with age; but it was quite the shabbiest carriage that I ever saw. Indeed, when this odd outfit came to the door of the Cheval Blanc the next morning, I had grave doubts as to the fitness of associating the Embassy with a conveyance so utterly lacking in dignity.

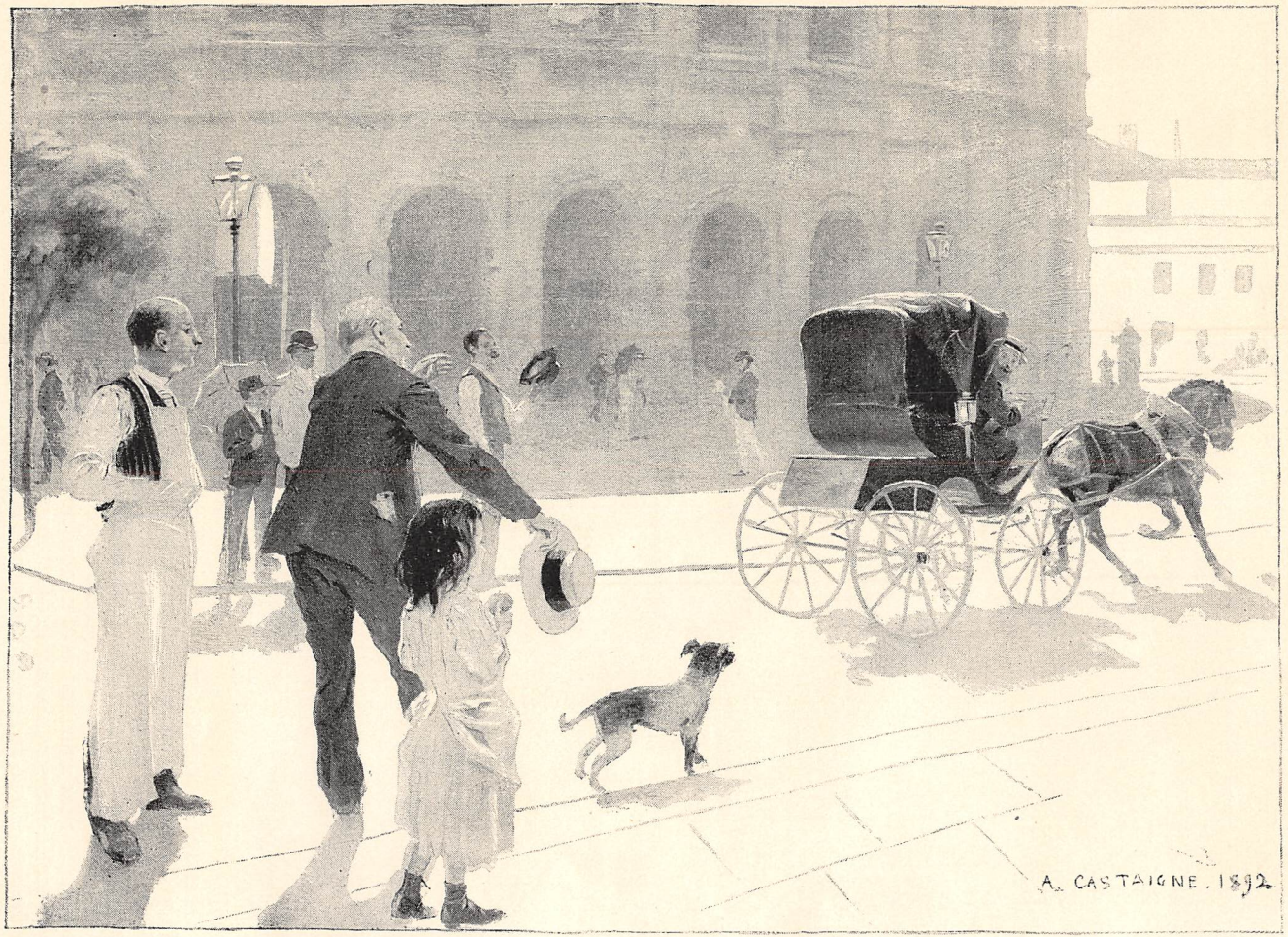
Fortunately, one of the troubadours of Nimes happened along just then, and put heart into me. He had come to see us off upon our journey, and had brought to each of us, for a farewell offering, a poem in Provençal. They were exquisite, these little lays; and especially did the soul of thirteenth century song irradiate the one entitled "*Uno responso*" — which was addressed in what I am confident was purely imaginative reply to a strictly non-existent "Nourado," on the absolutely baseless assumption that she had asked him, "What is Love?" I state the case with this handsome series of qualifying negations because — this troubadour being a stout gentleman, rising sixty, most happily married to a charming wife — the inference that his verses indicated a disposition to emulate the divided allegiance of Bernard de Ventadour is not tenable. But that Bernard would

have been proud to own this delicately phrased and gracefully turned poem will surprise no one learned in the modern poetry of Provence and Languedoc when I add that its writer was Monsieur Louis Bard.

LOUIS BARD.

When we had accepted gratefully his offering of lays, I opened to him my doubts in regard to the fitness of our equipage; which doubts he resolved promptly by quoting from the rules laid down for the guidance of troubadours (and, therefore, for the ambassadors of troubadours) by Amaniéu de Sescas, a recognized past-master in the arts of love and war. A proper troubadour, according to this Gascon authority of the thirteenth century, must have "a horse of seven years or more, brisk, vigorous, docile, lacking nothing for the march." Monsieur Bard declared that the Ponette fulfilled these several conditions, excepting only that of briskness, to a nicety. "Take care never to wear a ripped garment," wrote the Sieur de Sescas; "better is it to wear one torn. The first shows a slovenly nature; the second, only poverty." Applying this rule to the carriage, Monsieur Bard pointed out that while the slits in the leather were many, the rips were insignificantly few. And in triumphant conclusion he quoted: "There is no great merit in being well dressed when one is rich; but nothing pleases more, or has more the air of good breeding, than to be serviceably dressed when one has not the wherewithal to provide fine attire."

As our friend knew, this summing up of the matter fitted our case to a hair. More than satisfied with his reasoning, I ordered the valise to be stowed in the locker (in lieu of the samples which the Catalan had expected us to carry there); we mounted into our chariot; our poet



THE DEPARTURE FROM THE CHEVAL BLANC, NIMES.

bade us God-speed; the Ponette moved forward sluggishly — and the Embassy was under way!

II.

Our first intention had been to drive direct to Avignon; and we did, in fact, go out from Nimes by the Avignon road. But there was not the least need for hurry. The troubadours of Provence did not even dream that an American embassy was on its way to them. There was no especial reason why we should be anywhere at any particular time. And out of these agreeable conditions came quickly our decision to drift for a while along the pleasant ways of Languedoc, taking such happiness as for our virtues should be given us, before we headed the lazy little Ponette eastward, and crossed the Rhône.

The tiny ducal city of Uzès seemed to be a good objective point; and it was the more alluring because on the way thither — at the village of Collias, on the Gardon — was an inn kept by one Bargeton, at which, as we knew by experience, an excellent breakfast could be obtained. It was the breakfast that settled matters. At St. Gervasy we turned northward from the highway into a cross-country road, a *chemin vicinal;* passed through the rocky *garrigue* region, and down to the river through a cañon that seemed to have gone adrift from the Sierra Madre; crossed the Gardon by a suspension-bridge, and so came into Collias an hour after noon.

On a very small amount of structural capital, the inn at Collias supports no less than three names. Along the end of it is painted in large letters "Café du Midi"; along the front, in larger letters, "Hôtel Bargeton"; over the main entrance is the enticing legend "Restaurant Parisien." Our previous visit had been upon a Sunday. Then, the establishment was crowded. Now it was deserted. As we drove through the arched gateway into the courtyard the only living creatures in sight were a flock of chickens, and two white cats with black tails. All the doors and windows were tight shut — for breakfast long since was over, and this was the time of day divinely set apart for sleep.

The noise of our wheels aroused Monsieur Bargeton. Presently a door opened, and he slowly thrust forth his head, and stared at us drowsily and doubtfully. Then, slowly, he withdrew his head and closed the door. From the fact that some minutes elapsed before he came forth in his shirt-sleeves, we inferred that at his first semi-appearance his attire had been even less complete.

"Yes, yes," he said, speaking in an injured tone, "breakfast can be had, of course. But it will not be a good breakfast, and it will not be ready soon. The time for breakfast is long past. Everything must be prepared."

Fortunately, the end was better than this bad beginning promised. As he unharnessed the Ponette and stabled her, he shook off a little of his slumbrous heaviness, and his disposition toward us grew less severe. The old woman whom he summoned to his counsels, from some hidden depth of the house, put still more heart into him. After a conference with her, while we sat on a stone bench beneath a tree in the courtyard, he came to us with a statement full of encouragement. It was all right about the breakfast, he declared. Monsieur and madame should be well served with an omelet and sausages and fried potatoes; and then he came again to say that monsieur and madame should have a good cutlet and a salad; and yet later, with triumph, he announced that there was a melon for the dessert.

It was our fancy to have our breakfast served on the great stone table in the courtyard. Monsieur Bargeton did not approve of this arrangement, — the table, he said, was only for teamsters and such common folk, — but he yielded the point gracefully. Over one end of the table he spread a clean white cloth; set forth a service of clean, coarse chinaware; brought us very fair wine in a wine-cooler improvised from a watering-pot, and then the omelet was served, and our feast began.

No teamsters came to interfere with us. The only suggestion of one was a smart black wagon, on which, in gilded letters, was the legend: "Entrepôt de Bières, Uzès." While we were breakfasting, the beer-man came out from the inn, hitched up his horse, and drove away. He seemed to be surprised to find us eating there beside his wagon — but he said never a word to us, and never a word did we say to him. The black-tailed white cats breakfasted with us, the boldest of them jumping up on the far end of the table, beyond the limits of the cloth, and eating a bit of cutlet with a truly dainty and catlike grace; and while our meal went forward a delightful old woman in a white cap and a blue gown made a pretext of picking up sticks near by that she might gaze at us with a stealthy wonder. It all seemed like a bit out of a picture; and when Monsieur Bargeton, thoroughly awake and abounding in friendliness, came flourishing out to us with the coffee, we assured him that never had a breakfast been more to our minds.

Not until four o'clock — after an honest reckoning of eight francs and fifty centimes for our own and the Ponette's entertainment — did we get away; and evening was close upon us as we drove slowly up the hill whereon is the very high-bred and lovable little city of Uzès.

III.

We had hoped that three days of absolute rest in Uzès would have put a trifle of spirit into the Ponette; but this hope was not realized. She came forth from her pleasant pastime ran west again — afforded a circuitous line of approach to the Pont du Gard that was much more to our liking. Naturally, after having carefully looked out this route upon the map, and after having decided considerately to follow it, we abandoned it for something that we

BREAKFAST AT COLLIAS. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

of eating her head off in Monsieur Bèchard's stables in precisely the same dull, phlegmatic condition that she went in. It was impossible to force her to a faster gait than a slow jog-trot. Left to herself — in accordance with her owner's fond suggestion — she instantly fell into a lumbering walk. But her loitering disposition was so well in accord with our own that we found little fault in her monumental slowness. There could be no greater happiness, we thought, than thus to go idling along through that lovely country in that bright weather while our hearts were as light within us as the summer days were long.

The highway leading eastward from Uzès served our purposes far too directly for us to follow it. A minor road — going around by the northeast to another road, which ran south to a third road, which, doubling on our course, believed to be better before we had gone half a dozen miles.

Near the hamlet of Flaux we began the ascent of low mountains: a very desolate region of slate-gray rock, with here and there patches of scrub-oak (*chêne-vert*) growing in a meager soil. Beyond Flaux, off to the right among the oak-bushes, went a most tempting road. According to the map it was a *chemin d'exploitation*. Precisely what meaning attached to this term I did not know (I found out a little later); but the road possessed the obvious merit of leading directly across the mountain to the village of Vers, and thence the highway went onward to the Pont du Gard. Setting aside as irrelevant the fact that we had come out of our way for the express purpose of prolonging our journey, we decided to commit ourselves to this doubt-

ful pathway for the good reason that it was a short cut.

We had gone but a little way along it when we met a carter (a treacherous person, whose apparent kindliness cloaked a malevolent soul) whose deliberate statement that the road was passable set us entirely at our ease. He himself had but just come from Vers, he said; and he gave us careful directions that we might not miss the way: We were to ascend the mountain, and to continue across the little plain that there was on top of it, until we came to a tall stone post at a fork in the road. This was a sign-post, but in the course of years the inscription upon it had weathered away. At this post we were to take the turn to the right — and then we would be in Vers in a twinkling.

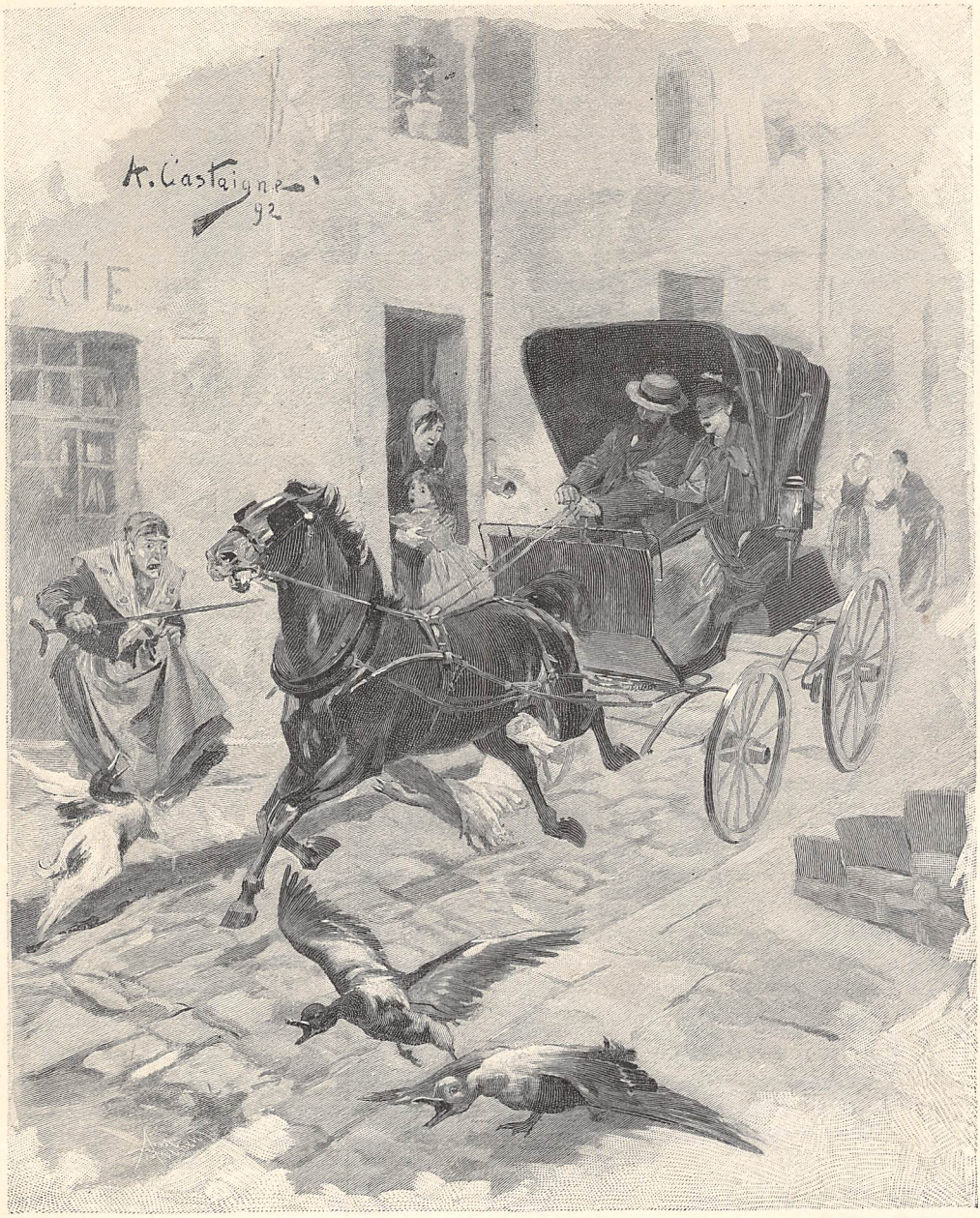
After we left this betraying-beacon of a carter, the road rapidly grew rougher, and the growth of scrub-oak on each side of it became so thick as to be almost impenetrable. The four or five bare little stone houses of Flaux were the last which we saw in a stretch of more than six miles. It was a most dismal solitude, having about it that air of brooding and portentous melancholy which I have found always in rugged regions desert even of little animals and birds.

We came slowly to the plain upon the mountain-top, and to the sign-post whereon there was no sign; and there we took, as the perfidious carter had directed, the turning to the right. The road ran smoothly enough across the plain, but the moment that it tipped downhill it became very bad indeed. Before we had descended a dozen rods it was no more than the dry bed of a mountain stream, cumbered with boulders and broken by rocky ledges of a foot high, down which the carriage went with a series of appalling bumps. To turn about was impossible. On each side of the stream — I prefer to speak of it as a stream — the scrub-oak grew in a thick tangle into which the Ponette could not have thrust so much as her snubby nose. So narrow was the watercourse that the oak-bushes on each side brushed against our wheels. We were in for it, and whether we wanted to or not our only course was to keep on bumping down the hill. In my haste, I then and there cursed that carter bitterly; and I may add that in my subsequent leisure my curse has not been recalled. That he counted upon finding our wreck and establishing a claim for salvage I am confident. He may even have been following us stealthily, waiting for the catastrophe to occur. It is a great satisfaction to me that his pernicious project was foiled. By a series of miracles we pulled through entire; on the lower reaches of the mountain the stream became a road again; and as we swung clear from the bushes, — getting at last safe sea-room off that desperate lee-shore, — we saw the houses of Vers before us, not a mile away.

IV.

VERS is a very small town, certainly not more than a hundred yards across, but in the course of our attempt to traverse its tangle of streets — all so narrow that our carriage took up almost the entire space between the houses, and all leading down-hill — we succeeded in getting hopelessly lost. We descended upon the town at about five in the afternoon; at which peaceful hour the women-folk were seated before their house doors, in the shade of the high houses, making a show of knitting while they kept up a steady buzz of talk. Many of them had helpless babes upon their laps, and innocent little children were playing about their knees.

Our passage through the town even at a walk would have occasioned a considerable disturbance of its inhabitants. Actually, we spread consternation among them by dashing through the narrow streets almost at a run. This extraordinary burst of speed on the part of the Ponette — the only sign of spirit that she manifested during our whole journey — was due to extraneous causes. Just as we entered the town a swarm of vicious flies settled upon her sensitive under-parts, biting her so savagely that they drove her quite wild with pain. For a moment she stopped, while she made ineffectual kicks at her own stomach; then she darted forward, and all my strength was required to keep her off a run. The women and children shrieked and fled from our path; bolting into their houses and, most fortunately for all of us, taking their chairs in with them and so leaving us a clear course. At the little *grande place* I took what looked like the right turn, but it really was a doubling upon our course — and in a minute more we were charging down the very same street again, scattering the crowds assembled to talk about the cyclone and to gaze in the direction in which it had gone. As these people had their backs turned toward us, it was only by a miracle that they escaped alive. This time I took another turn from the *grande place* — grazing a young woman carrying a baby as I rounded the corner; skilfully swinging the Ponette away from an open door that she seemed bent upon entering; and then forward among a fresh lot of women knitting and talking at their ease. The Ponette seemed to be quite crazed. Twice I succeeded in almost stopping her, while I tried to ask my way out of that little devil of a town; and each time, in the midst of the answer, she made vain kicks at her luckless stomach, and then dashed forward



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

IN VERS.

like a simoom. Had I been driving a nightmare the situation could not have been worse.

A brave old man rescued us. While I held in the Ponette hard, he seized her bridle; and when he had calmed her by brushing away the tormenting flies, and I had explained that we were lost and had begged him to guide us to the highway, he smiled gently and in a moment had led us out from that entangling maze. The distance to the highway proved to be less than two score yards—but then he knew what turns to take in that most marvelously crooked town!

In my gratitude I offered the old man money. He refused to accept it: "I cannot take monsieur's silver," he said politely. "Already I am more than paid. In all the seventy years of my life here in Vers, monsieur is the very first who has been lost in my little town. It is most interesting. It is enough!"

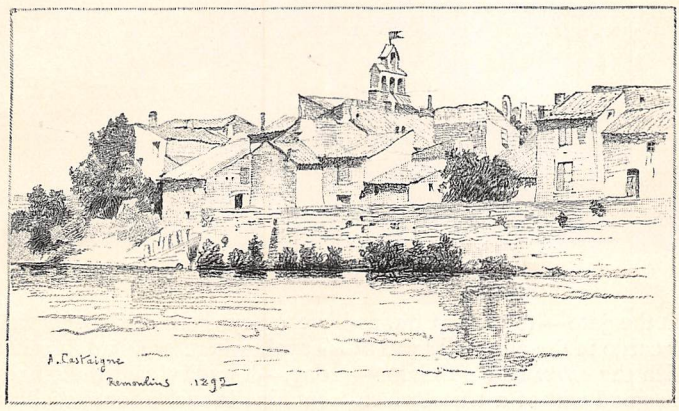
In this position he was firm. I thanked him again, warmly, and we drove away. When we had gone a short distance, I looked back. He was standing in the middle of the road gazing after us. His face was wreathed in smiles.

V.

In going from Vers to the Pont du Gard, and thence to Remoulins, we were compelled to travel by the great highways; but in going from Remoulins to Avignon we fell once more into roundabout courses, taking a *route nationale* north to the village of Valliguières, that thence we might go east by a cross-country road which traversed a forest, according to the map, and therefore promised protection from the blazing rays of the August sun. On the map, this Forêt de Tavel made a fine showing. On the face of nature, the showing that it made was less impressive. In fact, when we reached it we found that we had come a full half-century too soon. For four or five miles we drove across rocky hills more or less covered with oak-bushes, which in time, no doubt, will become trees. But of trees actually grown, we saw in this distance precisely six. Unfortunately, they were scattered at intervals of half a mile or more apart. They would have been more impressive, would better have realized our crude American conception of a forest, had they been in a group.

It was because of our detour in search of the shade of trees which had only a chartographical existence that our coming to the hills bordering the Rhône westward was delayed until late in the afternoon; and the Ponette walked up the long ascent so slowly, and so frequently halted,— with a persuasive look over her shoulder that could not be refused,— that when at last we reached the crest the sun was hanging low on the horizon above the summits of the Cévennes.

On the hilltop, with a sigh of thankfulness, the Ponette stopped; and for a while we did not urge her to go forward. Below us, in purple twilight, lay the Rhône valley, here widely extended by its junction with the valley of the Durance. On its farther side were the foothills of the Alps, with Mont Ventour standing boldly forward and rising high into the radiant upper regions of the air. Near at hand, down in the purple shadows, close beside the river, was a dark mass of houses and churches, sharply defined by surrounding ramparts, from the midst of which a huge building towered to so great a height that all its upper portion was bathed in sunshine, while its upper windows, reflecting the nearly level sunbeams, blazed as with fire. And we knew that we were looking upon Avignon and the Palace of the Popes: and our hearts were filled with a great thankfulness — because in that moment was realized one of the deep longings of our lives.



REMOULINS. ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

The Ponette, with the carriage pushing behind her, went down the zigzag road, Les Angles, at an astonishing trot; but pulled up to her normal gentle pace on the level before we reached the bridge, and crossed that structure — over which a sarcastic sign forbade her to gallop — at an easy crawl. We did not try to hasten her pondering footsteps, being well content to approach slowly this city of our love: seeing below us the Rhône tossing like a little sea; on each side of us, in the central portion of the passage, the green darkness of the Isle Barthelasse; off to the left the surviving fragment of the bridge built seven hundred years ago by St. Bénezet of blessed memory; in front of us the high houses of the city rising above their encircling wall. Slowly we went onward, and in the

dusk of early evening we entered Avignon by the Porte de l'Oulle.

VI.

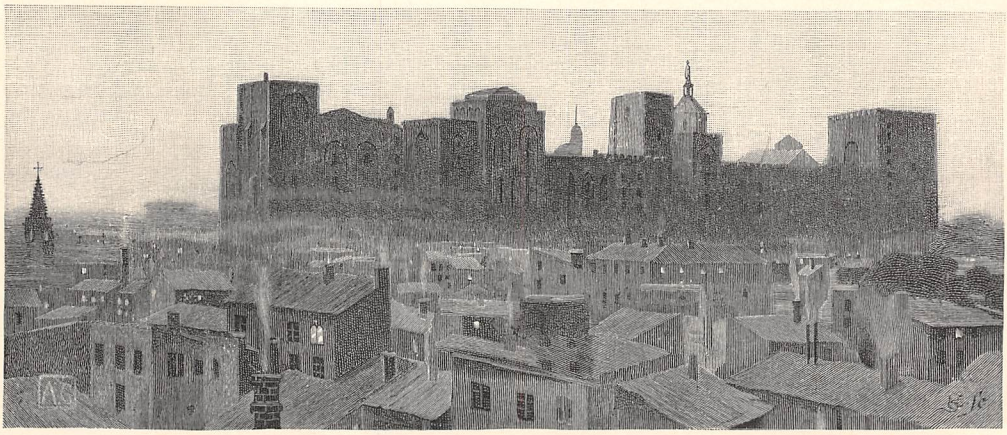
We had intended going to a modest, low-priced hotel — "un peu à l'écart, mais recommandé," as the guide-book put it — in the central portion of the town. The civic guard who halted us at the gate — to request our assurance that our cargo in the after-hold was of a sort upon which the *octroi* had no claim — gave us with the good will of a true Provençal the most precise directions as to how this hotel was to be reached. Having thus directed us, he said frankly that we probably would get lost on the way thither, but added that anybody whom we met would be glad to set us on our course anew. This warning, and a single glance into the labyrinth before us, determined me against essaying the adventure. After our experience in Vers, — and Avignon was to Vers as a haystack to a wisp of hay, — I had no fancy again to try conclusions with a maze; and I was the more easily seduced from this dangerous endeavor by finding, not a dozen rods within the city gate, the friendly doorway of an inn.

It was the Hôtel de l'Europe, the most magnificent establishment in Avignon; the hotel to which, above all others, we had decided that we would not go. Without a moment's hesitation I drove the hopelessly vulgar Ponette and our shabby carriage through the open archway and across the courtyard to the main entrance. The *gérant* received us coldly; the waiters, in evening dress, regarded us with an open disdain. Even the stable-boy, called to lead the Ponette to her quarters, manifested a sense of the indignity put upon the establishment by interrupting my orders as to oats with a curt, "But yes, m'sieu'; I know, I know," and going off with his nose ranged well in air.

It came upon us with a shock, this show of scorn. In the little towns where we had halted during the week that our journey had lasted we everywhere had been well received. At Tavel, where we had breakfasted that very day, — 't was a village that I had hesitated about entering in such poor array because of the sign at its outer limits: "A Tavel la mendicité est interdite," — our host had volunteered the handsome statement that the Ponette was a *bonne bête* with legs of iron; and he had spoken in tones of conviction which left no room for doubting that his admiration for her was sincere. But at Tavel, and through the whole of that happy week, we had been among the simple children of nature; in coming to the Hôtel de l'Europe, as we now sharply realized, we once more were in touch with that highly conventionalized phase of civilization known as fashionable society, and were subject to its artificial laws.

As we were led to our gilded and red-velveted apartment, — with a man in waiting to brush the Ambassador's rusty coat, and a maid to bring hot water for the Ambassadress, — I could not but feel a shuddering dread that my mission might prove a failure after all! What if the Provençal poets should resent — even as the *gérant* and the waiters so obviously resented — the lowly state in which the American Embassy had come?

T. A. Janvier.



THE PALACE OF THE POPES, AVIGNON.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

BALCONY STORIES.

WITH PICTURES BY A. E. STERNER.

I. MIMI'S MARRIAGE.

THIS is how she told about it, sitting in her little room,—her bridal chamber,—not larger, really not larger than sufficed for the bed there, the armoire here, the bureau opposite, and the washstand behind the door, the corners all touching. But a nice set of furniture, quite *comme il faut*,—handsome, in fact,—as a bride of good family should have. And she was dressed very prettily, too, in her long white *negligée*, with plenty of lace and ruffles and blue ribbons,—such as only the Creole girls can make, and brides, alas! wear,—the pretty honeymoon costume that suggests, that suggests—well! to proceed. "The poor little cat!" as one could not help calling her, so *mignonne*, so blonde, with the pretty black eyes, and the rosebud of a mouth,—whenever she closed it,—a perfect kiss.

"But you know, Louise," she said, beginning quite seriously at the beginning, "papa would never have consented, never, never—poor papa! Indeed, I should never have asked him; it would only have been one humiliation more for him, poor papa! So it was well he was dead, if it was God's will for it to be. Of course I had my dreams, like everybody. I was so blonde, so blonde, and so small; it seemed like a law I should marry a *brun*, a tall, handsome *brun*, with a mustache and a fine barytone voice. That was how I always arranged it, and—you will laugh—but a large, large house, and numbers of servants, and a good cook, but a superlatively good cuisine, and wine and all that, and long, trailing silk dresses, and theater every night, and voyages to Europe, and—well, everything God had to give, in fact. You know, I get that from papa, wanting everything God has to give. Poor papa! It seemed to me I was to meet him at any time, my handsome *brun*. I used to look for him positively on my way to school, and back home again, and whenever I would think of him I would try and walk so prettily, and look so pretty! *Mon Dieu!* I was not ten years old yet! And afterward it was only for that that I went into society. What should girls go into society for otherwise but to meet their *brun* or their blond? Do you think it is amusing, to economize and economize, and sew and sew, just to go to a party to dance? No! I assure you, I went into society only for that; and I do not believe what girls say—they go into society only for that too.

"You know at school how we used to *tirer la bonne aventure*.[1] Well, every time he was not *brun*, *riche*, *avenant*, Jules, or Raoul, or Guy, I simply would not accept it, but would go on drawing until I obtained what I wanted. As I tell you, I thought it was my destiny. And when I would try with a flower to see if he loved me,—*Il m'aime*, *un peu*, *beaucoup*, *passionnément*, *pas du tout*,—if it were *pas du tout*, I would always throw the flower away, and begin tearing off the leaves from another one immediately. *Passionnément* was what I wanted, and I always got it in the end.

"But papa, poor papa, he never knew anything of that, of course. He would get furious when any one would come to see me, and sometimes, when he would take me in society, if I danced with a "nobody,"—as he called no matter whom I danced with,—he would come up and take me away with such an air—such an air! It would seem that papa thought himself better than everybody in the world. But it went worse and worse with papa, not only in the affairs of the world, but in health. Always thinner and thinner, always a cough; in fact, you know, I am a little feeble-chested myself, from papa. And Clementine! Clementine with her children—just think, Louise, eight! I thank God my mama had only me, if papa's second wife had to have so many. And so naughty! I assure you, they were all devils; and no correction, no punishment, no education—but you know Clementine! I tell you, sometimes on account of those children I used to think myself in 'ell [making the Creole's attempt and failure to pronounce the h], and Clementine had no pride

[1] *La bonne aventure* is or was generally a very much battered foolscap copy-book, which contained a list of all possible elements of future (school-girl) happiness. Each item answered a question, and had a number affixed to it. To draw one's fortune consisted in asking question after question, and guessing a number, a companion volunteering to read the answer to one. To avoid cheating, the books were revised from time to time, and the numbers changed.

"'PASSIONNEMENT' WAS WHAT I WANTED." ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

about them. If they had shoes, well; if they had not shoes, well also.

"'But Clementine!' I would expostulate, I would pray—

"'But do not be a fool, Mimi,' she would say. 'Am I God? Can I do miracles? Or must I humiliate your papa?'

"That was true. Poor papa! It would have humiliated papa. When he had money he gave; only it was a pity he had no money. As for what he observed, he thought it was Clementine's negligence. For it is true, Clementine had no order, no industry, in the best of fortune as in the worst. But to do her justice, it was not her fault this time, only she let him believe it, to save his pride; and Clementine, you know, has a genius for stories. I assure you, Louise, I was desperate. I prayed to God to help me, to advise me. I could not teach — I had no education; I could not go into a shop — that would be dishonoring papa — and *enfin*, I was too pretty. 'And proclaim to the world,' Clemen-

tine would cry, 'that your papa does not make money for his family.' That was true. The world is so malicious. You know, Louise, sometimes it seems to me the world is glad to hear that a man cannot support his family; it compliments those who can. As if papa had not intelligence, and honor, and honesty! But they do not count now as in old times, 'before the war.'

"And so when I thought of that, I laughed and talked and played the thoughtless like Clementine, and made bills. We made bills—we had to—for everything; we could do that, you know, on our old name and family. But it is too long! I am sure it is too long and tiresome! What egotism on my part! Come, we will take a glass of anisette, and talk of something else—your trip, your family. No? no? You are only asking me out of politeness! You are so *aimable*, so proud. Well, if you are not *ennuyée*—in fact, I want to tell you. It was too long to write, and I detest a pen. To me there is no instrument of torture like a pen.

"Well, the lady next door, she was an American, and common, very common, according to papa. In comparison to us she had no family whatever. Our little children were forbidden even to associate with her little children. I thought that was ridiculous—not that I am a democrat, but I thought it ridiculous. But the children cared; they were so disobedient and they were always next door, and they always had something nice to eat over there. I sometimes thought Clementine used to encourage their disobedience, just for the good things they got to eat over there. But papa was always making fun of them; you know what a sharp tongue he had. The gentleman was a clerk; and, according to papa, the only true gentlemen in the world had family and a profession. We did not dare allow ourselves to think it, but Clementine and I knew that they, in fact, were in more comfortable circumstances than we.

"The lady, who also had a great number of children, sent one day, with all the discretion and delicacy possible, and asked me if I would be so kind as to—guess what, Louise! But only guess! But you never could! Well, to darn some of her children's stockings for her. It was God who inspired her, I am sure, on account of my praying so much to him. You will be shocked, Louise, when I tell you. It sounds like a sin, but I was not in despair when papa died. It was a grief,—yes, it seized the heart, but it was not despair. Men ought not to be subjected to the humiliation of life; they are not like women, you know. We are made to stand things; they have their pride,—their *orgueil*, as we say in French,—and that is the point of honor with some men. And Clementine and I,we could not have concealed it much longer. In fact, the truth was crying out everywhere, in the children, in the house, in our own persons, in our faces. The darning did not provide a superfluity, I guarantee you!

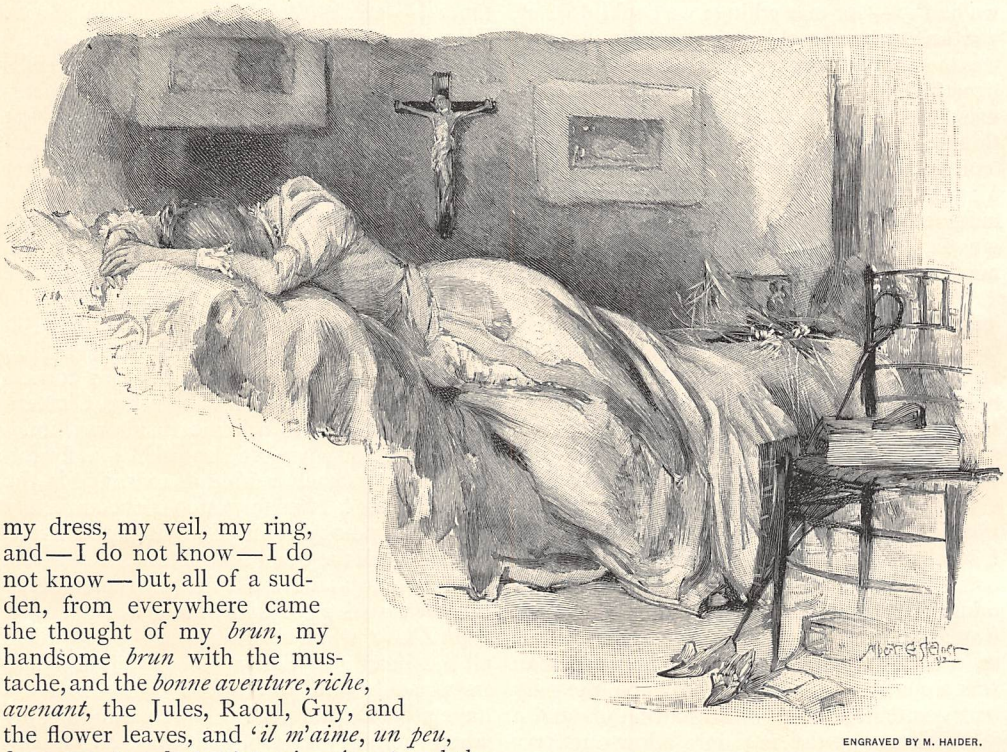
"Poor papa! He caught cold. He was condemned from the first. And so all his fine qualities died; for he had fine qualities—they were too fine for this age, that was all. Yes; it was a kindness of God to take him before he found out. If it was to be, it was better. Just so with Clementine and me. After the funeral—crack! everything went to pieces. We were at the four corners for the necessaries of life, and the bills came in—my dear, the bills that came in! What memories! what memories! Clementine and I exclaimed; there were some bills that we had completely forgotten about. The lady next door sent her brother over when papa died. He sat up all night, that night, and he assisted us in all our arrangements. And he came in afterward, every evening. If papa had been there, there would have been a fine scene over it; he would have had to take the door, very likely. But now there was no one to make objections. And so when, as I say, we were at the four corners for the necessaries of life, he asked Clementine's permission to ask me to marry him.

"I give you my word, Louise, I had forgotten there was such a thing as marriage in the world for me! I had forgotten it as completely as the chronology of the Merovingian dynasty, alas! with all the other school things forgotten. And I do not believe Clementine remembered there was such a possibility in the world for me. *Mon Dieu!* when a girl is poor she may have all the beauty in the world—not that I had beauty, only a little prettiness. But you should have seen Clementine! She screamed for joy when she told me. Oh, there was but one answer according to her, and according to everybody she could consult, in her haste. They all said it was a dispensation of Providence in my favor. He was young, he was strong; he did not make a fortune, it was true, but he made a good living. And what an assistance to have a man in the family!—an assistance for Clementine and the children. But the principal thing, after all, was, he wanted to marry me. Nobody had ever wanted that before, my dear!

"Quick, quick, it was all arranged. All my friends did something for me. One made my *peignoirs* for me, one this, one that—*ma foi!* I did not recognize myself. One made all the toilet of the bureau, another of the bed, and we all sewed on the wedding-dress together. And you should have seen Clementine, going out in all her great mourning, looking for a house, looking for a servant. But the wedding was private on account of poor papa. But you know, Loulou, I had never time to think, ex-

cept about Clementine and the children, and when I thought of all those poor little children, poor papa's children, I said 'Quick, quick,' like the rest.

"It was the next day, the morning after the wedding, I had time to think. I was sitting here, just as you see me now, in my pretty new *negligée*. I had been looking at all the pretty presents I have shown you, and my trousseau, and my furniture,—it is not bad, as you see,—



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"I WEPT, I WEPT, I WEPT."

my dress, my veil, my ring, and—I do not know—I do not know—but, all of a sudden, from everywhere came the thought of my *brun*, my handsome *brun* with the mustache, and the *bonne aventure*, *riche*, *avenant*, the Jules, Raoul, Guy, and the flower leaves, and '*il m'aime*, *un peu*, *beaucoup*, *pas du tout*,' *passionnément*, and the way I expected to meet him walking to and from school, walking as if I were dancing the steps, and oh, my plans, my plans, my plans,—silk dresses, theater, voyages to Europe,—and poor papa, so fine, so tall, so aristocratic. I cannot tell you how it all came; it seized my heart, and, *mon Dieu!* I cried out, and I wept, I wept, I wept. How I wept! It pains me here now to remember it. Hours, hours it lasted, until I had no tears in my body, and I had to weep without them, with sobs and moans. But this, I have always observed, is the time for reflection—after the tears are all out. And I am sure God himself gave me my thoughts. 'Poor little Mimi!' I thought, '*fi donc!* You are going to make a fool of yourself now when it is all over, because why? It is God who manages the world, and not you. You pray to God to help you in your despair, and he has helped you. He has sent you a good, kind husband who adores you; who asks only to be a brother to your sisters and brothers, and son to Clementine; who has given you more than you ever possessed in your life—but because he did not come out of the *bonne aventure*—and who gets a husband out of the *bonne aventure?*—and would your *brun* have come to you in your misfortune?' I am sure God inspired those thoughts in me.

"I tell you, I rose from that bed—naturally I had thrown myself upon it. Quick I washed my face, I brushed my hair, and, you see these bows of ribbons,—look, here are the marks of the tears,—I turned them. *Hé*, Loulou, it occurs to me, that if you examined the blue bows on a bride's *negligée*, you might always find tears on the other side; for do they not all have to marry whom God sends? and am I the only one who had dreams? It is the end of dreams, marriage; and that is the good thing about it. God lets us dream to keep us quiet, but he knows when to wake us up, I tell you. The blue bows knew! And now, you see, I prefer my husband to my *brun;* in fact, Loulou, I adore him, and I am furiously jealous about him. And he is so good to Clementine and the poor little children; and see his photograph—a blond, and not good-looking, and small!

"But poor papa! If he had been alive, I am sure he never would have agreed with God about my marriage."

II. THE MIRACLE CHAPEL.

EVERY heart has a miracle to pray for. Every life holds that which only a miracle can cure. To prove that there have never been, that there can never be, miracles does not alter the matter. So long as there is something hoped for,—that does not come in the legitimate channel of possible events,—so long as something does come not to be hoped or expected in the legitimate channel of possible events, just so long will the miracle be prayed for.

The rich and the prosperous, it would seem, do not depend upon God so much, do not need miracles, as the poor do. They do not have to pray for the extra crust when starvation hovers near; for the softening of an obdurate landlord's heart; for strength in temptation, light in darkness, salvation from vice; for a friend in friendlessness; for that miracle of miracles, an opportunity to struggling ambition; for the ending of a dark night, the breaking of day; and, oh! for God's own miracle to the bedside-watchers — the change for the better, when death is there and the apothecary's skill too far, far away. The poor, the miserable, the unhappy, they can show their miracles by the score; that is why God is called the poor man's friend. He does not mind, so they say, going in the face of logic and reason to relieve them; for often the kind and charitable are sadly hampered by the fetters of logic and reason, which hold them, as it were, away from their own benevolence.

But the rich have their miracles, no doubt, even in that beautiful empyrean of moneyed ease in which the poor place them. Their money cannot buy all they enjoy, and God knows how much of their sorrow it assuages. As it is, one hears now and then of accidents among them, conversions to better thoughts, warding off of danger, rescue of life; and heirs are sometimes born, and husbands provided, and fortunes saved, in such surprising ways, that even the rich, feeling their limitations in spite of their money, must ascribe it privately if not publicly to other potencies than their own. These cathedral *tours de force*, however, do not, if the truth be told, convince like the miracles of the obscure little chapel.

There is always a more and a most obscure little miracle chapel, and as faith seems ever to lead unhesitatingly to the latter one, there is ever rising out of humility and obscurity, as in response to a demand, some new shrine, to replace the wear and tear and loss of other shrines by prosperity. For, alas! it is hard even for a chapel to remain obscure and humble in the face of prosperity and popularity. And how to prevent such popularity and prosperity? As soon as the noise of a good miracle in it gets abroad, every one is for hurrying thither at once with their needs and their prayers, their candles and their picayunes; and the little miracle chapel, perhaps despite itself, becomes with mushroom growth a church, and the church a cathedral, from whose resplendent altars the cheap, humble ex-voto tablets, the modest beginnings of its ecclesiastical fortunes, are before long banished to dimly lighted lateral shrines.

The miracle chapel in question lay at the end of a very confusing but still intelligible route. It is not in truth a chapel at all, but a consecrated chamber in a very small, very lowly cottage, which stands, or one might appropriately, if not with absolute novelty, say which kneels, in the center of a large garden, a garden primeval in rusticity and size, its limits being defined by no lesser boundaries than the four intersecting streets outside, and its culture, the careless, shiftless culture of nature. The streets outside were miracles themselves in that, with their liquid contents, they were streets and not bayous. However, they protected their island chapel almost as well as a six-foot moat could have done. There was a small paved space on the sidewalk that served to the pedestrian as an indication of the spot in the tall, long, broad fence where a gate might be sought. It was a small gate with a strong latch. It required a strong hand to open it. At the sound of the click it made, the little street ragamuffin, who stood near, peeping through the fence, looked up. He had worked quite a hole between the boards with his fingers. Such an anxious expression passed over his face that even a casual passer-by could not help relieving it by a question — any question:

"Is this the miracle chapel, little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes." His expression changed to one of eagerness, yet hardly less anxious.

"Here. Take this —"

He did not hold out his hand, the coin had to seek it. At its touch he refused to take it.

"I ain't begging."

"What are you looking at so through the fence?" He was all sadness now.

"Just looking."

"Is there anything to see inside?"

He did not answer. The interrogation was repeated.

"I can't see nothing. I 'm blind," putting his eyes again to the hole, first one, then the other.

"Come, won't you tell me how this came to be a miracle chapel?"

"Oh, ma'am,"—he turned his face from the fence, and clasped his hands in excitement,—"it was a poor widow woman who come here with her baby that was a-dying, and she prayed to the Virgin Mary, and the Virgin Mary made the baby live—"

He dropped his voice, the words falling slower and slower. As he raised his face, one could see then that he was blind, and the accident that had happened to him, in fording the street. What sightless eyes! What a wet, muddy little skeleton! Ten? No; hardly ten years of age.

"The widow woman she picked up her baby, and she run down the walk here, and out into the street screaming—she was so glad,"—putting his eyes to the peep-hole again,—"and the Virgin Mary come down the walk after her, and come through the gate, too; and that was all she seed—the widow woman."

"Did you know the widow woman?"

He shook his head.

"How do you know it?"

"That was what they told me. And they told me, the birds all begun to sing at once, and the flowers all lighted up like the sun was shining on them. They seed her. And she come down the walk, and through the gate," his voice lowering again to a whisper.

Ay, how the birds must have sung, and the flowers shone, to the widowed mother as she ran, nay, leaped, down that rose-hedged walk, with her restored baby clasped to her bosom!

"*They* seed her," repeated the little fellow.

"And that is why you stand here—to see her, too?"

His shoulder turned uneasily in the clasp upon it.

"They seed her, and they ain't got no eyes."

"Have you no mother?"

"Ain't never had no mother." A thought struck him. "Would that count, ma'am? Would that count? The little baby that was dying—yes, ma'am, it had a mother; and it 's the mothers that come here constant with their children; I sometimes hear 'em dragging them in by the hand."

"How long have you been coming here?"

"Ever since the first time I heard it, ma'am."

Street ragamuffins do not cry: it would be better if they did so, when they are so young and so blind; it would be easier for the spectator, the auditor.

"They seed her—I might see her ef—ef I could see her once—ef—ef I could see anything once." His voice faltered; but he stiffened it instantly. "She might see me. She can't pass through this gate without seeing me; and—and—ef she seed me—and I did n't even see her—oh, I 'm so tired of being blind!"

"Did you never go inside to pray?" How embarrassing such a question is, even to a child!

"No, ma'am. Does that count, too? The little baby did n't pray, the flowers did n't go inside, nor the birds. And they say the birds broke out singing all at once, and the flowers shined, like the sun was shining on 'em—like the sun was shining in 'em," he corrected himself. "The birds they can see, and the flowers they can't see, and they seed her." He shivered with the damp cold—and perhaps too with hunger.

"Where do you live?"

He would n't answer.

"What do you live on?"

He shook his head.

"Come with me." He could not resist the grasp on his shoulder, and the firm directing of his bare, muddy feet through the gate, up the walk, and into the chamber which the Virgin found that day. He was turned to the altar, and pressed down on his knees.

One should not look at the face of a blind child praying to the Virgin for sight. Only the Virgin herself should see that—and if she once saw that little boy! There were hearts, feet, hands, and eyes enough hanging around to warrant hope at least, if not faith; the effigies of the human aches and pains that had here found relief, if not surcease; feet and hands beholden to no physician for their exorcism of rheumatism; eyes and ears indebted to no oculist or aurist; and the hearts,—they are always in excess,—and, to the most skeptical, there is something sweetly comforting in the sight of so many cured hearts, with their thanks cut deep, as they should be, in the very marble thereof. Where the bed must have stood was the altar, rising by easy gradations, brave in ecclesiastical deckings, to the plaster figure of her whom those yearning hearts were seeing, whom those murmuring lips were addressing. Hearts must be all alike to her at such a distance, but the faces to the looker-on were so different. The eyes straining to look through all the experiences and troubles that their life has held to plead, as only eyes can plead, to one who can, if she will, perform their miracle for them. And the mouths,—the sensitive human mouths,—each one distorted by the tragedy against which it was praying.

Their miracles! their miracles! what trifles to divinity! Perhaps hardly more to humanity! How far a simple looker-on could supply them if so minded! Perhaps a liberal exercise of love and charity by not more than half a dozen well-to-do people could answer every prayer in the room! But what a miracle that would be, and how the Virgin's heart would gladden thereat, and jubilate over her restored heart-dying children even as the widowed mother did over her one dying babe!

And the little boy had stopped praying. The futility of it—perhaps his own impotence—

had overcome him. He was crying, and past the shame of showing it — crying helplessly, hopelessly. Tears were rolling out of his sightless eyes over his wordless lips. He could not pray; he could only cry. What better after all can any of us do? But what a prayer to a woman — to even the plaster figure of a woman! And the Virgin did hear him; for she had him taken without loss of a moment to the hospital, and how easy she made it for the physician to remove the disability! To her be the credit.

Grace King.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY C. D. GIBSON.

VIII.

THE second meeting of the "Woman's Society for the Legal Relief of Oppressed Wives," after various delays, took place, not at the house of Mrs. Vernon, whose physician had declared that lady totally unable to bear the strain of further participancy in work for the public good, but at the mansion of no less a dignitary than Mrs. Van Loon, born in the American purple, married in early youth to a great fortune, and backed by an actual pedigree as respectable and solid as any in the land. How this came about may be briefly explained.

Mrs. Van Loon, who, at the time of the first meeting, had been on her way across the continent from Santa Barbara (whither she had taken Mr. Van Loon for the benefit of his ailing throat), arrived in town to hear how clever Mrs. Boulter had succeeded in wresting the reins of power from Mrs. Bullion, and was in a fair way to control the most fashionable charity of the year. This to Mrs. Van Loon was wormwood. More than once she had had occasion to bow her neck and come in to Mrs. Boulter's schemes. Mrs. Boulter, clever as she was, had no birth and little or no money; and Mrs. Van Loon viewed with displeasure the encroachment of mere brains and glibness upon a territory hitherto almost exclusively her own. When it was a question of laying down the social law, Mrs. Van Loon felt herself to be deputed by Heaven to do it. And if you once let these writing people get ahead in society, in Heaven's name, where will they stop?

A call upon Mrs. Van Shuter found that exhausted leader willing to waive all rights of government in favor of her younger and more active ally. Mrs. Vernon's polite note to inform Mrs. Van Shuter, and the ladies of the board, of her great regret that the orders of her physician made it imperative for her to withdraw from connection with the work, gave Mrs. Van Loon the immediate opportunity she desired. Mrs. Van Shuter, who agreed to attend the meetings if she were released from further effort, made her last contribution to the fund by ordering the hapless Miss Thompson to write an entirely new set of little notes. And clever Mrs. Boulter found herself bidden into an enemy's camp, where judicious wire-pulling put Mrs. Van Loon in the chair, *vice* Mrs. Van Shuter, resigned, and where Mrs. Bullion, now mysteriously appeased, was induced to reconsider and to accept the office of treasurer.

In the hands of Mrs. Van Loon the committee was as wax. The chairwoman let the dark-eyed lady suggest her *bal poudré;* the sandy-haired lady was allowed to air her histrionic daughter; all other schemes, from the Russian tea to the amateur nigger minstrels, were vouchsafed a gracious hearing; and then the obedient assemblage was somehow made to understand that it was pledged to support an Early-Republican ball, to be opened by a Centennial Minuet.

"It is so simple," said the presiding officer. "Every one should wear ancestral clothes belonging to the period, with miniatures, and seals, and — er — all that kind of thing — and the hair powdered, as Mrs. Creighton so happily suggests. Those who dance in the opening minuet should, of course, represent families known in political or social life in the days of Washington's residence in New York as President. By hunting up all the old books at the Historical and Society and Astor libraries, many valuable hints may be obtained as to emblems and mottos and decorations of that date. And I have an idea that our best people might be induced to form a loan collection

of the portraits of their American ancestors to hang around the walls of the ball-room, if the insurance were properly looked after, and there were detectives kept day and night, of course. What could be easier?"

Easy as it was, an unaccountable dejection settled over certain portions of the company. At once a buzz of discussion ensued that blocked the wheels of progress. In the burning question that arose in every woman's mind as to the award of places in the minuet of honor, the "Legal Relief of Oppressed Wives" went down the stream, and was utterly lost to sight. Mrs. Boulter, after letting fly two or three arrows of satire that pierced Mrs. Van Loon's armor visibly, offered her resignation to the board. Mrs. Gramercy St. John, who was deemed sure of a leading rôle in the affair, confided to her neighbor that she could not bring herself to serve, because Mrs. Fulton Manhattan (whose great-grandfather had sold figs while hers stood on the balcony beside President Washington at Federal Hall) had been proposed as her vis-à-vis. Mrs. Fulton Manhattan, hearing this whisper, also resigned from the board of managers. Old Mrs. Bowling Green, whose spinster daughter Selina had been overlooked in the first hastily made list of dancers, rose up, and in a quavering voice begged leave to offer a few remarks. She would detain the ladies only long enough to say that although *her* ancestor was a favorite staff-officer of Washington, and the cups from which his Excellency drank tea with her grandmama were daily dusted upon her cupboard-shelves, she should consider it quite too ridiculous to have one of her family appear in such a *mixed* affair — after which she left the room. Mrs. Central Parker, who had been absorbed in the mental wording of a cablegram to Worth for a delicious First-Empire toilet, sprang upon her feet at this, and, resenting a fancied direction of Mrs. Green's remarks to her, proffered *her* resignation, and retired, resolving to induce her husband to cable, instead, for a duke's house for the London season.

Amid this confusion, and under a stress of feeling that bid fair to depopulate the committee, Mrs. Calliope Duncombe sat by, serene and unruffled, her eyes cast down, her meek hands folded in her lap. Something in her expression seemed to annoy Mrs. Van Shuter, who was in the condition of the camel that resented the last straw.

"I think it would be as well to tell that person, — Mrs. What's-her-name, — " said the Idol, very crossly and audibly, to Mrs. Van Loon, "that it 's of no earthly use for *her* to come to the meetings of our committee."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Van Loon; "I had thought of that, myself. It 's bad enough to be in such a turmoil, without having anybody sitting by and looking like a saint. Tell her when we 've anything to give, we 'll let her know."

"But I never tell people things, myself" answered the great lady, a-flutter; "it is so apt to bring on palpitation, to have to think about the words."

"Then the secretary must notify her. What with the clatter and quarreling, I 'm almost distracted now," said the chairwoman of the board.

Betty Halliday, again in attendance upon an occasion she vowed was as good as a circus with three rings, gave a full report of the proceedings to Nell at luncheon, where Nell's mother-in-law had dropped in on her way for her drive. Betty, struck with the careworn look on Mrs. Vernon's face, thought she observed her eye gleam with something like triumph at the account of the snub to Mrs. Duncombe. But the widow, observing merely that it was really too bad she should have to miss the Early-Republican ball, as she had more than half decided to go to the other side, bestowed a kiss upon Nell's cheek, and took an imposing leave.

Eleanor, who objected to the idea of set afternoons at home, on which her pretty house would be overrun by the crowd that comes to congratulate and goes to criticize, had at once established a tea-table at five o'clock, where friends dropping in were tempted to linger with the lengthening days.

She was not a woman like the heroines of French novels, to make intimate corners into which it is death for more than one man to venture at a time. There was in her drawing-room an absence of divans, beneath tent-shaped draperies pitched under palm-trees where camels and caravans alone are wanting. Visitors, presenting themselves in visiting-hours, had no opportunity to discern their hostess in the roseate glow of lamps veiled by wonderful frilled shades, lolling on piles of cushions in a Delsartian pose, tête-à-tête with some youngster who assumes to be disagreeably surprised at an interruption. Her own old friends, — men and girls, — and Jerry's coterie of gilded youths, who had been a little everywhere, knew a little of everything, dealt with all topics lightly, often amusingly, pronounced Nell's "five o'clock" a find.

"'What makes the lambs love Mary so?'" said Dick Henderson, on one of these afternoons. "Do you give it up, Mrs. Jerry? Well, its hostess apart, yours is a restful house. The amount of manual labor a man has, nowadays, in calling upon most women! The logs that won't burn, the chimneys that smoke, the can-

dle-shades that catch fire, the spirit-lamps and dogs that have to be put out—"

"Don't, please," said Trix, coming in, in her walking-dress, just then. "You make me ashamed of my dear Friar Tuck, who, when he goes with me visiting, will neither stay outside nor stay in. Nell, if I 'm later than usual, put it down to Tuck, for he had to be exercised. Ever since the awful day he—well, not exactly growled, but—*rumbled* at Jerry's aunt Tryphena, who despises dogs, I 've never dared bring him here, without coming in first to reconnoiter. He 's walking around the block, waiting for me, now, the dear."

"What, alone?" said Eleanor.

"No; there 's somebody else," the girl answered, blushing and vanishing amid a general laugh, to reappear, accompanied not only by a noble St. Bernard dog, who at once laid his "Shaksperean dewlaps" on Mrs. Gerald's knees, and stood still to be caressed, but a slim, broad-shouldered young man wearing an altogether bright and wholesome countenance, who was introduced to her sister as Mr. Vyvan.

IX.

THIS little group brought with it into Eleanor's drawing-room a sense of open-air freshness and young vitality. The blitheness in Vyvan's face set Eleanor to thinking; and placing him in a chair beside her, she studied him narrowly, a scrutiny his frank manhood enabled the youth to bear becomingly. Trix, meanwhile, came in for her share of rallying attention.

"It 's love me, love my dog, with you, is n't it, Miss Beatrix?" said De Witt, in a low tone, as he handed her the cream.

"Not always," the girl answered, curling her lip; "*you* are at perfect liberty to love my dog, Mr. De Witt."

"Hard hit, Freddy," said Henderson. "Come here, Friar Tuck, you are a credit to your bringing up. Short 's your friend, not Codlin. Would it insult you to be offered one of Mrs. Jerry's tea-cakes?"

But the Friar, proof against blandishments, had now transferred his huge muzzle from Nell's knee to Vyvan's, where he remained, consulting the young man's face with the dumb lovingness a big dog can make so eloquent.

"Did n't he take a prize at the last bench-show?" went on Henderson with persistent civility to Trix.

"No-o," said Tuck's mistress, shaking her head as she surveyed her treasure mournfully. "I can't think why, but I 'm afraid there was something underhand, because one of the judges told me Tuck was too perfectly lovely to live."

"I admire that fellow's diplomacy," put in De Witt. "Did he tell you also that you should have a dog-show exclusively for Friar Tuck, where all the others would be cats, and he 'd be sure to win a prize—"

Trix was saved the trouble of a repartee by Friar Tuck himself, who, turning at this moment his deliberate gaze on the last speaker, vented his feelings by a long and heartfelt yawn.

"You have been very lucky to win the Friar's confidence," Eleanor said to young Vyvan. "He is, in general, very repellent of advances by strangers."

"Oh, I was brought up with dogs for playfellows. In the South, where our doors are always open, they walk through our homes like members of the family. I pity these poor creatures cribbed up in town. I suppose it 's the fellow-feeling that makes me kind."

"Then you miss your Southern life? But of course you do. My sister Trix and I, and our brother Jack, have been going always in summer to a rather hot, dull little place my mother has on the Hudson River, and we preferred that to anything New York could furnish. Those splendid big Maryland estates of yours must give you even more of a feeling of room to breathe and grow in."

"Big enough they are," said Brock, laughing; "but the splendor is all in space and forests."

"Tell me about your home."

"I sha'n't bore you? It 's an old place called Mount St. Dunstan, that has been built on a long time, and has always belonged to my mother's family. After my father was killed in the last year of the war, I was born, and she went back there to live with my grandfather, who is now a very old man, devoted to flowers and dogs. Every fine day you may see him working in his garden or greenhouses, with a golden collie at his heels. My mother keeps the house, with a poor lot of servants,—the best they can get down there now,—and everything indoors is rather worn and shabby, I suppose; but I know I would n't have it changed—"

His ingenuous face, one of those in which expression is "on tiptoe for a flight," softened, then clouded as he stopped.

"You are the only son?" Eleanor asked softly.

"The only child, worse luck. It is hard for her to do without me, though of course there are always cousins stopping in the house, and work enough in the affairs of the plantation. And she is getting used to it, now, what with the four years at the university and those in New York."

"We must try to make you feel at home

with us," she said, with a smile that reminded him of Trix.

"Oh, I am happy. I like the vista that seems to have no end that opens before a young man of purpose here. When I first came, I had such a different notion of standards and values — coming out of that dreamy old-world atmosphere of sentimental aristocracy into this broad daylight of commercial enterprise. Now I have found my place, I am encouraged about the future in a way I could not have been, had I remained at home. But, Mrs. Vernon, you must think me abominably vain."

"Some day I must hear more. You must come and dine with us," she began, when her attention was claimed elsewhere.

"Come, Mrs. Jerry, decide for us," said Henderson. "Is it the men's fault or the girls', that we average fellows in society have to wait till our hair gets thin before we take wives?"

"Like old Beau Meredith," added De Witt; "live to be the happiness of successive generations of débutantes, and return to second childhood in the process. But it 's poor economy to wait till your hair grows thin before you marry. One of the prettiest women I know told me she never sees the bald spot on her husband's head that it does n't make her want to gape. Of course it 's the women's fault. They won't look at us unless we can give them — well, say,—" looking about him approvingly,— "the likes of this."

"That 's it," said Henderson, ruefully. "Fancy asking any girl of our set to live with you and be your love in a flat with five speaking-trumpets surmounting five visiting-cards in the vestibule, and a smell of codfish in the halls. I 've often thought I might manage to *feed* my wife, if she would make her trousseau last; but how I could pay three dollars an evening for cabs to convey her to other people's dinners, I don't see. On the whole, I think I had rather be taken in and done for by my father-in-law."

"Widows, now," said De Witt, "offer a delightful solution of the difficulty, if they are rich and young; but the stock is limited."

"For shame!" said Eleanor. "I refuse to arbitrate. Thank goodness, there are love-matches, even in 'our set.'"

"Denzil's, for instance," said Henderson. "When he left college, an honor-man, and the world before him where to choose,—the best-looking, the cleverest fellow of his day, an athlete, and a hero,— he went in for architecture, and might have been anything. Well, two years later, he took out to dinner a girl with a Burne-Jones profile and without a cent, raved the next day to us about her brow that should have worn a perpetual fillet, and in three months — married her. Look at them now. They have been married eight years. She is a dowdy goddess, a millstone around Denzil's neck. He has lost pluck and temper, has become a cynic, pitches into all things American, is begrudging of other men's good things, and continually hampered by the necessity of paying household bills. Now tell me, whose happiness does Denzil make? Who makes his? What has *he* secured by marrying for love?"

"*That* Mrs. Denzil!" commented Trix, scornfully. "She is the kind of limp woman who sits and complains of her husband, and raves about Browning and Tolstoi, while her children are running in the streets. It is her fault, if anybody's; and I think you are all horrid and cold-blooded in the way you talk."

"Have you ever estimated the price of the butcher's meat consumed by Nip and Tuck, Miss Beatrix?" said her tormentor, Fred de Witt. "And do you think you 'd be willing to put down your dogs, as some women put down their carriages, for your husband's sake?"

"There is something else I should like to put down first," said Trix, crushingly.

To this chatter Brock Vyvan listened with mingled feelings. He knew these men to belong to a class of comparative leisure, to be well-dressed, able to indulge themselves in many things which he could but dream of one day possessing. He saw them drifting out of youth without a thought of assuming the matrimonial yoke, and he could not but admit a certain reason in their arguments against so doing. And even with the ring of Trix's honest voice in protest in his ear, he looked around him, and then in fancy back to the faded rooms of the Mount St. Dunstan homestead which was to be his inheritance. In contrast with this affluent prosperity deemed indispensable to the higher civilization of to-day, he set the barren acres, the cramped fortunes, the lack of ready money of his home-people. He thought of how many years of toil must pass to bring him to the independence needed to rid the old place of debt, to furnish comforts to his mother's declining years; and steeled his heart against the siren whisperings that had, of late, begun to echo there with a music that never ceased.

Eleanor, refusing to "give in her testimony," felt that on her side much might be said. "It is a craven sort of thing," she thought, "to sit here and let these young men think we are all material worldlings because we 've been born in a certain social class. But I can't speak; the truth is, I 'm afraid to say too much. And they might not believe me if I told the very truth — that if Jerry had brought me nothing but himself I 'd have been as content. And if this is foolish, I don't want to be wise."

The talk was here interrupted by Hughes, the ex-valet, who for an increase of stipend

had consented to take upon his accomplished hands the duty of butler in the new establishment. He was preceding two gentlemen, about whom Trix, recognizing them, uttered her significant word, "Bother!" as Hughes announced Mr. Van Loon and Mr. Leeds.

The blood came into Eleanor's cheeks. The immense impertinence of the individual last-named, in intruding himself under the wing of an old acquaintance into her house, filled her with indignation that found no vent. It is in comedies of the stage, not of real life, that the heroine has the exact words ready with which to repel audacity. And a woman in her own house rarely allows herself the pleasure of a downright invitation to go out of it to any one short of an intending burglar. Even a book-agent's way to the front door is soothed by apologetic courtesy.

"Saw Vernon at the club," said Timothy, addressing his hostess, but his vagrant eye captured anew by the spring-like charms of Trix, who had given him a slight and frosty nod. "Said you 'd be here at tea-time. Got in from Florida on my boat, this morning. Havin' a new yacht built, and, by Jove, I 'd thought o' namin' it the *Beatrix;* but your sister 's so uncommon huffy, nowadays — won't look at a man, like the other girls you see around. Have you heard my latest good thing anywhere? No? Really! New beauty at the Ponce de Leon since you left, named Milliken, from the West somewhere, stands six foot in her stockin's, if an inch. Can't think what 's happened to the girls now, to make 'em all so tall. Fellows wanted me to lead a cotillion with the Milliken; but I just looked at her, and gave it up. 'Could n't do it unless I danced on stilts,' I said, 'and I never learned that way.' By Jove, I 've heard of nothin' else since, everywhere I 've been. People are buzzin' it all over the country, I believe. 'Could n't do it unless I danced on stilts' was what I *said*, 'and I never learned that way.' I believe somebody has sent the thing to 'Puck'; but you may say you had it right from me."

Trix laughed. Encouraged by what he took to be approval, Mr. Van Loon forsook Eleanor, and conveyed himself and hat and stick over to a piano-bench near where the girl was seated, his place by Mrs. Gerald being at once assumed by Mr. Carteret Leeds.

"Van Loon told you we 'd–er–met Vernon at the club," said that unabashed gentleman. "From what he said, I–er–thought you 'd be glad of the last news from our friends in Florida. Your husband told us he 'd be at home, himself, this afternoon; but I suppose he changed his mind, as I saw him walking with–er–a fair lady down the avenue a half-hour since."

"Mr. Vernon is in the habit of going to his mother at this time," said Eleanor, angry with herself for answering at all.

"Oh, no; not Mrs. Vernon," he said, with an intonation maliciously jocose — "not Mrs. Vernon, certainly. I say, it would be a good joke on Jerry to let the cat out now."

"You have taken many liberties," Eleanor said very low, and with awful distinctness, "but you have never gone so far before as to presume to discuss my husband's affairs with me. May I ask that you will keep this fact in mind?"

"Oh, but I say, you know," he urged, still jocular, "most women would be glad of a chance to bring a man to book — when it 's about an old flame, especially. Come, now, I 'll lay ten to one you 're dying to get down off your high horse and own up you 're curious. But I won't peach. Only you 'd better ask Jerry *why he advised Van Loon to come to see you now.*"

They were sitting a little apart, behind the table in the back-room, and with an exclamation of disgust, Eleanor arose hurriedly, intending to join the rest and to cut short the hateful conference. This movement Friar Tuck, who had been peacefully dozing at her feet, misinterpreted to mean a declaration of war upon her enemy, and, starting up with a growl of deep-seated determination, his teeth gleaming, his body tense, — a terrible object in his wrath, — he launched his great bulk forward in a spring at the offender. Quick as he was, Brock Vyvan, who, the other men having taken leave, had been rather tamely turning over a book of photographs of cathedrals, while Trix was appropriated by Van Loon, was quicker. Before Tuck could reach his victim, a firm hand was on his collar, and Trix, flying to the rescue, helped to reduce the huge creature to good behavior.

Dead-white, and with chattering teeth, Mr. Carteret Leeds for once parted with his offensive ease, and went off babbling his adieus in an abject sort of way.

"I never saw Tuck do such a thing before," said Trix, as Van Loon prepared to follow his friend. "He 's as mild as milk in general. Lucky it was that horrid Mr. Leeds."

"Tuck never before had such provocation," said Eleanor in an undertone to her sister, her heart beating fiercely at the remembered insolence.

"You are goin' to Mrs. Bullion's dinner, ain't you?" asked lingering Timothy, whose chains this meeting had newly welded. "I know you are, for she told me so, before she could get me to say I 'd come; and you 'll give me the cotillion, won't you, at the next Assembly?"

"I don't know if I 'm engaged; I 'll see," said Trix, darting a look at Vyvan, who remained inanimate. Some fine lady of his acquaintance had sent him a card for the festivity in question, and, an hour before, he had talked eagerly with the girl about going thither for the pleasure of dancing with her. But the glimpse just afforded him into the workings of fashionable life had apparently chilled his enthusiasm for its functions.

"I should keep both you and Mr. Vyvan if we were dining at home," said Eleanor, when Trix also rose to go.

"Mama is alone to-night, and I could n't stop," Trix answered; "but Mr. Vyvan need not take the long walk home with Tuck and me."

Again she ventured a shy side-glance. This time a dark red tinge came upon his cheeks and brow. He made no answer, but when they were outside kept with her in the street.

"I said you need not trouble to walk back with me," she repeated, a little more distinctly.

"I heard you, of course, and I have no wish to intrude my company; but if you think I am going to lose you from my sight till you are within your own front door, you are mistaken. That is n't the way we treat ladies in our part of the world."

"If you don't, you *all but* engage them to dance the cotillion with you, and then leave them in the lurch, to be snapped up by any goose."

"Do you think he is a goose?" he cried, with a joyous tremor in his voice. "Then I will dance with or without you for a week."

"This is 'tew ridic'lous,'" Trix said, trying to turn off her consciousness of pleasure with a jest. "That 's what the backwoodsman remarked when he came home after an Indian raid, and found his home burnt, and his wife and children lying scalped upon the ground."

"Oh, you may laugh at me," he said, now close beside her, the big dog "padding" on the chain ahead, "but I 've been told — I know what 's expected. Half the girls I meet out ask me if I think you 'll marry Mr. Timothy Van Loon. It 's part of the stock conversation of polite society."

"Let us talk about foot-ball," said Trix, mischievously.

ELEANOR, in the hands of her maid, making ready for a dinner, one of the series in honor of their nuptials to which the young couple had not ceased to be bidden, was vexed at her own longing to hear Jerry's foot upon the stairs. He was unusually late, and now there would be no opportunity till they should be in the carriage to pour forth her full soul about the attempted poison of Mr. Carteret Leeds' discourse. She had already made up her mind that malice was at the bottom of it, and she longed, in Jerry's arms, to rid herself of the recollection of a momentary pang of doubt of him. But there was ever a lurking wonder as to who could be the woman the world of gossip had a right to call Jerry's "old flame." Why had she heard of this person, now, for the first time? Then Eleanor laughed at herself for supposing her beautiful Jerry could have gone so far through his young manhood without some aspersion of the sort. In another wife, she would have been first to judge such weakness beneath contempt.

All the same, when she saw the gown Elsa had laid out for her,— a "creation" in reds and watermelon pinks that Gerald had decried,— with some petulance she ordered it away. In its place she put on a robe of black gauze, that should bring out the dazzling freshness of her skin, and serve as a background for the luster of Jerry's diamonds scattered upon her bodice and in her hair. Until now the girl had decked herself, as flowers unfold their petals to the sun, in fragrant unconsciousness of the law that bids them open. Tasting the fruit of knowledge, she had already learned what men of Gerald's stamp make of vital importance in woman's eyes, and then deride them for considering. Gazing at her image in the mirror, and admitting with a blush the success of her innocent design, the young wife's eye fell on the face of a tiny clock standing among the litter of silver and ivory upon her toilet.

"How late it is!" she exclaimed. "You are quite sure, Elsa, Mr. Vernon has not come into his room?"

The discreet Elsa, tripping away, returned without bearing comfort; and just as Eleanor began to feel anxiety succeeding blankness, Jerry's key was heard in the door below.

"All right; I 'm late, but I 'll make all the haste I can," he said, looking in on her for a moment. "Why, what a swell you are, with your whole jewel-box emptied over your head and sticking where it fell."

"Is there too much of it — are n't you pleased with me?" she said, rather cut by his comment.

She had risen, and stood before him in her blooming youth, amid the sparkle of her gems, offering herself to his criticism with a movement half coquettish, all womanly. Jerry leaned over, and regardless of Elsa's completed masterpiece, clasped her in his arms, kissing her lips and cheeks.

"Oh, please go," she said; "you will never have time to change. The carriage is there now; it is disgraceful to be so late."

But when, shrouded by her maid in a long wrap whose high collar of fur caressed the coils of her nut-brown hair, and armed with her scepter of curling ostrich plumes, she sat

"ARE N'T YOU PLEASED WITH ME?"

beside Jerry in the brougham, and they were driven, at speed, through the lighted streets, Nell nestled toward him lovingly.

"How unnecessarily fast Beacon drives, Jerry. I 'm sure we have time enough. If Mrs. Van Loon is to be there, we are sure to have to wait the usual half-hour for her. I have so much to tell you. I don't see why women so often say they dread the driving out to dinner, because their husbands are always cross; you are always sweet to me then, Jerry, and we are so deliciously alone."

"I might as well attempt to get my arm around a Polar bear, as you in that fluffy overcoat," he said good-humoredly. "But I always like to do what 's expected of me—so here goes. Now begin, and put in as much talk as a woman can crowd into three quarters of a mile, and I 'll promise not to interrupt."

Eleanor's first impulse had been to pour into her husband's ear the annoyance contributed to her day's experience by Mr. Carteret Leeds. But she could not bring herself to mar the happiness of this brief time with him snatched from the outer world. She talked on in her rapid girlish way about the incidents of the day, the contents of her letters, the callers at her tea-table.

"Henderson and De Witt hoped you would be up before they left. They were as amusing as ever, and then Trix came with Tuck and young Vyvan—oh, Jerry, that 's a delightful boy. I

wish, I wish Trix and he could — but there 's no use thinking of it, I suppose."

"If Trix knows what is good for her, she will whistle back Van Loon," said Jerry.

"Jerry! You are not in earnest. My buoyant, sparkling Trix tied to that man — oh, impossible!"

"Your mother don't think it impossible, and the rest of the world will call Trix a downright fool if she gets another chance at him and lets him go."

"Mama — poor mama — you know she thinks only of what is best for us," began Eleanor, and stopped in embarrassment.

"When a woman 's got a family with as little money to support them as your mother has, she 's obliged to take views ahead. People who have lived to her time of life see that, if a fellow 's decent, marriages come out about the same in the long run. There 's nothing, as men look at it, against Timothy; and if Trix don't snap him up, another woman will."

"Jerry, I can't believe you would hold such sentiments," Eleanor said, drawing away from him a little.

"Because we are spoons on each other, it don't follow that every one else need be," he said, with a careless laugh. "But here 's news for you, Nell: my mother, who kept me so late talking about her plans, is to sail in the *Teutonic* on Wednesday next. I got a deck stateroom for her and her maid, and cabled Mrs. Vane-Benson to establish her at Claridge's. She and the doctor have patched up between them that she can't stand the climate of New York in spring. The truth is, Nell, she 's got the constitution of a horse, and I suspect there 's some tiff under it. I believe she sent for her physician like a woman I heard of, lately, who said, 'Doctor, I want to go abroad. Tell me what 's the matter with me.'"

"Then you *were* with your mother, after all?" Eleanor said, forgetting in her satisfaction to make filial comment on Mrs. Vernon's plans.

"With her. What do you mean?" he said, withdrawing his arm. "Did n't I tell you I 've been running about all day, settling her affairs?"

The brougham drew up before an awning, and they walked along a wide crimson carpet up the steps and into the anteroom, where the maids took Eleanor's wraps, she being conscious of increased enjoyment of the hour. Late as she and Jerry were, the company of eighteen or twenty people waiting in the drawing-room were to be yet called upon to curb their pangs of hunger for Mr. and Mrs. Van Loon.

"It is abominable, that woman," a man said, who was talking with Eleanor during this trying interval. "She 's absolutely no consideration for people's digestions. This is the fifth dinner this season where she 's kept me waiting for my food. I 'm faint now, and if I did n't know what this chef can do, I 'd go ask the butler for a sandwich, and accept the consequence. Here they are now, for a wonder — but," his jaw dropped as he looked around him, "by Jove, I 'm an odd number, and there 's another yet to come!"

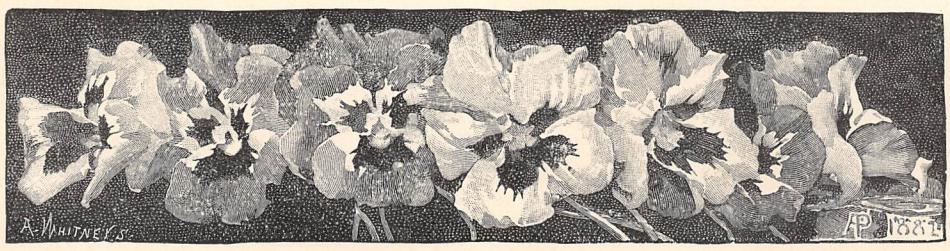
As he spoke, a glimpse of somebody hastening in at the door in white and pearls caught Eleanor's eye, as "Mrs. de Lancey" was announced. Then the host assuming possession of the bride to lead a glittering line of couples out to the dining-room, Nell was seated and unbuttoning her gloves before discovering that at the other end of a table set with orchids in silver vases, on the right hand of Jerry, who had taken his hostess out, Hildegarde was placed.

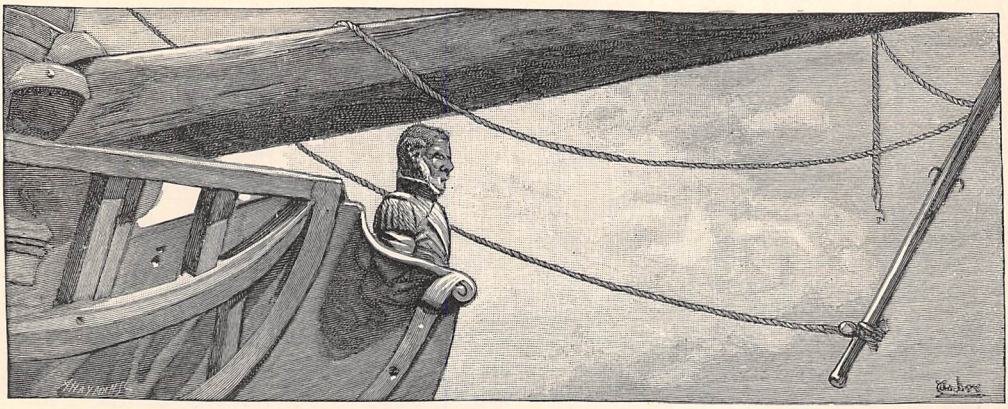
"There is a beauty worth waiting for," said their host to Mrs. Van Loon and Eleanor, directing their attention to the last-comer.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Van Loon, who resented encroachment upon her privilege. "The best thing about her is that one don't have to ask Smithson, now they are divorced. And if I were you," she added to Eleanor, while stabbing at an oyster with her fork as comfortably as if it were the reputation of a friend, "I 'd haul my husband over the coals for her delay. Half past six it was, by the carriage-clock, as I drove by the Plantagenet, where she lives, and saw Mr. Vernon going in with her! Did I tell you I 've got you down for my Centennial Minuet? It is going on finely, in spite of the women's fights."

(To be continued.)

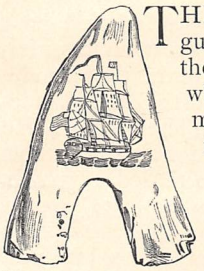
Constance Cary Harrison.





FIGUREHEAD OF AN OLD WHALER, NEW BEDFORD.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A WHALEMAN'S LOG.[1]



TWO-PRONGED TOOTH OF A SPERM-WHALE — IN THE ATHENÆUM MUSEUM, NANTUCKET.

THE smoke of the *Alabama's* guns had scarcely lifted from the highways of the ocean, when the New Bedford whalemen began to refit their vessels for long-deferred cruises. For four years the good ship *Cachalot*, bound in chains, had been chafing her sides in the narrow confines of a dock; but with the news of peace she was soon overhauled, and, plunging her nose into the restless waters of Buzzard's Bay, she headed for the Pacific Ocean, via the Western Islands. While making a quick passage from this group, sperm-whales were occasionally seen moving rapidly to windward,—always to windward,—and now and then a humpback, or a finback, and, while off the stormy Cape, several right whales. The boats were lowered from time to time, and engaged in an exciting chase; but the whales had eyes, and also heels, and won in the race. Myriads of blackfish—a small cetaceous animal valuable for its oil, though the yield individually is small—were encountered, and the boats were lowered frequently in order that the green hands might attain a degree of proficiency that would enable them to encounter the monsters of the Pacific.

While cruising on the coast of New Zealand, one day about 11.30 A. M., the lookout at the main hailed the deck with: "Thar sh' b-l-o-w-s! Thar sh' b-l-o-w-s! Blows! B-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away?" promptly responded the officer of the deck.

"Four points off the lee bow! Blows sperm-whales! Blows! Blows!" came from aloft.

"How far off?" shouted the captain, roused out of his cabin by the alarm, as his head and shoulders appeared above deck. "Where are they heading?" he continued, as he went up the rigging on all-fours.

"Blows about two miles and a half off. sir," replied Mr. Braxton, the mate, looking off the lee bow with his glasses, "and coming to windward, I believe."

"Call all hands!" said the captain. "Haul up the mainsail, and back your main-yards! Hurry up there! Get your boats ready, Mr. Braxton!"

At the first alarm the men came swarming up the companionway of the forecastle, divesting themselves of superfluous articles of clothing, and scattering them indiscriminately about the deck. Rolling up their trousers, and girding their loins with their leather belts, taking a double reef until supper-time, they flitted nervously here and there in their bare legs and feet, observing every order with the greatest alacrity, and holding themselves in readiness to go over the side of the vessel at the word of command. There is a certain order, systematic action, or red tape, observed on all first-class whaling-vessels, however imperfectly disciplined some of the boat-crews may be. The captain indicates the boats he wishes to attack the whales; the boat-header (an officer) and the boat-steerer (the harpooner) take their proper positions in the boat, the former at the stern and the latter at the bow, while suspended in the davits. At the proper moment the davit-tackles are run out by men on deck, and the boats drop with a lively splash; the sprightly oarsmen meantime leap the ship's rail, and, swinging themselves down the side of the vessel, tumble promiscuously into the boats just about the time the latter strike the water. Although it may be said that there is a general scramble, there is not the

[1] With the exception of the engraving on page 512, the accompanying pictures were drawn by W. Taber.

least confusion; every person and thing has the proper place assigned to it in a whaleboat; the officer has full command, but he is subject to the orders of the captain, who signals his instructions from the ship, usually by means of the light sails. The manner of going on to a whale, the number of men and their positions in the boat, and the kind of instruments and the manner of using them, have been perpetuated in this fishery for more than two centuries. But let us catch our whale.

"Clear away the larboard and bow boats!" shouted the captain. "Get in ahead of the whales, Mr. Braxton, if you can. Here, cook, you and cooper lend a hand there with them davy-tayeles. Are you ready? Hoist and swing your boats!"

Down went the larboard boat and the bow boat almost simultaneously.

"Shove off! Up sail! Out oars! Pull ahead!" were the orders from Mr. Braxton, the officer of the larboard boat, in rapid succession. "Let 's get clear of the ship. Come, bear a hand with that sail, do," he added coaxingly, with his eye on the third mate's boat. "Don't let 'em get in ahead of us."

"All right, sir; here you go, sheet," replied Vera, the harpooner, a well-developed and intelligent American-Portuguese, with his accustomed good spirit and vivacity.

The sail was run up, and the gafftopsail set, and under the immense spread of canvas peculiar to whaleboats, the little craft bounded merrily over the waves. "Peak your oars, boys! Take your paddles, and send her along!" said the officer. "Look out for whales, boy!" he continued, addressing Vera. "Sing out when we head for them!"

"Blows! B-l-o-w-s! S-t-e-a-d-y! Coming to windward, sir," said Vera.

"Look out for the head whale, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton.

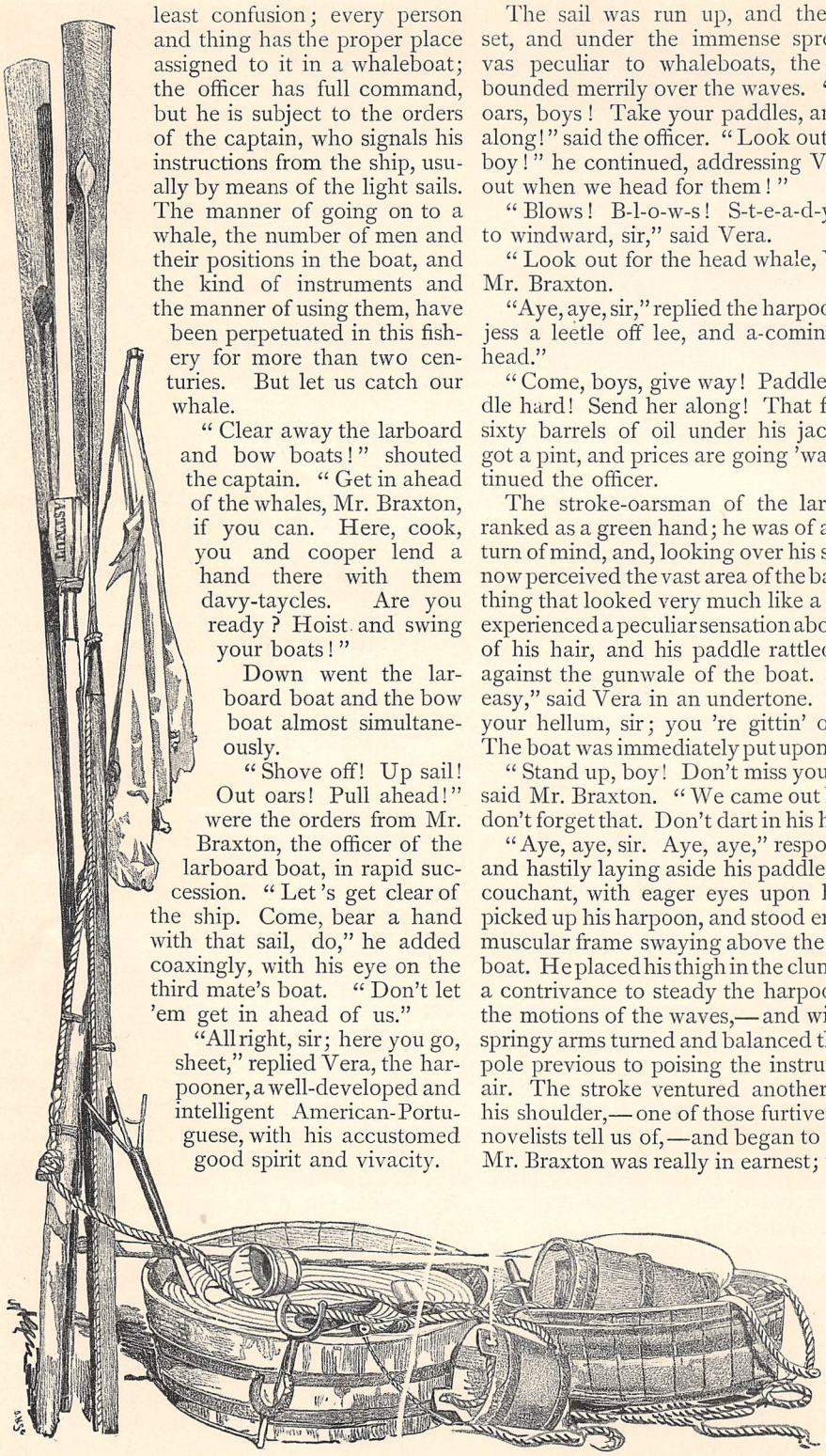
"Aye, aye, sir," replied the harpooner. "Him jess a leetle off lee, and a-comin' head and head."

"Come, boys, give way! Paddle hard! paddle hard! Send her along! That fellow 's got sixty barrels of oil under his jacket if he 's got a pint, and prices are going 'way up," continued the officer.

The stroke-oarsman of the larboard boat ranked as a green hand; he was of an inquiring turn of mind, and, looking over his shoulder, he now perceived the vast area of the back of something that looked very much like a whale. He experienced a peculiar sensation about the roots of his hair, and his paddle rattled nervously against the gunwale of the boat. "Easy, sir, easy," said Vera in an undertone. "Starboard your hellum, sir; you 're gittin' on his eye." The boat was immediately put upon her course.

"Stand up, boy! Don't miss your chance!" said Mr. Braxton. "We came out here for oil; don't forget that. Don't dart in his head, Vera."

"Aye, aye, sir. Aye, aye," responded Vera; and hastily laying aside his paddle, like a tiger couchant, with eager eyes upon his prey, he picked up his harpoon, and stood erect, his tall, muscular frame swaying above the head of the boat. He placed his thigh in the clumsy-cleat,—a contrivance to steady the harpooner against the motions of the waves,—and with his long, springy arms turned and balanced the harpoon-pole previous to poising the instrument in the air. The stroke ventured another peep over his shoulder,—one of those furtive glances the novelists tell us of,—and began to believe that Mr. Braxton was really in earnest; that he had



OUTFIT OF A WHALEBOAT.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

really come for oil; that he was really laying the boat on the head of the whale; and that Vera was really about to strike the animal with the harpoon. Under the motive power of sail and paddle, the space between the boat and whale was rapidly diminishing, and apparently they would soon come in collision. The enormous head of the cetacean, as it plowed a wide furrow in the ocean, and the tall column of vapor rising from the blow-holes, as it spouted ten or twelve feet in the air, were to be seen right ahead; the expired air, as it rushed like steam from a valve, could be heard near by; the bunch of the neck and the hump were plainly visible as they rose and fell with the swell of the waves; and the terrible commotion of the troubled waters, fanned by the gigantic flukes, left a swath of foaming and dancing waves clearly outlined upon the surface of the sea.

Mr. Braxton laid the boat off gracefully to starboard, and the mastodontic head of a genuine spermaceti-whale loomed up on our port bow. The junk was seamed and scarred with many a wound received in fierce and angry struggles for supremacy with individuals of its own species, or perhaps with the kraken; the foaming waters ran up and down the great shining black head, exposing from time to time the long, rakish under jaw; but what small eyes—!

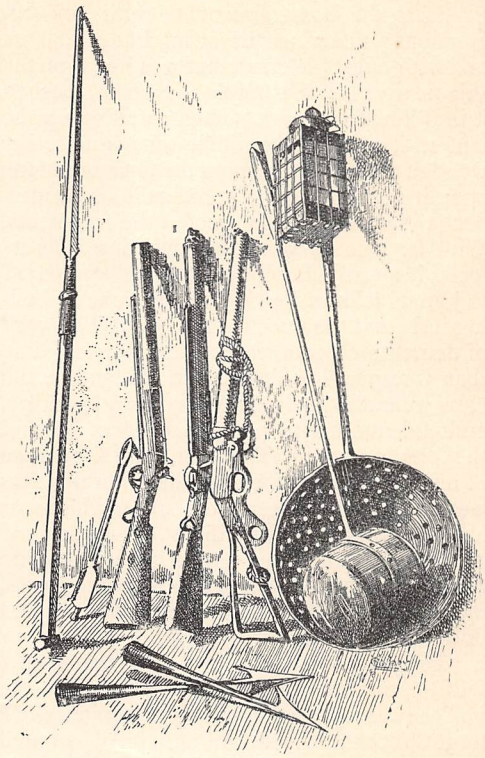
"Now!" shouted the officer, as if Vera was a half-mile off instead of about twenty-five feet. "Give him some, boy! Give him—!" But his well-trained and faithful harpooner had already darted the harpoon into the glistening black skin just abaft the fin; the boat was enveloped in a foam-cloud—the "white water" of the whalemen, stirred up by the tremendous flukes of the whale.

"Stern all!" shouted the officer; and the boat was quickly propelled backward by the oarsmen, to clear it from the whale. "Are you fast, boy?"

"Fust iron in, sir; can't tell second," replied Vera; but the zip-zip-zip of the line as it fairly leaped from the tub and went spinning round the loggerhead and through the chocks, sending up a cloud of smoke produced by friction, indicated the presence of healthy game at one end.

"Wet line! wet line!" shouted Mr. Braxton, as he went forward to kill the whale, and Vera came aft to steer the boat, unstepping the mast on his way; for all whales are now struck under sail. The whale, however, soon turned flukes, and went head first to the depths below. Meantime the other whales had taken the alarm, and, with their noses in the air, were showing a "clean pair of heels" to windward.

The boat lay by awaiting the "rising" of the cetacean. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-



WHALING-IMPLEMENTS.

Boarding-knife. Bomb-lance. One-fluked iron. Two-fluked iron. Harpoon-guns. Boat-lantern. Skimmer. Bailer.

five, stroke-oarsman began to feel hungry; thirty, thirty-five, and still the line was either slowly running out or taut; but soon it began to slacken. "Haul line! haul line!" said the officer, peering into the water. "He 's stopped." The line was retrieved as fast as possible, and carefully laid in loose coils on the after platform. "Haul line! He 's coming! Coil line clear, Vera!" said Mr. Braxton, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking over the gunwale at an immense opaque spot just beginning to outline itself in the depths below. "Look out! Here he comes! Stern all. Look out for whale!"

But the mate's injunctions were received too late. The whale, fairly out of breath, came up with a bound and a puff, scattering the water in all directions, and catching the keel of the boat on the bunch of its neck. The boat bounded from this part of the whale's anatomy to the hump, and, careening to starboard, shot the crew first on the whale's side and then into the water. The stroke-oarsman now began to feel wet. The whale, terrified beyond measure by the tickling sensation of the little thirty-foot boat creeping down its back, caught the frail cedar craft on one corner of its flukes, and tossed it gracefully, but perhaps not intentionally, into the air, as one would play with a light rubber

ball. As the boat descended, with one tremendous "side wipe" of the mighty caudal fin, and with a terrible crash that was heard on the ship nearly two miles away, the whale smashed it into kindling-wood. Then catching up the lantern-keg, water-keg, line-tubs, and other wooden utensils comprising the furniture of the boat, it ground them to splinters in its ponderous jaws, and spitefully ejected the fragments. With festoons of whale-line hanging from its teeth, it angrily shook its head, and started off to join its fellows, leaving a wide wake of boiling suds, and the wreck of the boat. The work of demolition occupied considerably less time than is required to describe it. Meantime the crew were afloat, clinging to oars and paddles, and endeavoring to place themselves beyond the foaming water. The mate, with a presence of mind that never forsakes the fraternity, was treading water between the whale and his men; and as soon as he could divest his spiracles of the briny liquid he had stowed away when first thrown overboard, he began to count noses, or rather the heads that were bobbing up and down in the water.

"One, two, three, four, five — one man gone" said he, turning almost white. "Who is — oh, no," he added, regaining his equanimity, "I forgot to count myself. All right! All 'counted for safe! Boat ahoy!" he yelled, raising his voice to the highest pitch. The sea was running a mill-race. Mr. Ashford, the officer of the bow boat, had, according to instructions, remained as close alongside as he could, and down came the starboard and waist boats with mainsails flowing. "I 'm afraid you 're wet," remarked the officer in the bow boat, with a dry kind of humor, to the officer in the water.

"A little moist, perhaps. I say, can't you give my men a little run over to the ship?" was the rejoinder.

"I don't know," returned Mr. Ashford. "I don't see any more whales; perhaps I can."

This dialogue was conducted with the most perfect nonchalance, while the men in the boat were resting automatically on their oars with their ears apeak, and the men in the water were bobbing up and down as serenely as possible, awaiting orders to go aboard. The water-logged crew were finally hauled over the gunwale, and all sail made for the ship. The incident of the day very naturally furnished enough material to spin yarns of the most extraordinary length and character. Such accidents are common enough, it is true, in the sperm fishery, but still they do not happen every twenty-four hours.

Vera had been ordered to rig up one of the spare boats, and devoted most of the night to "strapping his irons," and to getting the boat in shape for lowering; whistling, and humming snatches of songs to himself, as he worked industriously about the windlass-bitts. Early next morning a "lone" sperm-whale was descried upon the horizon, and the larboard and bow boats were again ordered down. "I think you 'd better play loose boats to-day, and let Mr. Ashford get fast," said the captain to Mr. Braxton, as the boats pulled from the ship.

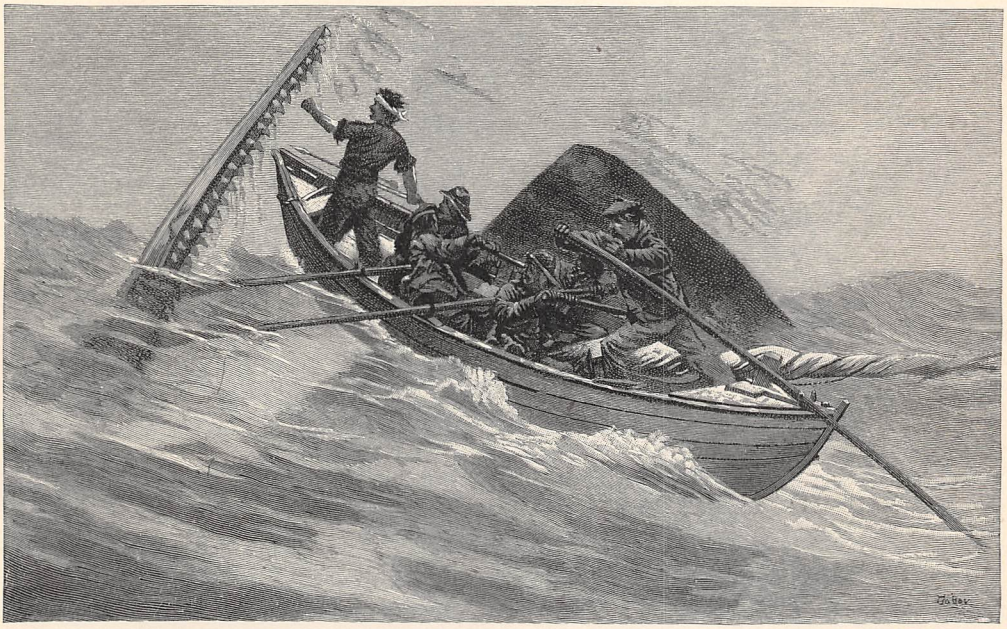
"All right, sir," replied the mate, and away sped the little boats through the silent water, under double motive power of sail and oar.

The bow boat, according to orders, got in first, and was going head on; but the whale "turned flukes," and sounded. Both boats lay off for the "rising," and for further developments. The boat-steerer of the bow boat was reported ill before leaving the vessel, and Vera had taken his place; the bow-oarsman of the larboard boat, an active harpooner, had taken Vera's place, another man being sent to fill the vacancy. The stroke-oarsman, being the lightest man of the crew, was retained at his own oar, and at the time we now speak of was in excellent position to witness the magnificent spectacle of harpooning a large sperm-whale, provided Mr. Ashford's boat should strike it first. Vera was standing in the head of his craft with his harpoon well in hand, his head swathed in a party-colored handkerchief, his shirt-collar turned well back, exposing the bronze of his powerful neck, and his nervous, restless eye covering the sea about him. There was a deathlike stillness about the scene, broken only by the swashing of the restless waves as they beat against the sides of the boats, and by the gurgling noise of the tide-rips as they played mischievously with the steering-oars, which trailed astern. Suddenly there seemed to be a commotion in the bow boat; Vera uttered a cry in Portuguese, and, like a terrific bolt of fire from the clear sky of a midsummer day, the immense glistening lower jaw, armed with two rows of polished teeth, flashed from the water, and the gigantic whale leaped into the air, carrying with it the head of the boat, which had been snapped asunder, and the unfortunate Vera, whose head and long arms were suspended from the corner of the monster's mouth, the body and legs being confined within the iron vise. The sportive humpbacks, those clowns of the cetaceous order, oftentimes "bolt" clear of the water; but it is seldom the horizon is outlined between a sperm-whale and the sea. The eyes of the stroke-oarsman of the larboard boat were directed to poor Vera's face — the rapidly changing expression of that face, which afterward

appeared to him in his dreams in the forecastle and in his lonely vigils at night. First it indicated surprise and indignation; next it seemed to implore help; but the lips spake not, and not a muscle moved. A calm resignation now settled upon the blanched features, but it soon gave way to utter despair and helplessness, which were rapidly succeeded by facial contortions indicative of the most intense physical suffering. The whale closed its mouth upon the victim's waist, and disappeared beneath the boiling waters, carrying with it the wretched sufferer, whose life-blood tinged the foam-crested waves. Two other men, the bow-oarsman and the midship-oarsman, were never seen again. No one knows whether they were killed outright or drowned. The remaining three, all of whom were more or less cut or bruised, though not seriously, were fished up from the floating debris, the officer, Mr. Ashford, being hauled up by the hair of his head in a fainting condition. Not a word was uttered, except by Mr. Braxton, who said in a low, soft tone of voice, "Come, boys, let 's head her for the ship."

The captain had witnessed the tragedy through his glasses from the vessel near by. When the boats returned, his absence from the deck was remarked; but as some of the men passed the cabin skylight, they saw the "old man," with his hands thrust into his pockets, gazing abstractedly upon the well-worn oil-cloth of the cabin floor.

During the remainder of the voyage, as the bright lights of St. Elmo's fires, or corposants, made their appearance at the midnight hour, settling upon the apex of the mainroyalmast, and at either extremity of the mainroyal-yards, and burning with steady flames, the men who served their tricks at the wheel in this watch hailed their presence as a good omen, for they knew that the brave spirits of Vera and his two companions would not leave their ship until she was safe in port.



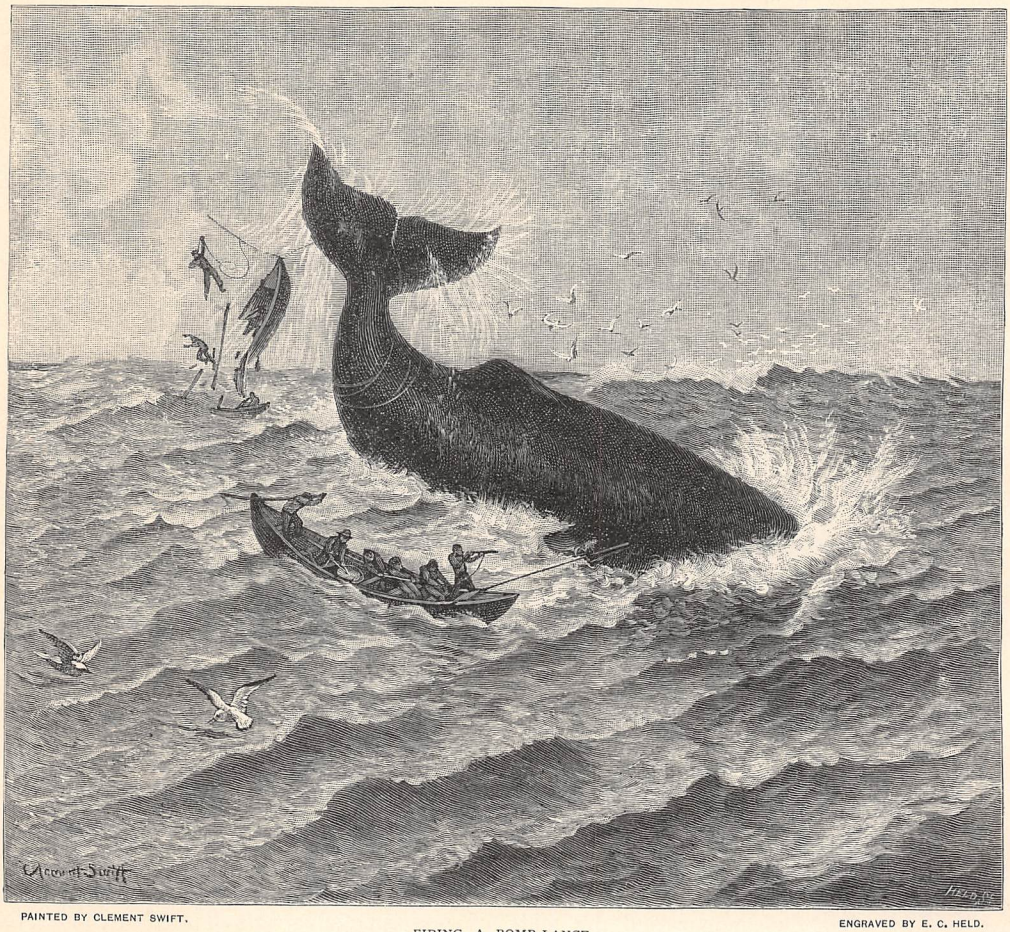
ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

A WHALEBOAT BETWEEN THE JAWS OF A WHALE (SEE THE PREVIOUS PAGE).

After this sad adventure the current of daily conversation was directed into new channels. The vessel ran into Port Nelson on Blind Bay, as soon as possible, and shipped three men to fill the vacancies caused by death. One of them, an old gray-bearded whaleman of large experience, but one of those ne'er-do-wells, related the following episode in the chequered life of the men who hunt for whale.

"Last year," he said, "I was with the bark *Awashonks*, and in October we were cruising for right whales on the coast of Patagonia. We raised two about noon; the first, by the way, we had seen since we left Port St. Catharine's, Brazil. We got dinner, and lowered three boats. I belonged to the bow boat, headed by Amos G. Baker, a spry young whaleman from Bedford. The whales were running together, coming toward the bark and boats, and we took them head and head. The second mate went in and got slightly fast to one whale by the lip. Both whales sounded, but they soon broke water together. The fast one was fighting like a

Turk, and sending the white water almost masthead high. Our boat tried to strike the loose whale, but he would settle before we got anywhere near darting distance of him. Mr. Baker got tired of trying for him, and went into the Mr. Baker and the wreck right up to his flukes. One of the men was hanging on the steering-oar, and Mr. Baker asked him to cut the line, which he finally succeeded in doing, and, shortly after, the whale spouted blood, and



PAINTED BY CLEMENT SWIFT. FIRING A BOMB-LANCE. ENGRAVED BY E. C. HELD.

suds, and struck the first whale, taking him quartering on the head.

"'Don't miss him, Tom,' he shouted to the boat-steerer, a Cape Verder.

"'Don't you 'fraid, M. Bake'. I hit him. Don't you 'fraid. No go too near,' sung out Tom, at the same time sending both harpoons up to the hitches into the whale. Three of the green hands jumped into the water as soon as they saw Tom was going to dart; I guess they were gallied. Mr. Baker went forward with the hand-lance to kill the whale, and had just got two sets in the life, when the beast flirted us up in the air with his flukes. The next thing we knew we were all in the water. Mr. Baker was badly hurt, and was lying helplessly on a part of the boat which was foul in the whale-line, and every time the whale kicked, he 'd yank turned up. We were picked up by the mate's boat, and carried to the ship. Mr. Baker had one leg and his collar-bone broken, and was badly cut about the head and chin."

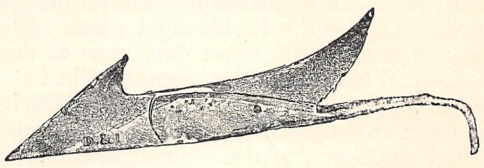
This is a true story. Captain Baker is now keeper of Clark's Point Light, near New Bedford, and, although lame, is in excellent health. Seven or eight months after the adventure related by the old whaleman, the *Awashonks* (which was finally crushed in ice in the Arctic Ocean) on her home passage fell in with two schools of sperm-whale in about latitude 10° 30′ north, longitude 39° 00′ west, in the Atlantic Ocean, and although the captain remonstrated with Mr. Baker, who was still on crutches, the latter persisted in lowering for the capture. The boat was stove by a whale, and Mr. Baker and the same harpooner who was

with him before were again picked up by the mate, and sent to the ship.

On the middle ground, about latitude 44° 20′ south, and longitude 169° 40′ east, whales were raised one morning at daylight, four miles off. All hands stowed away an "able-bodied breakfast," and by seven o'clock all the boats were down, and all of them got whales. The whales were small and easily taken, except the one killed by the waist boat, and he was not large, but extremely vicious. After a struggle of five or six hours, the boat-header stopped his career, and rendered him *hors de combat*, by "hamstringing" him with the boat-spade. Stopping a running whale in this manner is at once the most dangerous and thrilling feat ever executed in the varied career of the whaleman; but this method of capture has been superseded by the bomb-lances. The old whalemen never tire of telling us, as their eyes sparkle with the fire of youthful daring, how they "fought under the flukes of the whale." All aquatic mammiferous animals, such as whales, dolphins, and porpoises, that come to the surface for respiration and inhalation, commonly known as spouting, have horizontal caudal appendages of flukes; while the cold-blooded animals, such as fish, which receive the oxygen through gills, or branchiæ, have vertical caudal fins. A whale, therefore, when about to "take a header," must first get a purchase with his broad, flat caudal, and then throw it high in the air in order to dive head first; and the officer of the boat, taking advantage of this evolution, known as "turning flukes," would thrust the sharp-edged spade into the "small"—in which are inclosed the tendons that connect the body and the flukes,—and having severed some of them, the tail, if I may use this term, becomes useless, like the disabled screw of a propeller; progressive motion is arrested, and the whale is then a comparatively easy prey. Some of the whalemen were very skilful in this feat, even when the whale was swimming or running on the water, and it required powerful arms and courageous hearts to crown their efforts with success. There is one case on record, which has come under my observation, where an officer actually unjointed the flukes by a tremendous and well-directed blow of the spade. The whale was in a favorable position, the uplifted flukes producing a tension, and the caudal fin, though still connected, hung to one side. This was vouched for by several whalemen of Edgartown. Spading flukes is one of the lost arts of the fishery, and may never again be revived, but will live with the whalemen from generation to generation.

When whales are raised from the masthead, the species may be determined by their apparently sportive actions as well as by their spouts. In the latter case they are, of course, easily recognized, as the cachalot has one spiracle and the others two. The nostrils of the sperm-whale are on the left side of the cranium, and coalesce in one passage, which communicates with an external sigmoid fissure,[1] near the anterior and upper extremity of the head,—which portion is known to whalemen as the "needle end,"—on the left of the median line. Through this orifice the animal expires the column of air from its lungs, which is erroneously called the *jet d'eau* by some authors. The "spout" may at times, as the animal makes its rising, when the spiracle is submerged by the waves of a rough sea, be composed of or mingled with surface water, which is elevated by the column of breath as it escapes upward. Otherwise the spout is merely a condensation of warm air from the lungs as it comes in contact with the colder air of the atmosphere.

The right whale has two blow-holes at the summit of the large protuberance on the back of the head familiarly known as the "crown," and the vaporous emissions, which are thrown up vertically, part at the top and fall on each side. The bifurcate appearance of the column has given origin to the name "forked spout," applied to this species by the Nantucketers. It is all the more apparent—provided you take time to investigate the matter—as the whale approaches or recedes from you in a direct line. The finback whale also has two spiracles; but, as the columns unite near the base, it has, at a distance, the appearance of one spout. But to the experienced eye the spout of this whale can never be confused with that of the sperm-whale; the former ascends at almost right angles with the horizon, and the latter is thrown forward at an angle of about 45 degrees, or, as the whalemen say, about a four-point course.



ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

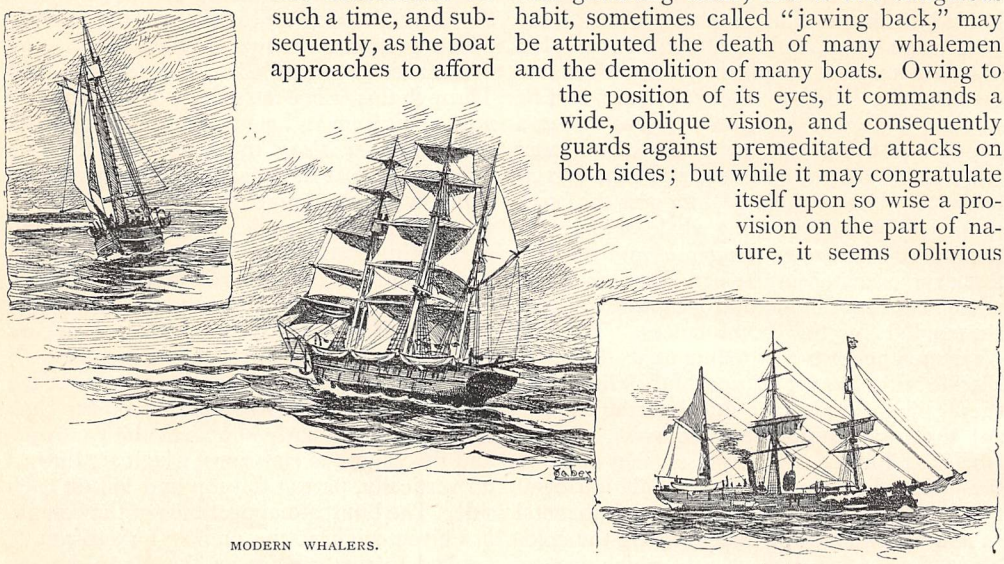
HARPOON. IN THE ATHENÆUM MUSEUM, NANTUCKET.

This harpoon (toggle-iron) was taken from a sperm-whale by Captain Hamblin of the bark *Platina* of New Bedford, in September, 1866; the whale yielding over 100 bbls of oil. The whale was first struck by Captain Obed Swain of the ship *Catawba* of Nantucket, November 25, 1855, when the iron was broken. The whale was captured near Gallapagos Island, Pacific Ocean, about 90 miles from where it was first struck by Captain Swain.

The actions of whales, when attacked, vary both with the species and the individuals. Superficial wounds annoy them, and internal ones destroy them. Suffering from the cruel

[1] This external opening may be said more nearly to resemble the letter ſ, or the holes in the soundboard of a violin.

blow of the harpoon, they endeavor to escape the hand that inflicts it, or to rid themselves of the instrument that irritates and tortures the flesh. To accomplish their ends, they can resort only to the most violent physical exertions and contortions. At such a time, and subsequently, as the boat approaches to afford



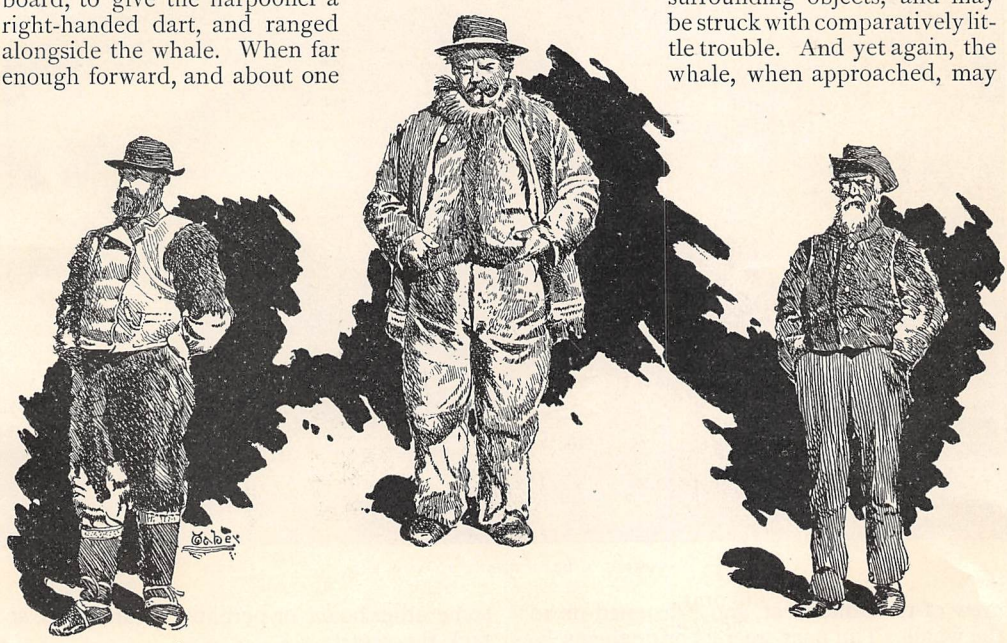
MODERN WHALERS.

the officer an opportunity to use the hand-lance, the imminent danger to one's life is oftentimes unparalleled; but the danger diminishes when the lance penetrates the sensitive lungs or convoluted intestines, for the unhappy creature then weakens, and becomes quiet under the soothing influence of approaching death.

As a means of defense, the right whale depends solely upon its flukes, which measure from 12 to 15 and sometimes 20 feet in expansion, and in depth 5 or 6 feet, and weigh several tons. This immense creature uses its caudal fin with remarkable dexterity, and often with the most frightful results. The northwest coast whale, or the Pacific right whale (*Balæna japonica*) is the most dangerous of the bone-bearing whales to encounter. When attacked, or surrounded by obnoxious objects, it performs an evolution with its flukes commonly called "sweeping," that is, swinging them from side to side; and indeed, when greatly incensed, it "swoops from eye to eye," churning the water into mountains of foam, and demolishing everything in range. Although the whalemen anticipate this defensive and offensive manœuver, they oftentimes permit their passionate ardor in the capture to exceed the bounds of prudence, and as a penalty sometimes lose the whaleboat, apparatus of capture, and even their own lives.

The sperm-whale, on the other hand, is dangerous at both ends. Although it does not sweep with its flukes as the right whale does, it gives them up and down motions, bringing the broad surface with tremendous force and startling effect upon the water. If disposed to show fight, it relies, however, mainly upon its long, slender, treacherous lower jaw, studded with glistening teeth; and to this dangerous habit, sometimes called "jawing back," may be attributed the death of many whalemen and the demolition of many boats. Owing to the position of its eyes, it commands a wide, oblique vision, and consequently guards against premeditated attacks on both sides; but while it may congratulate itself upon so wise a provision on the part of nature, it seems oblivious of the fact that, for the same reason,—the peculiar position of its eyes,—it cannot perceive an object immediately in front or behind. To this oversight of nature the sperm-whale may attribute its defeat and destruction, and the sperm-whaleman his success and profit. To use a colloquial expression, this species is rarely, if ever, approached on its blind side. The favorite method of capturing is, as the whalemen express it, to "take it head and head," or to "go on the flukes." In either case it is better to keep the hump—a functionless adipose dorsal fin—and the spout in the line of vision; for in so doing, the boat cannot deviate far enough from its course to "get on the eye" of the whale. Going on head and head is therefore considered a better plan, and is always carried out when practicable. As the boat and the whale are moving toward each other, they come together more rapidly than when the boat follows the flukes. A few moments are of the utmost importance to a man about to strike a whale. Though large, this animal is exceedingly quick in its movements when alarmed; and the individual who thinks he can approach and strike it as he would a barn will find that he is greatly mistaken. In a twinkling the whale may change its position from a horizontal to a perpendicular one, and disappear beneath the surface; it may settle away like a corresponding mass of lead, disappearing rapidly from view; or with a dexterous movement of the flukes it may strike and demolish

the boat. Many sperm-whales are lost when the boat "goes on their heads," because the harpooner darts the iron prematurely, and, striking the impenetrable headskin, known as "white horse," bends the harpoon. This usually happens, however, when an inexperienced or "gallied" boat-steerer throws the iron, and loses his whale because he did not wait for the orders of his officer. An expert harpooner, on the other hand, need not be told when to dart, as he "chooses his chance," and buries his harpoon abaft the head as the boat is laid off. In following the flukes, the rule is, of course, first to overtake your whale. Having accomplished this, the boat is laid off, say to the starboard, to give the harpooner a right-handed dart, and ranged alongside the whale. When far enough forward, and about one

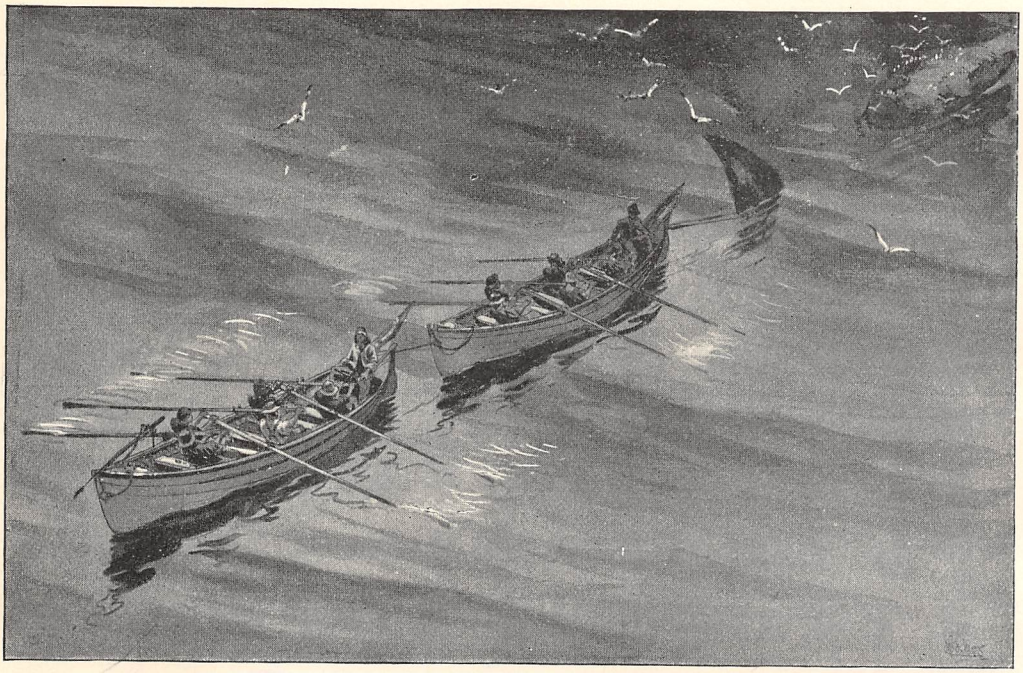


SOME WHALING CAPTAINS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

or two fathoms, or possibly three or four, from the whale, and moving in a line parallel with it, the boat-steerer has an excellent opportunity for darting the harpoon into the back, or bilge, and the chance of drawing will be lessened if the iron gets fast to one of the costal bones. It used to be the custom with some of the whalemen to carry a small air-tight cask in the boat. When they perceived that a sperm-whale, usually an old patriarch, was disposed to show fight, the cask was thrown overboard, and the ferocious animal immediately proceeded to attack it. From its buoyancy, and the facility with which it revolved on its axis in the water, the cask became at once an object of interest and annoyance to the cetacean, which was too much engaged with this little nuisance to notice the boat as it stealthily approached. Some sperm-whales when mortally wounded, more especially after eating heartily, eject from their capacious stomachs immense "slabs" of the octopus, upon which this species largely feeds.

If the whale is swimming "top-water," the harpooner has a better target to fire at; but if swimming under the rim of the water, or about to sound, he must make the best use of his time and opportunity, and exercise his discretion. Again, the whale may be "scooping," or feeding,—a more horrible sight has never been witnessed ashore or afloat than a large right whale, with contracted upper lip exposing the long layers of baleen, taking in his food,—and while thus engaged pays little attention to surrounding objects, and may be struck with comparatively little trouble. And yet again, the whale, when approached, may turn flukes and sound; but the men know by experience about the location where it may make its rising, which it is compelled to do for inhalation. It may reappear suddenly under the boat, and smash or upset it, or it may come to within a short distance of the men, in which case the boat is laid on, and the boat-steerer strikes him "wood and blackskin." Or, as is the case very often in right whaling, the boat may sail over the whale broadside, striking it about midships, at the very time the harpoon is thrown. As before remarked, the right whale has the power to settle like a lump of lead when an offensive object comes in contact with it, and the boat sails over without injury, or whales may also be approached "quartering," the harpoon being thrown as the boat crosses the angle of the flukes.

All these conditions more or less influence the distance the harpoon is thrown, which is commonly known as "darting distance." In many cases some of the "long dartmen" have thrown their harpoons effectively as far as four or five fathoms. There is one case on record in which a remarkable dart is mentioned. Two boats belonging to different ships, American and English, were chasing the same whale, when one harpooner threw his iron over the crew of the other boat, and "fastened on to" the whale. The boat-steerers pride themselves upon their darts, and the heroic deeds that have been performed in this manner would fill a chapter of wonderful events. I say heroic, for many whalemen have lost their lives endeavoring to strike whales, when they might have abandoned the attempt and saved themselves by jumping into the water and swimming around until picked up by their own or other boats. But this would be cowardice, and very little of this material is found in the class of men selected for harpooners.



TOWING A DEAD WHALE TO THE SHIP.

Approaching a whale at all times is like going into battle, notwithstanding the abandon of the fishermen. Have no fear that the right whale will swallow you; he could not do so even if he were so disposed, as his gullet is only large enough to admit a good-sized herring. The sperm-whale could swallow a man if he desired to do so; but he is no more inclined to swallow a man, particularly with his clothes on, than you would be to swallow a small bird with its feathers. But he will crush you in his ponderous jaws, if he is a fighting bull, and eject you in detail. He will also chew up and spit out pieces of the demolished boat, break up the wooden utensils floating upon the water, and fight every piece of wood until more than seven baskets of fragments may be taken up; and having tired himself out in this way, he will lay off, angrily slapping the water with his fins, and challenge some other boats, or perhaps, in rare cases, attack the vessel.

The capture of the whale, full of perils at all times, has been shorn of some of its dangers by the introduction of guns and bomb-lances. At least, it would seem so. Still, the record of accidents shows that the mishaps of the old style of fishing and those of the new are about evenly balanced. If it were not for the bomb-guns, few whales could be taken at present in any ocean. As the old style of killing the whale with the hand-lance was not only more dangerous but more exciting, I shall briefly refer to the manner in which it was accomplished.

The whale being well harnessed to the boat by means of the tow-line, which is fastened to the flesh-imbedded harpoon, it may either turn flukes and sound, or, bellowing at times like a bull,—with a greater volume of voice, however,—it may run, as it is termed, taking the boat in tow at a rate, it has been estimated, all the way from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, when it first

starts off, but settling down to about eight or ten knots per hour, when it gets warmed up to its work. This is the old "Nantucket sleigh-ride." The whale having tired itself by running, the boat is hauled up by the line, and side by side the crew, with hair standing on end, and the affrighted whale, startled anew by the close proximity of so strange a load, rush through the surging and fast-receding waters. The officer "gets a set" with his hand-lance, and plunges about five or six feet of cold iron into the lungs of the victim, and perseveres without ceasing in the up and down motions, familiarly known as "churning," as the boat persistently clings to the whale, until the spout of the unfortunate cetacean is tinged with the crimson of its own life-blood. The muscles of the strong arms now relax upon the lance, the boat is laid off, and the dying whale swims round and round in an unbroken circle. This is the "flurry." Death is now merely a question of time. The blood ejected through the spiracles now becomes as thick as tar. It is not only a belief of whalemen, but it is usually the fact, that the whale, during its dying moments, so times its encircling path as to place its head to the sun. It now makes a heavy lurch, the sea is lashed into a maëlstrom of bloody water, and the ponderous whale rolls heavily on its side, or partly on its back, with the fin projecting above the water. This is "finning out." A one-sided jury would say that the whale died of hemorrhage of the lungs. To use a paradoxical expression, some dead whales are not always dead. It may be in a comatose state, but averse to vivisection; and when the men again approach it, and cut holes through the lips to make the line fast, to tow it to the vessel, a demolished boat or loss of life and limbs may be the reward. Hence the more cautious whalemen "prick his eye," and if the whale does not flinch, it is supposed to be dead. Several boats take their position in line like a tandem team of horses; the tow-ropes are properly adjusted, and the men with merry boat-song begin the laborious and monotonous task of towing the whale to the vessel. A dead whale may be towed more easily head first, and it is also worthy of mention that a dead whale, when cast adrift, will beat to windward, the natural motions of the flukes having a tendency to propel the body.

James Temple Brown.

FRANZ LISZT.

THE young men of to-day can hardly imagine the *éclat*, the magical prestige, with which the name of Liszt flashed upon the horizon of the young musicians of the early part of the Second Empire — a name so foreign to the ears of a Frenchman, sharp and hissing as the edge of a sword that cuts through the air, torn by the Slavic Z as by a stroke of lightning. The artist and the man seemed to belong to fairyland. After having embodied on the piano the spirit of romanticism, Liszt, leaving behind him the glittering trail of a meteor, disappeared for a while behind the curtain of clouds which then veiled Germany — a Germany different from the one of our day; a mass of little kingdoms and independent duchies, bristling with turreted castles, and preserving even in its Gothic script the look of the middle ages, every trace of which had disappeared from France, in spite of the efforts of the poets to restore its beauty.

The greater part of the pieces which Liszt published seemed beyond the possibility of any executant but himself, and were so indeed, if played according to the old methods, which required perfect immobility of the whole body, the elbows close to the side, and allowed only a limited action of the forearm. It was known that at the court of Weimar, disdainful of his former success, he was occupied with serious composition, dreaming of a renovation of art — a purpose which excited much anxious comment, as is always the case when a new world is to be explored or an accepted tradition broken. Moreover, the impressions left by Liszt in Paris gave ample ground for all sorts of surmises. Even the truth did not always appear probable when it was told about him. It was said that at a concert of the Conservatory, after the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven had been performed, he had dared to play the whole composition over again alone, the amazement of the audience being quickly replaced by a tremendous enthusiasm. Again, it was said that another day, bored with the docility of the public,— tired of seeing this lion, ready to tear to pieces any who displeased it, forever fawning at his feet,— he determined to rouse it, and amused himself by coming late to a concert at the Italiens, and calling on some fine ladies in their boxes, laughing and chatting, until the lion began to growl and roar. At last he seated himself at the piano, when the fury abated, the only demonstrations being those of pleasure and admiration.

Many things more are told of him, which are hardly within the limits of this article. Only

too much has been said of his success with the women of his day, his taste for princesses, and all the exterior phases of his personality. It is high time for us to take account with more care of his serious side, and of the important rôle which he played in contemporary art.

The influence of Liszt on the destiny of the piano was immense. I can best compare it with the revolution brought about by Victor Hugo in the mechanism of the French language. This influence was more powerful than that of Paganini in the world of the violin, because Paganini dwelt always in an inaccessible region where he alone could live, while Liszt, starting from the same point, deigned to descend into the practical paths where any one could follow who would take the trouble to work seriously. To play like him on the piano would be impossible. As Olga Janina said, in her strange book, his fingers were not human fingers; but nothing is easier than to follow the course he marked out, and in fact every one does follow it whether he knows it or not. The great development of sonority of tone, with the means of obtaining it, which he invented, has become the indispensable condition and very foundation of modern execution.

These means are of two kinds: the one pertaining to the technical methods of the performer, especially gymnastic exercises; the other to the style of writing for the piano, which Liszt completely transformed. Beethoven, scornfully ignoring the limits of nature, imposed his tyrannous will upon the strained and overtaxed fingers, but Liszt, on the contrary, takes them and gently exercises them in their own natural direction, so that the greatest amount of effect they are capable of producing may be obtained; and, therefore, his music, so alarming at first sight to the timid, is really less difficult than it appears; for by hard work the whole body is brought into play and talent is rapidly developed. We owe to him also the invention of picturesque musical notation, thanks to which, by an ingenious disposition of the notes, and an extraordinary variety in presenting them to the eye, the author contrived to indicate the character of a passage, and the exact way in which it should be executed. To-day these refined methods are in general use.

But above all we owe to Liszt the introduction on the piano of orchestral effects and of sonority, so far as these are possible on that instrument. His method of attaining this end — a method not indeed within the reach of every one — consists in substituting in the transcription a free translation for a literal one. Transcription thus understood and practised becomes in a high degree artistic; the adaptations by Liszt for the piano of the symphonies of Beethoven — above all that of the Ninth for two pianos — may be regarded as masterpieces in this line. To be just, and to give every one his due, it must be said that the colossal work of arranging Beethoven's nine symphonies for the piano had already been attempted by Kalkbrenner, who deserves great credit for it; and although he was not strong enough for the task, this attempt very probably gave the first start to Liszt's glorious work.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MME. MUNKACSY.

LISZT'S LAST WALK, AUGUST 15, 1886.

Liszt, undeniably the incarnation of the genius of the modern pianoforte, saw his compositions, for this very reason, discredited and spoken of scornfully as "pianist's music." The same disdainful title might be applied to the work of Robert Schumann, of which the piano is the soul; and if no one has thought of reproaching him, it is because Schumann, in spite of great effort in that direction, was never a brilliant performer; he never left the heights of "legitimate" art to revel in picturesque illustrations on the operas of all coun-

tries. But Liszt, at that time, without caring what was said of him, scattered lavishly and at random the pearls and diamonds of his overflowing imagination.

Let me say in passing that there is a great deal of pedantry and prejudice in the scorn which people often affect for works like the "Fantaisie" on "Don Juan," or the "Caprice" on the "Faust" waltz. There is more talent and real inspiration in such works than in many compositions we see produced every day, more serious in appearance, but of empty pretentiousness. Has it ever occurred to any one that the greater part of the celebrated overtures,—those of "Zampa," "Euryanthe," and "Tannhäuser," for example,—are really only fantasies on the motives of the operas which they precede? By taking the trouble to study the fantasies of Liszt, it will easily be seen to what degree they differ from any sort of *pot-pourris*—pieces where tunes of an opera taken at random only serve as a canvas for arabesque, garlands, and ribbons. It will be seen that the author knew how to draw the marrow from any bone; that his penetrating genius knew how to discover and fructify an artistic germ, however hidden under vulgarities and platitudes. When he attacks a great work like "Don Juan" he brings out the principal beauties, and adds a commentary which helps us to understand and appreciate its marvelous perfection and perennial youth.

The ingenuity of his pianoforte combinations is simply prodigious, as the admiration of all who cultivate the piano testifies; but I think perhaps the fact has not been sufficiently noticed that in the least of his arrangements the intelligence of the composer makes itself felt, the characteristic "earmark" of the great musician is apparent, if only for an instant.

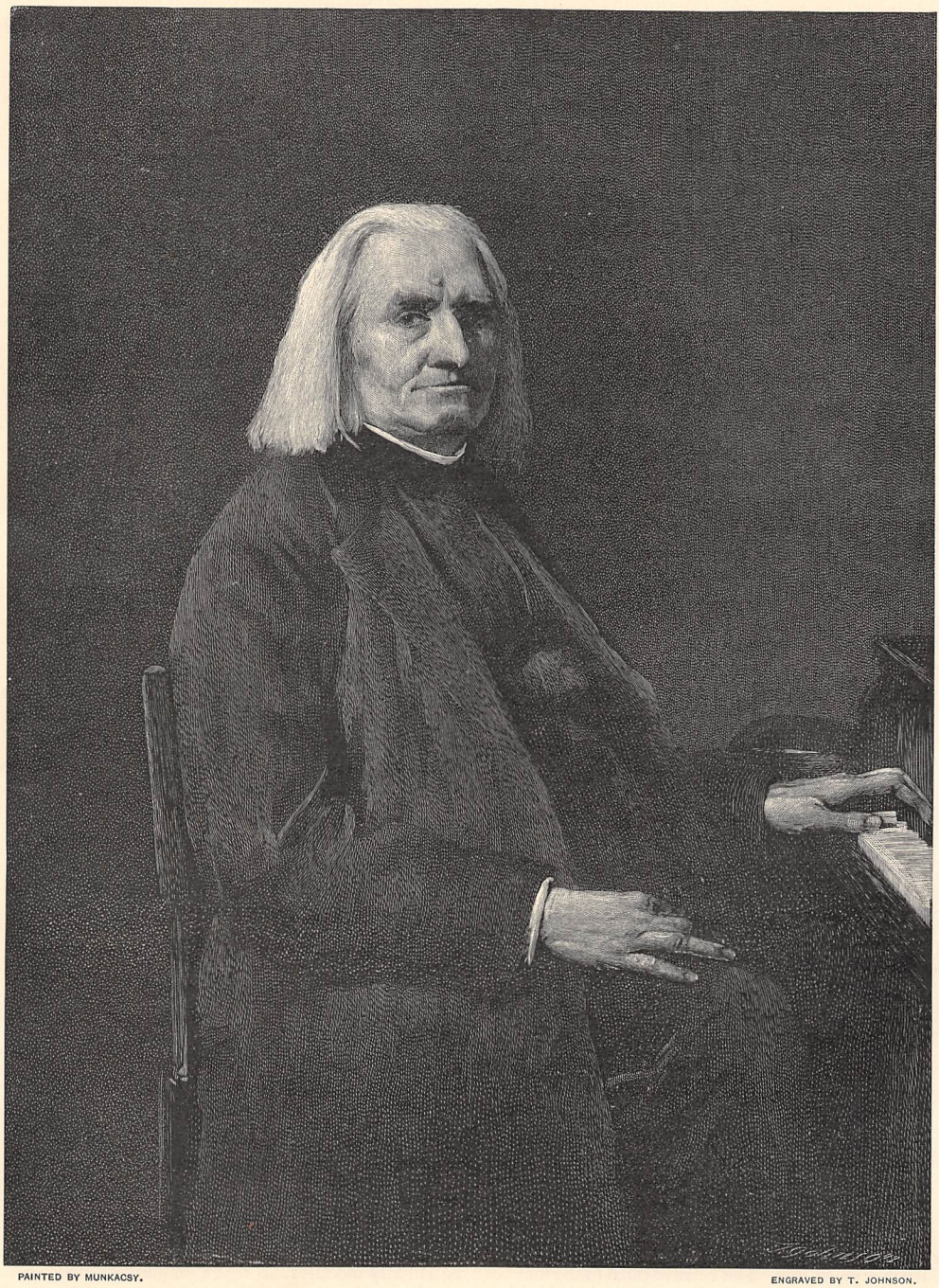
Applied to such a pianist, who draws from the piano the soul of music, the term "pianist" ceases to be an insult, and "pianist's music" becomes a synonym for musician's music, and indeed who, in our time, has not felt the powerful influence of the piano? This influence began before the piano itself—with the well-tempered clavichord of Sebastian Bach. From the day when the "temperament"[1] of the scale introduced the interrelation of sharps and flats, and made the practice of all keys allowable, the spirit of the clavier entered the world. The invention of hammer mechanism, secondary from the point of view of art, has produced the progressive development of a sonority unknown to the clavichord, and immense material resources which, by the introduction of the unlimited use of the heretical enharmonic system, have made the piano the devastating tyrant of music.[2]

From this heresy, to be sure, proceeds nearly the whole of modern art. It has been too rich in results to allow us to deplore it, but it is nevertheless a heresy, destined to disappear some day,—a day probably far distant, but inevitable,—in consequence of the same revolution that gave it birth. What will remain then of the art of to-day? Perhaps Berlioz' alone, who, not having used the piano, had an instinctive aversion to enharmonic writing. In this he is the opposite of Richard Wagner, who pushed this principle to its extreme limits, and who was the embodiment of the enharmonic system. The critics, and in their turn the public, have nevertheless put Wagner and Berlioz in the same box—a forced conjunction that will astonish future ages.

Without wishing to linger too long over the fantasies which Liszt wrote on the motives of operas (there is a whole library of them), we should not forget to mention his "Illustrations du Prophète," which comes to a climax as dazzling as it is unexpected, or the "Fantaisie and Fugue" for organ on the chorale "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam." This last is a link between the arrangements, more or less free, and the original work of the author. It is a gigantic composition, the performance of which lasts not less than forty minutes, and it has this distinctive characteristic, that the theme does not once appear alone in its integrity. It runs through the whole, but below the surface, just as the sap circulates through a tree. The organ is treated in an unusual way, which greatly augments its resources. The author seems to have foreseen by intuition the recent improvements in the instrument, just as Mozart in his "Fantaisie and Sonata in C Minor" divined the modern piano. A colossal instrument easily handled, a performer thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of the organ and piano, are in-

[1] TEMPERAMENT.—In music, the principle or system of tuning in accordance with which the tones of an instrument of fixed intonation are tuned, or those of the voice or of an instrument of free intonation are modulated in a given case. The relative pitch of the tones of an ideal scale may be fixed with mathematical precision. An instrument tuned so as to produce such a scale, or a voice or instrument using the intervals of such a scale, is said to be tuned or modulated in *pure* or *just temperament*. So long as these tones only are used, no further adjustment is necessary. But if modulation be attempted, so that some other tone than the original one becomes the key-note, one or more intercalary tones are required, and the relative pitch of some of the original tones has to be altered. To fit an instrument for varied modulations, therefore, either a large number of separate tones must be provided for, or the pitch of some of them must be slightly modified, so that a single tone may serve equally well for either of two or more tones whose pitches are theoretically different.—THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

[2] ENHARMONIC.—Pertaining to a use of notes which, though differing in name and in position on the staff, refer on instruments of fixed intonation, like the pianoforte, to identical keys or tones.—THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.



PAINTED BY MUNKACSY. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FRANZ LISZT.

dispensable to the proper execution of this piece, which means that the opportunities of listening to it under good conditions are exceedingly rare.

The "Soirées de Vienne," the "Rhapsodies Hongroises," although built upon borrowed themes, are genuine artistic creations, where the author manifests a most subtle talent. The Rhapsodies may be considered as illustrations of that curious and interesting book written by Liszt on the music of the gipsies. It is entirely wrong to consider them merely brilliant pieces. In them we find a reconstruction and, if we may so say, a civilizing of a national music of the highest artistic interest. The composer did not aim at difficulties (which did not exist for him), but at a picturesque effect, and a vivid reproduction of the outlandish orchestra of the Tziganes (gipsies). Indeed, in his works for the piano he never makes virtuosity an end, but always a means. If not judged by this standard his music becomes the reverse of what it was intended to be, and is rendered unintelligible.

It is a strange fact that this great artist and pianist has not poured his genius into his original pianoforte compositions. Excepting always the magnificent "Sonata,"—a bold and stirring work which has no equal in contemporary music,—Schumann and Chopin easily outdo him in this field. Nevertheless the "Méditations Religieuses" and the "Années de Pélerinage" contain some beautiful pages; yet the work is incomplete—the wing seems to beat and break against an invisible dome, one knows not how; the author seems to exhaust himself trying to reach an inaccessible ideal; and we feel a sense of uneasiness hard to define, a painful anxiety followed by insuperable weariness. I should except the "Scherzo" and "March,"—a dazzling and bewildering wild huntsman's ride, the execution of which, unhappily, is not easy to attain,—and the triumphant "Concerto in E Flat"—but in this last the orchestra comes to the rescue, the piano alone being insufficient. The same may be said of the "Mephisto Waltz" (No. 1), written at first for the piano, but with the ultimate purpose of arranging it for the orchestra, which was done later.

In the "Études" especially, as with Cramer and Clementi, we find the grand style and the great musician. These *études* the composer probably did not consider of as much importance as some others of his works for the piano. One of them, "Mazeppa," easily passed from piano to orchestra, and became one of the "Poëmes Symphoniques."

In these celebrated poems, so variously criticized, together with the symphonies "Dante" and "Faust," we are in the presence of a new Liszt—the Liszt of Weimar, the great, the true, whom the smoke of the incense burned on the altars of the piano had too long concealed from view. Boldly entering the path opened by Beethoven with the "Pastoral Symphony," and so brilliantly trodden by Berlioz, he leaves the worship of pure music for that of so-called "program music," which claims to depict clearly and definitely both characters and feelings. Plunging headlong into harmonic novelties, he dares what none other has dared before him; and if it sometimes chances that, to use the ingenious euphemism of one of his friends, he passes the limits of the beautiful, yet even here he makes some happy hits, and also some brilliant discoveries. The mold of the ancient symphony and the hoary overture is broken, and he proclaims the reign of music freed from all rules except those only which the author himself makes to fit the environment in which he has chosen to work.

With the orchestral sobriety of the classic symphony, he contrasts all the wealth of the modern orchestra, and, as he has by marvels of ingenuity reproduced this wealth on the piano, he now, turning the brilliant light of his virtuosity upon the orchestra, creates a new orchestration of infinite richness, by making use of the hitherto unexplored resources which the more perfect manufacture of instruments, and the increased development of technic in the performers, put at his command. The methods of Richard Wagner are often cruel. He does not take into account the fatigue which results from superhuman efforts. He constantly demands the impossible. One must get through it in the best way possible. The methods of Liszt are not open to this criticism. He demands of the orchestra all that it can give, but no more.

Like Berlioz, Liszt made expression the object of instrumental music, which tradition consecrated to the worship of form and impersonal beauty. Not that Liszt neglected these things. Where do we find purer form than in the second part of "Faust" ("Gretchen"), in the "Purgatory" of Dante, or in "Orpheus"? But it is in the exactitude and intensity of his expression that Liszt is really incomparable. His music speaks, and will be heard, unless the ears are wilfully closed beforehand by prejudice. It utters the inexpressible.

Perhaps he made the mistake (very excusable according to my way of thinking) of believing too implicitly in his own creation, of wishing to impose it on the world too soon. Owing to the attraction of an enormous, almost magical, prestige, and a personal magnetism which few men possessed in a like degree, he gathered about him and fanaticized a cluster of young and ardent minds, blindly devoted to him, who asked nothing better than to take part in a crusade against old dogmas, and to preach the new gospel. These hair-brained fellows, who feared no exaggeration, treated

the symphonies of Beethoven, with the exception of the Ninth, as useless old rubbish, and everything else in like manner.

Thus they disgusted, instead of carrying with them, the great mass of musicians and critics. When these wars were at their height, Liszt, battling proudly with his small but valiant band, became infatuated with the works of Richard Wagner, and brought out "Lohengrin" triumphantly on the Weimar stage,—a work which no theater had ventured to produce, although it had already been published. In a pamphlet, "'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin,'" which made an immense impression, he announced himself as the prophet of a new doctrine. It would be difficult to give any idea at the present day of the tremendous efforts he used, together with all his enormous influence, to spread the works of Wagner, and to place them in the theaters hitherto most violently opposed to them. We are free to suppose that Liszt, knowing himself to be powerless alone to move the world, dreamed of an alliance with the great reformer, in which each would have had his part to play, the one reigning on the stage, the other in the concert-hall; for Wagner proclaimed everywhere that he wrote works of a complex nature, in which music was only a part, forming with poetry and scenic representation an indivisible whole. But Liszt, great and generous soul, always ready to devote himself to a noble cause, had not taken into account the domineering spirit of his dangerous and colossal protégé, who was incapable of sharing the empire of the world even with his best friend.

We know now, since the publication of the correspondence between Liszt and Wagner, on which side the devotion was. The great artistic movement started by Liszt was turned against him: his works were thrown out of the concert-hall to make room for those of Wagner, which, according to the theories of the author himself, were written especially for the theater, and could not be heard elsewhere without danger of becoming unintelligible. Taking up again the arguments of the classic school, the Wagnerian critics undermined the foundations of the works of Liszt, by preaching the dogma of pure music, and declaring descriptive music heretical. Now it is evident that one of the greatest forces of Wagner, one of his most powerful means of affecting the public, had been precisely this development of descriptive music, carried to its extreme limits. He performed almost a miracle in this line, when he succeeded during the whole of the first act of "The Flying Dutchman" in making us hear the sound of the sea without interfering with the dramatic action. He has created a whole world in this style. How are we to explain such a contradiction? In a way as ingenious as it is simple. "Yes," they say, "music has a right to be descriptive, but only on the stage." Miserable sophism! On the contrary, thanks to scenic representation, to the "stage setting," and so on, the theater is the very place where music can without great sacrifice be entirely devoted to the expression of sentiment. What becomes of the overtures and the fragments of Wagner's works when they are performed in the concert-hall, if they are not descriptive instrumental music, otherwise called "program music"? What, then, is the prelude to the third act of "Tannhäuser," which claims to relate all that takes place in the *entr'acte*, to give a history of the pilgrimage to Rome and of the malediction of the Pope? And what signifies the deference shown by Wagnerians to the works of Berlioz, who did not write a note of "pure music"? Enough has been said on this subject. The spectacle of ingratitude and dishonesty is too disheartening to dwell upon long.

Let us rather ascend the luminous summits of the works of the master, regretfully passing by many compositions of great interest, such as the marches, choruses, the "Prometheus," etc., in order to contemplate the great religious compositions into which he has poured his purest genius—the "Masses," the "Psalms," the "Christus," and the "Legend of St. Elizabeth." In these serene regions the "pianist" disappears. A strong tendency to mysticism, which shows itself from time to time in his compositions, finds here its place and its entire development. It is present even in the piano pieces, where it produces sometimes a strange effect, as in "Les Jeux d'Eau de la Ville d'Este," in which harmless cascades become finally the dayspring of life, the fountain of grace, with scriptural quotations.

To the surprise of many Liszt has made use of the voice with consummate art, and he has studied thoroughly and treated with perfect correctness Latin prosody. The great composer of fantasies is a faultless liturgist. The perfumes of incense, the play of colors in stained-glass windows, the gold of the sacred vessels, the wonderful splendor of the cathedral, are reflected in his masses with deep sentiment and penetrating charm. The Credo in his mass composed for the cathedral in Gran, with its magnificent ceremonial, its bold and beautiful harmonies, and its powerful coloring, its dramatic effect, never theatrical and especially appropriate to and admissible in the mysteries of the church, is alone sufficient to place the composer in the front rank of the great musical poets. Blind is he who does not see it!

In the "Christus," and in "St. Elizabeth," Liszt has created a kind of oratorio entirely different from the classical model, an oratorio separated into varied and independent scenes,

in which the picturesque is a marked characteristic. "St. Elizabeth" has all the freshness and grace of the legend which gave it birth, and one cannot help regretting, in listening to it, that the author did not write for the stage. He would have brought to it not only the secular note of his personal charm, but also a great dramatic sentiment, and a respect for the nature and powers of the human voice too often absent in the celebrated works which every one has heard. "Christus," which the author regarded as his most important work, is a composition of exaggerated dimensions, and goes beyond the bounds of human patience. Endowed with grace and charm rather than force and power, "Christus," heard in its entirety, is rather monotonous, but it is so written that it may be divided into separate parts, which can be performed in fragments without mutilating the whole.

Viewed as a whole, the work of Liszt is immense but unequal. There is a choice to make in the works which he has left us. Of how many great geniuses must the same be said! "Attila" does not make Corneille less great. The "Triple Concerto" of Beethoven, the variations of Mozart on "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?" Wagner's ballet music in "Rienzi" do not diminish the fame of their authors. If then there are among the compositions of Liszt some useless works, there is nevertheless not one which does not bear the marks of his touch, the imprint of his personality. His great fault is that he lacks moderation; he does not stop himself in time, but loses himself in stupid digressions of wearisome length. He was aware of this himself, and anticipated criticism by noting passages in his compositions which could be left out. These cuts often detract from the beauty of the whole, and it is possible to find better ones than those indicated by the author. His music bubbles over with melody, a little too much for the taste of Germany, and for those who adopt her ideas — people who affect great scorn for all singing phrases, regularly developed, and can be pleased with nothing but polyphony, no matter how heavy, sulky, awkward, or confused. It makes no difference to some people that music is devoid of charm and elegance, or even devoid of ideas and correct composition, as long as it is complicated.

But the richness of melody in the works which now occupy us is balanced by as great a richness of harmony. In his bold search in the world of new harmony Liszt has far surpassed all that was done before him. Wagner himself has not attained the audacity shown in the prelude to "Faust," written in a hitherto unknown tonality, yet containing nothing to wound the ear, and in which it is impossible to change a single note.

Liszt has the inestimable advantage of having typified a people: Schumann is the soul of Germany; Chopin of Poland; Liszt of the Magyar. He was a delightful combination of pride, native elegance, and wild, tameless energy. These traits lived and breathed in his marvelous playing, in which the most diverse gifts met — those even which seem to contradict each other, like absolute correctness combined with the most extravagant fancy. Haughtily wearing his patrician pride, he never had the air of "a gentleman who plays the piano." When he played his "St. François-de-Paule Marchant sur les Flots," he seemed almost an apostle. One could almost see the foam of the furious waves dashing upon his pale impassive face, with its eagle eye and clear, sharp profile. The most tremendously violent soundings of brass would be followed by the fine-drawn cobwebs of a dream. Entire passages were given as if they were parentheses. The remembrance of his playing consoles me for being no longer young. Without entirely agreeing with M. de Levy, who said that "Any one who could attain as great a technic would on that very account be farther removed from him," still it is certain that Liszt's prodigious technic was only one of the factors of his talent. It was not his fingers alone which made him such a marvelous performer, but the qualities of the great musician and the great poet which he possessed, his large heart, and his beautiful soul — above all, the soul of his race.

His great heart appears in all its nobility in the book which he wrote on Chopin. Where others would have found a rival Liszt saw only a brother-in-arms, and endeavored to show the great creative artist in one whom at that time the public still looked upon only as a charming virtuoso. He wrote French in an eccentric and cosmopolitan style, taking words out of his imagination, or anywhere else, as he had need of them; our modern symbolists have done far worse by us. Nevertheless the book on Chopin is most remarkable, and helps wonderfully in understanding and appreciating him. I cannot take exception to anything in it, save one severe criticism on the "Polonaise Fantaisie," one of the last compositions of its author. It is, to me, so touching! Discouragement, disillusion, religious thoughts, and hope and trust in immortality, all this in a winning and beautiful form. Is this nothing? Perhaps the fear of seeming partial, by always praising, inspired the criticism which surprises me so much. The same fear haunts me sometimes myself when I speak of Liszt. I have often been rallied for what they call my weakness for his music. But even if the feelings of gratitude and affection with which I am filled come before my eyes like a prism to color his image, I do not deeply regret it. But I owed him nothing, I had not

felt his personal fascination, I had neither seen nor heard him, when I fell in love with his first symphonic poems, which pointed out to me the path in which I was to find later my "Danse Macabre" and "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and other works of the like nature. I am therefore sure that my judgment is unbiased by outside considerations, and I am altogether responsible for my opinions. Time, which puts everything in its place, will be the final judge.

The sympathy which the great artist was kind enough to feel for me has honored me with the following precious letters. As a rule there is too much praise (praise which I well know is in great part courtesy) to be appropriate to this article. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving some extracts.

ROME, July 14, 1869.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND: Your kind letter promised me a number of your compositions. I have expected them . . . and meanwhile I want to thank you again for your Second Concerto, which I admire greatly. The form is new and very happy; the interest of the three movements increases continually, and you take an exact account of the piano effects, without sacrificing the ideas of the composer — an essential rule in works of this character.

To begin with, the prelude on the pedal point in G is striking and imposing. After such a felicitous inspiration you did wisely to repeat it at the end of the first movement, and to accompany it this time with some chords. Among the things which please me particularly, I note: the chromatic progression (last line in the prelude) and the one which alternates between the piano and orchestra (last measure on page 5), repeated afterward by the piano alone, page 15; the arrangement in sixths in triplets of eighth notes gives a fine sonorous effect, pages 8 and 9; it leads up superbly to the entrance of the fortissimo motive; the piquant rhythm of the second motive in the *allegro scherzando*, page 25. Perhaps this last would have gained by greater combination and development, either of the principal motive or of some accessory one. For example, this little bit of soothing counterpoint would not seem to me out of place:

. . . In pages 50 to 54, where the simple breadth of the period with the sustained chords of the accompaniment leaves it a little bare, I should like in it some incidental additions, and some polyphonic combinations, as the German ogres call it. Pardon me this criticism of details. I would not risk it, could I not assure you in all sincerity that as a whole your work pleases me particularly. I played it day before yesterday to Sgambati, of whom Planté will speak to you as an artist above the ordinary, and indeed more than that. . . .

At my age, the business of being a young composer is no longer appropriate, and there would be no other for me in Paris, as I could not carry on indefinitely that of the veteran pianist on the invalid list. Therefore, I have resolved not to concern myself with my compositions excepting to write them, without any thought of spreading them abroad. If they have any real value it will be found out soon enough, either during my life, or afterward. The sympathy of my friends, who, I flatter myself, are very well chosen, is amply sufficient to me. The rest of the world may say what they will.

ROME, December 6, 1881.

. . . No one realizes more than myself the disproportion in my compositions between the good intention and the results accomplished. Meanwhile I continue to write, not without fatigue, but from a deep inward need and old habit. But to aim high is not forbidden us; whether we touch the goal or not remains an open question. . . . You very kindly suggest my return to Paris. Traveling has become very burdensome in my old age, and I fear that I should be found out of place in great capitals like Paris or London, where no special obligation calls me. This fear does not make me ungrateful toward the public, and above all toward my friends in Paris, to whom I am so deeply indebted: I should not like to give up all idea of seeing them again, though the dismal execution of the "Messe de Gran" in '66, and the consequent talk, have left a painful impression upon me. Without false modesty or foolish vanity, I cannot place myself in the ranks of celebrated pianists wandering hopelessly amid compositions which have been failures.

Those who know my "Second Concerto" (in G minor) will notice that I did not profit by the suggestions of Liszt relating to the *scherzo*. This is not because I did not realize perfectly the justice of them. The counterpoint, which with charming hypocrisy he styles "soothing," would have greatly enhanced the passage which he mentioned. But I make it an invariable rule, in relation to my compositions (of whatever nature they may be), never to profit by any suggestion or outside influence. This is to me a question of honor. I do not think I have broken this rule in publishing in my "First Concerto" (in D major) the "facilités" which I owe to the ingenuity and indefatigable kindness of Liszt, who, to oblige me, did not disdain to descend to this humblest of work.

Camille Saint-Saëns.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

IV.

THE Rev. George Maurice's difficulty with the vigilance committee at Laughing Valley City was the climax of the ill will which began to show itself against him in the town a month or two after his arrival there from his last parish, in Dakota. He had failed with these people not merely because he lacked the cardinal virtue of the West, adaptability, though certainly he was tactless enough, and would often rasp the sensibilities of those whom he would willingly have pleased. Nor had he failed altogether because he was arbitrary and dictatorial; no doubt his congregation could have borne that cheerfully from a man they respected—indeed it is not certain that they might not have liked him the better for being a bit of a bully.

If they had been asked to lay a finger on the source of their dissatisfaction with him, they would probably have had to own that they could n't. However, that was not a thing to make them less dissatisfied. In fact, he was one of the men to whom it would be a pleasure to attribute something forgivable—like a definite sin. Perhaps it was his indefinite weakness that was unpardonable.

One might say, for example, as certain people did, that he was not too scrupulous about money matters; but it could not truthfully be said that he was unscrupulous. It might be alleged that he did light things, unbecoming his cloth; but his behavior was never clearly unseemly. He could easily be proved lacking in consideration for others, or, if one liked,—and there were usually several who liked,—for his daughter; yet when one would say "selfish," the remembrance of a reckless act of generosity would recall itself, or the recollection of the strain of self-sacrifice in him, declaring itself in acts that enslaved to him those whom they helped, and endeared him to a following among the young of all his parishes; and condemnation was laid by the heels.

Maurice did not pretend to be perfect. If he had made any such pretense he would, for instance, have felt bound to bury Carstarphen and Telfner when they died of smallpox, which had been brought to Laughing Valley City by a party of Chinamen. Like other miners, the men had lived in disregard of every sanitary precaution; no measures had been taken for disinfecting the cabin in which they had died, and to go to it to read the burial service over them, and then to accompany their bodies to the grave, on the side of Carbonate Mountain, two miles from town, was, as a matter of fact, a serious risk. It was unfortunate that those duties of a minister of the gospel, which, in personal experience of them, one must of course qualify a trifle, should be so simply conceived by the friends of the dead men. His refusal to perform the last office for the men, though made with the proper reluctance and regret, and reasoned cogently, was taken extremely ill.

The miners who had come to ask his services as the only minister in town "cursed him out," as they afterward told the indignation meeting. It was at this meeting that the resolutions were adopted, in which the word "coward" occurred six times, exclusive of the indignant preamble.

The resolutions, which, after the received custom, gave him twenty-four hours to leave town, expressly excepted his daughter; and the ladies of the place had arranged among themselves to keep her by them, and to look after her, with the purpose of sending her after her father, if she should desire to go, when he should be settled somewhere. Carelessly enough, this plan had reckoned without Dorothy's energetic will, it was found, when the time came; and they let her go with the band that escorted him to the edge of the town because she very quietly would have it so, not imagining it necessary to extract a promise from her to go no further.

Dick Messiter (a young man whom the ladies knew to have a mill-owning father somewhere in Massachusetts, and whose occupation at Laughing Valley City was that of Superintendent of Cincinnati Mining Co. No. 3) had offered to go along and look after her; and in spite of the lamentable occasion of the association of the two young people under these conditions, the circumstance gratified that dumb novelist, or perhaps it is merely romancer, which seems to lurk in every woman's breast. It struck the ladies of the town as a beautiful situation, and they would have been the last

to interpose an obstacle to the crisis which is somewhere toward the top of every situation.

They trembled appropriately for the clergyman when he was led out in the midst of the shouting mob, and they exchanged the observation that they ought not to have thought of such a thing as letting her go, when they saw her riding among the noisiest of them. It would have been hard if they could not assuage their remorse by the suggestive spectacle of Dick and the girl riding side by side up the hill. If one looked at the matter from this standpoint, it was clear that the mob could not be too noisy; and it was even to be hoped that, in a harmless way, it might prove obstreperous: it would be a pretty opportunity for Dick.

The trail over which Philip and Cutter followed the three riders clambered difficultly along the walls of Red Rock Cañon; or sometimes it would dip into it, or wander quite out of it, and take its way along the table-land above. Bayles's Park, where they were to find the train for Maverick, and where the railway terminated for the present, lay in one of those green and sheltered hollows, in the penetralia of the hills, known to Colorado vocabularies as a park. For a good part of the year, the parks — which are a kind of small paradise to the traveler who comes down into them out of the mountains — keep a spring festival, and if any one supposes that there are hill-gnomes, he must be sure that it is on these fresh and flower-starred lawns that they hold their revels. At all events, the hills water and refresh them, as if they would keep their ball-room bright — or perhaps it is with the hospitable thought of maintaining one guest-chamber among their unfriendly rocks; and every mountain traveler knows how to praise the shelter it offers.

Bayles's Park was still well nigh a two hours' journey forward, however, and the snow had begun to fly more thickly. The noiseless coming of the storms in which men and beasts are lost in these mountains is their most awful effect: one could die more easily, one feels, in the worst riot of tempest. The snow fell silently about them as they rode, piling the folds of their greatcoats, and their ponies' flanks, with its stealthy increase. The wind, which blindingly blew the flakes in their faces, was smitten soundless by the solid curtain of white through which it passed to reach them. The world was filled with snow and silence. It had grown very cold.

There are often such snow-flurries in the mountains, and then, in a few moments, sunshine again. Philip and Cutter consulted with each other, and did not believe it would last; but they agreed that it should make no difference if it did. They could not turn back and leave those in advance to take their chances, even if Philip was ready to give up the wedding. So people will agree while their feet are still warm; and they pushed on doggedly, as the fall grew heavier.

The telegraph line followed the trail, save when, at rare times, led on stubby iron poles, it would go forward, for the sake of a short cut, in a dizzy run over the rocks jutting from the cliff above them. Where the poles were set along their path they were higher, and when the snow was most blinding it was still easy to make out the road by them. But the poles were presently less plain, and the sullen murmur of the Chepita, rising steadily from the chasm which opened at the outer edge of the trail, a measureless void, warned them to use their eyes before they used the reins with which they would sometimes guide the horses.

"Look sharp there, Deed!" shouted Cutter, suddenly; and Philip withheld his pony in time to save himself from the gulf.

The pony backed in terror, and when Philip got him started forward again, Cutter's horse refused to budge. Cutter alighted, and led him. The animal came forward reluctantly, cowering at each step, and eying the way before him doubtfully. The snow-fall appeared suddenly to grow more dense, and the river, down at the bottom of the cañon, which had marched with them until now to a soothing melody, seemed suddenly to shake itself free from the silence of which it had been part, and to give forth a muffled roar and shout.

Cutter looked back for a sight of Philip's face. He could touch his pony's nose, but the rider was a vague specter. Cutter gave a prolonged shout.

"Hello-o-o-o-o!"

They were not three paces from each other, but he could not be sure whether the answer was an echo or Philip's voice. He pressed his pony back against Philip's. They caught at each other's hands as the animals came together.

"I was afraid of this," said Cutter, hoarsely, with the fear which we find after the event.

"Yes," answered Philip.

The frightful huddle and scurry of the big flakes came between them, as they peered in each other's faces, and their voices reached each other dully out of the pall of snow.

"Think of those people!" said Philip, after a moment, in which they let their horses stand. "Think of that girl!"

"Hellish!" muttered Cutter, who had had no comment for the business while they watched it.

"Come on!" said Philip, briefly, and Cutter understood. It was true; they must find them. And at the moment they heard a vague sound, like voices, in advance.

Philip's pony would not move quickly enough, and he threw himself off, and jerked him forward.

"You heard?" he asked of Cutter.

"Yes."

They pressed forward, and presently came upon the group halted in the middle of the trail, bending over the girl, who had been taken from her horse, and was being plied with brandy by the tall young man. Her father, who was rubbing her ears with snow, would raise his eyes from time to time desperately, frowning and blinking at the storm.

She had not fainted. She was merely exhausted by the storm, and numbed by the cold. The spirits seemed to restore her. She looked up at sound of the shout of greeting with which Philip and Cutter made their presence known, and descried their figures.

"My horse," she murmured to Messiter, who was stooping over her; and he and her father raised her up, and set her on her pony, while Philip put himself at the animal's head.

Philip shouted something in Messiter's ear, as he came around in front of her animal to take his own by the rein.

"To be sure!" answered the girl's cavalier. "Had n't thought of it."

Messiter did not catch what Philip added, but he replied to the question he guessed in his voice: "Yes; near here. I know the place well enough when the weather has n't got the blind staggers. Blast the snow!" he shouted, rubbing his eyebrows and mustache, and mopping the little segment of face which showed between his high muffler and low-fitting cap. "Brown's Cañon, don't they call it?"

He was near enough to see Philip's nod.

"A cut in the rock, and the cave just inside of it? Beyond the Fifth Cascade?"

"That 's the place," said Philip.

They set forward for it without delay, each leading his own horse, except that Philip took Messiter's besides his own, while Messiter led the girl's. Cutter, who did not know the cave, brought up the rear with the clergyman, who made no attempt to hide from him his disapproval of the storm and of the entire situation. Cutter had never heard such pleasant-hearted, even mellow grumbling. The man had a charm of manner which one felt through the snow itself. In front, the two young men discussed the whereabouts of the cleft in the rocks (which was known as a cañon, for no very good reason), and of the cave. About the place itself Philip knew best, having bunked in the cave for a night, when he had come over the pass the year before, on his way to Piñon; but his companion was much more familiar with the trail.

They went peeringly forward, dragging the trembling horses. There was always an uncertain moment after they had lost sight of one telegraph pole, and before they could make out the next; and at these times they felt cautiously along the rocky wall that soared into the air on the inside of the trail, and did not venture toward the outer edge. The horses tried each step inquiringly before taking it, and the two men in the lead, advancing into the unknown with such courage as they might, would often pause to take counsel with each other's ignorance and helplessness. It was impossible to say where anything was in this night of snow; all of their world was that next step which they could see; and that step might always plunge them into the world which no man has seen at any time. Somehow the cold seemed to numb the thought, by sympathy with the bodily pain and bewilderment which intense cold brings. The girl, who had not their resource of motion, was crying in silent agony from it, Philip saw, when he made way at a turn in the path for the young man to lead her horse by him; and he pressed his flask of whisky into her hands. They were so cold, and the men's mittens she had drawn over her gloves so clumsy, that she almost dropped it; Philip caught it up as it slipped from her, and, shouting to his companion to hold on, asked her by a motion to raise her veil, and, pulling himself by a jutting boulder to her level, put the flask to her lips. She was very pale, and the smile she extorted from herself for thanks was pitiful.

Sometimes the trail turned sharp corners, and once they found themselves at the edge of the precipice, and the cry of the river leaped up to them through the storm with a sudden loudness. The two in advance shuddered back from the sound, clutching at each other, and feeling blindly through the swirl toward the cliff on which their lives hung. Shouldered firmly against the wall once more, they paused for a weary and discouraged moment to shake off the snow, and to take heart for another venture into the awful mystery of white.

The death which might lie before them was certain where they stood, from snow and cold, and at last they dared question the wall again with advancing hands. Philip was sure the cañon and its cave could not be far. But the storm created its own far and near. Ten paces were far: one might have to lie down and give up the fight at the end of them; the second step was not near: one might never take it. The wind had risen to a gale, the cold searched their veins, and their limbs began to answer their wills uncertainly. It was time they found shelter. One of the horses stumbled, and could not rise until Cutter felt his way back along the bridle-rein and helped him up; but when he tugged at the reins again the pony would not move.

"We shall have to give the poor beast up,

I 'm afraid," he said. Philip went back, and spoke a heartening word to the pony,—it had belonged to him in the mountains,—and the animal came along for a few paces, and stopped again, when it became necessary to repeat the action.

It was all done in silence. For half an hour no one had spoken, when Philip shouted, "The cascade!" and as they halted to listen, there reached their ears remotely, as if from a great distance, the steady, down-beating pour of a waterfall. The sound triumphed over the clamoring river and the loud-breathing wind, though it seemed so far away; and hope blessed them again.

When the wall opened at last to their weary hands, and discovered the cañon and, a moment later, the cave, they had just strength enough left among them to get the girl from her horse and to set her within the cavern. They sank about her exhausted when they saw her safe, and for a long time lay powerless to help her or one another.

Philip was the first to find his feet.

"Here, Cutter, stop that! Wake up!" he cried. Cutter was dozing in the dangerous sleep in which men die from cold. He shook him violently.

"Let me alone!" grunted Cutter; but Philip caught him up, and seated him against one of the walls of the cave.

"Wake up! Do you hear?"

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Cutter, drowsily.

"See here, do you want your head banged against these rocks? They 're sharp, I warn you!"

Cutter started awake. He cast a listless glance over the cavern, which was high and spacious, with boulders scattered about the floor. The roof and sides were toothed and rutted, and showed everywhere sharp points of rock, at sight of which Cutter rubbed his head ruefully and, having found a smile, knew himself again. "Got a match?" he asked.

"No; but I think you have."

"Fact." He fumbled for the silver match-case, with the figure of the humorous young demon atop, which was one of the relics of his Eastern career as a young man about town.

"Good!" said Philip, energetically. "Then we 'll have a fire! There 's a sort of room just back round the curve in the rock there, unless I am out of my bearings, and a thing Hicks and Baxter used to call a fireplace when they were living here on a grub-stake. You 'll find some wood. Get up a fire if you can, while I look after this poor girl. Sing out when you 're ready, and I 'll fetch her back."

He spoke rapidly and urgently, and Cutter got himself on his feet, and made his way with stumbling steps in the direction of the rear of the cavern. Philip watched him anxiously a moment; he had asked him to go, to give him a reason for bestirring himself, but he feared he would drop asleep again while he went about the kindling of the fire. But there was no time for concern about Cutter. He stood upon his own stiff legs with a groan, and made his way over to where the girl sat propped against the wall of the cave.

Her head was drooped upon her breast, but she was not asleep, and she looked up with a lifeless smile as Philip bent over her. He made her take another long pull at his flask, and then snatched off the heavy mittens which Messiter had given up to her, and, peeling off the thin gloves underneath, fell to chafing her hands as briskly as his own benumbed arms would let him.

After a moment, when she began to look about her, he ran over to the prostrate figure of the clergyman, and shook him alive, and then punched up Messiter. When they had found their feet, they came over and helped him; and the girl was able after a time to reward their common efforts with a look into which the heart and courage had a little returned. She began to seem again something like the girl who had cast off the restraining hand on her rein and galloped up the slope above Laughing Valley City after her father; and when they judged it safe, they bore her in among them to the fire which Cutter had cried out awaited them. The ears of one or two of them had been nipped; but none of their limbs had been frozen, and, with the fire in sight, the men began to dance about, flinging their arms wildly, and beating their hands upon their legs in search of their lost circulation and suppleness of joint.

She laughed at their crazy motions, where she sat cuddled in all the wraps they could muster for her in front of Cutter's roaring fire, and they smiled back at her amusement.

"Whew!" shouted her tall cavalier, taking off his heavy gloves and blowing on his fingers. "We forgot to shut the front door after us. Don't you people feel a draft?"

She gave him a mirthful nod. "That 's the etiquette of cave-mouths," she said; "you must always leave them on the latch. It 's in case we should have visitors. Oh, think," she cried, in sudden terror, "if there should be any one else out in this storm!"

"Heaven help them," said Philip, "or show them the way to something like this."

"Yes," said Cutter, drawing a musing sigh, as he settled himself by the fire. "I don't know how it was with you, Deed; but there were n't many minutes of stand up and take it left in me when we found this."

"Yes; it 's very nice we 're here," the girl

said thoughtfully to Philip, who had come over to her corner, and was standing above her, asking if there was anything that could be done to make her more comfortable. "It was awful!" She paused for a long moment in thought of it. "How did you happen to know this place? Only think if you had n't come up with us!"

Philip perceived that she did not know that he knew — that they knew. He pulled himself up, with an inward start. He saw that what he had been about to say would have presumed on their common acquaintance with the scene on the hillside above Laughing Valley. It was evident that she had not seen them as she swept by their post of observation on her flight to join her father.

"Oh, your friend would have remembered it. It was he who piloted us here — Mr. —"

"Messiter. Mr. Richard Messiter to the minister who baptized him; to everybody else, just Dick."

"I should never have found it without Mr. Messiter."

"And we should never have found it without Mr. —" She hesitated, in her turn, as she looked up into his face.

"Deed," supplied Philip.

"Deed?" she repeated. "Oh," she added thoughtfully, "I wonder if you know a Mr. Deed who —" Philip waited for her to finish. "Why, he once took me quite informally out of a burning building. Our school was on fire. It was in a village, — a Pennsylvania village, — and there were no engines. The boys from the other boarding-school across the way formed lines and passed buckets. It was at night. He happened to see me first at a window from his place in the line, and ran in and carried me down-stairs. The fire, just for that one frightful moment at the window, was worse even than the storm we 've escaped, I think. Was n't it fine of — of that other Mr. Deed, Mr. Deed?"

"It *was* fine," said Philip, looking down into her glowing face. "I 'm hoping I can prove kinship with him. What was his Christian name?"

"A rather odd name — Jasper."

Philip started. "Did all that happen in a village called Aylesford?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Oh!" laughed Philip, uncertainly. He bit his lip.

"Is it some one you know, then? How very nice!"

"Yes," said Philip, "it is some one I know — my brother."

Dorothy exclaimed her surprise. "Then you must have heard my story long ago. I thought I was telling you something new."

"It was new," returned Philip, without animation.

"Of course. I ought to know that he would n't say how he had done an heroic thing. It would n't be like him."

"No," assented Philip, "it would n't be like him." It was true that Jasper was not a man to exploit himself. He recognized the trait in him, on reflection, without cordiality. It was part of his propriety. He would long ago have said to himself that to boast was crude.

"But how very odd that you should be his brother!" cried Dorothy, returning to her original surprise. She drew the saddle-blanket with which Philip had covered her feet closer about her.

Philip burlesqued his thanks, and, with a little "Oh!" of appreciation, her face melted into a smile. "I did n't mean —" she began imploringly. She joined in his laugh. "Do you call that fair?" she asked.

"What?" inquired he.

"Entrapping me like that."

"Have I said anything?" retorted Philip, unblushingly.

"No; but you 've made me. Or perhaps I said it myself, but the meaning is yours."

"Must I mean what you say?"

She pretended to muse. "You must n't say what I mean," she answered, looking up at him with a smile that enchanted him. The name Maurice suddenly detached itself, as he met her glance, from the haze of memory in which it had been floating since he had heard it. Since she had mentioned Jasper he had been casting back for the origin of this memory. He recognized it now with a start. It was from Jasper himself that he had heard it. A myriad memories went buzzing in his head. Was it possible? He recalled a school-boy passion of Jasper's, of which he had known a very little, — as little as younger brothers, just learning to smoke, are thought fitted to hear of an elder brother's love affairs, — and had guessed a great deal; as much as such brothers commonly guess from slender premises. He had never seen the girl; it had all happened while Jasper was away at school. But he remembered the name now. It was Maurice.

A pang without meaning or reason passed through him as he glanced at her again. She and Jasper had once been lovers, then. She had permitted him to know her in the intimacy — the sacred intimacy, the intimate strangeness, of betrothal. The thought gave him something like a physical shock. With his knowledge of his brother's falsity fresh in his mind, the idea filled him with an empty, retrospective anger for her. He felt as if she had been profaned, and he believed his pang to be wholly for her.

In the silence that had fallen between them while he pursued these thoughts, he discov-

ered himself to be studying the face which she turned, now, half toward him and half toward the firelight. There was certainly a nameless expression in it which made the thought of any homage to it lower than the finest peculiarly intolerable. Philip fancied that he liked the sweet seriousness of her face even better than its prettiness; but he was not sure, a moment later, that he did not like its unconsciousness better than either. She had less than the usual American pallor, and in her cheeks two bright spots of color, which had fled before the exposure through which she had passed, began to show themselves unassertively.

Her gaze had a certain charming freedom, and in all her motions she was singularly unafraid; but this consisted with a remote touch of reserve which never left her, and which was constantly causing one to rejoice the more in a confidence that was in every expression of itself a new gift to the observer, because, in its openest moments, it seemed always to withhold a part of itself. In the same way the sober look which slept upon the verge of her lightest glances enriched and gave a special value to the dancing light which would come into her eyes at any challenge of her attention. The eyes themselves had been meant to be gray, apparently; but one of them had rather agreeably failed on the way to grayness, and in some lights had a fleeting tinge of brown. A little more pronounced, and it might have been a blemish; as it was, it formed a part of her indescribable charm. Something in the modeling of her cheeks left the full view of her face a trifle disappointing, perhaps; but this was because her clear and almost perfect profile promised so much.

As she sat in the half darkness, her face thrown into relief by the fire, she was certainly extraordinarily pretty. Her shapely chin was well in the air, her little mouth — she was in all ways made upon a little pattern — was pursed in meditation, and her straight, sensitive nose was cut with particular clearness against the light. It was not her nose which disappointed in her full face; it was incontrovertibly very good. Her hair, which had taken several tumbles under the late stress, showed that shade of brown which you felt like thanking her for combining with her eyes and complexion, and had, as well, that pretty crinkliness, and excellent habit of waving or curling at unexpected moments, which one knows.

The pained thought which had drawn Philip's musing glance to her was being replaced by an untroubled pleasure in her beauty as he was roused from his preoccupation by Cutter's voice inquiring of her from across the fire: "Cozy?" Their common plight seemed to beget a species of respectful intimacy among them; and they all spoke as if they had always known one another.

"Very," assented she. Dorothy Maurice had been born in the South, of a Southern mother, and her voice had the melody and vibrant sweetness of the voice of Southern women, without the accent and pronunciation which it would be difficult to prove altogether desirable, but which is pretty, too, if you like. "We might almost be happy here for a week if we could keep warm so long, and if we could find something to eat. Don't you think, Mr. —"

"Cutter," he said; and her eyes met Philip's with another smile.

"Don't you think we might find a larder somewhere about, if we looked? It is n't possible that the miners who left this wood for our fire would stop at that."

Cutter glanced at Philip interrogatively, and at her hint they explored. Houses wander dissolutely from street to street in Colorado towns, in wheeled pursuit of the real-estate market, but provisions which have once found their way on the backs of burros to a prospector's home in the mountains are less vagrant. After a summer's work a prospector would be in a poor way who had not something more valuable to load on his pack-animals than the jerked beef, coffee, and canned fruits and vegetables upon which the young men presently came.

"Uncommonly white of them to leave so much canned hospitality on the shelf for us, was n't it?" said Cutter, exhibiting their discoveries.

"Dear me! All that!" she said. "I should think so! They must be very nice fellows. Did you say you knew them, Mr. Deed?"

"Yes; as one knows men who take you in for the night, and do the handsome thing for the wayworn traveler. I spent a night here when I first came over the Pass. They were working a claim a little way on down the trail as I passed them on horseback. It was rather late in the afternoon, and when I asked my way of them they told me I 'd better let them bunk me for the night. I 'm afraid they did n't leave these good things here with us in view, quite; but if they had known we were coming along it would have been like them. They will be back in the spring, I suppose, to begin work again. I hope they won't miss what we shall have to borrow from them."

"Oh, I dare say they won't mind," said the clergyman, who had been silent for some time, while he thawed himself out by the fire. "Politeness is rather wasted on the rough people one meets in this region, I find."

"I don't know that, sir," said Messiter; and Philip, who was about to protest, conceived in time that the clergyman was not without reason for his feeling, and forbore.

"Ah, well, *I* do, you know," returned Maurice, courteously. "An odd business that, Dick, was n't it?" he said with an uneasy humor. "Were you by chance in the place they call Laughing Valley City this morning?" he asked suddenly of Philip. The intention to ascertain, if possible, how much these two strangers knew of the affair on the hillside was obvious; but Philip responded as if he had not perceived it.

"We came through Laughing Valley City in the morning from Piñon," he said.

"Ah," said Maurice. "Then we passed you very likely on the road without observing you."

"I think very likely," answered Philip, disingenuously. "We stopped for a while once, a little out of the road." He saw the girl's rising flush, and wished to spare her, even if the clergyman did not care to be spared.

Philip saw Miss Maurice draw a sigh of relief as he made this reply; and she rose at once, and set about making coffee — or such coffee as was possible without milk. The sugar they had.

"Any tobacco?" asked Cutter, as Philip came over his way.

Philip offered him a bag from which the best of the contents had been spilled in fighting the storm, and knelt beside him to strike a match. He seated himself near him, next the fire. "Mighty poor business, this," he said as the tobacco began to glow in their pipe-bowls, and the smoke made a homelike fragrance in the air. "I shall never get to Maverick in time for my father's little affair."

Cutter smiled. "Why, you monstrous ingrate!"

"Oh, of course I 'm thankful it 's no worse; but when a thing 's no worse, who would be so stingy with his wishes as not to want it better? Plain luck is n't enough for a man. He 's got to have luck *glacé*."

Cutter roared until the echoes answered him, and they all looked his way. "Man, man!" he shouted, "you don't want luck any more *glacé* than to-day's, I hope."

"What amuses Mr. Cutter?" asked Dorothy, coming toward them unfolding a ragged red table-cloth which she had found, and which she was about to spread for them on a square of rock.

"One on me," said Philip. "He wants to know if it 's cold enough for me. May n't I help you, Miss Maurice?"

She let him endeavor as much as he would in the helpless helping which young men are accustomed to offer young women in such things, and which is doubtless so much better for being so little effective.

As they spread the cloth between them on the rock, Dorothy used the opportunity of her position opposite him to observe him attentively for the first time. She thought him less handsome than Jasper, after a moment's inventory. She immediately added that he was better-looking than she had fancied in her casual glances. His broad-shouldered vigor had its own value, and she did it justice in recalling Jasper's effect of shapeliness. Philip's robust build wanted symmetry, and his strong face, tanned by exposure to the weather, and undeniably a little freckled, had the look of force rather than beauty. It was not upon a pattern, and failed at important points; but it was in no danger of confusion with other faces of equally simple and rugged cast. His gray-blue eyes, derived from his father, had the quiet look of power; they fronted her squarely, when he caught her look, in an amused and kindly twinkle. Less gentle things looked out of their depths unaggressively. With his wide, full forehead, the large mold of his face, the sensitive nostrils, and firm under jaw, he had the look, Dorothy thought to herself, of a man who can do and make do.

She reflected that he seemed much less than Jasper to have himself on his conscience. One could hardly use his long stride to whom it had ever occurred to wonder how he might look in walking; and he would certainly have made sure, after their fight with the storm, of his hair and the sailor knot straying out of sight under the collar of his flannel shirt, if he had felt the responsibility about his appearance which she remembered in the Mr. Deed she had known. The gods playing at bowls would be a sight valued out of proportion to the consideration in which the game is held, and Dorothy found a peculiar entertainment for her thoughts in the spectacle of all this lustiness and vigor spreading a table-cloth with her.

She smiled when the idea occurred to her, and as they failed for the third time to lay the cloth true between them, she caught the ragged thing out of his hands, with a righteous hesitation about her enjoyment, and began asking him questions about Jasper, as she went on to lay the cloth and to set the table herself. Philip answered mechanically. The thought that this sweet girl had once been Jasper's affianced wife became more tormenting, more shameful, as he perceived her charm. He caught himself staring almost rudely at her in the frequent pauses of their talk, abandoning himself to speculation about the affair. How could she ever have cared for him? He had saved her life; had she not just said it? That would be a permanent fact for such a girl, a reason for a lifelong gratitude. But, besides, everybody liked Jasper until they knew him very well. Some of them liked him afterward. It was one of his talents — making himself liked. She seemed still to like him herself; all that she said implied it.

Was it a lovers' quarrel that had parted them, perhaps? Did she still love him? He smiled to himself at his concern. All human contingencies were absurdly remote. He knew very well that they might never leave the cave alive.

They hung shawls and some tattered blankets, found in the bunks, at the crevice and angles of the rocks, for her, when they were seated at last around the flat bulk of rock which she had divined to have served as the miners' table; and they spent themselves in entreaty of her to discover or invent another draft which they might shield her from, until Philip suddenly bethought him of the horses, which they had been obliged to abandon at the cave-mouth. In the mortal exhaustion which had overcome them all when they found shelter, they had known nothing better to do for them. It occurred to Philip that perhaps they could be got into the cave.

They thought it a joke when he proposed it. But when they saw him to be serious, Cutter and Messiter volunteered to venture out with him; and after what seemed a long time, they returned, covered with snow, having found all but one of the ponies, and got them into the outer cave. Their whinnies came to them from there piteously; and Dorothy was for trying if they would eat jerked beef or dried peaches. She went out with Philip when their little picnic meal was done, and brushed the snow from their flanks with a clothes-brush she produced from the bag that was strapped on the saddle of her own pony.

"What would be the horse for coffee?" she asked; and at Philip's "Water, I 'm afraid," she drew a sigh. "And we have n't any more than what we found in that little cup of a spring. You see, Mr. Deed, we must get away from here as soon as we can, for the horses' sake, if not for our own. I 'm afraid they would n't care for the week I was proposing, even if we should. Poor fellows!" she murmured, as they set up their long-drawn moan again.

They all rose when she returned to the inner cavern, and made a soft seat for her with blankets on the flat rock next the fire. Dick Messiter and Cutter were clearing away the traces of the meal they had just eaten on it. They took turns in fanning from her face the smoke which would sometimes be driven back down the chimney into her face by the wind still whirling at its worst without, and they piled the wood lavishly on the fire for her comfort, until, with a practical instinct, she went over to the corner in which the wood was, and pronounced against the reckless use of their scanty store.

When she was seated again on the dais of rock, which raised her a little above her court, who, ready to do her bidding, sat or lay about her, coiled into such ease as they could manage on the rocky floor, she looked a smallish sort of monarch; and humoring their attribution of despotic power to her, she queened it with a gentle gaiety among them, issuing her commands in the royal plural, and admonishing our good Earl of Deed, and our right worthy servant Sir Lenox Cutter, with benignant severity. When Dick was beckoned imperiously to her side, he knelt in humbleness, and, with a tap of her riding-crop on his shoulders, she said, with an air she knew, "Sir, I dub thee Knight," and cried, "Rise, Sir Knight Dick!"

Her unconsciousness of Messiter's devotion was a pretty thing to see. Her unconsciousness, as I have said, was one of her charms: it was pleasant to observe her modest diffidence of all that touched the thought of self-valuation, and to perceive the impossibility of her ever coming to feel the world's thought of her. But it was especially nice to see how she would not know the love that followed all her motions with pursuing eyes, and yet how she could give herself so unthinkingly to him in every word.

Philip, because he would occasionally catch the familiar glances that often passed between them, judged them lovers, with a man's haste; but a more instructed eye would perhaps have seen how the divine unconstraint of her attitude toward him might very well be a secret pain to Messiter; for sometimes a light would come into his eyes by which one might almost guess how he might be hating her for liking him so well.

V.

MARGARET had not seen Deed since the morning he had flung himself from the house. She knew nothing of him save what she had lately learned, that he had been called to Leadville the same afternoon to argue a case, and that he had gone. The information of the town regarding the sudden abandonment of the wedding was equally scanty.

All that day, until far into the afternoon, Margaret sat in Beatrice's little parlor, waiting his return with patient certainty. Tears were easy while he was in trouble; but she could not weep for herself. She sat watching the long stretch of road leading from the house down past the church in which the wedding was set to take place at half-past four. A desolate, hunted look crept gradually into her stony gaze, as the cuckoo-clock in the hall told off the half hours, and he did not come. She rose quickly, biting her lip to repress the tears that began to flow readily enough, as Beatrice came in at four o'clock. Beatrice's face trembled with her own emotion; her eyes were wet and red, as if she had been crying ever since Margaret had

last seen her, when she had looked in, at the slamming of the door behind Deed, to ask what had happened. Margaret caught Beatrice's caressing arm away.

"Let me go," she said hoarsely. "You can't help me," she added, in a hard, uneven tone. "No one can help me." She choked back a sob. "Oh, can't you see that—" A surge of heart-sickness rose in her throat. She turned from Beatrice's pitying face, and ran up the stairs.

There were very few wedding garments to put away; but one may drop as many or as scalding tears as one may wish on a very small spray of orange blossoms.

It all seemed so strange, so impossible, so trivially outside reason and experience. The orange rind on which one slips and breaks a limb, the elevator that happened to be here and not there, the train that was on the other track—how motiveless, how needless, what a littleness of fortuity! She could not explain how it had happened. It was like a great grief which simply comes upon one, which befalls without our agency. She had spoken—she lied to him, if any one liked the word better—in the irresistible utterance of a feeling stronger than herself. That he should do what he proposed was unthinkable, intolerable: she could not let him blight his life like that. For good or ill she had to speak; and now, though the event itself was much the most anguishing thing she had known, the only part of it she would have done otherwise, if it had been to do again, would have been to avoid the lie, somehow.

She would not allow Beatrice to blame him when she let her into her bed-chamber next morning. The shock had affected her physically, and she had yielded to Beatrice's earlier insistence from outside the door at half-past seven, and remained in bed. It might have been possible to listen to accusations of him if her own heart had gone out yearningly to him in forgiveness. But she was frightened by the hardness against him which she felt to be growing in her. Something almost like rancor began to prosper side by side with her love: it seemed to have warrant in the tenderness which no event could really diminish—perhaps it grew out of it.

If he would, no one could venture to say what the desecration of a woman's inmost life must be through the intimacies, the familiarities, the endearments of a betrothal which comes to naught. The exchanged amenities, so infinitely right and sweet because marriage follows, become each a separate indignity and horror when it does not. To Margaret, who took all matters over-seriously; whose training had erected barriers against these things, each of which had been broken down with a pleasant pain of its own; who cherished, who almost loved, her reserves, there was a new and subtler misery behind every pain which could have tormented other women in like trouble. To cast a glance, the most doubtful and fleeting, back upon this one romance of a life curiously lacking, hitherto, in all emollient experience of this sort, tore her with nameless pains. She felt as if she should like never to see a man again.

She had given up, the day before, all thought of his return, she fancied. But when Beatrice entered with the morning mail she stretched forth her hand with the impulsive certainty that there must be a letter from him. When Beatrice reluctantly shook her head, she perceived that she had secretly believed that he must still come back. It was because the thing was still too incredible. Did men, then, belong to a different race? Was there one loyalty for them, and another for women? Was there another tenderness, another forbearance, another love? She had never had a brother; Deed was the only man she had ever imagined qualities for; she did not know about men—were they like this? Could it be that they knew how to justify such things to themselves—that there might be cruelties indigenous to the conscience of men, which women must not blame because men could not know them to be such? Perhaps to know all the wrong there may be in a wrong, one must have the gift to guess all the poignancy of its consequences; and she saw that no man could really understand her humiliation.

It was the lot of a woman to be chosen, distinguished, called apart; made to believe that for one man she was different from all the rest. It was only the extremity of that distinction that could measure the shame of the credulity cast back in her face, the innocent faith become a thing to bite the lip and to flush with pain at thought of. She did not lessen her own offense. Coming hard upon Jasper's perfidy, she saw how it must have maddened him. She loved him, and, imagining his suffering, pitied him from her heart. But all her smarting pride, the selfhood wounded to death, cried out against the cruelty of this desertion on their wedding-day. Cowering under the indignity which seemed to have stripped her of self-respect, she could not be sure of the validity of any judgment of the miserable woman she had become. His act had beaten her down. She was sickly, unsure of herself, of life, of what she must think; but she knew the dumb resentment that grew slowly in her for the helpless bitterness against him that it was. She loved him, she supposed that she must always love him; but the injuriousness of the thing he had done stifled in these first hours every gentle

thought. When the memory of it was hottest in her, she would set her teeth in still wrath.

There was another thing. It would seem as if the most straightforward of women must have, somewhere in their depths, a kind of sense for indirection, which they can never quite forgive men for not understanding in them. Margaret had wished him to believe her; she felt that his whole future and hers had hung upon his crediting her lie. But this was, unexplainably, a very different thing from liking it in him that he should have believed her. Deed had not closed the door behind him before she had said to herself indignantly that he should have known her better.

There were moments when it all seemed different, when she compassionated his situation, condemned herself as the cause of it, and accused herself passionately for accusing him. He would be suffering as well; not in her way at all, but worse, perhaps, because it was impossible to know how bad suffering might be which was outside one's comprehension. He must be thinking what she had said the final faithlessness. At these times she would say to herself that she could not wish him to think it less. If it had been what it seemed, it was as bad as possible, and she would have liked to have him hate her.

But when echoes of the scandal stirred up in the town by his abandonment of her began to come to her ears, the springs of tenderness dried in her. The two daily papers published at Maverick — having the fear of Deed before them — had reported the barren facts with what they meant for a picturesque reserve, and speculated about the affair with what seemed to them a self-denying decency. Beatrice kept the papers from Margaret, of course; but her boy turned innocent busybody, and brought a copy of one of them to her in furtherance of an enterprise of make-believe which Margaret had joined him in. Her eye caught the audacious head-line, and before she knew it she had read a dozen lines.

She buried her face in her hands in shame; alone with the child she blushed as hotly as if all the world looked on. In fact, it did see her: that was her feeling.

She shed no tears then; but when Beatrice came in at twilight to light the lamp, she saw that she had been crying. It was not precisely for the comments of the newspaper. She had been thinking of the lines of a poem:

Be good to me! Though all the world united
Should bend its powers to gird my youth with pain,
Still might I fly to thee — Dear! — and be righted —
But if thou wrong'st me, where shall I complain!
I am the dove a random shot surprises,
That from her flight she droppeth quivering,
And in the deadly arrow recognizes
A blood-wet feather — once in her own wing.

After Beatrice, Margaret found it easiest in these first days to see Dr. Ernfield, whom Mrs. Vertner had called in immediately. Margaret had liked Dr. Ernfield long before; and she liked him still better in observing gratefully the devices of kindness by which he referred her prostration solely to physical causes, and the delicacy with which he implied that she had had no history previous to the moment of any of his calls. They had been on almost intimate terms before her wedding-day; and she was grateful for his attitude in proportion as she perceived the difficulty to which he must be put to maintain it.

He had been interesting to her, during the month she had passed in Maverick before her wedding-day, not merely as a man, — though he was an unusually interesting man, — but because of his situation. He had left a prosperous practice in Boston to come West in search of health. He was still under thirty-five, and had won his success while very young by making a specialty of diseases of the nervous system; but he had paid for it, so to say, with himself, and he was in consumption. Beatrice, who had known him in Boston, was very fond of him, and in the first month of Margaret's stay he had been often at the house. It was the only house where he felt at home; he was practising his profession in Maverick to avoid the stagnation of idleness, but he really knew no other family, and he had found that to have known people even slightly in the East is a tie when one comes to meet them unexpectedly under the shadow of the Continental Divide. Beatrice, on her part, was accustomed to say that he was very nice. She perhaps meant by this that he had the gift of helpfulness, of sympathy, which, perhaps, is not especially common among men. Margaret had thought she saw how this faculty, comfortable as it may be to a physician's patients, — not to go into the question of his friends, — might be ruinous to a sensitively made physician; she had perceived that the excess of his sympathy with the work he had done before he came to Maverick had been merely by way of devouring him.

It was pitiful to remark how his disease had him in its clutch. The sinewy lines of his big body, designed plainly for the use of a strong man, had begun to waste before the attacks of his malady. It was observable, however, that he was still strong of limb; and the look of his face — kept alive by his ardent and commanding glance, and hidden, for the most part, by a thick brown beard — was scarcely the look of a sick man.

It had been a pleasure to Margaret to see this sturdy fellow — who had the effect, in spite of his weakness, of confident strength — ramp up and down Beatrice's little parlor, with his hands in his pockets, expounding his theories of health and disease — theories which fascinated Margaret by sinking instinctively for the moral spring underlying all large theories of health; or anathematizing the whole system of living which gives us the damsel known to discussion as the "American Girl," a creature whose tenseness might not be half bad, Ernfield owned, for the spectator, but was death to the girl. And then it had been still pleasanter to hear him counter this with the story of nervously wrecked young lives, which Margaret saw, around the corners of his modesty, he had won back to the normal way of life. He never spoke of having cured anybody; he would sometimes own that he had taught a person here and there how to live. It had seemed to Margaret that he had accomplished this by transfusing a portion of his own life into each of these persons: for it was obvious that such patients as these must always have drawn their new life, in great degree, from his life; that — a cure being in such cases so much an affair of sympathetic understanding, of a brisk, urgent, imperious individuality — they had lived at his expense.

The thought of this strong, fine fellow, who had given his young manhood to the business of reinstating others in life, doomed to a death against the halting wretchedness of which no hindrance could be opposed, unless it existed in the air of Lone Creek County, had been too painful to Margaret for endurance.

Margaret's frank liking for him, and the gentleness of her manner toward him, springing from the compassion for his situation to which she could not give other expression, were perhaps part of her charm for him; but that which had really drawn him to her was the constant charm residing in her sincerity, her simplicity, and directness, in her goodness, in her irresistible need to meet all questions in their highest phase, — above all, in her gentle womanliness. In the three weeks that had passed after her arrival, before Deed and she were ready to lay themselves open to the town's comment by announcing their approaching wedding, Ernfield had had time — in ignorance of her betrothal, and wholly without Margaret's suspicion of what was happening — to fall deeply, miserably in love with her.

It was not precisely his fault; but his position, when he ascertained it, gave him the sense of moral turpitude he would have felt if he had allowed himself to fall in love with a married woman.

It was just as well, he said to himself; he had deserved it. A man who, in his condition, indulged the thought of connecting his future with another's for longer than one of those radiant moments of monstrous and baseless hope that must visit even the hopeless, was properly condemned to such an awakening. This reflection should have made it easy to think of Margaret's wedding with equanimity; and certainly should have silenced the thrill with which he heard of Deed's desertion of her on their wedding-day. Its effect, however, was to fill him, before the day, with a gloomy reluctance in her presence and a fear of meeting her honest eyes; and after it, to shame and daunt him with a clear vision of the meanness of the hope that began to live tremblingly in him.

He writhed under her approval of what he saw she took for his tact and delicacy, when he was forced, after the event, to visit her in his professional capacity. He felt like a scoundrel when he heard from Beatrice that for the present she could bring herself to see no one but him and her, that she could not bear that any eyes less friendly and familiar should look upon her grief in these first days. Her trust humiliated and abased him. He wanted to tell her what a scamp he was. He could have blushed at sight of the humble light of thankfulness she turned on him from her weary eyes, as he constructed a theory about her indisposition which referred it to purely physical causes. To see how her pride smarted under this blow in every fiber, to see how she was ashamed of being ashamed, and yet not abashed to let him perceive it, became intolerable. On the second day, in the mere necessity of putting an end to it, he ordered fresh air for her: he told her that she must go about.

Beatrice went about the house on her daily duties with a grieving face. Margaret's position pained her to the heart. She could understand how she might have partly brought it on herself, with the noblest motives; but nothing could even shadowily justify what Deed had done. She called his act by the hardest names to herself, when Margaret would not hear her denunciations. It was small comfort to talk to her husband.

"What are you worrying about?" he would say. "You ought to be throwing up your cap on any reasonable theory of friendship. It 's an escape for both of them. You don't think they would have been happy, do you?"

"I don't know," returned his wife, frankly. "Don't you?"

"I think," said Vertner, ambiguously, "if they had not been, — especially Deed, — it would not have been for lack of hard trying — especially Miss Derwenter's."

"You think she might have tried too hard," suggested Beatrice, quickly. "Yes," she owned,

after a moment's meditation; "Margaret has that way. Perhaps she rather—insists."

"She *does n't* know quite when to let up," said Vertner, in the tone of admission. His wife had to smile. "It 's a virtue—knowing when to spare."

"And you think Margaret has n't it?" asked Beatrice, as anxiously as if she did not feel that she entirely understood Margaret's sweetly intentioned severity, and as if she had not reasoned with herself, and with Margaret, about it.

"Well," owned Vertner, "I think she might consider it not quite moral."

"No," said Beatrice, vaguely, as she helped him on with his coat (she had followed him out into the hallway to see him off for the day); "perhaps not."

"And Deed would n't really enjoy that after a bit," said Vertner, as he adjusted the fur collar of his coat. "He can take things hard himself, and he does, but not in her way, and he does n't take *everything* hard. There 's a sort of sense of perspective about Deed: that 's his humor. He has his varioloid moments."

"Yes," rejoined Beatrice in sad musing; "and Margaret has n't. I know that. All her moments are acute. She goes conscientiously through the whole disease, whether it 's a question of a pin or an elephant."

"Well, perhaps you can see, then, if you 've got to that point, how Miss Derwenter would be the very best wife in the world for a man who takes things in bulk—in Deed's whole-souled, passionate, hearty way. There 's nothing equal to a gingerly, conscious, penny-wise way of looking at things for a wife for such a man."

"Ned, you sha'n't say such things of Margaret!"

"Oh, Margaret 's all right," said Vertner, in a tone of conviction, as he put his hand on the knob. He really liked her when she would let him. "It is n't her fault that Deed is n't built to appreciate her. She could make plenty of men ecstatically happy."

"What kind of men?"

"Well, my kind," returned her husband, audaciously. "I should always be ecstatically happy, any way, you know; and all that she could do for me would be so much clear gain."

After these talks with her husband, nothing but a long conversation with Margaret could put Beatrice right again. She enjoyed the play of her husband's mind, of course; but there were occasions for seriousness, and this was one of them. She found Margaret serious enough; yet even she would smile dismally sometimes at the thought of certain contrasts. The concern which she had given herself during the month preceding her wedding-day (the month in which she had made acquaintance with Maverick) as to whether she should be able to like the West, struck her, for example, in her present forlorn case, as food for sad amusement. She had not been afraid she should not get along, as the phrase is: she was accustomed to managing so much as that for herself in all sorts of queer places. But it had occurred to her that, even with Deed, the West, as a permanent place of residence, would leave a great many needs in her unsatisfied. She had not dared use adjectives about Maverick; she might have to live in it, and she had the forethought to avoid attaching labels to the place by which even her own thought of it might finally discover itself to be bound. But it was at least undeniable that Maverick lacked a public library. She had thought that she would induce Deed to return to the East when he had won back the fortune he had lost the year before he had offered himself to her. Her ideal was a suburb just out of Boston.

Nothing had taught her so incontrovertibly the force of her love for him as the willingness she had found in herself to face for him the contrary prospect: for her heart had sometimes sunk grievously during her first fortnight at Maverick; and once, when she thought she perceived from something he said that he was really fond of the West, that it suited something in him,—his sense of humor, perhaps; she did not know,—her heart had gone coweringly down into her boots. It was at the thought of this terror that she now indulged a smile. One troubled one's self about such things when one was happy; it had become pitifully indifferent to her whether Deed lived in Colorado or Patagonia.

One of the pangs which reached Margaret from the outside during the first days of her misery was that which she felt when she learned that Philip had at last arrived in Maverick. She had heard, in a kind of dream, that there were fears for his safety; and finally, that he was given up for lost; and it had seemed at the time only one of the thousand sides there appear to be to even physical pains. Now that she had come out of the stupor of suffering which had followed Deed's going, and began to be sensible to exterior measures of her trouble, she was surprised to find a fleeting wretchedness in the knowledge that Philip lived, and that his father, who must have been down into the bitterest depths of grief for his imagined loss, rejoiced without her. For a moment she thought of Deed with untroubled tenderness. The other feeling followed, but the loving impulse taught her freshly the unbearable reach of her loss. It went too far. It cut too deep.

Vertner met the snow-bound party at the station. He usually went to the trains when

he was in town. Men he knew were often passing through on their way to Denver or to the mountain-towns. They gave him the last word about the outlook at the newest mining-camp; they kept him wise about the ups and downs of older places. When they would stay overnight at Maverick, he would often spend the evening at the hotel, losing a little to them at poker, and getting on the inside, as he said, of good things in mines and real estate. He brought Margaret word of the arrival of Philip.

"Mighty close shave those fellows had," he said. "It could n't be done once in a dozen times. I would n't back Charlie Cozzens to do it, and he knows every foot of the pass as if it were his Addition." The retired stage-driver's investment in Maverick real estate was known as "Cozzens's Addition." "But they are badly done up after it. The young lady went to bed."

"Young lady, Ned!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Certainly. Young lady. Young lady and father, in fact. Maiden slender, fair, good-looking — very. Father a clergyman, large, clever, manners until you can't rest — not here purely as a sanitary measure. The young lady really bore it pretty well. You can see that she was prettier three days ago, but she will pick up her prettiness again at the Centropolis House."

"A clergyman, Ned!"

"Well, not too much of a clergyman — not the kind that would worry the clerical Inspector of Weights and Measures with overweight. A good, practical, every-day, earthly Christian, with a soul away above the unrighteous nickel — shaped to nobler ends, like thousand-dollar bills; could make arrangements with soul to overlook some things. Good fellow; I took a kind of shine to him."

It was one of Ned Vertner's own sayings that he was a composite. He would not have been anything but the "rustler" he was — dependent on the friendliness of fortune to this month's scheme for his next month's house rent — on any account; but he liked to remember how easily and naturally he might once have been the conventional gentleman whom he hated.

The Vertners had memories of the revolutionary hero with an honest grandfather, and the three succeeding generations of Unitarian ministers which make a good family in Berkshire. There were no better than they in their village; and though Ned Vertner, before he was sixteen, disliked the people his family knew in Boston, as he disliked the propriety of the white picket-fence in front of their white frame-house with green blinds, it was a gratification to him at times to recall that the good social form of his family had existed for him to refuse. He would not go to Harvard; when he was twenty-three he went to Chile, and remained there five years, helping a little to build the railway which his party went out to build, and learning to live hard, to drink hard, and to gamble more than he could afford.

It was in his fifth year — when he was coming down with a fever which went near to finishing him — that Philip Deed joined the party. Philip would have said to any one who had challenged his liking for Ned Vertner, that he liked him because he had contributed what effect there might be in three months' nursing to saving his life. At all events, when Vertner was well enough to sail for home, they parted in the relation of good comradeship often existing in new countries between men who are of no spiritual kindred.

It was Deed who, at Philip's suggestion, put Vertner in the way of coming West when he had found Berkshire more impossible than he had left it; and it was Deed whose professional relations to various adventurous enterprises opened the way to Vertner's first "scheme," and showed him his natural calling.

The impartial spectator would scarcely have supposed it a calling justifying marriage; but in Colorado rustling has the recognition of one of the liberal professions, and when Vertner had been engaged in it a year he worked a pass as far as Chicago through a friend, and returned from Boston, ten days later, married. It was an incredible marriage; it was the one thing, Philip told him, when he met Beatrice, that he should never forgive him for. Vertner admitted that he was ashamed of himself; no one was more conscious than he that he was an undeservedly lucky dog.

"But what could I do?" he would say. "I told her it was a shame and a fraud; I gave her a full résumé of my worthlessness; I told her that if I had ever been good for anything I 'd got over it; I told her that my doings out here would turn a Public Gardens swan red with pure shock, and would keep her conscience working on horse-car drivers' hours every day. She said she liked it. Then I went for the country, and gave this section down the banks. I told her that she would have to breakfast on climate and dine on scenery; that in this altitude it takes ten minutes to boil an egg soft, and that they put on beets the day before; that chickens can't live, and cow's milk is twelve cents a quart; that pneumonia rides around on a mowing-machine; that she would n't find a library in Maverick; that the church was closed, and the lecture bureau in the dry dock; and that you could take up all the civilization in the place on a fork. She said that none of these things mattered, and that something else did. I gave her up."

"Hush, Ned!" she was saying now, in response to his profession of liking for Maurice; "perhaps we can get him to stay with us here

for next Sunday. It is months since we had a service. An Episcopal clergyman, did you say?"

Vertner nodded, as he cut a little more steak for himself (they were at their one-o'clock dinner). "I did n't say; but that 's his rating. Don't count me in, though, Trix, on any scheme for supplying the pulpit of St. John's in the Wilderness. You remember I took a hand in the last gospel boom in Maverick. Invite him here, if you like, and get him to preach for you next Sunday. I 've no objection, and he won't kick if you make it worth his while. But leave me out. I would n't undertake the contract of furnishing a clergyman to that congregation again for a commission of fifty per cent. on his salary."

Vertner laughed with enjoyment. Margaret, who had found no way of taking Vertner in the month she had spent in the house with him, was silent. She was thinking of Philip, and wondering how to frame a question which would inform her about him without seeming to seek the information.

Beatrice saved her the need. "We might go and call on Miss Maurice at the hotel," she said, doubtfully, looking toward Margaret. "That would commit us to nothing. We could see Mr. Maurice and judge for ourselves. Do you think she would see us, Ned?"

"Why, she was going to bed when I saw her, to stay until she was rested. But she would see St. John's in the Wilderness on her father's account, I should think, if you made it plain who you were. Write under your name on your card: 'Mrs. Vertner, representing St. John's in the Wilderness.' You 'll get the consideration of a commercial man traveling for a big house."

Beatrice did not smile, but looked at Margaret questioningly. "I think she might be willing to see us," Margaret answered to Beatrice's inquiring look. "After such an experience, she might be glad of the sight of friendly faces, even if they were strange."

They found this to be true when they went next day. They both made friends at once with Dorothy, who was sitting up, and who told the story of what had befallen them in the mountains, gaining for the first time, in seeing its effect upon her hearers, a sense of the danger through which she had passed. She did not need a reminder to make her shudder at the journey through the storm; but the time in the cave had not seemed unhappy. She had not felt that they were in danger — perhaps she had not been allowed to feel it. It occurred to her now to wonder what might have happened if the storm had not ceased the morning after they had taken refuge there, if the wind had not fallen, if the snow had not begun to melt, and if a party of miners, on their way from Bayles's Park, had not found them on the second day, weak and exhausted of course, but able to ride to Bayles's Park, where they took the train.

It was the hope of seeing Philip that had helped Margaret to come out for the first time since the day that was to have been her wedding-day. The event had left her spiritually sore; she could not bear to see any one, much less listen to the questions which must be asked if she went out. Yet there was nothing she liked so little as what she called, in her plain speech, "dodging": it seemed cowardly not to take the world as it came; and she was glad of a strong reason for going out. She wanted to see Philip, whom she did not know: it would be the next thing to seeing his father. But it seemed that Philip had left Maverick within a few hours of his arrival. Philip, in fact, had taken the evening train the night before for Leadville, leaving Cutter to go on to Denver, where he had friends who might find something for him to do in connection with the smelting-works there. Margaret knew that he must have gone to see his father at Leadville, and she flushed as she thought of one of the probable subjects of conversation between them.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

FROM DAWN TO SUNRISE.

BREATHE, sweet southwest, thy softest airs;
Melt, golden vapor, in the blue;
Shine, silver star, that morning wears;
Light-bearer, lead the day anew.

Mild day of autumn, gravely glad,
Teach the wild heart thy calm to know:
Too keenly swift, from gay to sad,
These pulses beat, these life-tides flow.

Cool dew of dawn, that gently falls,
O'er life's long fever waft thy spells.
Deeper than tone of trumpet-calls,
The holy hush with morn that dwells.

Cease, wayward heart, in gloom to stray;
Greet the pure smile of living light;
Before the awful eye of day
Arise, O soul, in kindred might!

Esther Bernon Carpenter.

THE VOICE OF TENNYSON.

THIS article is written to record a memory, and to express a thought. It is not my intention to enter into trivial gossip about Tennyson, disliking that kind of valet-literature as sincerely as he did. Nor do I mean to speak even of the simple and beautiful life of his home. It is a debt that we owe to courtesy, as well as to reverence, to wait until all that needs to be said of that serene and steadfast life shall be uttered by the true son who was also his father's most intimate friend.

But the memory of which I speak is one which belongs to literature more than to biography. Tennyson's reading of his own poems was part of his poetry. It was illuminative and suggestive, the best of all commentaries. It revealed the significance of his work, the conception which he had formed of the poet's mission and the poet's art, and the methods by which he accomplished certain results. Most of all it revealed the man himself behind the poems. A voice is a real thing. It has spirit and life in it. This was especially true of Tennyson's voice, which was, as Milton says of the angels,

Vital in every part.

To hear him was to know the man; to feel how genuine, how sympathetic, how strong he was. To hear him was to think of him, not as a classic on the shelves of a library, but as a living force in the living world. Thus the voice that fell upon the outward ear became the symbol of the spiritual voice with which he has moved the heart, and expressed the ideals, of the English race in this nineteenth century.

I.

IT was near the end of August in the year 1892. The full tide of summer had ebbed away; the days were shortened. Already the pale, silvery light of a rainy afternoon was waning over the terrace at Aldworth, and the falling roses of the garden, and the yellow fields from which the harvest had been gathered. Far away, through the broad southern window of the poet's study, one could see the drifting gleams upon the South Downs, which told that the sun had not set. But within, it was twilight. The dusk gathered in the corners and smoky shadows veiled the shelves of books, the high screen, the few pictures on the wall. At the western end of the room two tall candles were burning on the writing-table, and between their scintillating disks of light the face of Tennyson was outlined just as he describes the Lotos-Eaters—

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame.

It was a massive, noble, powerful head, such as Michelangelo might have given to one of his prophets; the forehead high, the countenance long, the chin square and slightly projecting. Age had wrought some changes in it since the days of manhood's prime, when the portrait was made which deserves to be established as the standard representation of the poet's face.[1] The physical charm was less: there were heavy lines about the mouth, and blue veins standing out on the sunken temples, and gray hairs in the thin beard. But youth had not wholly disappeared, even at eighty-three. The long, sparse locks that fell from beneath the velvet skull-cap, and

The knightly growth that fringed his lips.

were as dark as ever; the brown eyes, half-veiled by drooping lids, were full of dreamy light, and able still to flash with sudden fire.

But the voice was even more remarkable than the face for its suggestion of youth in age. Worn a little, as it must be after so many years, and breaking now and then when weary, it was yet deep-chested and resonant, thoroughly masculine, capable of expressing immense passion. Its most striking quality was its directness, its sincerity. There were no false accents or inflections in it, no affectations, no polite disguises. It kept a touch of its native Lincolnshire in the broadened vowels and rolling r's. It was a true and honest voice; a picture to the ear of the man from whom it came.

He held a volume of "Maud" in his hand, and was talking about it, as he loved to do:

"I want to read this to you because I want you to feel what the poem means. It is dramatic; it is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what love does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I my-

[1] This is the portrait which accompanies this article. It is engraved from a photograph by Mayall, of which the poet, Lady Tennyson, and their son all said (Aug., 1892) that they preferred it to any other that had been made.

self speaking. It is this man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world."

Then he lifted the book close to his eyes, and began to read:

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

It was the strangest reading in the world; ignoring all the formal rules of elocution, going straight to the heart of the matter, yet unconsciously creating its own form and art, obedient to the inevitable law of all true passion, which always makes the sound fit the sense. The voice was raised a little higher than the speaking tone; sustained at the same level through line after line; almost monotonous in its measured chanting. It was not melodious, or flexible. It was something better. It was musical, as the voice of the ocean, or as the sound of the wind in the pine-trees, is musical. In the impassioned lines it rose and swelled like the roar of the tempest through the woods; in the passages which expressed grief and loneliness it broke and fell suddenly, like the sobbing of low waves on the beach.

Each canto had its own movement, a distinct, rhythmical flow, a separate and significant cadence, which the poet had surely heard in his own mind before he put it into words. The poem had been written to music, and it was read to music, lyrically, emotionally, metrically: in a word, it was intoned, not artificially, but naturally, just as we often find ourselves intoning when we walk on the sea-shore, or in the forest, and our thoughts sing themselves over and over to the sound of the wind or the waves. Intense feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, love or anger, rapture or despair, is almost always metrical. It comes in throbs and beats; it ebbs and flows in an involuntary rhythm. Tennyson's voice expressed this perfectly. He was absorbed in the passion of his poem; possessed by it, carried away with it.

The reading of the first canto forced me at once to feel, as never before, a profound sympathy with the hero. Here was a man noble at heart, sensitive, impulsive, whose whole nature was disordered, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune," by the tragedy of his youth. The pain and trouble of his soul burst out in a great cry of protest over his father's death,—

O father! O God! was it well?—

and the morbid shadow that had fallen even upon his vision of the natural world expressed itself with long-drawn sadness in the pathetic line,

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

He saw nothing clearly, nothing exactly as it was, nothing in the cold light of reason. His feeling colored everything with somber hues. But how intensely he felt! What an incredible force of passion throbbed in the condensed invective against the cruelties and falsehoods of the "age of peace!" Every epithet was like a blow.

Then came the reaction, when his passion had ebbed and left him cold and weak; and on this depression dawned the face of Maud. It troubled him. He struggled against it, and denied its beauty, but still it haunted him—

Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long
Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more.

While he yet fought against its power, and tried to settle himself in the solitude of a bitter philosophy, the voice of Maud came into his life—

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall.

How splendidly the poet gave the meaning of that voice, a song of life and love, a song of liberty and courage, a song of true manhood ready to die for the native land! And now the double spell of beautiful face and inspiring voice was complete. The man who had said, "I will bury myself in myself," belonged to himself no longer. He was under the power of love; and from this point onward the chief interest of the poem lay in the unconscious working of that power upon his character and life.

I marveled again and again, as the old poet's voice poured itself through the varying cantos, at the exquisite and unpremeditated art with which he brought out an expressive word, or emphasized a forcible line. I wondered at the exact truth of the descriptive phrases, like "the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk," and at the felicity of the prophetic emblems—the weeping angel beside the urn above Maud's seat in the village church, the lion "claspt by a passion-flower" on the gate-post of her garden. I rejoiced in the changeful music which seemed to range through all possible moods.

But most of all I was amazed at the intensity with which the poet had felt, and the tenacity with which he pursued, the moral meaning of the poem. It was love, but not love in itself alone, as an emotion, an inward experience, a selfish possession, that he was revealing. It was love as a vital force, love as a part of life, love as an influence—nay, *the* influence which rescues the soul from the prison, or the madhouse, of self, and leads it into the larger, saner existence. This was the theme of "Maud." And the poet's voice brought it out, and rang the changes on it, so

that it was unmistakable and unforgetable—the history of a man saved from selfish despair by a pure love.

The very passion which begins to glow within him like a spark is tinged at first with selfishness. He thinks of the smile of Maud as the charm which is to make the world sweet to him; he says:

> Then let come what come may
> To a life that has been so sad,
> I shall have had my day.

But unconsciously it purifies itself. He looks up at the stars, and says:

> But now shine on, and what care I,
> Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
> The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
> And do accept my madness, and would die
> To save from some slight shame one simple girl?

When his own fault has destroyed his happiness, and divided him from her, his love does not perish, but triumphs over the selfishness of grief:

> Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
> While I am over the sea!
> Let me and my passionate love go by;
> But speak to her all things holy and high,
> Whatever happen to me!
> Me and my harmful love go by,
> But come to her waking, find her asleep,
> Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
> And comfort her tho' I die.

And at last, when he knows that Maud is dead, the love that can never find an earthly close becomes the star of a heavenly hope, and leads him, not into selfish solitude, but into fellowship with his fellow-men in their conflicts and aspirations.

> And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
> It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
> I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
> I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

This is the significance of "Maud" as Tennyson's own voice interpreted it. Love is redemption from the insanity of selfishness. And it was in keeping with this lesson that, when I asked him a few days later to write me a couplet to go underneath his picture, the old poet turned back fifty years and wrote these two ringing lines from "Locksley Hall":

> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

II.

As I listen backward to the memory of Tennyson's voice, not only in this reading of "Maud," but in many others, the thought that comes to me and craves expression is very clear and distinct.

Tennyson is essentially and characteristically a poet with a message. His poetry does not exist merely for the sake of its own perfection of form. It is something more than the sound of one who hath a lovely voice, and can play skilfully upon an instrument. It is poetry with a meaning and a purpose. It is a voice which has something to say to us about life.

In his very earliest poems, written before he came of age, we do not feel this so clearly; although even the slender volume published in 1830 contains some pieces, like that profound complaint against the sorrow of skepticism called "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind," and that sharp protest against hypocrisy called "A Character," which reveal the earnestness of a spirit that could never rest satisfied with the outward shows of things. But for the most part his youthful work is characterized by a subtle and supreme care for the effects of melody and color in words. As Mr. E. C. Stedman, whose criticism always illuminates, has well said: "He devoted himself, with the eager spirit of youth, to mastering this exquisite art, and wreaked his thoughts upon expression, for expression's sake." He was, in fact, like an ardent student who labors to learn all the secrets of his instrument before he begins to play for the larger audience.

But the same critic of insight has pointed out the fact that while the poets of the esthetic school stop at this mastery of art for art's sake, Tennyson did not stop there. He went forward to a higher stage of development. His second volume, published in 1832, bears witness to this growth, not only in its opening sonnet, which expresses the hope of an increasing influence over the minds of men, and in its closing verses, which were written to comfort his friend James Spedding on the death of his brother, but especially and most beautifully in its largest poem, "The Palace of Art," which is a confession of the impotence of selfish culture, and an avowal of the poet's faith that true art must be consecrated to the service of humanity. The fruits of this faith were brought forth in the volumes of 1842. The conclusion of "The May Queen," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clare," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Break, break, break"—these were utterances that spoke directly to the heart, as "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of

Sin" spoke to the mind, of humanity. And from this time forward all his greater poems, and even all his most delicate and musical fragments, like "The Bugle Song" and "Crossing the Bar," have evidently come from a singer who has felt that he had a message of hope, of cheer, of courage, of comfort, for his fellow-men.

It is a poet's message, of course; not a moralist's lesson, not a preacher's sermon. It must be spoken in the language of poetry, which is suggestion, and clothed in its own proper garments of beauty and lucidity. A poem ought to be beautiful and clear, just as a flower ought to be sweet, and a spring crystalline. These are moral qualities, in the place where they belong, just as much as truth or goodness. Men do not love to dig for the meaning of a poem with mental pickaxes. They grow weary of following a song that is heavy, and lumbering, and full of discords. It is the duty of a poet to confer a pure and simple pleasure upon mankind by singing musically, so that they will listen, and clearly, so that they can understand. Tennyson did not neglect the gift that was in him. His poems are beautiful because

> He gave the people of his best; —
> His worst he kept, his best he gave;

and they are lucid, not because his thought is shallow, but because he took infinite pains to make his words transparent. Doubtless a great deal of their wide popularity is to be traced to these qualities.

But the real secret of Tennyson's influence is deeper than this. It comes from his true and intense human sympathy. Living as he did in seclusion, withdrawn from the inane vanities of that dull puppet-show which is ironically called "society," and guarded against the intrusions of that Philistine curiosity which robs a man of his power to serve the public by destroying his private life, the poet had, and kept, one of the largest, kindliest, warmest human hearts that ever beat. The best proof of this is to be found in his poems. How wide is their range of thought and feeling, touching all characters from the peasant to the philosopher, and revealing the deepest sympathetic insight into the conditions of our infinitely varied, pathetic, glorious, mortal, and yet immortal life! I do not say that all of those ballads and pictures, stories and lyrics, are equally successful, equally valuable as poetry; but in all of them he has tried to express the changing hopes and fears of his fellow-men, and in all of them he has appealed to that vital element which is common to all humanity.

And, after all, what is that common element? Is it not that moral sense which divides man from the brutes, and gives a divine significance to his strange career? Is it not that profound instinct which asserts the eternal shame of wrong and the eternal glory of right, and thus lifts the lowliest efforts and struggles of humanity out of the darkness of chance and the dust of death, into the very light of God? Yes; this is the instinct which waits to hear and hail the voice of the true poet. Those who neglect or deny it, those who sing to us as the serpent-charmers sing to their reptile brood, merely to soothe or to stir an animal sense, will never touch the heart of the world. The secret of the poet's influence must lie in his spontaneous witness to the reality and supremacy of the moral life. His music must thrill us with the conviction that the humblest child of man has a duty, an ideal, a destiny. He must sing of justice and of love, as a sure reward, a steadfast law, the safe port and haven of the soul. He must testify

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
> 'T is only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

Now, there is hardly one of Tennyson's poems in which this testimony is not clearly and distinctly uttered. When we read them, we feel our hearts uplifted, we feel that: after all, it is worth while to struggle toward the light; it is worth while to try to be upright, and generous, and true, and loyal, and pure, for virtue is victory, and goodness is the only fadeless and immortal crown.

There are three points on which the message of the poet is especially clear, and most important for the present age.

1. The first is the question of the relation of man to woman. This is the corner-stone on which the whole structure of society is built. Man's attitude toward woman has varied in different lands and ages; but one thing it has always been — his unconscious, and therefore his keenest, criticism upon himself. Tell me how a man really thinks of woman, and I will tell you what manner of man he is. It has been an unspeakable blessing to the English race in this nineteenth century, that its greatest poet has taught us to reverence true womanhood, and to bring our best and highest and noblest thoughts to her who, if we degrade her, drags us downward with a fatal enchantment, but who, if we uplift her, draws us after her by the sacred charm of "the eternal womanly." Our poet has scorned the lust that defiles. He has hated the social lies that debase marriage to a bond of avarice or fashion. He has praised pure love as the bright con-

summate flower of life, and taught that it is the honor of all knightly men

> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they win her; for indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, *and all that makes a man.*

2. But there is another question hardly less important — the relation of man to his country. For if true patriotism has been the mainspring of the progress of modern nations, blind patriotism which cries, "My country right or wrong," sham patriotism which is only a cloak for the spoilsman's greed, have been, and are to-day, the great obstacles to further advance. Tennyson has protested against "the falsehood of extremes," the ruinous influence of party rivalry, the mockery of freedom under the tyranny of the mob. He has cried

> Love thou thy land, with love far-brought,
> . . . . . .
> True love, turn'd round on fixéd poles,
> Love, that endures not sordid ends,
> For English natures, freemen, friends,
> Thy brothers and immortal souls.

In such poems as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Relief of Lucknow," "The Revenge," he has woven a garland of deathless praise for this same unselfish love of country as it is crystallized in supreme acts of devotion to duty, which shine like jewels in a nation's crown. Patriotism of this type will never divide England and America in jealous enmity. It will unite them in the common service of that true liberty which is the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in the common memory of those heroic deeds which are its heritage of glory, and in common reverence for the patriotic poets like Lowell, Whittier, and Tennyson, who have contributed so much to the national life of England and America. Statesmen and soldiers render no greater service than theirs:

> The song that moves a Nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed.

3. The third question in which the voice of Tennyson has a clear message for us is the relation of man to humanity. This is the burning question of the age. What is the first duty which each man owes to his fellows? How are the cruelties, and strifes, and miseries of humanity to be mitigated at once, and cured at last?

Our poet does not deny them, nor pass them by in silence. He does not teach the gospel of hate, which is nihilism, nor the gospel of envy, which is communism, nor the gospel of despair, which is pessimism. He teaches the old gospel of personal love and help, which is Christianity. The ideal which shines through all his poetry is simply the example of Him who wrought

> With human hands, the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought.

Nowhere has it been more beautifully expressed than in the closing lines of that much misunderstood poem, the sequel to "Locksley Hall." The hero praises the example of his old rival who

> Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men,
> Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drain'd the fen.

Then he turns to his grandson, the young enthusiast for progress, and bids him not despair, but

> Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine,
> Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

> Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom —
> Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

This, surely, is the plain word of moral prophecy whereunto we shall do well to take heed. Amid all the confusion and uncertainties of our age, the dark fears, the vague hopes, the wild dreams, the one thing that we must remember is the unchanged and unchanging value of personal goodness. To feel that each one of us has a place in the divine order; to find it and keep it; to obey the highest law of our being; to live up to the duty that lies nearest to our own souls — that is the talisman to keep us in safety, that is the clue to guide us through the labyrinth.

And if we ask, as indeed we must ask again and again, What is that duty? the poet's voice answers, Love — a pure and reverent love of manhood for womanhood, a sane and unselfish love of country, a sincere and practical love of humanity; love is the fulfilling of the law; love is God.

But would this be possible; could the poet bring such a clear and steadfast message; could men and women have the heart or the hope to accept it and live by it, without faith? Tennyson says distinctly that for himself it would

be impossible. He confesses again and again that unless he had believed he could not have spoken. Through all doubts and questionings he holds fast to

> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul.

It is this faith alone that makes him sure that

> 'T is better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

It is this faith that makes him bear witness to the need and power of prayer in every human life —

> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

It is this faith that speaks in the little poem called "Wages" — a poem which he always valued with special affection — of the reward of virtue as immortality, and in the rolling lines of "Vastness" of the emptiness of life if death were the end of all. It is this faith which expresses itself in his last words:

> When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
> Brings the Dreams about my bed,
> Call me not so often back,
> Silent Voices of the dead,
> Toward the lowland ways behind me,
> And the sunlight that is gone!
> Call me rather, silent Voices,
> Forward to the starry track
> Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
> On, and always on!

III.

THE memory to which I have been listening has now become

> The sound of a voice that is still.

But the thought of which it is the symbol is the thought of one who being dead yet speaketh.

For this generation, at least, the poetry of Tennyson, which has interpreted so faithfully our aspirations and hopes and ideals, which has responded so directly and so strongly to the unspoken questions of men and women born into an age of transition and doubt, must continue to be a vital influence. It has woven itself into the dreams of our youth. It has helped us in the conflicts of our days of storm and stress. Our closest bonds of friendship and love have been formed to the music of "Enoch Arden" and "The Princess," "Maud" and the "Idylls of the King." And when those bonds have been broken by death, we have turned to the pages of "In Memoriam" for that human consolation which is only less than the divine. I suppose that there is only one Book which, for these last forty years, has done more to comfort sorrow. Men do not forget such a debt as that. They cannot. It has become a part of life, and the evidence of it is written on all the things that are seen and heard. As we walk onward through the closing years of the century, many of us will have the same experience that the poet had in the valley of Cauteretz —

> And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
> The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

But what of the future? How will it be in the next century, and with the generations that are to follow? Will there be a new standard of poetic excellence to reverse all our judgments? Will a new king arise that knows not Joseph? Prediction is impossible. For my own part, I give but little credence to those gloomy vaticinations which foretell a speedy revolution in the realm of literature, the overthrow of the ideal, the supremacy of the sensual, and the reign of absolute materialism. I am one of those who think that the age of poetry with a spiritual message for the soul of man has not passed; it has only just begun. But if this confidence is mistaken, and this hope is doomed to disappointment; if the days of the Babylonish captivity are at hand; if poetry herself must go into bondage, and the daughters of music must be brought low; if the singers must forget the songs of faith and hope and immortal love, and please a degenerate race with the short-lived melodies of earthly delight and the wild chants of withering passion — if those evil days shall come, they shall also go. They shall not endure. After the revolution there shall be a counter-revolution, and after the exile a return. Then shall the great poet who dared to link his influence to faith in God, and the soul, and the future life, appear to men as the Hebrew prophet who redeemed his ancestral fields in Judæa at their full value in silver, in the very hour when the Babylonian armies encompassed the walls of Jerusalem. Then shall the interval of decadent and trivial song seem like a brief space lost out of the history of English poetry; it will be forgotten as though it had never been; and out of a new age of belief, a new race of men and women, a new race of true poets, will listen with delight to the voice of Tennyson, as he listened to the voices of Wordsworth, of Milton, of Shakspere.

Henry Van Dyke.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"THE MOURNING DOVE."

From "The Mourning Dove" by Edith M. Thomas.

It is the wild dove's vanishing note I hear:
She sits her nest, and darkness, and stem, and dew
Touch her soft throat, but never its utterance clear—
"Who, who, who?"
Only this, but I catch at the slender clew
And follow it back till I reach the heart of a wrong—
"Who, who, who delays thee so long?"

AN ART IMPETUS IN TURKEY.

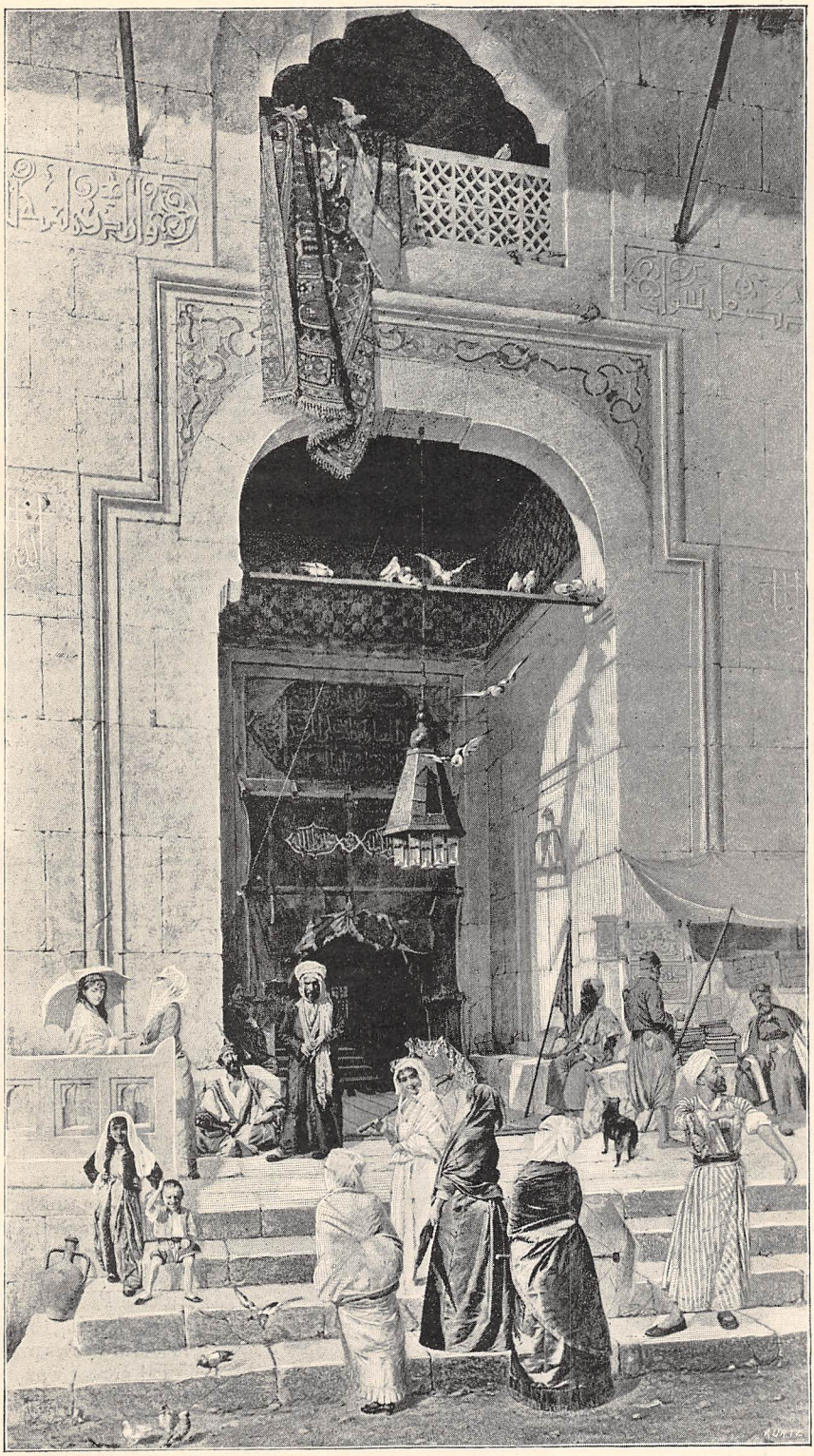
A MUSEUM of art and archæology, and a school of fine arts in the capital of the Ottoman empire, are not exactly in accordance with our ideas of Turkish ignorance and prejudice.

Not many years since, it is true, such institutions of the West could not have found a place in the Turkish budget, and it has been only by personal interest, and an incessant struggle against obstacles almost inconceivable to an Occidental, that they have been established on their present footing. The principal credit for this result is due to O. Hamdy Bey, director of the Imperial Museum in Stamboul. The inception of the idea of a museum, however, was earlier than his time. It was the result of the "Young Turkey" movement, and especially of the enlightened views of Munif Pasha, for many years Minister of Public Instruction. A little over twenty years ago, at his suggestion, a museum was created, and a part of the ancient church of St. Irene was set apart for its domicile.

The earlier directors of the museum, Gould and Déthier, were foreigners, the former appointed under English, the latter under German, influence. Under Déthier the collections were transferred from St. Irene to Chinili Kiosk, a pavilion in the gardens of the old palace on Seraglio Point, which has not been used as a residence of the sultans since the time of Abd-ul-Mejid, the predecessor of Abd-ul-Aziz. This kiosk is in itself interesting as one of the first buildings erected by the Turks in Constantinople, and also as an admirable specimen of the beautiful Genoese faïence work of that period. Unfortunately, as is ordinarily the case in the East, the building once erected, no care was taken to preserve it; consequently much of the faïence has fallen, and great heaps of fragments still lie in some of the lower rooms. Nevertheless, in spite of neglect and decay, the China Pavilion remains a charming little structure.

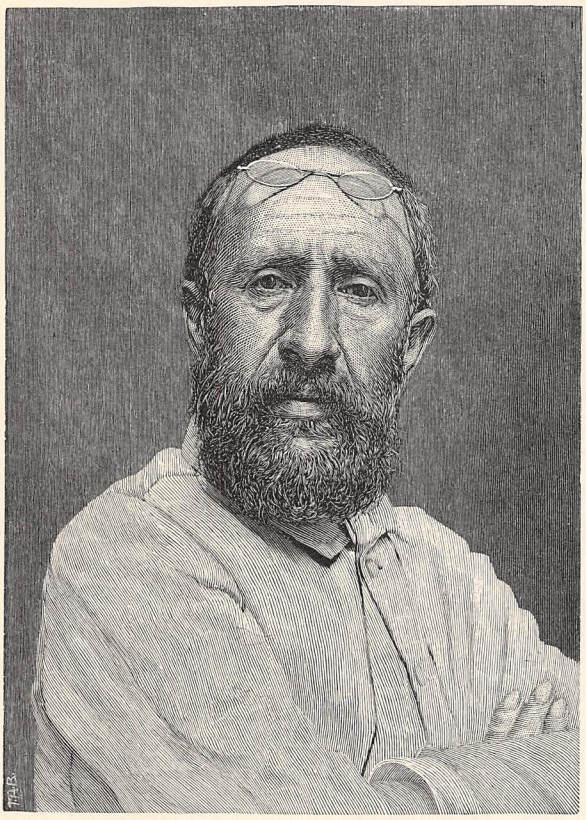
Déthier was a good deal of a scholar, but he had no idea of the way in which a museum should be managed. The collections were not made accessible, and in his day to attempt to copy an inscription or to sketch a face was regarded in the light of a crime. At the same time, a sufficiently strict guard was not maintained to prevent the disappearance of some interesting objects, presumably to turn up again in other museums. However, archæological material is plentiful in the Turkish empire, and a goodly collection of valuable objects still remained. Some of these, like the Artemis of Lesbos, the Minerva of Tripoli in Barbary, the Venus of Cyme, to mention no more, are real treasures of Greek art, worthy to be compared with the finest works in any museum in Europe. In those days the law gave one third of the objects found to the excavator, one third to the owner of the ground, and one third to the Government. But the law was not observed, and special firmans were granted to various explorers, so that often, as, for example, in the case of the famous German excavations at Pergamos, the Turkish museum obtained comparatively nothing. Nevertheless, where the harvest is so rich, the mere gleanings are precious, and even from Pergamos not a few important objects found their way to Stamboul.

Déthier died in 1881, and was succeeded by Hamdy Bey. Hamdy is by descent a Greek. His grandparents were slain in the massacre of Scio, in 1822, and his father, then a lad, was carried away to be a slave in Constantinople. But in the despotic, democratic Orient all things are possible. The Sciote lad won the favor of a well-to-do Turk, Edhem Pasha, was adopted by him, received a European education, and rose in time to be grand vizier in the empire of his captors. Edhem Pasha is still alive, a member of the council of state, a man of much influence, highly respected, and reputed a pious Moslem. Hamdy was destined by him for the military service. At that time French influence was dominant in the Orient, and French military prestige was at its height. Accordingly, Hamdy was entered as a pupil at St. Cyr. But whatever might be his father's views on the subject, it soon became clear to himself that he was not intended for a soldier. At the end of a year, accordingly, he begged to be permitted to abandon a military for a civil career. His request was granted, and he was sent to Paris to study law in the Sorbonne. Here he became infatuated with art, and privately enrolled himself at the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a student of painting. As the law examinations approached, he devoted himself assiduously for a brief period to cramming for the occasion. The examinations successfully tided over, he returned to his beloved canvases. Three quarters of the year he devoted to art, and one quarter to law. So his four years passed away. He completed his course of legal study, and also "exhibited" in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Then, filled with



PAINTED BY O. HAMDY BEY.

DOOR OF MURADIEH MOSQUE, BROUSSA.



ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O. HAMDY BEY.

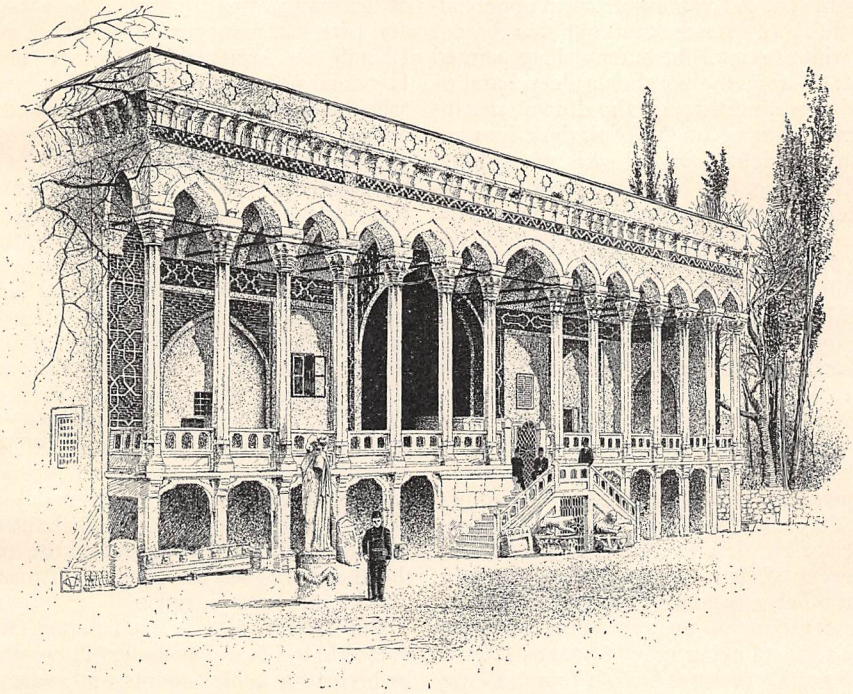
O. HAMDY BEY IN WORKING DRESS.

an eager enthusiasm for art, and a distaste for political life, he was recalled to Constantinople to begin his career. Before long he published an article on the inconsistencies of judicial procedure in the Turkish empire. This article attracted the unfavorable notice of Ali Pasha, then grand vizier, and an enemy of his father, and Hamdy was forthwith appointed to a minor post at Bagdad, a sort of polite form of banishment.

But the governor-general of the province of Bagdad, at that time of far greater extent and importance than at present, was the famous and energetic Midhat Pasha. He was attempting to introduce all sorts of European reforms—running steamers on the Euphrates, digging canals, and waging wars to reduce the turbulent and savage Arab tribes to subjection. With him Hamdy at once found favor. In his suite, dressed and mounted as an Arab, in the corps of Arab irregulars created by Midhat Pasha, he took part in the war with Hajji Tarfa and the Affech Arabs in the Niffer marshes, which resulted from the attempt to levy taxes and to enforce military conscription in the dominion of that powerful chief. Under Midhat Pasha also he found opportunity for the more congenial labors of art and archæology, conducting excavations in the mound of Nebbi Yunus, on the site of Nineveh, and sketching and painting the romantic and artistic sights and peoples of the land of Haroun-er-Rashid. At the end of two years or thereabouts, Ali Pasha removed him from these too favorable environments by appointing him consul at Bombay. On the way thither, in the pestilential marshes of southern Irak, he fell ill with fever, and seized the opportunity to return to the capital. He was at once appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. He had been baked, and now he should be frozen. Tired of this species of honorable banishment, he begged leave to resign and withdraw into private life. This being granted, he began to devote himself wholly to his art, painting, among other things, a large battle-piece representing a scene in the picturesque war with the Affech Arabs, in which he had just taken part. One day, returning from a walk, he found his atelier in possession of emissaries from the palace, who had already impounded his great battle-scene and were waiting to carry him to the royal presence. No Turk receives such a summons without trepidation, for the ways of an Eastern potentate are still the ways of Ahasuerus. It may portend death or banishment, or it may mean glory and honor. He may never reappear, or he may return a friend of the king. Hamdy's summons proved to be for honor. Abd-ul-Aziz was enchanted with the painting, presented him with a diamond-set snuff-box, and made him introducer of ambassadors. Thus restored to official life, he was soon in danger of being lost to art forever; for offices and duties multiplied upon him, especially after the accession of Midhat Pasha to power. In consequence of the Bulgarian massacres and the appointment of the English commission of inquiry, he was sent out to prepare from the Turkish standpoint a counter-report of the Bulgarian revolt and the method of its suppression. At one time he was prefect of Pera, the "Frank" quarter of Constantinople. During the Russian war he saw active service in the armies of his country. But his political career was unfavorably affected by the fall and disgrace of Midhat. He himself came under suspicion, and was obliged to retire into private life once more, where he lived for a period under police surveillance, devoting himself entirely to his art. In 1881 he was again restored to favor, and

appointed director of the Imperial Museum at Stamboul, a position he has held ever since. He also became a member of the mixed commission of the public debt, which has done much to restore Turkish finances to approximate order and solvency. His is a career impossible in the modern West, but excellently illustrative of the romantic possibilities and vicissitudes of the Orient.

Hamdy is a painter of no mean achievements, and practically the first that Turkey has produced. It is a phenomenon worth recording that Islam has produced such an artist, and that he has been not only tolerated, but even honored and encouraged by a reactionary and fanatical Government. The whole genius of Islam, and more particularly of the Islam of the Turks, has seemed to be opposed to art. Except among the Persians, the representation of the human form has been regarded as forbidden by religion, and such art as existed has been confined to architecture, and to arabesque and floral decorations. In these the Arabs are supposed to have excelled, and yet, if I am not mistaken, they were rather the paymasters than the architects and artificers, and from first to last their most beautiful work has been done by Indian, Persian, Jewish, and Christian workmen. This is more distinctly the case with the so-called Turkish work both at Broussa and Constantinople. The ancient faïence, which gives such an inimitable charm of color to the Yeshil Jami, or green mosque of Broussa, was manufactured in the Genoese factories. The mosque itself, with its marvelous and delicate stone tracery, is an imitation of Indian work. The mosques of Constantinople, when not themselves originally churches, are imitations of Byzantine churches, with minarets added. Even Chinili Kiosk, more original in appearance than most Turkish buildings, bears evident traces of Greek workmanship, and an examination of the stones within reveals Greek masons' marks. But if the Turks imitated Byzantine architecture, or rather paid Greeks to continue to adapt it to their needs, they rigidly banished from their buildings painting and sculpture in their higher forms. In St. Sophia, Chora, and other churches, the fine frescos and paintings were stuccoed and plastered over, and whatever statuary had survived the Latin barbarians was destroyed outright by the Turkish. After the Turkish conquest both painting and sculpture became lost arts at Constantinople. Hence a peculiar interest attaches to the attempt of a Turk to reintroduce them with the consent and approval of his Government.



THE CHINILI KIOSK, CONSTANTINOPLE.

To achieve this, Constantinople must of course go to school to the West, and its art can be at the outset nothing more than the transplanting of the methods of some school

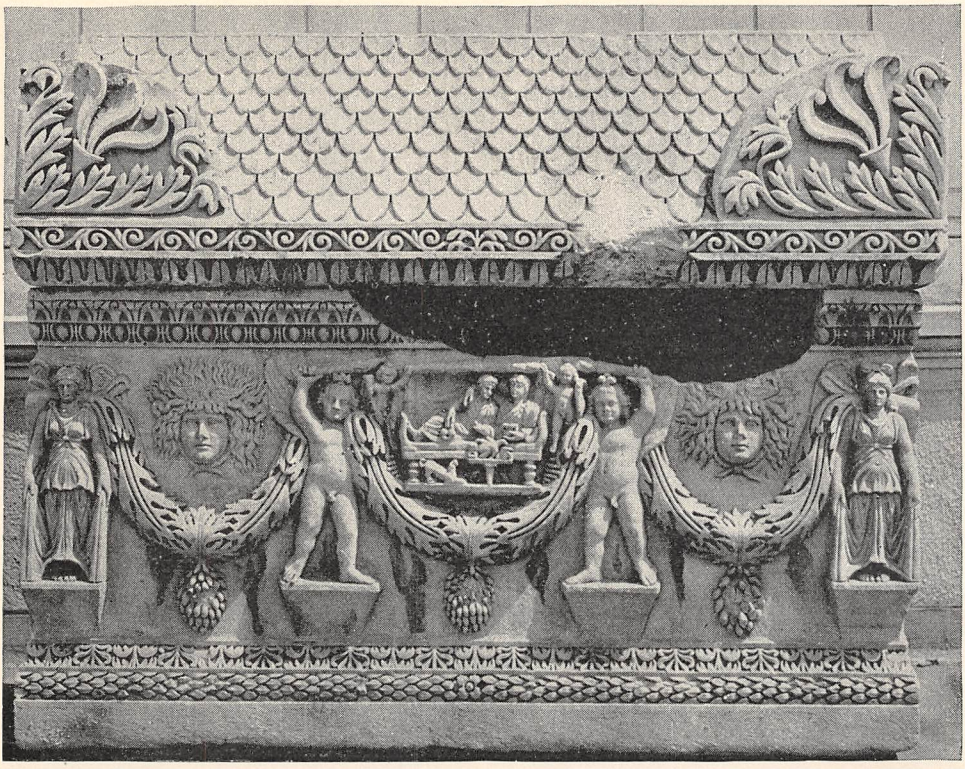
of western Europe. Hamdy himself is really a French painter. Indeed, his style, methods, and technic are Parisian, and only his subjects, and his peculiar appreciation of those subjects, are Turkish. He excels in Persian tiles, beautiful, delicately patterned Oriental rugs, and stone tracery. But he also loves to paint Turkish women with their gorgeous *ferrejees*, and rarely paints a picture without figures. His favorite subjects are the interiors of royal tombs, with their rich tiles and inlaid work, and beautiful, soft rugs and embroidery, and wonderful illuminated manuscripts; the whole perhaps enlivened by a couple of handsomely dressed Turkish women, reading the Koran or praying. Or else he paints the door of a mosque in the glare of a bright sun. A rug hangs from an upper balcony, the Koran verses stand out sharply, cut in the white stone of the outer wall, or painted on tiles. Within the porch is a deep band of colored tiles, and through the drawn curtains is given a glimpse of the cool, dark interior. Women in bright *ferrejees*, with gay-colored parasols, and mollas, dervishes, venders of sacred literature, beggars, and dogs, are about the entrance, while tame pigeons roost on the bar below the arch, or flutter about in search of food. One such picture, representing the door of the Muradieh Mosque at Broussa, which is shown on page 547, was exhibited in the International Exposition of Paintings at Berlin in 1891. It is a characteristic, realistic Oriental scene, most conscientiously painted, with abundant use of photography (in which Hamdy is an expert), models, and the like, even to the mathematically measured, blue-tinted shadows, which defy photography to reproduce them. Another of his pictures represents the fashionable Sweet Waters on a Friday afternoon, while another suggestively contrasts the Occident and Orient in the representation of an English tourist buying rugs. So far as I know, only one of his pictures has yet found its way to this country.

Being an artist rather than an archæologist, Hamdy at first wished to decline the appointment of director of the museum. But as he was manifestly better equipped for the post than any man in the empire, the sultan laid his commands upon him, permitting him, however, to make the following conditions: that the law respecting excavations should be changed, and a small special budget assigned to the museum. These conditions granted, he promised at the end of ten years to give his Majesty a museum which, however small, should be deserving of the name. He further obtained permission to establish a school of fine arts. This was housed temporarily in a building belonging to the old palace, close to Chinili Kiosk; but the sultan has since promised the money to erect a more adequate structure. The first public exhibition of the work of the pupils took place in 1888. The school is modeled after the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris, with its three departments of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Corresponding to the Grand Prix de Rome, it is proposed to establish a grand prix de l'Europe to enable the successful competitors to continue their studies at the great art centers of the world. This has not yet been done, but means have been found to send a few specially promising pupils to Paris. There is a staff of four professors, with Hamdy Bey as responsible director, the responsibilities of this post being financially similar to those of the presidents of some institutions of learning in this country. The sub-director and practical manager of the school is Osgan Effendi, an Armenian subject of the Porte. His chair is sculpture. The other professors are foreigners, as was to be expected at the outset of such a movement. The students number somewhat over a hundred. Of these the greater part are Greek and Armenian subjects of the Porte, but there are also Turks among them, even including white-turbaned softas from the mosques, so far has barbarian prejudice already yielded to civilization in the capital of the Ottoman empire. I have dwelt thus at length upon the history and organization of the school because of its peculiar and hopeful significance as a movement from within, and not merely a missionary enterprise from without. What the outcome will be it is of course too early to predict, but one may hope that it heralds the dawn of a new day of artistic life in Constantinople, which shall rival the brightness of that past age when the queen of the Bosphorus was the capital of Constantine, Theodosius, and Justinian.

But Hamdy Bey is even better known to the world by his archæological discoveries than by his artistic achievements, and some of these discoveries are of so remarkable a character that they are likely to exert a greater influence on artistic development than his more direct attempts in that direction. His first work as an excavator was, as already stated, at Nebbi Yunus, the site of Nineveh, while he was attached to Midhat Pasha's government in Bagdad. In 1883, after he had become director of the museum, in company with Osgan Effendi he explored the remarkable tumulus of Antiochus of Commagene on the snowy summit of the Nemroud Dagh, or Nimrod Mountain, one of the peaks of the Taurus. But it was his discovery of the wonderful sarcophagi at Sidon in the spring of 1887 that achieved him fame as an explorer. A stone-cutter had found an ancient tomb in an olive orchard on the outskirts of the town of Saïda (Sidon). He informed

VENUS, FROM CYME. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM, CONSTANTINOPLE.)

the American missionaries, who communicated the fact to Hamdy, with additional information as to the peculiar and promising nature of the tomb found. This led him to excavate at that spot. He found two tombs, an earlier Phenician royal tomb at a higher, and a later Greek tomb at a lower, level. When the shaft for the Greek tomb was sunk, toward the end of the fourth century B. C., the existence of the Phenician tomb had been forgotten. Having reached a depth of about sixteen feet, the builders began to cut funereal cells in the rock at the sides of the shaft, and in doing so struck the Phenician tomb. Wishing to leave this undisturbed, instead of sinking a new shaft elsewhere, they carried down to a depth of forty feet the one already begun. This enabled them to cut the necessary chambers without interference with earlier tombs above. In the Phenician tomb were found the coffin and body of Tabnith, king of the Sidonians, and priest of Ashtaroth. It was an Egyptian stone coffin



A SYRO-GREEK SARCOPHAGUS. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

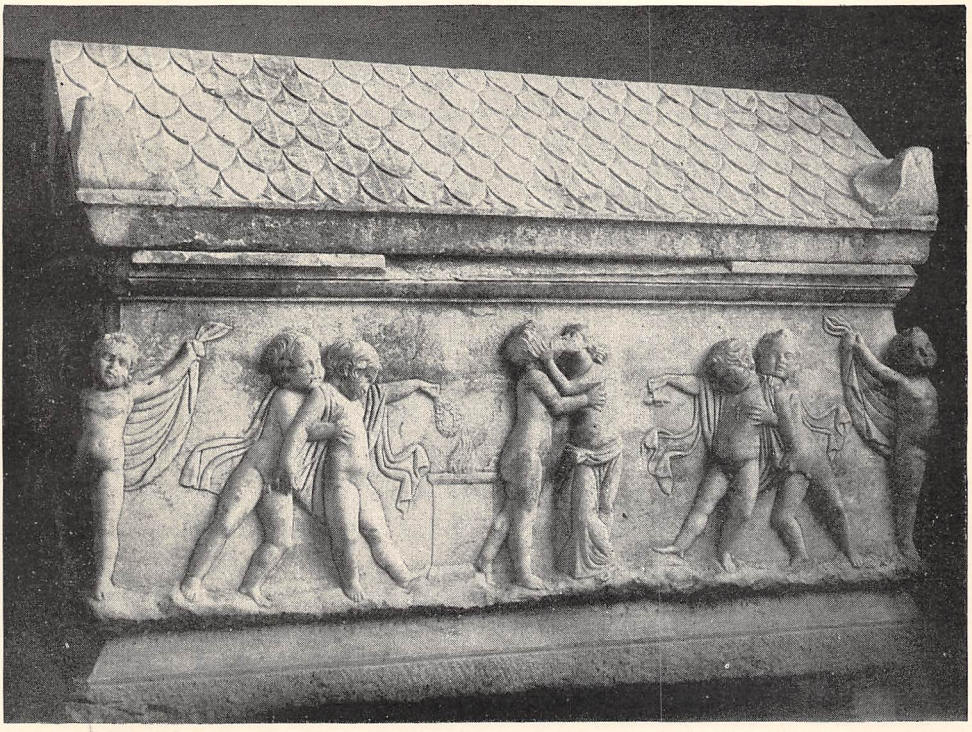
that had formerly belonged to an Egyptian general named Panephtah, and still bore a hieroglyphic inscription, invoking, among other things, curses on the head of him who should violate Panephtah's resting-place. Having purchased this from the robbers of Panephtah's tomb, Tabnith, without erasing the former inscription, proceeded to add a similar inscription of his own. After giving his name and titles, he assures the finder that no treasures are buried with him in the coffin, but that only he lies there, and clinches this assurance addressed to common sense by the following appeal to religious scruples:

> Do not open my tomb nor violate it, for that is an abomination unto Ashtaroth; and if thou dost at all open my tomb and violate it, mayest thou have no seed among the living under the sun, nor resting-place among the shades!

But Tabnith and his family were not content with an appeal to reason and religious sentiment only to protect his remains; they made use of physical force as well. Burying the coffin in a hole in the floor of the chamber, which was securely filled up with small stones and cement, they then covered this grave with a great stone block ten feet long and five feet thick. It is perhaps owing to this precaution, rather than to the curses, that Hamdy found the coffin inviolate, and the body of Tabnith within. He had been preserved in some sort of liquid, which had evaporated, or otherwise diminished in quantity, leaving a little of the upper portion of the face exposed. The part thus exposed is said to have been wrinkled and shriveled in appearance, while the portions still covered with the liquid were fresh and well preserved. Unfortunately, through ignorance on the part of the men, this liquid was poured out upon the ground unexamined, and we must wait for future discoveries to reveal the secret of an interesting and curious method of embalming.

But the discoveries in the Phenician tomb, important as they were, pale into insignificance before the Greek sarcophagi with polychrome sculpture found in the deeper and later tomb. Four of these are the finest sarcophagi yet discovered anywhere, and will rank as gems of Greek plastic art of the Alexandrian period. One of them represents a peristyle Greek temple, with a mourning female figure between every two columns. The conception is stiff and mathematical, but the execution is so varied and graceful as to overcome the stiffness. Moreover, the minor adornment is very rich and beautiful, especially the frieze of the temple, part of which represents in minia-

ture the funeral procession of the deceased. Unfortunately, the coloring is almost worn off. Another, the most classically correct and beautiful of all, was the sarcophagus of an old man. On one side he is represented about to mount his chariot, on another side he is banqueting, on a third he takes part in the hunt. The whole was once colored, but only traces of the coloring remain. The third sarcophagus is much larger than the preceding, with a high, pointed cover, gabled at each end. On the two long sides are represented chariot-races. The heads of the horses are, I think, the finest I have ever seen in marble, but the bodies are a little too round and barrel-shaped. The treatment of the whole, moreover, is inferior to the treatment of the details. So, for instance, the fore legs of the galloping horses in each chariot form a straight line, conveying, in spite of the reality and motion of the individual parts, a sense of artificiality and formalism. At the short ends are centaurs engaged in conflict, and in the gables are griffins. Only in the gables is the polychrome really preserved.



A LATE-GREEK SARCOPHAGUS. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

But none of these, to my mind, bears comparison for interest or beauty with the fourth, or great Sidon, sarcophagus, of which a view is given on page 555. This was found in a chamber at the bottom of the shaft. The door of the chamber was closed by a wall of rough masonry, which prevented the small stones and debris that had choked the shaft from filling the chamber also. When a hole had been pierced in this wall, Hamdy had had himself lowered by a rope, and entered the chamber with his foreman. About the wall were three smaller sarcophagi, while one of great size stood in the center. As he turned his calcium light on this, the sight so overcame him with wonder and delight that he fell a-trembling, grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground had not the foreman caught him and dragged him back through the opening, thinking he had been overcome by the bad air. So he tied the rope about him, and they raised him to the surface, where he lay at the brink of the shaft, totally unmanned by astonishment and joy, trembling like an aspen, and weeping like a woman. He could not sleep a wink that night, but tramped up and down, watching for the dawn, planning and dreaming about the wonderful sarcophagus which he had seen as in a vision in some enchanted cavern. Such is the account of the discovery which I have from his own lips, but I fear that only the inventor or explorer can appreciate the nervous excitement and utter collapse produced by the joy of the discovery. And if any discovery was ever likely to produce such an effect upon the nervous system of the discoverer, certainly

it was this one. Even I, a disinterested spectator, when this sarcophagus was first unboxed in my presence, found myself wild with amazement and enthusiasm. With its beautiful colors and perfect lines and real perspective, it came to me as a dazzling revelation of the possibilities of vivid realism in marble.[1] Two of its sides — a longer and a shorter side — represent a battle between Greeks and Persians. At the extreme left of the long side, the beginning of the scene, is Alexander the Great on horseback. The central figure is a young, beardless, handsome Greek, also mounted, and wearing a gilded hat, the only one who enjoys this distinction. At the extreme right of the long side is another mounted Greek, the only one whose face reappears in the hunting-scene which occupies the other two sides. Whose was the sarcophagus? Apparently it belonged to one of the three above described. At one time Hamdy supposed its owner to have been the man on the right, regarding him as identical with an old man, a Greek, who is represented in one of the gables as being assassinated by Greeks. This he took to represent the murder of Perdiccas, Alexander's general, who would then have been the owner or occupant of this coffin. Now, I think, he is more inclined toward the idea, based on the occurrence of the figure of Alexander in the forefront of the battle, that it was the coffin of Alexander himself, the tradition of his interment in Alexandria to the contrary notwithstanding. But he has not yet committed himself to any theory.

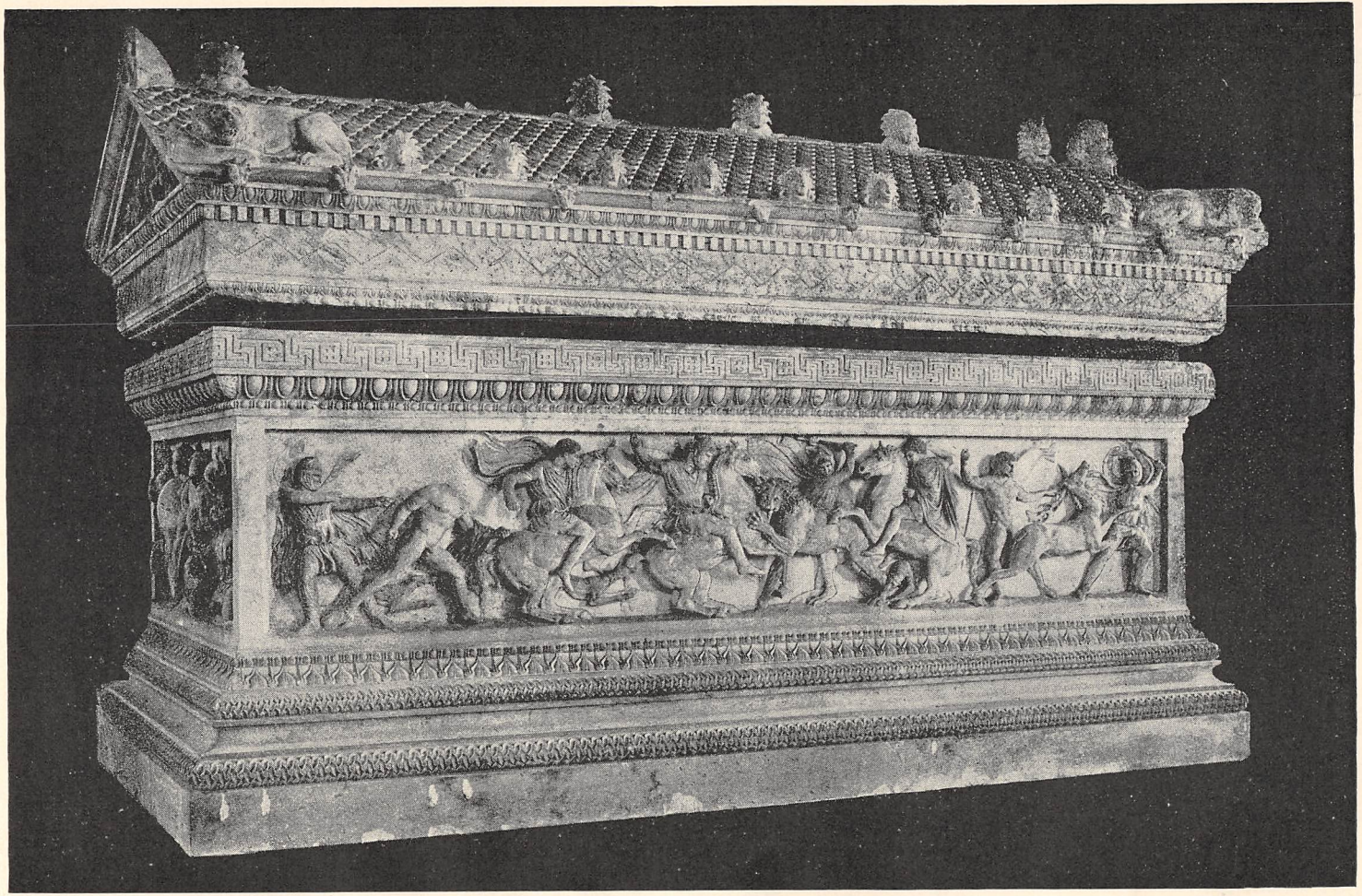
But to return to the execution. The figures in the foreground are in very high relief, almost free-standing statues. From this they recede through every degree of relief to painting on a flat surface, and without the use of touch you cannot determine where the relief ends and the flat surface begins. The figures in the battle-scene on the long side are balanced with almost mathematical precision, two horsemen, a Greek and a Persian, on the left, two in the center, and two on the right, while the footmen and the corpses are similarly distributed in absolutely symmetrical fields. But this does not obtrude itself upon the eye, and the formal, mathematical plan is so gracefully and naturally handled that it is improbable that any one would observe it unless by accident he should count the figures, as I did. The motion and realism of the whole scene, as well as of each individual figure, are unsurpassed in sculpture. This realism is carried out in mechanical details also, so that not only was everything colored with its real color, the national costumes accurately represented, and the faces made actual portraits, but objects of wood or metal — spears, bits, shields, and other details — were, where the relief permitted, made of wood or metal. In one point, however, this realism signally fails — namely, in the lions and leopards represented in the hunting-scene. The men and dogs and horses are true to life, but the lions and leopards are monstrosities, and their size is out of all proportion. Evidently the artist knew them only from pictures.

When found, all these sarcophagi were considerably injured, but, fortunately, the pieces were for the most part there. They have all been admirably restored by Osgan Effendi, who

[1] The editor is indebted to M. Théodore Reinach, the distinguished archæologist, for the following description of the sarcophagus of Sidon shown on page 555:

"The accompanying photograph is a general view of the most important of the Greek sarcophagi discovered in 1887, in the necropolis of Azaa near Saïda, and transported to the new museum at Constantinople. The monument is in Pentelic marble; its length is 3.30 meters (10.8 feet), and its height about 2.50 meters (8.2 feet). The photograph conveys some idea of the magnificence and exquisite taste of the architectural decoration of this princely tomb. The four sides and the two tympana of the pediments bear sculptures in very high relief, of great finish in execution, and with rich polychrome coloring, which remains in almost perfect preservation. The subjects are episodes of hunting and war in which Greeks and Persians take part, easily distinguishable by the difference of their dress. The figure of Alexander the Great appears at least three times; it is plainly characterized as well by the features, and the inclination of the head on the left shoulder, as by the details of the costume — the royal fillet, the lion-skin, the helmet with two large white plumes, etc. As this sarcophagus is assigned by its style (which is very closely akin to that of the sculptures of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus in the British Museum) to the last years of the fourth century B. C., it follows that we have here the oldest and most authentic portraits of the King of Macedon, executed, it may be, during his lifetime, or within a very short time after his death. These portraits explain the title, 'Sarcophagus of Alexander,' commonly given to our sarcophagus: it has been supposed that it might have inclosed, if not the bones of Alexander the Great himself, whose tomb was at Alexandria, at least those of one of his lieutenants. But close study of the reliefs and even of the architectonic decoration, in which appear distinctively Oriental motives, does not permit the entertaining of that hypothesis. The sarcophagus is undoubtedly that of a great Persian lord, satrap, or general, who after fighting to the end for his country's cause had at last joined the fortunes of the Macedonian conqueror, and been admitted to his intimacy. In the composition which appears in our photograph, this satrap occupies the place of honor; he is fighting with a lion that has made a furious attack upon his horse. Several hunters hurry to his aid; the one immediately to the satrap's left is Alexander the Great, who wears the kingly fillet, the buskins, and the purple mantle.

"For further particulars, I refer the reader to '*Une Nécropole Royale de Sidon: Fouilles de Hamdy Bey.*' *Par Hamdy Bey et Théodore Reinach. Paris: Leroux.* This work consists of a volume of text, 4to, of 250 pages, and an album of about 50 plates, folio, five of them in colors. It is published in parts, four in number; the first appeared in April, 1892, the second is to be issued in November. The price of the complete work is 200 francs."



THE ALEXANDER SARCOPHAGUS FROM SIDON. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

fitted together the original pieces — sometimes some hundred to one sarcophagus — so dexterously that the visitor to the museum now sees the original sarcophagi almost intact. The injuries were inflicted in antiquity, when they were broken into and rifled for their treasures. The vandals who rifled them appear to have been numerous, and armed with effective weapons. In their haste several attacked each sarcophagus in different places at once, and as soon as one had made a breach, the rest helped to enlarge it, until it was of sufficient size to enable them to enter and to abstract the contents. When found, the bones lay partly within, partly without, the coffins. The bodies had been originally placed on platforms of boards. In one sarcophagus the blows of the tools, jarring the moldering remains and shaking them to dust, caused a set of gold buttons to roll beneath the platform, where they were found by Hamdy. These were the only objects of any value which escaped the rapacity of the treasure-hunters.

But the sarcophagi once found, it was no easy matter to remove them from the bottom of a forty-foot well in the rock in a country entirely innocent of the simplest engineering and mechanical contrivances. Each consisted of a single block of marble, nine or ten feet in length, and four or five in breadth and height, with a cover almost, if not quite, as large as itself. There were seventeen of them in all. Finally, taking advantage of a fall in the ground of about twenty feet from the rock plateau in which were the tombs to the garden level a little further seaward, a sloping tunnel was cut through the rock to the foot of the shaft, and the sarcophagi were drawn up one by one with ropes by man-power. Then a road was constructed through the gardens, and they were dragged to the sea-beach, three quarters of a mile away, whence they were rafted to a vessel in the roads.

Arrived at Constantinople, a new difficulty arose: there was no place to exhibit or even to deposit them. Chinili Kiosk was full to overflowing. The cellar itself was piled with objects, some of them, like the inscription from the wall of the inner court in Herod's temple in Jerusalem, of great interest and value, which could not be exhibited for lack of space. The very gardens about the kiosk were littered with objects which would be given an honored place in any museum in this country — Greco-Roman sarcophagi, Hittite bas-reliefs, numerous Greek inscriptions (especially from Iasos), a fine old Byzantine font, and other objects too numerous to mention. For over three years the sarcophagi remained in their boxes, and Hamdy was abused by the foreign press as incapable, while he was endeavoring to obtain the funds to build a new museum. At last the requisite money was provided by the sultan, and a building erected, the lower floor of which was intended to contain the unique collection of sarcophagi, by all odds the finest and most valuable in the world. This collection was thrown open to the public in July, 1891, just ten years from the date of Hamdy's appointment as director, an event which he regarded as the fulfilment of his promise to the sultan. This has not, however, caused a cessation of his labors as explorer, and in the winter of 1891–92 he conducted excavations at Lagina, in Asia Minor. Here he discovered the frieze of a temple, forty-eight meters in length, and absolutely complete (so he writes), which he considers as more important than the Sidon sarcophagi. In that case, the Stamboul museum has been enriched indeed.

But it is not only through Hamdy Bey's discoveries that the museum is being enriched, or the cause of art and archæology advanced in Turkey. At one end of the grounds a Hittite court is being erected, in which are placed objects found by the Germans at Zingirli. In the hall of the sarcophagi stands a curious clay coffin excavated by us at Niffer for the museum, while other objects from the same source can be found in Chinili Kiosk. In the doorway of the latter stand Assyrian slabs excavated by the English at Nineveh, while in a closed room to the right, together with the curious inscribed Hittite lion from Marash, and a valuable collection of Hittite and Himyaritic stone inscriptions, are Babylonian antiquities excavated by De Sarzec at Tello. In the central hall of the same building is the beautiful but effeminate head, together with the trunk and one leg, of a colossal statue of Apollo discovered by Humann at Aidin, the ancient Tralles. In addition to these objects, accruing, under the law, to the museum from excavations conducted by foreigners, are the numerous acquisitions resulting from confiscation. One singularly valuable object obtained in this way in 1891 is the famous Siloam inscription, the oldest and longest Hebrew inscription yet found.

I have said that one of the conditions of Hamdy Bey's appointment was the change of the old law governing excavations. The new law, drafted by him, is a translation of the Greek law with insignificant modifications. No firman is granted for excavation excepting at a definite site not exceeding ten square kilometers in extent, to be described in the application by a topographical plan. The firman is limited in time to two years, with permission to renew for a third year. A commissioner appointed by the Government accompanies all foreign parties excavating in the country. His salary and traveling expenses are paid by the explorers, and his duty is to take possession

APOLLO FROM TRALLES (AIDIN). (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

of all objects found and to turn them over to the Imperial Museum, the foreign explorers having no other rights beyond those of photographing, making casts, and taking copies. The explorers pay a fee of about $90 for this permission, and deposit $450 as a guarantee of honesty, to be forfeited if the Government thinks they have broken the law. The essential feature of the law may be said to be that no antiquities shall be exported, in which it is in substantial agreement not only with the law of Greece, as stated, but also with the laws of Italy, Spain, Russia, and France.

But although the Turkish law is a mere translation of the Greek law, Hamdy has been with some justice criticized for introducing it into Turkey. The conditions of the two countries are entirely dissimilar. Greece is small and homogeneous, so that there is a recognized fitness in collecting in Athens antiquities from any part of Greece. It enables the student to study them substantially on the spot. Moreover, both the Government and patriotic citizens are interested in the antiquities of their country. Means are provided to house them properly, to care for historic sites, and even to establish local museums, and there are plenty of enthusiastic antiquarians. The exact reverse of this is true in Turkey. There are no antiquarians or archæologists, except foreign subjects, and perhaps a few native Greeks in such centers as Constantinople and Smyrna. There is no logical or historical connection between Constantinople and the antiquities of Pales-

BUSKINED FEMALE (PERHAPS ARTEMIS), IN DORIAN DRESS, FROM MITYLENE. (IMPERIAL MUSEUM.)

tine, Syria, or Mesopotamia, and to study them in Constantinople is no more like studying them on the spot than to study them in Berlin, Paris, London, New York, or Philadelphia. Moreover, the Government is not interested in providing means to house them, and to make them accessible to students, and with his best endeavors the director of the Imperial Museum is unable to handle or care for the amount of material he now has on hand. It goes without saying that it is absolutely impossible for the Government, if it had the best will in the world, to protect, much less to explore, the hundredth part of its historic sites. Even in Constantinople valuable objects are lying unprotected in the streets, or built into walls, subject to every sort of injury and defacement. And if this is the case in the capital, how much more is it the case in the provinces! The Government grants wonderful ruins, like Gerasa and Amman, to Circassian colonists, to build houses for themselves and their cattle in those marvelously preserved temples and palaces of the ancients. Medeba of Moab has been colonized in the same way by Christian Arabs, and the magnificent temple of Baal at Palmyra has been turned into a modern Arab town. Only last year a dam was completed to control the waters of the Euphrates, built largely of the bricks of ancient Babylon, whose ruins were exploited for that purpose by order of the Government, through contracts with the sheiks of the neighboring villages. This is but a tithe of the destruction of antiquities constantly taking place in the Ottoman empire, owing to the indifference of the central Government, the ignorance of local officials, and the inaccessibility and barbarism of some of the provinces. Hamdy has certainly striven hard to remedy these conditions, but even with the best will one man cannot achieve all things. The museum and foreign explorers need to coöperate for the preservation and exploration of the priceless antiquities of the Ottoman empire. The Stamboul museum should, in its own interests and in the interest of archæology, invite such coöperation by fathering a law granting a share of the objects found to explorers, and permitting exportation under proper supervision. The archæological treasures of the country are practically inexhaustible. If foreigners were encouraged to explore and excavate by the grant of a liberal share of the objects found by them, the Stamboul museum would not be robbed, but, on the other hand, its collections would be increased far more rapidly than at present. It might be possible, also, so to devise the law as to obtain means to provide more satisfactorily than at present for the care and study of objects preserved at Stamboul. Such a policy, if properly administered, would accrue directly to the advantage of the museum, and would also materially advance the cause of archæological science by preserving and rendering available much which must otherwise be lost.

But if Hamdy has made a mistake in attempting to apply the Greek law to the conditions of the Turkish empire, it must be confessed that he was in part driven to it by the abuse of the former law, and by the conduct of foreign archæologists. Archæologists and museum directors have in general a very lax code of morals regarding the *meum* and *tuum* of antiquities. Of this the Turkish government and Hamdy Bey personally have had much experience — an experience aggravated in their case by the fact that Occidentals will believe no good of a Turk, and feel bound by no moral code in dealing with him. One well-known English archæologist a few years since equipped a small boat in the Greek islands, and made piratical descents on the Turkish coast in the ultimate interest of London collections. A French explorer, having first taken out a firman to dig in Samothrace, afterward procured a visit to the island by a French corvette, landed a body of marines, and proceeded to carry off the objects excavated *vi et armis*. Such incidents do not tend toward mutual trustfulness and coöperation.

Hamdy deserves the greatest credit for his almost single-handed efforts to foster archæology in Turkey, and needs friendly coöperation in his efforts. If he has made a mistake in obtaining the adoption of the present law, it must be said that the Turkish government, when fairly and openly dealt with by explorers, has shown an inclination, if not to modify the law to the extent suggested above, at least to relax some of its more obnoxious provisions.

John P. Peters.

GENESIS.

DID Chaos form,— and water, air, and fire,
Rocks, trees, the worm, work toward Humanity,—
That Man at last, beneath the churchyard spire,
Might be once more the worm, the rock, the tree?

John Hall Ingham.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM THORNE. SEE "OPEN LETTERS." ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

PURITY.

GOLIATH.

IT was raining,—softly, fluently, persistently,—raining as it rains on the afternoon of the morning when you hesitate a minute or two at the hat-stand, and finally decide not to take your umbrella down-town with you. It was one of those fine rains—I am not praising it—which wet you to the skin in about four seconds. A sharp twenty-minutes' walk lay between my office in Court street and my rooms in Huntington Avenue. I was standing meditatively in the doorway of the former establishment on the lookout for a hack or a herdic. An unusual number of these vehicles were hurrying in all directions, but as each approached within the arc of my observation, the face of some fortunate occupant was visible through the blurred glass of the closed window.

Presently a coupé leisurely turned the corner, as if in search of a fare. I hailed the driver, and though he apparently took no notice of my gesture, the coupé slowed up and stopped, or nearly stopped, at the curbstone directly in front of me. I dashed across the narrow sidewalk, pulled open the door, and stepped into the vehicle. As I did so, some one else on the opposite side performed the same evolution, and the two of us stood for an instant with the crowns of our hats glued together. Then we seated ourselves simultaneously, each by this token claiming the priority of possession.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is my carriage."

"I beg *your* pardon, sir," was the equally frigid reply; "the carriage is mine."

"I hailed the man from that doorway," I said, with firmness.

"And I hailed him from the crossing."

"But I signaled him first."

My companion disdained to respond to that statement, but settled himself back on the cushions as if he had resolved to spend the rest of his life there.

"We will leave it to the driver," I said.

The subject of this colloquy now twisted his body round on the dripping box, and shouted:

"Where to, gentlemen?"

I lowered the plate glass, and addressed him:

"There 's a mistake here. This gentleman and I both claim the coupé. Which of us first called you?" But the driver "could n't tell t' other from which," as he expressed it. Having *two* fares inside, he of course had no wild desire to pronounce a decision that would necessarily cancel one of them.

The situation had reached this awkward phase when the intruder leaned forward and inquired, with a total change in his intonation:

"Are you not Mr. David Willis?"

"That is my name."

"I am Edwin Watson; we used to know each other slightly at college."

All along there had been something familiar to me in the man's face, but I had attributed it to the fact that I hated him enough at first sight to have known him intimately for ten years. Of course, after this, there was no further dispute about the carriage. Mr. Watson wanted to go to the Providence station, which was directly on the way to Huntington Avenue. The affair arranged itself. We fell into pleasant chat concerning the old Harvard days, and were surprised when the coupé drew up in front of the red-brick clock-tower of the station.

The acquaintance, thus renewed by chance, continued. Though we had resided six years in the same city, and had not met before, we were now continually meeting—at the club, at the down-town restaurant where we lunched, at various houses where we visited in common. Mr. Watson was in the banking business; he had been married one or two years, and was living out of town, in what he called "a little box," on the slope of Blue Hill. He had once or twice invited me to run out to dine and spend the night with him, but some engagement or other disability had interfered. One evening, however, as we were playing billiards at the St. Botolph, I accepted his invitation for a certain Tuesday. Watson, who was having a vacation at the time, was not to accompany me from town, but was to meet me with his pony-cart at Green Lodge, a small flag-station on the Providence railway, two or three miles from "The Briers," the name of his place.

"I shall be proud to show you my wife," he said, "and the baby—and Goliath."

"Goliath?"

"That 's the dog," answered Watson, with a laugh. "You and Goliath ought to meet—David and Goliath!"

If Watson had mentioned the dog earlier in the conversation, I might have shied at his hospitality. I may as well at once confess that I do not like dogs, and am afraid of

them. Of some things I am not afraid; there have been occasions when my courage was not to be doubted — for example, the night I secured the burglar in my dining-room, and held him until the police came; and notably the day I had an interview with a young bull in the middle of a pasture, where there was not so much as a burdock leaf to fly to; with my red-silk pocket-handkerchief I deployed him as coolly as if I had been a professional *matador*. I state these unadorned facts in no vainglorious mood. If that burglar had been a collie, or that bull a bull-terrier, I should have collapsed on the spot.

No man can be expected to be a hero in all directions. Doubtless Achilles himself had his secret little cowardice, if truth were known. That acknowledged vulnerable heel of his was perhaps not his only weak point. While I am thus covertly drawing a comparison between myself and Achilles, I will say that that same extreme sensitiveness of heel is also unhappily mine; for nothing so sends a chill into it, and thence along my vertebræ, as to have a strange dog come up sniffing behind me. Some inscrutable instinct has advised all strange dogs of my antipathy and pusillanimity.

> The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

They sally forth from picturesque verandas and unsuspected hidings, to show their teeth as I go by. In a spot where there is no dog, one will germinate if he happens to find out that I am to pass that way. Sometimes they follow me for miles. Strange dogs that wag their tails at other persons growl at me from over fences, and across vacant lots, and at street corners.

"So you keep a dog?" I remarked carelessly, as I dropped the spot-ball into a pocket.

"Yes," returned Watson. "What is a country-place without a dog?"

I said to myself, "I know what a country-place is *with* a dog; it 's a place I should prefer to avoid."

But as I had accepted the invitation, and as Watson was to pick me up at Green Lodge station, and, presumably, see me safely into the home, I said no more.

Living as he did on a lonely road, and likely at any hour of the night to have a burglar or two drop in on him, it was proper that Watson should have a dog on the grounds. In any event he would have done so, for he had always had a maniacal passion for the canine race. I remember his keeping at Cambridge a bull-pup that was the terror of the neighborhood. He had his rooms outside the college-yard in order that he might reside with this fiend. A good mastiff or a good collie — if there are any good collies and good mastiffs — is perhaps a necessity to exposed country-houses; but what is the use of allowing him to lie around loose on the landscape, as is generally done? He ought to be chained up until midnight. He should be taught to distinguish between a burglar, and an inoffensive person passing along the highway with no intention of taking anything but the air. Men with a taste for dogs owe it to society not to cultivate dogs that have an indiscriminate taste for men.

The Tuesday on which I was to pass the night with Watson was a day simply packed with evil omens. The feathered cream at breakfast struck the key-note of the day's irritations. Everything went at cross-purposes in the office, and at the last moment a telegram imperatively demanding an answer nearly caused me to miss that six o'clock train — the only train that stopped at Green Lodge. There were two or three thousand other trains which did not stop there. I was in no frame of mind for rural pleasures when I finally seated myself in the "six o'clock accommodation" with my gripsack beside me.

The run from town to Green Lodge is about twenty-five minutes, and the last stoppage before reaching that station is at Readville. We were possibly half-way between these two points when the train slackened and came to a dead halt amid some ragged woodland. Heads were instantly thrust out of the windows right and left, and everybody's face was an interrogation. Presently a brakeman, with a small red flag in his hand, stationed himself some two hundred yards in the rear of the train, in order to prevent the evening express from telescoping us. Then our engine sullenly detached itself from the tender, and disappeared. What had happened? An overturned gravel-car lay across the track a quarter of a mile beyond. It was fully an hour before the obstruction was removed, and our engine had backed down again to its coupling. I smiled bitterly, thinking of Watson and his dinner.

The station at Green Lodge consists of a low platform upon which is a shed covered on three sides with unpainted deal boards hacked nearly to pieces by tramps. In autumn and winter the wind here, sweeping across the wide Neponset marshes, must be cruel. That is probably why the tramps have destroyed their only decent shelter between Readville and Canton. On this evening in early June, as I stepped upon the platform, the air was merely a ripple and a murmur among the maples and willows.

I looked around for Watson and the pony-cart. What had occurred was obvious. He had waited an hour for me, and then driven home with the conviction that the train must have

passed before he got there, and that I, for some reason, had failed to come on it. The capsized gravel-car was an episode of which he could have known nothing.

A walk of three miles was not an inspiriting prospect, and would not have been even if I had had some slight idea of where "The Briers" was, or where I was myself. At one side of the shed, and crossing the track at right angles, ran a straight, narrow road that quickly lost itself in an arbor of swamp-willows. Beyond the tree-tops rose the serrated line of the Blue Hills, now touched with the twilight's tenderest amethyst. Over there, in that direction somewhere, lay Watson's domicile.

"What I ought to have done to-day," I reflected, "was to stay in bed. This is one of the days when I am unfitted to move among my fellow-men, and cope with the complexities of existence."

Just then my ear caught the sound of a cart-wheel grating on an unoiled axle. It was a withered farmer in a rickety open wagon slowly approaching the railway track, and going toward the hills — my own intended destination. I stopped the man and explained my dilemma. He was willing, after a suspicious inventory of my person, to give me a lift to the end of the Green Lodge road. There I could take the old turnpike. He believed that the Watson place was half a mile or so down the turnpike toward Milton way. I climbed up beside him with alacrity.

Beyond giving vent to a sneeze or two left over from the previous winter, the old man made no sign of life as we drove along. He seemed to be in a state of suspended animation. I was as little disposed to talk.

It was a balmy evening, the air was charged with sweet wood-scents, and here and there a star half opened an eyelid on the peaceful dusk. After the frets of the day, it was soothing thus to be drawn at a snail's pace through the fragrance and stillness of that fern-fringed road, with the night weaving and unweaving its mysteries of light and shade on either side. Now and then the twitter of an oriole in some pendent nest overhead added, as it were, to the silence. I was yielding myself up wholly to the glamor of the time and place, when suddenly I thought of Goliath. At that moment Goliath was probably prowling about Watson's front yard seeking whom he might devour; and I was that predestined nourishment.

I knew what sort of watch-dog Watson would be likely to keep. There was a tough streak in Watson himself, a kind of thoroughbred obstinacy — the way he had held on to that coupé months before illustrated it. An animal with a tenacious grip, and on the verge of hydrophobia, was what would naturally commend itself to his liking. He had specified Goliath, but maybe he had half a dozen other dragons to guard his hillside Hesperides. I had depended on Watson meeting me at the station, and now, when I was no longer expected, I was forced to invade his premises in the darkness of the night, and run the risk of being torn limb from limb before I could make myself known to the family. I recalled Watson's inane remark, "You and Goliath ought to meet — David and Goliath!". It now struck me as a most unseemly and heartless pleasantry.

These reflections were not calculated to heighten my enjoyment of the beauties of nature. The gathering darkness, with its few large, liquid stars, which a moment before had seemed so poetical, began to fill me with apprehension. In the daylight one has resources, but what on earth was I going to do in the dark with Goliath and, likely enough, a couple of bloodhounds at my throat? I wished myself safely back among the crowded streets and electric lights of the city. In a few minutes more I was to be left alone and defenseless on a dismal highway.

When we reached the junction of the Green Lodge road and the turnpike, I felt that I was parting from the only friend I had in the world. The man had not spoken two words during the drive, and now rather gruffly refused my proffered half-dollar; but I would have gone home with him if he had asked me. I hinted that it would be much to his pecuniary advantage if he were willing to go so far out of his course as the door-step of Mr. Watson's house; but either because wealth had no charms for him, or because he had failed to understand my proposition, he made no answer, and, giving his mare a slap with the ends of the reins, rattled off into space.

On turning into the main road I left behind me a cluster of twinkling lights emitted from some dozen or twenty little cottages, which, as I have since been told, constitute the village of Ponkapog. It was apparently alive with dogs. I heard them going off, one after another, like a string of Chinese crackers, as the ancient farmer with his creaking axle passed on through the village. I was not reluctant to leave so alert a neighborhood, whatever destiny awaited me beyond.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later I stood in front of what I knew at a glance to be "The Briers," for Watson had described it to me. The three sharp gables of his description had not quite melted into the blackness which was rapidly absorbing every object; and there, too, but indistinct, were the twin stone gate-posts with the cheerful Grecian vases on top, like the entrance to a cemetery.

I cautiously approached the paling, and

looked over into the inclosure. It was gloomy with shrubbery, dwarf spruces, and Norway pines, and needed nothing but a few obelisks and lacrymal urns to complete the illusion. In the center of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, piled with rocks, on which probably were mosses and nasturtiums. It was too dark to distinguish anything clearly; even the white gravel walk encircling the mound left one in doubt. The house stood well back on a slight elevation, with two or three steps leading down from the piazza to this walk. Here and there a strong light illumined a lattice-window. I particularly noticed one on the ground floor in an ell of the building, a wide window with diamond-shaped panes — the dining-room. The curtains were looped back, and I could see the pretty housemaid in her cap coming and going. She was removing the dinner things: she must have long ago taken away *my* unused plate.

The contrast between a brilliantly lighted, luxurious interior and the bleak night outside is a contrast that never appeals to me in vain. I seldom have any sympathy for the outcast in sentimental fiction until the inevitable moment when the author plants her against the area-railing under the windows of the paternal mansion. I like to have this happen on an inclement Christmas or Thanksgiving eve — and it always does.

But even on a pleasant evening in early June it is not agreeable to find one's self excluded from the family circle, especially when one has traveled fifteen miles to get there. I regarded the inviting façade of Watson's villa, and then I contemplated the somber and unexplored tract of land which I must needs traverse in order to reach the door-step. How still it was! The very stillness had a sort of menace in it. My imagination peopled those black interstices under the trees with "gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire." There certainly was an air of latent dog about the place, though as yet no dog had developed. However, unless I desired to rouse the inmates from their beds, I saw that I ought to announce myself without much further delay. I softly opened the gate, which, having a heavy ball-and-chain attachment outside, immediately slipped from my hand and slammed to with a bang as I stepped within.

I was not surprised, but I was paralyzed, all the same, at instantly hearing the familiar sound of a watch-dog suddenly rushing from his kennel. The kennel in this instance was on a piazza: a convenient arrangement — for the dog — in case of visitors.

The next sound I heard was the scrabble of the animal's four paws as he landed on the graveled pathway. There he hesitated, irresolute, as if he were making up his diabolical mind which side of the mound he would take. He neither growled nor barked in the interim, being evidently one of those wide-mouthed, reticent brutes that mean business and indulge in no vain flourish. I afterward changed my mind on the latter point.

I held my breath, and waited. Presently I heard him stealthily approaching me on the left. I at once hastened up the right-hand path, having tossed my gripsack in his direction, with the hope that while he was engaged in tearing it to pieces, I might possibly be able to reach the piazza and ring the door-bell.

My ruse failed, however, and the gripsack, which might have served as a weapon of defense, had been sacrificed. The dog continued his systematic approach, and I was obliged to hurry past the piazza-steps. A few seconds brought me back to the point of my departure. Superficially considered, the garden-gate, which now lay at my hand, offered a facile mode of escape; but I was ignorant of the fastenings; I had forgotten which way it swung; besides, as I had no stop-over ticket, it was necessary that I should continue on my circular journey.

So far as I could judge, the dog was now about three yards in my rear; I was unable to see him, but I could plainly detect his quick respiration, and his deliberate footfalls on the gravel. I wondered why he did not spring upon me at once; but he knew he had his prey, he knew I was afraid of him, and he was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. In certain animals there is a refinement of cruelty which sometimes makes them seem almost human. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should say that the spirit of Caligula had passed into dogs, and that of Cleopatra into cats.

It is easily conceivable that I made no such reflection at the moment, for by this time my brisk trot had turned into a run, and I was spinning around the circle at the rate of ten miles an hour, with the dog at my heels. Now I shot by the piazza, and now past the gate, until presently I ceased to know which was the gate and which the piazza. I believe that I shouted "Watson!" once or twice, no doubt at the wrong place, but I do not remember. At all events, I failed to make myself heard. My brain was in such confusion that at intervals I could not for the soul of me tell whether I was chasing the dog, or the dog was chasing me. Now I almost felt his nose at my heel, and now I seemed upon the point of trampling him underfoot.

My swift rotatory movement, combined with the dinner which I had not had, soon induced a sort of vertigo. It was a purely unreasoning instinct that prevented me from flying off at

a tangent, and plunging into the shrubbery. Strange lights began to come into my eyes, and in one of those phosphorescent gleams I saw a shapeless black object lying, or crouching, in my path. I automatically kicked it into the outer darkness. It was only my derby hat, which had fallen off on one of the previous trips.

I have spoken of the confused state of my mind. The right lobe of my brain had suspended all natural action, but with the other lobe I was enabled to speculate on the probable duration of my present career. In spite of my terror, an ironical smile crept to my lips as I reflected that I might perhaps keep this thing up until sunrise, unless a midnight meal was one of the dog's regular habits. A prolonged angry snarl now and then admonished me that his patience was about exhausted.

I had accomplished the circuit of the mound for the tenth — possibly the twentieth — time (I cannot be positive), when the front door of the villa was opened with a jerk, and Watson, closely followed by the pretty housemaid, stepped out upon the piazza. He held in his hand a German student-lamp, which he came within an ace of dropping as the light fell upon my countenance.

"Good heavens! Willis; is this you? Where did you tumble from? How did you get *here?*"

"Six o'clock train — Green Lodge — white horse — old man — I —"

Suddenly the pretty housemaid descended the steps and picked up from the graveled path a little panting, tremulous wad of something,— not more than two handfuls at most,— which she folded tenderly to her bosom.

"What 's that?" I asked.

"That 's Goliath," said Watson.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

LOVERS IN LONDON.

HERE in the Park, on the scanty grass
The black sheep straying here and there,
And the sullen pond, like a dim, gray glass,
I had rather be here than anywhere.

You were here, and your eyes of blue
Were as good to me as a summer sky;
You were here, and I never knew
That the leaves were dusty, the grass was dry.

I had rather be here — rather think I stand
Where your footsteps fell, though they left no sign,
By the gate, by the tree with the iron band,
By the wandering waves of the Serpentine,

Where we paused to see if the gardener
Had dressed his beds in crimson or blue,
And read by the labels what flowers they were,—
I 'd rather be anywhere, Sweet, with you.

I know, if you take the train for an hour,
There are birds, and brooks, and the usual things,
The unlettered tree, the untrained flower.
I go not hence, Love has clipped my wings.

London still, where a love that is dead
Flits like a ghost, beside, before,
On the gravel walks — and over my head
The dull gray skies that she sees no more.

Violet Hunt.

THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB.

II. THE CLUB GETS TO WORK.

THE first business meeting of the Cosmopolis City Club was well advertised. The newspapers had published in full the inaugural address of Judge Hamlin, and had discussed it thoroughly; several citizens had joined in the newspaper debate in letters addressed to the editors, and the program of the club had been the subject of general conversation. The newspapers of the party then in possession of the city offices were, of course, skeptical and querulous; evidently they meant to make the path of the club as thorny as possible; but inasmuch as Judge Hamlin belonged to their party, and was a man of great influence in its councils, they were constrained to veil their hostility. The opposition journals were, of course, equally ready to make capital for their party out of the investigation; and they gleefully pointed out to the club directions in which its studies could be pushed with profit.

Meanwhile the committee in charge of the first section had been diligently at work getting at the facts respecting the administration of the Police and the Fire Department, and the officials of these departments had been considerably stirred by the knowledge that their affairs were to have an airing. A number of them were present to hear the report of the committee. The room of the club was densely packed with interested auditors, and the reporters' tables were surrounded by a strong force of recording angels with sharpened pencils and expectant countenances.

The chairman of the first section was our old friend Harper, principal of the Central High School. His report was written with clearness and pith, and was read with the utmost deliberation and calmness of tone; but the suppressed intensity of some passages was extremely telling. There was an occasional symptom of applause, but the president promptly checked it, the unrestrained laughter of the audience at some of the keen statements being the only audible demonstration.

According to their report the committee had found that the Fire Department was in good condition, well manned, well officered, well administered; the discipline was excellent, the service effective. The chief had made them welcome, and had given them every facility for the prosecution of their inquiries. As a working force the department was unexcelled, and the men were evidently proud of the record which they had made for themselves. Certain transactions in the purchase of engines, and in the erection of new engine-houses, awaited further investigation; for these, however, the chief and his subordinates were in no way responsible. The committee had only praise for the administration of this important branch of the municipal service.

With respect to the Police Department, it could be truthfully said that certain classes of crimes — all crimes against property, and the graver offenses against the rights of the person — were eagerly detected and sharply prosecuted. Pickpockets, sneak thieves, and burglars were summarily dealt with, and actual or intending murderers were made to feel the force of the law.

But certain classes of offenses against the law seemed to be wholly ignored by the officers of the law. There was a city ordinance, which the committee recited, by which all the drinking-places of the city were required to close at midnight. This was not a musty ordinance; it was enacted only two years before, but no attempt was made to enforce it. The committee had spent the best part of several nights in personally investigating the manner of its non-enforcement; they had themselves heard liquor called for, and had seen it sold, after midnight in ninety-five places, of which they had a list that would be published in the newspapers. The relations of the police to these violators of law appeared to be intimate and cordial. The committee had frequently seen policemen standing at the doors of these open saloons, and talking with persons passing in and out: in four cases they had seen policemen standing at the bar with glasses in their hands; they had the numbers of these policemen, and would publish them also.

There was also a city ordinance forbidding the sale of liquors on Sundays. This ordinance was of the same date as the midnight-closing ordinance. Behind it was a statute, first enacted by the legislature more than forty years ago, but reënacted, in one form or another, twice or thrice within the last ten years, by which the selling of intoxicating liquors on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, was made a misdemeanor, and all police officers were required to arrest and prosecute

such offenders. To this law and this ordinance no respect was paid. All the drinking-places in the city were wide open on Sunday, with no effort at concealment; the relation of the police to this form of lawlessness was precisely the same as to the other.

Houses of prostitution and assignation were numerous; they had adopted various devices for advertising themselves; some portions of the city had been rendered uninhabitable by their presence, and respectable families had been compelled to sacrifice their homes because of the encroachments of these evil habitations. Now and then one of these places was raided, but it was uniformly the least popular and successful among them which suffered; many of the best known and most frequented of these resorts of vice had enjoyed complete immunity for a long period. It was, of course, absurd to say that the policemen did not know of these places; and the committee had seen many indications that they were regarded by the police as under their protection. One or two patrolmen who had manifested an unfriendly disposition toward them had been transferred to other beats. The committee had evidence on these points which would be furnished, if their statement was questioned.

The State laws forbidding gambling were explicit and stringent. The committee made several quotations from these statutes. One section expressly commanded the superintendent of police in every city, on reasonable suspicion that any place was used for gambling purposes, to raid the premises, to arrest all persons found in them, and to confiscate and destroy all gambling apparatus. In the face of these laws, gambling was carried on with small pretense of concealment. The committee had ascertained the location of eighteen public gambling-rooms; various members of the committee had visited all these rooms, and had found no difficulty in gaining admittance; they had seen gambling games in progress in every one of them. The position of the police authorities with respect to criminals of this class might be inferred from an interview, published in one of the city newspapers, with one of the recently chosen police commissioners. Being asked what policy he should advocate with respect to gambling, this commissioner was reported as saying that he should be in favor of "a conservative policy." His further remarks indicated that he was in favor of "conserving" the gambling-places, or, at any rate, the most popular and successful among them. He said that he doubted whether gambling could be entirely extirpated, and thought it better to have a few respectable and well-known places, which could be watched by the police, than to have the business driven into holes and corners. A suit, which had been brought in one of the courts since the committee was appointed, had shown that another of the police commissioners was part owner of a saloon, which was also a notorious gambling-place. Another incident, fully reported in the newspapers, threw further light upon the relation of the police to the gamblers. One of the most disreputable of the Sunday newspapers undertook to blackmail the proprietor of a gambling-place. The gambler bit at the bait, agreed to submit to the extortion, appointed a meeting in his own room with the editor, and paid over the hush-money demanded. Immediately on the editor's receipt of the money, several policemen came forth from their concealment in the gambler's rooms, arrested the editor, and threw him into prison, where he still was languishing. The gambler, of course, had his money restored to him, and his business did not suffer interruption for a single night. These facts, which were beyond questioning, seemed to make it unnecessary for the committee to make any inquiry of the police commissioners, or of the chief of police, respecting their purposes or their policy. It seemed to the committee, however, that it might be well for them to ascertain, so far as they could, to what extent public opinion sanctioned these methods of dealing with offenses against the laws. They took considerable pains to arrive at safe conclusions upon this matter, and then requested an interview with the police authorities. In order that no injustice might be done in the report of this interview, one of their number, who was an expert stenographer, took notes of the conversation, and the committee offered his affidavit that the report submitted was accurate and complete. As showing the state of mind of these custodians of the public peace, portions of this conversation were recited. Our narrative would not be complete without them.

There were present Messrs. Harper, Paterson, and Hastings of the committee; Commissioners Dugan, Murphy, Benson, and Schneider, and Superintendent O'Kane.

Dugan.—Well, gentlemen, what can we do for you?

Harper.—My friends and I are here to ask a few questions, for our own information, with respect to the administration of the Police Department.

Dugan.—What business have you with the Police Department, and what right have you to be prying into our affairs?

Harper.—We are citizens of Cosmopolis, and taxpayers; we are interested in the efficiency of the Police Department, because neither our lives nor our property can be secure unless the police are capable and trustworthy. We have heard many complaints respecting the administration of this branch of our municipal

government, and we have determined to find out for ourselves whether they are true or not. We suppose that we have a right to know, and that it is our business to know, whether the men to whom we have intrusted this important service are faithfully performing it.

Dugan.— You 've heard a lot of lies, of course; you 'd better not believe all you hear.

Harper.— We intend to believe nothing for which we have not good evidence. We have taken nothing upon hearsay; it is only that which we have seen with our own eyes which we wish to have you explain to us.

Dugan.— What 's that?

Harper.— You are aware, doubtless, of the existence of ordinances and laws requiring the closing of liquor-shops after midnight and on Sunday.

Dugan.— Well?

Harper.— You are also aware that these places are open all night and all day Sunday.

Dugan.— Don't admit nothing of the sort. Orders was issued two years ago to have 'em shut up, and they have n't been countermanded.

Harper.— Do you not know, gentlemen, that these orders are disregarded continually by hundreds of liquor-sellers?

Murphy.— No; we don't know any such thing.

Harper.— Possibly Superintendent O'Kane can enlighten you.

O'Kane.— Well, I suppose that there are a few restaurants that keep open nights and Sundays, but I don't think that there is much violation.

Harper.— The superintendent is, I suppose, a man of steady habits, and always goes to bed at an early hour. Let me give him a little information. I have here a list of ninety-five places which we, who are before you, have found open after midnight and on Sunday, and in which we have heard intoxicating liquors called for, and have seen them sold, at unlawful hours.

Benson.— Well, gentlemen, what of it? It is no use beating about the bush; you know perfectly well that these laws have n't been enforced for many a day, and that they are not going to be. Nobody wants them to be enforced but a small handful of Prohibition cranks.

Hastings.— Are you quite sure of that?

Benson.— Of course, I am; every man of common sense knows it.

Hastings.— I am not a Prohibitionist, nor a total-abstainer; I believe that liquor ought to be sold under proper regulations; but I do not think that the saloons should be open nights and Sundays.

Benson.— I don't care what you think. I know that the people of the city, with a very few exceptions, are in favor of a liberal policy in dealing with this business.

Harper.— How do you know?

Benson.— Just as any man knows anything; by the use of my common sense.

Harper.— I must doubt whether any man can be absolutely sure, by the use of his own common sense, of what his neighbor's opinions would be on a subject of this nature. At any rate, we have not thought it safe to trust our own impressions without putting some foundations of fact under them. Accordingly, we selected two long streets in this city,— Poplar street and South street,— the one mainly occupied with the residences of the wealthier class, the other with the homes of workingmen. We sent circulars to all the residents upon these two streets, asking them these three questions: 1. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons at midnight?" 2. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons on Sunday?" 3. "Are you in favor of the suppression of the gambling-places?" Of the 204 residents of Poplar street 176 responded, and of these 158 answered our first question in the affirmative. Of the 316 residents of South street 243 responded, and 209 of these answered the same question in the same way. We believe that these are representative localities; and an overwhelming majority of the residents of these localities have expressed themselves as in favor of the enforcement of these laws. Our opinion is, that the whole city, if polled, would give substantially the same answer to this question. We can think of no reason why the people of these two streets should differ essentially from the people of other portions of the city. Can you?

[No answer.]

Harper.— We may also claim to know, not by "common sense," but by some careful observation, that the class of people who frequent the all-night saloon is a very small class, when compared with the population of this city. It is not the business men whom we find there; it is not the clerks and employees of our business houses, except an occasional black sheep among them; it is not, to any great extent, the workingmen: it is a small class of idle, dissolute, disorderly persons, who are close upon the borders of crime and pauperism. These are the principal patrons of the all-night saloon. Do the police commissioners think it worth while to keep these places open for the benefit of this class?

[No answer.]

Harper.— Have the commissioners undertaken to discover what the saloon-keepers themselves have to say about it?

Murphy.— I know that a few of them would be willing to close, if the rest would do so.

Harper.— We have addressed inquiries to

all whose names are found in the city directory; and of these one third — including nearly all of those which may be considered "respectable" — reply that they would be glad to have the law enforced.

Dugan.— Well, gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for taking so much pains to enlighten us; we 'll think the matter over, and see what can be done.

Harper.— Thank you. And I wish that the commissioners, if they are not satisfied, would take pains to inform themselves as to the facts in the case. Permit me also, before we go, to give you the result of our inquiry upon the other questions. With respect to Sunday closing, the majorities are not so large. Of the 419 replies received 250 were in favor of closing, and 169 were opposed to it. With respect to the enforcement of the gambling laws, there was practical unanimity. Of the 419 answers 407 were affirmative. We are sure that there can be no doubt about the wishes of the great mass of the people respecting this class of offenses against the laws.

Benson.— Well, then, why don't you make complaints yourselves? You say that you have got the names of eighteen men who keep gambling-places. Why don't you go before a justice, and swear out a warrant, and have them arrested?

Harper.— Because, gentlemen, that is not our business. It is your business. The law expressly commands you to do it. We should be interfering in your business in a very improper manner if we did any such thing. It is perfectly proper for us to bring you information; it is neither good law nor good business policy for us to take your work out of your hands.

Murphy.— Before you go, gentlemen, let me say that I 'm a good deal astonished at what you 've been telling us. I may as well own up that I did not think things were in just such shape. I 'm a pretty busy man, and I don't know so much as I ought to know about what is going on in the city. Brother Dugan here was a little sarcastic when he said that he was obliged to you; but I *am* obliged to you: that 's honest; and I 'll do what I can to bring about a better state of things.

Schneider.— Well, I 'll say the same. I don't know just what to believe. Folks are always saying that these laws is just dead letters, and that we 've no call to enforce 'em; but if it is not so, then, I suppose — well, I don't know — I 'll think about it.

So ended the interview of the committee with the commissioners. The closing words of Mr. Harper's report may as well be reproduced:

"The mind of the average police commissioner is not easily explored. Doubtless several causes contribute to produce that state of moral inertia in the presence of crime in which we frequently find him. He is not apt to be a person of much intellectual breadth; he is generally subject to the influences that are nearest; and in his immediate surroundings there is not much to quicken his sense of obligation to the community at large. The sentiment of this circle in which he moves is, of course, strongly adverse to restraints of any sort upon vice or disorder. He easily comes to regard this as the sentiment of the whole community; he is unable to keep himself in touch with the sober and industrious classes. Sometimes, when there is no intention of malfeasance, he is the victim of his own near-sightedness.

"Sometimes, beyond question, his inaction is determined by more sinister influences. The lawless and disorderly classes have votes, and they are not apt to cast them without a definite consideration. The men whom they elect — and they generally hold the balance of power — are pledged to grant them immunity. The shrewdest of these men, however, are likely to levy tribute upon them. The committee has no proof to offer and no charges to make; the committee believe that many of the officers and men of our police force are unbribable; but the language of a careful investigator in another city is probably applicable here: 'There is, and has long been, a suspicion, amounting almost to moral certainty, in the minds of some at least of the citizens engaged in efforts to enforce law by suppressing vice, that one or more police captains, and a considerable number of patrolmen, derive a revenue from shutting their eyes to what it is not to their interest to see.'

"Another phenomenon to which we are compelled to call attention is the singular insensibility, on the part of officers of this class, to the ordinary sentiments of honor, in connection with the taking of an oath. These men swear that they will respect and enforce the laws of the city and of the State. That is the particular business for which they are employed, and for which they are paid. They are not understood to be legislators, with the power to make or repeal law, or judges with the power of determining its constitutionality; they are simply executive officers, whose duty it is to take the laws as they are, and to enforce them without fear or favor. Instead of this, we find them, very generally, in this and in other cities, selecting the laws which they will enforce, and exercising a discretion as to how much of their duty they will do, this being a matter with which they are not intrusted, and which their oath of office expressly denies to them. Men who solemnly swear that they will enforce the laws, often turn about, with the words upon

their lips, and denounce their neighbors for demanding that the laws be enforced. A man may refuse to accept an office of this kind; but when he accepts it, and receives its emoluments, and swears to perform its duties, it is strange that he can so lightly regard his oath of office. A military officer regards himself as in honor bound to obey the rules of the service, and to execute the orders with which he is charged; a police officer, in the large majority of cases, consults his own convenience and his own interest in determining whether or not he will do the things that he has solemnly sworn to do. These remarks do not apply so much to patrolmen as to commissioners and superintendents. By what means the moral standards of these men have become so degraded, it is not needful to consider; but it is well to call the attention of the community to the fact that at the very point in our system of laws where honor is most needed honor is most wanting. This is a radical defect which must, at whatever cost, be remedied."

The reading of this report was followed by a silence which was much more impressive than any comment could have been. Such an unveiling of the methods and sentiments of the custodians of the peace of the city could not fail to awaken reflection. Mr. Tomlinson was first to speak:

"It strikes me," he said, "that the situation would be ludicrous if it were not intolerable. An insignificant minority of our population seems to own and control our police authorities, and the rest of us sit and grin. The standards of urban morality are set by the keepers of low dives and gambling-dens. Even the better class of saloon-keepers are not 'in it,' as it would seem. What are we going to do about it?"

"We are going," said Mr. Harper, "to submit our case to the people. We are going to ask the newspapers to print our report, and we trust that the people will read it. If any man thinks that we have misreported or misrepresented the facts we hope that he will say so, and we shall be more than willing to go over the case with him more fully. If what we have said is true, the people should know how to apply the remedy. We leave it to them."

The report of this meeting in the newspapers the next day was the talk of the town. There were some querulous and spiteful comments in the newspapers of the party in power, but they made little impression; against such clean, scientific work as that of the committee their diatribes were ridiculously ineffective. The police authorities appeared to be divided; Dugan and Benson were non-committal, Murphy was inclined to favor a more active policy, and Schneider was in an uncomfortable state of mind. His honor the mayor, who was a member of the police commission, but was absent at the hearing, declined to express any opinion. Rumors of disputes in the board reached the public; but days and weeks passed by, and nothing was done.

VI.

MEANTIME the work of the club went steadily forward. The committee on Streets and Sewers made its report at the second regular meeting, and it was full of startling revelations. The paving contracts for the last three years had been carefully looked into, and the facts and figures presented were clear proof of corruption. It was shown, beyond question, that certain favored contractors secured all the work, and that other responsible firms had found it useless to compete. Expert testimony proved that the profit on most of these contracts amounted to fully forty per cent. It was shown that in a neighboring city a far better pavement of the same sort had been laid at two thirds of the cost of the Cosmopolis pavement. A break in one of the sewers had been repaired during the year, and the committee furnished an itemized statement of the cost of the job. As a sample of the neat manner in which this report was written, a few extracts are subjoined:

"Mr. B. R. Allen was first put in charge, and superintended the excavation, shoring up, and preparation of the bed for the bricklayers. For some unexplained reason Mr. Allen was relieved on September 14, after completing the preliminary work at a cost of $2444.68. The job was then put into the hands of Mr. P. A. Charles. In his pay-roll, an item of $19,690.62, we find Mr. Charles personally entered for 100 days, Sundays included, as superintendent at $10.00 per day. Some of his men made from two and a half to three days' work on an individual day. Calculating from the pay-roll the various proportions of skilled and unskilled workmen, and averaging their wages at $3.00 per day for 94 days, we find that 66 men must have been continuously engaged in or about the portion of the 800 feet which was open at any one time. When we add to these the nine carts, carters, and horses, the workmen of the Highway Department, and those of the Water Department, below mentioned, the aggregation must have seriously incommoded itself.

"Horses, carts, and carters form an additional item of $2992.50 in Mr. Charles's charge. They performed 855 days' work in 94 days, and must, therefore, have mustered nine each day. As most of the material was stored beside the trench ready for dumping in, these carts

must have served chiefly by standing and waiting. . . . In addition to all the above, Assistant Commissioner of Highways S. D. Walter filed a pay-roll amounting to $3410.57 for work done from September 1 to September 30, 1889. It is important to inquire why a city employé should have had men employed in conjunction with the force of a gentleman selected to manage the job alone. Mr. Walter's men seem to have caught the infection of activity from Mr. Charles's, as we find here likewise cases of two and three days' work done by an individual in a single day.

"Furthermore, the Water Department filed a pay-roll of $2152.16, and in addition to all these items we must include Highway Commissioner George's items, aggregating $12,375.35 for materials and labor. Wall-paper to the value of $25 was among the materials listed as necessary for this sewer.

"Scheduling these several bills, we have:

Mr. Allen, Aug. 29 to Sept. 14	$ 2,444.68
Mr. Charles, Sept. 15 to Dec. 21 ...	31,322.56
Mr. Walter, Sept. 1 to Sept. 30	3,410.57
Water Department.....	2,152.16
Mr. George, Aug. 29 to Dec. 21....	12,375.35
	$51,705.32

Dividing this grand total of $51,705.32 by 800 we find the cost per foot to be $64.63. It is instructive to compare with this the cost of $17.50 per foot for original construction of the sewer on Twenty-fifth street, identical in all *save being sunk from 18 to 23 feet deeper.* We have on file the written opinion of a well-known engineer who went over the ground shortly after the break. He 'would have jumped at' a contract to do the work in three weeks for $10,000, or $12.50 per foot."

The scientific thoroughness of this report seemed to leave very little room for discussion. It was plain as daylight that the city was being plundered of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year by corrupt combinations of contractors and officials. Light was thrown, by these disclosures, upon the eagerness with which seats in the city council, to which no salary was attached, were sought by men who could not be suspected of municipal patriotism, and upon the querulous complaint of a member from the Fifteenth Ward, when some question was raised by his fellow-partizans as to his renomination: "It cost me two hundred dollars to get elected, and I am a poor man. I think that I am entitled to it for one more term." Many things in the history of municipal politics were explained by this report; and as it was read, dark looks were seen upon many faces, and ominous mutterings were heard from different parts of the hall.

When it was finished, the reporters glanced quickly about, and grasped their pencils to catch the response of the auditors. Nobody spoke. At length Mr. Strong, the chairman of the committee, slowly rose again.

"I ought to state," he said, "that each of the departments whose work has been reviewed to-night was notified two days ago that such a report would be read at this place and at this time, and the heads of these departments were requested to be present, that any misstatement might be corrected, or any misconception explained. I should be glad to have them called upon at this time."

"Are any of those gentlemen present?" inquired the president.

There was no response.

"The report will be printed in the newspapers of the city," said Mr. Strong, "and I trust that it will be carefully read by every citizen. If any mistakes can be shown, the committee will make haste to rectify them. Our work, let me say, is not yet done. This is the first instalment of our report; we hope to be ready, seven weeks from to-night, with further facts and figures."

THE next week's meeting was devoted to the report of the committee upon the Public Schools, of which the chairman was our friend the parson. This committee had discovered that the schools were, on the whole, in a fair condition of discipline. A vast amount of money had been expended by the city in buildings and apparatus; there were symptoms of jobbery in much of this expenditure, but it had been so carefully covered that the committee were not able as yet to expose it, and therefore they made no reference to it. A more palpable mischief was the operation of one or two companies of school-book publishers, whose relations to certain officers were very suspicious; but this matter was also deferred for further investigation.

"Our schools," said the committee, "are by no means perfect. Certain evils exist which may well be remedied, and of which, after more careful study, we intend to speak. But, on the whole, we are inclined to think that no other interest of the city is more efficiently promoted than that of education. The credit of this is due, mainly, far less to good municipal management than to the character and *esprit de corps* of the class of teachers. There are frivolous and incapable teachers, but there are also not a few high-minded, earnest, unselfish men and women engaged in this calling: the improvements in methods are wholly due to them, the maintenance of moral standards and influences is their work alone.

"The contrast between the teachers, as a

class, and the men whom we, as citizens, have selected to supervise their work, is sometimes very painful. Here is a matter of which it is unpleasant to speak, but concerning which silence would be inexcusable. The *personnel* of boards of education in our cities should be carefully studied. Leaving out of sight the composition of the present board, the committee has taken pains to make a list of the names of the men who have held this important trust during the past ten years; it finds that 113 different individuals have been thus employed; that of these two were keepers of livery-stables, one was a huckster, two were cigar-makers, one was the keeper of a newspaper-stand on which the lowest publications are sold, sixteen were saloon-keepers, and twelve were small politicians without any visible means of support. The committee is of the opinion that about half of the members of the Board of Education are usually men of character and cultivation — men who are competent to have an opinion upon educational matters, and fit to associate with the ladies and gentlemen who teach in our schools; but that a considerable percentage of these officers will be found both in morals and manners to be far below the average of the teachers; and that, in intelligence, fully half of them are ridiculously incapable of discharging the duties which they have assumed. The committee has held interviews with all the members of the present Board of Education; it has conversed with them freely; it has sought to draw out their opinions upon educational subjects and methods; it has found among them some very intelligent men: but it does not hesitate to declare that half of these men are conspicuously out of place in such a body. It is amazing that the people will choose such men for such a service. The truth is, of course, that the people do not choose them; they are persons, as a rule, who have some political ambition, and who hope, by the use of such small patronage as they can manipulate in connection with the school-board, to get themselves advanced to the common council, and finally to the legislature. With such ends in view they secure the nomination through the use of the party machine. There appears to be no sufficient reason, in the present order of politics, why men of this type should not go to the legislature; but we object to their making the school-board the stepping-stone of their ambition. Conceive of putting a man upon a committee on school books who could not intelligently read a page in the majority of the books submitted to him for examination; or of making a man a member of the committee on teachers who could not, to save his life, teach a single subject in the primary grade. The committee has undertaken to obtain evidence of the competency of the present school-board which they will place before the public as fully as they can. They have requested responses in writing to a few questions from each member of the present board; they will print copies of these responses, *verbatim et literatim*, in connection with this report. The names will be suppressed, and none but the members of the board themselves shall know who wrote the letters; but the public will be able to judge, from these responses, of the intellectual qualifications of the men to whom they have intrusted the work of public education. If the chirography could also be exhibited, the impression, in some cases, would be strengthened. The absurdity of putting educational interests into such hands ought to be obvious. The reply in behalf of some of these illiterate members is that they are capable mechanics, and qualified to give assistance in the work of building. If they could be confined to interests purely physical, this might be well enough; but the fact is that the most difficult and delicate questions respecting books, teachers, methods of instruction, educational policies, are frequently determined, in committee or in the full board, by the casting vote of these men. We have known several such cases. It must be evident that while some knowledge of mechanical construction and of business methods may increase the fitness of a man for this place, yet the first and the indispensable qualification should be some fair degree of education. The selection of men who are utterly illiterate, or who have only the merest smattering of knowledge, to supervise a work so technical and so difficult as that of public education, is such a monstrous blunder that these ignoramuses themselves, if they had the slightest sense of humor, would feel themselves to be unspeakably ridiculous. The committee has prepared, and will place before the meeting, two or three of these letters."

At this point sheets of paper on which portions of this correspondence had been copied in large characters were displayed upon the wall in the rear of the platform. Subjoined are samples:

Rev Morason dear Sir my opinyun is that wimmin shold not be emploid as principles of scholls exseadin ten rooms mail principles are mutch better for the larger scholls men are neaded to manege the older schollars, espeshly the boys.
Yores truly ———

Rev A P Morsen Sir I am not faivorable to the skeem of replaicing feemales by males as prinsipals of the gramer scholes for what we can pay we can higher first clas wommin and secon clas men Id ruther hev a first clas womman.
Yours respeckfly———

These letters were greeted with a burst of amusement, which was soon subdued to a murmur of disgust and cries of "Shame," while many a flushed and downcast face told of mortification and annoyance too deep for utterance.

"The committee," concluded the report, "has only one practical recommendation to make. It is that every candidate for the school-board be required, before he enters upon his office, to pass the examination set for pupils of the highest primary grade, and to furnish a certificate from the school examiners that he has successfully sustained this examination. The enactment of a regulation to the effect should be asked of the legislature. We trust that this standard will not be thought too high for the custodians of our public schools, and we are confident that it would exclude a considerable percentage of the men who have held this position in this city within the last two years."

Another burst of laughter greeted the suggestion of the committee, and the meeting dissolved in a buzz of excited and disgusted comment.

VII.

In this veracious and painstaking history room cannot be found for all the reports of the Cosmopolis City Club. We have sought to give the reader samples of the method by which its work was done, and of the results secured. The other committees made their reports in regular order, exhibiting careful and conscientious study of the various departments, finding some things to commend, but bringing to light a great deal of slipshod management, and unearthing a vast amount of dubious financiering. The Saturday evening meetings of the club were crowded with interested listeners; it became necessary to seek a larger room for the meetings; and the reports became the talk of the town. Such carefully written and meaty reports were eagerly sought by the newspapers, and were read by thousands who could not attend the meetings; newspapers in other cities began to copy portions of them, and to make comments upon the work of the club.

The utmost pains were taken to make the reports accurate and complete; the president's counsel in his inaugural address was often repeated and emphasized by him; the determination to treat every question judicially and scientifically strengthened as the work proceeded. Several times alleged errors of fact or inference in the statements made by the committees had been pointed out by editors or by correspondents; in every such instance the case was reopened and the evidence was sifted. Most frequently it was found that the committee was right; but whenever it was wrong, the acknowledgment was promptly and generously made.

It need not be said that the community was profoundly influenced by these publications and discussions. The agitation was bringing forth its legitimate fruit. On the one hand, reputable and thoughtful men were profoundly disturbed and humiliated by the revelations of the club, and were beginning to manifest an uneasy determination to take matters into their own hands; on the other hand, the contractors and their allies in the municipal offices, the purveyors of vice and their assistants in the police department, were sullen and truculent; while the managers of the two political machines were in great doubt as to what this might lead. The municipal election was approaching, and the feeling that something must be done to improve the administration was pretty general. This was the topic before the executive committee of the club, assembled in Mr. Tomlinson's private office.

"The pressure is very strong," said Mr. Payne, "for the nomination of a citizens' ticket. Every day I hear men talking about it. They think that no trust can be put in either of the political machines, and that the only hope is in the organization of a new party. Naturally they turn to us to take the lead in this. They say that we have made ourselves masters of the situation; that the people would follow our lead; that now is the time to strike."

"That 's my judgment exactly," responded Mr. Frambes. "I believe that we can redeem this city in the next election. My voice is for war, and I am ready to enlist now."

"Let us see," said Judge Hamlin; "what executive officers do we elect this year?"

"A city clerk," answered Mr. Payne, "an auditor, one member of the fire and police commission, one member of the board of public works, one member of the board of health, and a justice of the peace."

"The mayor is not chosen this year?"

"No; he has one year longer to serve. But he does n't count for much, anyway, under our system. He has no executive authority to speak of."

"How much of a redemption are you going to accomplish, Brother Frambes," inquired the judge, "if you succeed in electing all these officers upon a citizens' ticket? The real executive power of the city is vested in these boards; you can put one new man into each of them; how much will he be able to effect? It will take three years, at the shortest, to get a majority of your own men into these boards."

"Well, supposing we cannot accomplish everything this year," rejoined the clergyman, "let us start now, and do what we can. We may as well make a beginning. One man in each of these boards may be able to accomplish something."

"That is true," replied the judge, "and we must often be willing to take a small fraction of a loaf rather than go hungry. Yet I doubt whether it is good policy for us to encourage independent nominations this spring. The results would be meager, and I fear the effect upon the popular mind. Things would go on in the old way, in spite of our apparent political success, and the unthinking would be apt to conclude that we had accomplished nothing, and would lose faith in our leadership."

"But you agree, Judge Hamlin," persisted the clergyman, "that nothing substantial will ever be done for the reform of our city government, until city politics are divorced from national politics?"

"Yes; that is clear."

"And that can be done only by the formation of new parties?"

"Certainly; that is the only way."

"Why, then, should we not immediately organize a new party?"

"Because the time is not ripe."

"You mean, I suppose, that we could not elect our ticket. But is it not best to start the organization,— to plant the seed,— and let it germinate and grow? Isn't that the way to form a party?"

"Plant your seed — yes, when you 've got a seed to plant. But there 's the rub. Now, parson, let me ask a question or two. You agree with me, doubtless, in believing that the parties which we form ought to be permanent organizations. The government of cities, like the government of the State and the nation, must be by parties; and these parties must not be mere temporary aggregations of men, but permanent political associations."

"Well, yes; I dare say."

"A party cannot live a healthy life — indeed, has no right to live — unless it stands for something, or has some organic ideas."

"Agreed. Go on."

"Well, then, what will your citizen party, or whatever you call it, stand for in our municipal campaigning? What will be your organic idea?"

"It will be a Law and Order party, I trust. It will stand for the enforcement of the law, and the suppression of vice and crime."

"Do you think that that would be a good and sufficient basis for a municipal party?"

"Yes; the very best. Why not?"

"We are looking forward, remember, to a permanent division of the community. It is necessary to the healthful operation of party government that the parties be numerically pretty evenly balanced. Your party would be the Law and Order party. What would the party opposed to you be?"

"The Lawless and Disorderly party, I suppose," answered the parson, laughing.

"Do you think that it would be a good thing to have the community permanently and pretty evenly divided upon that issue — to have about half of the citizens registered as saints and the other half as sinners?"

"Well, I should be very glad," parried the clergyman, "to get half of them credibly registered as saints."

"Doubtless; but would you have two political parties formed upon this line of division?"

"N–no; perhaps not."

"I should say very decidedly not. I do not think that it would be a salutary condition. Political discussion between two such parties would not be edifying. The attempt to perpetuate such distinctions would be in every way pernicious. It would make Pharisees of the saints, and fiends of the sinners. But the proposition is not within the range of possibilities. You could not, let us hope, get a moiety of this community to organize in the support of lawlessness and disorder."

"Well, no; I suppose not. But, then, I see no reason why the law-abiding citizens should not combine, and take the administration of the affairs of the city into their hands. They need not call themselves a Law and Order party; but they would be a Law and Order party just the same."

"That is, you would have them combine for the sake of getting the offices. You would have a party destitute of principles, but animated by certain forms and patriotic sentiments. But such a party as that would very quickly degenerate. No; you cannot organize healthy politics on any such basis. I quite agree with the rest of you in believing that municipal politics must in some way be divorced from national politics, but it must not be divorced from political principles. We must have political organizations in all our cities — organizations based upon ideas, social or economic, which have direct and exclusive reference to the affairs of municipalities. These ideas and principles must be such that there can be honest differences among men concerning them, so that the community can safely sway itself upon opposite sides of them."

"But I don't see," persisted the parson, "how any such division as that can exist. There 's a right and a wrong in everything, and I cannot understand how you can get away from that fact in politics. I take it that in every contest one party must be right, and the other party wrong."

"That," replied the judge, "if you will pardon me for saying it, is one of the most mischievous of political errors. The attempt to carry theological, or, perhaps I should say ethi-

cal, distinctions into party divisions often creates confusion. I do not mean to deny that the individual must be governed by ethical principles in his political action; but the notion that parties must needs divide on ethical grounds is a great mistake. It is no more true that there 's a right and a wrong in every social antagonism than that there is a right and a wrong in every physical antagonism. The centripetal and the centrifugal forces in the solar system are opposed to each other; which is right and which is wrong? Attraction and repulsion resist each other in the constitution of matter; which is right and which is wrong? The harmony of the universe results from the balancing of antagonistic forces. All healthy political action follows the same law. It is just as necessary that there should be two parties in every well-ruled popular government as that the centrifugal force should be balanced by the centripetal. Each party stands for a principle which is essential to the stability and growth of society. The welfare of the State results from the strenuous and effective advocacy of both these antagonistic principles. The average partizan always thinks that his party is all right in its aims and that the other party is all wrong, but this is because the average partizan is not a philosopher. No healthy party division has ever been long maintained, or ever will be, except upon such distinctions as I have indicated. The two great parties of England have, through all their history, been divided upon the question of the centralization or the diffusion of political power, and that has been substantially the question between the two parties in American politics. Here is a legitimate issue. For some purposes power must be centralized, and for other purposes it must be diffused. In some emergencies we need a strong government, but it may become too strong. The party which seeks to strengthen it is right, and the party which seeks to limit its power is also right. Now, if it be possible to find, in municipal politics, some such line of division as this, we may be able to organize municipal politics upon a safe and healthy basis. Can you point out any such logical and philosophical division?"

"Not at a moment's notice, judge. But perhaps you can. You have thought the matter over pretty carefully; can you not outline for us the issues on which we may divide in local politics?"

"No; that is equally absurd. Parties are born, not manufactured. They spring from the needs of the hour. They are the outcome and expression of social and economic tendencies which civilization produces. I think that I can see a faint seam in our social structure which is to develop, presently, into such a line of cleavage; but I am not going to risk my reputation as a prophet by pointing it out to-night."

"What, then, would you have us do in the coming campaign? Ought we not to try to utilize for the improvement of our administration the force of public opinion which has been generated in these discussions?"

"By all means. But it seems to me that our best course in this crisis is to act through the existing parties. Doubtless there will be a strong disposition in both of them to put the best foot forward. Let us encourage that. Let us try to get decent candidates nominated by both parties; and when the nominations are made let us exercise our independence in voting for the best without distinction of party. Meantime let us go right on with our work of investigation and discussion, bringing hidden things to light, and subjecting all our municipal machinery and its workings to the most careful scrutiny."

"The thing that discourages me," said Mr. Harper, "is the fact that, do the best we may, we can achieve only a fractional success at the coming election. As Mr. Payne has told us, only one fourth or one fifth of an executive is to be chosen at this time. I fear that the new members of these boards will have but little influence upon their policy, and that things will go on in the old way. It will take at least three years to elect a majority of these governing boards; whether we can keep up the public interest through all this long campaigning I do not know. We have managed to hold the public attention for six months; but unless we are able pretty soon to show some practical gains, I fear that we shall lose our audience."

"That," answered Mr. Payne, "is the precise difficulty. Under the present charter we shall never be able to accomplish very much. The system of government which we are trying to work is one which seems to have been contrived for the dissipation rather than the utilization of the force of public opinion. The first step in the direction of reform is not the organization of new parties, but such a reconstruction of the governmental machinery as shall enable the motive power, which is public opinion, to act directly and effectively toward the ends of government. But that is too big a question to raise to-night. As the chairman of the section upon the workings of the charter, I hope to have something practical to suggest very soon."

The waiting policy suggested by the president was adopted by the club in the municipal campaign. Those who had been prominent in its discussions soon found themselves possessed of considerable political influence. The gentlemen in charge of the political machines of both parties seemed anxious to consult them respecting nominations, and the candidates presented

on each side were rather better than the average. In the words of a modern statesman, the machinists had found it expedient "to pander a little to the moral element in the community." The victory in the election was won by the outs, since the public assumed, not very logically, that the abuses exposed were the fault of the party in power. The result of this victory was not, however, perceptible in the administration. The police department did not change its policy; the favored contractors kept their places at the public crib; the reign of inefficiency and rascality was as firm as ever.

The sentiment of the "powers that were" found forcible expression, now and then, at secret conclaves in the city hall.

"I suppose," said Dugan, "that those blatherin' Mugwumps think they 've done us up for good, because they 've got a man of their own on our board in place of old Murphy. Much good that 'll do them! If they had had ordinary common sense they would have let Murphy alone. He was a better man for them than the one they 've got. Fact is, I 'm mighty glad to git shet o' Murphy. He was gittin' too many notions in his head."

"Don't you worry about the new man," rejoined Benson. "He is n't going to make us any trouble. I know how to handle him. He 'll kick, no doubt, for one or two meetings; that 's what he 's paid to do; but I 've got a lasso to use on him. Keep quiet, and see if I don't bring him round."

"Ye can rest aisy in yer minds, gentlemen," said O'Halloran. "This shtorum is mostly wind. It 'll blow over soon. I 've seen too mony of such flurries. These silk-stockinged chaps are up in arrums now and ag'in, but they soon find out that reforrumin' the city is a long and a dirty job, and they drap it as sudden as they tuk it up."

"The only thing that makes me anxious," said Lunley, the contractor, "is a symptom or two that I 've noticed of a disposition to reconstruct our charter. If they get to work at that, there 's no telling how much mischief they may do. These new-fangled one-man-power governments, like the one they 've got over in Oleopolis, are very troublesome things for a business man to deal with — so my friends over there tell me. The only safety for us is in maintaining our present conservative form of government, that cannot be overturned by any sudden movement of popular prejudice. If we had had that kind of a charter, what would have become of us in the last election?"

"Thrue for ye, my boy," answered O'Halloran. "That 's the p'int we must be after guardin'. None o' yer blanketed municipal despotisms for Cosmopolis! That 's the very thing that these Mugwumps 'll be foistin' upon us. We must watch them. Eternal veegilance is the pr-r-rice o' leeberty."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Washington Gladden.

ON A HEAD OF CHRIST BY QUINTIN MATSYS.

(FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

A GRIEVING face, adown whose hollow cheek
The bright tears fall from tender, mournful eyes;
Eyes, sad with never finding what they seek,
Lips, curved by many weary, wasting sighs.

The tear-drops glisten — frail they seem and slight,
As though a breath would sweep them into air;
And yet four hundred years of day and night
Have passed since first the painter formed them there.

How strange that they should last, those painted tears,
While kingdoms perish, nations fall and rise;
Strange that through all the stormy rush of years
They lie unchanged in those sad, grieving eyes.

Does he yet mourn? The world from him enticed
Wanders afar, and will not walk his way.
O patient one! O weary, watching Christ,
Are the tears wet upon thy face to-day?

Bessie Chandler.

DRAWN BY KENYON COX. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

CEYLON SURF-BOATS, AT SINGAPORE.

LIFE IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

AS a very young man, with no great knowledge of the world, I left London on May 24, 1882, for the Singapore Straits Settlement to engage in coffee-planting in the Malay Peninsula. With me was my partner, who was acting as agent to his highness the Maharajah of Johore.

Journeying by way of Alexandria, Egypt, I first encountered a tropical climate at Colombo, Ceylon. This island possesses some of the finest scenery in India. The town of Kandy, situated on the highest point of the island, is Arabi Pasha's place of exile, where he is allowed by the British Government every luxury except his freedom. Having to wait three days in port during the coaling of our steamer, I went, in company with our captain and some of the passengers, to a native village called Mount Lavina, where we saw the native women gathering the coffee-berry from the tree. The Singhalese are a prepossessing race, their ways and customs being exceedingly gentle. They deal much in precious stones, the sapphire being among the jewels largely found in Ceylon.

We left Ceylon for Singapore on a Tuesday evening, and arrived there the Wednesday of the following week. I was much impressed by the beauty of the harbor. I was met by the European secretary to the Maharajah of Johore, who conducted me to the Hôtel de l'Europe, where I remained for a short time before proceeding to Johore. The town of Singapore is very peculiar; the houses are only one story high, and have no chimneys or fire-grates. The community is cosmopolitan, and includes Chinese, Javanese, Siamese, Malays, and Japanese. At that time the native population was about 300,000, with only 350 Europeans. The new town of Singapore was founded in 1822 by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, a statue of whom was unveiled during the jubilee of Queen Victoria. There was great rejoicing among the natives, especially the Chinese, who organized a procession of lanterns three miles long.

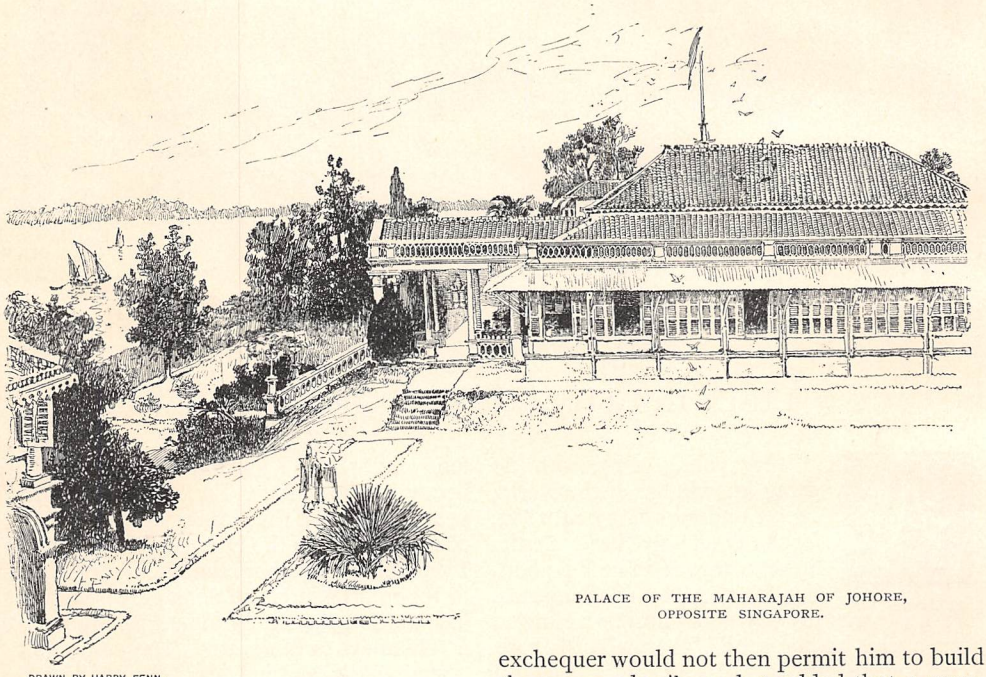
After a few days in Singapore we were joined by Prince Mat, nephew of the Maharajah of Johore, and commissioner of police. At this time the Maharajah contemplated the construction of a railroad in his domain, and I had been commissioned to confer with his Majesty upon the subject on behalf of a prominent London railroad contractor. Accordingly, without loss of time I requested an audience with the

monarch. The English secretary of the King introduced me to the native secretary, Datu Ama. After tiffin, or luncheon, Datu showed me through the palace grounds, and then conducted me to the King's audience-chamber, a spacious apartment.

The palace of Istana is built of wood upon a brick foundation, and is finished in the inside in Italian marble. The building is 160 feet long, one story high, and stands in an inclosure. The palace is reached by a long circular driveway like a coiled watch-spring. A magnificent garden surrounds the palace, in the rear of which is a fine menagerie.

and a cigar, which he took from a gold case that was presented to him by the Prince of Wales. At that time he was fifty years of age.

After I had remained standing a few minutes his Majesty invited me to be seated, himself taking a seat upon a chair, and beckoning his servants to give him a cigarette. In answer to his invitation to take refreshments, I took a popular English drink, while he, as the head of the established Mohammedan church, and therefore an abstainer, drank lemonade. He spoke English very well, but upon that occasion, which was supposed to be formal, he spoke Malay. He informed me that the state of his



PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF JOHORE, OPPOSITE SINGAPORE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

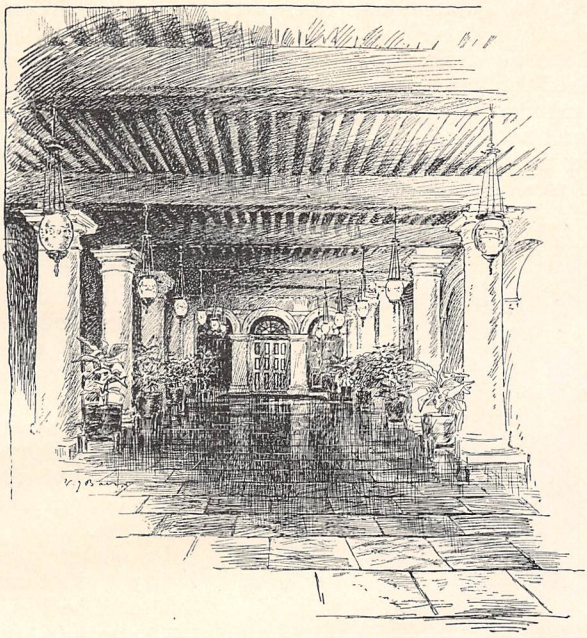
Datu and I waited a full hour in the audience-chamber before his Majesty deigned to appear. When he came he was followed by two servants, one of whom carried a silver case full of cigarettes, and the other a small match-case. His Majesty was dressed in a loose white-silk blouse and a pale blue-silk skirt. Tan-colored and jeweled sandals incased his feet, and his white curly hair was worn short. His large white mustache was curly, and his eyebrows were bushy. Upon the wrist of the right hand he wore a cable bangle, which I afterward learned weighed six ounces.

I arose and bowed, and King Aboubaker approached smilingly and extended his hand, which I shook. He spoke in Malay, and the court interpreter repeated his words of welcome. He immediately offered refreshments,

exchequer would not then permit him to build the proposed railway, but added that a warm welcome would always await me at the palace. During a five years' residence in Johore I often played billiards with him, his passion for the game being about as strong as his love of the chase, particularly of tiger-hunting.

After the audience I was shown the palace by Datu. This official residence overlooks the Straits of Malacca, and is directly opposite Singapore. It consists of suites of apartments, with quarters for bachelors on one side, and for married guests upon the other, for his Majesty entertains a great many people.

The Maharajah also bears the title of Sultan of Johore, through the courtesy of Queen Victoria, Empress of India, of which Johore is an independent state. The Maharajah occupies a suite of only three rooms, one of which leads into his harem.



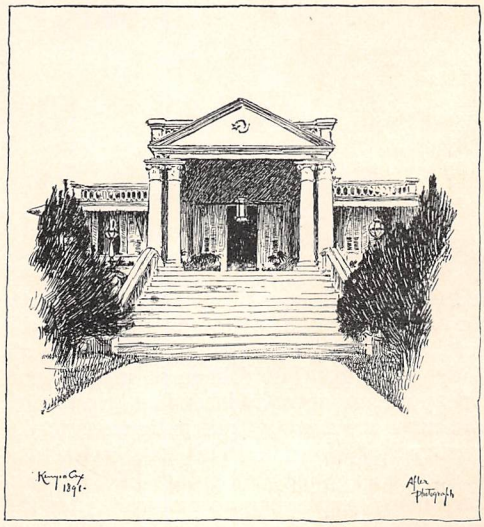
DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

MARBLE HALL OF THE PALACE.

The harem is a separate building of white marble, one story high, and decorated with flowers and palms. There is a large square room in the center of the building, and about it are some fifty sleeping-rooms. His forty wives were mostly Circassians, who had been purchased by him. The Sultana, or legal wife, resided at the palace of Maor, some two hundred miles from the palace of her lord, with whom she had not been on good terms for ten years. Her children, the official princes and princess, were two boys and a girl.

I once got into the harem by accident, but my stay was very short. I wished to see the Maharajah on business. There was always a great deal of fuss in trying to see him, and I thought to avoid this by going around to a side door and entering quietly. This I did, and suddenly found myself in the harem. There was an officer there in charge of the women, and when he saw me he called out, asking what I was doing there. It is needless to say that I turned, and made my way out as quickly as possible. The interior of the harem was very beautiful. Handsome lamps hung from the ceiling, pictures of female beauty covered the walls, and the floors were strewn with rich rugs. There were also fountains and burning incense. The women appeared to be sitting about smoking and tossing jewelry. However, I was so astounded at finding myself in such a place that I took very little notice of my surroundings. It is very difficult even for ladies to gain admission to the harem. My wife tried to do so several times, but without success. Every Monday the Sultan holds a levee for women, to receive their homage and to listen to their grievances. They assemble at 6 A. M., and when his Majesty arrives, the women fall upon their faces, and exclaim, "Our King!"

The Maharajah is now much more civilized than he was twenty years ago. Before the English went to Johore he lived in a mud hut, and ate without the aid of knife or fork, and did not know the value of his income. He now speaks English. His income is derived from the plantations, and from his share of the profits of the tin-mines. There are no duties on exports. He is really a landlord, and has a certain percentage of all the profits of the land. He lives more at Singapore than at Johore. At the former place he keeps his horses, of which he has many valuable ones. He goes heavily into racing. He goes to Johore only on fast- and feast-days, and to visit the people, who are much disappointed if he does not come as often as they think he ought. He is very good and kind to the people, and will do almost anything they wish. There is not a single beggar in the whole place — that is, among the Malays. They are all pensioned. The police and magistrates get a salary, which is drawn once a month. The relation between Singapore and Johore is about the same as that between London and Ireland. The Maharajah owns land at Singapore, but has nothing to do with the government; yet as to rank he is recognized as next to the Governor. When he



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

PORTICO OF THE HAREM.

dies all his possessions will go to the English government.

Two gunboats and an army of five hundred men were the force at the command of the Government. The climate is damp, and the thermometer ranges from eighty to one hundred degrees all the year round, and there is a great deal of malaria. The soil is red and fertile, and many people live by cultivating sago and ratan. They do not plant the trees, but merely cultivate those that are already growing. The foliage is magnificent. Pineapples, mangos, and bananas grow wild. The most remarkable fruit indigenous to the country is the durian. This tree grows to a height of sixty feet, spreading like an oak, and taking seven years to mature. After the seventh year it bears once a year. The fruit is large and of a light green color. It takes nine months to mature, and has a strawberry flavor; yet it has an odor so disagreeable that during my first three years in the country I was unable to taste it. The soursopp is an acidulated fruit resembling in size and shape the pineapple. It is green in color, and grows in the forks of the branches of the tree, which reaches the height of the beech. The chief minerals are tin and gold. All the luxuries of the East, its delicious fruits, and other products, furnish little compensation for the torture of such a climate, and for the fearful fever produced through the excessive heat and dampness.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER

DURIAN FRUIT.

In stature the Malay is short and thick-set; he has a flat nose, and his skin is copper-colored. His hair is long and silky. Ordinarily the dress of men and women is the *sarong*, or skirt, with a blouse for an upper garment, but "up country" neither men nor women wear clothing. A black velvet turban commonly adorns the heads of the men, but the women have no head-dress. Their teeth are uniformly good, but both beaus and belles stain them black.

The Malays are devoted followers of Mahomet. They refrain from eating pork, or meat killed by other than Malays, and do not take alcoholic drinks. They are subject to a kind of madness called "running a-muck," which often occurs when a man is in the best of health; for I remember once that in one of the most thickly populated streets in Johore a man was seized with an attack of this malady, which resulted in his killing five people before he could be overpowered.

Malay huts are usually built upon bamboo piles over the water. They are constructed of ra-

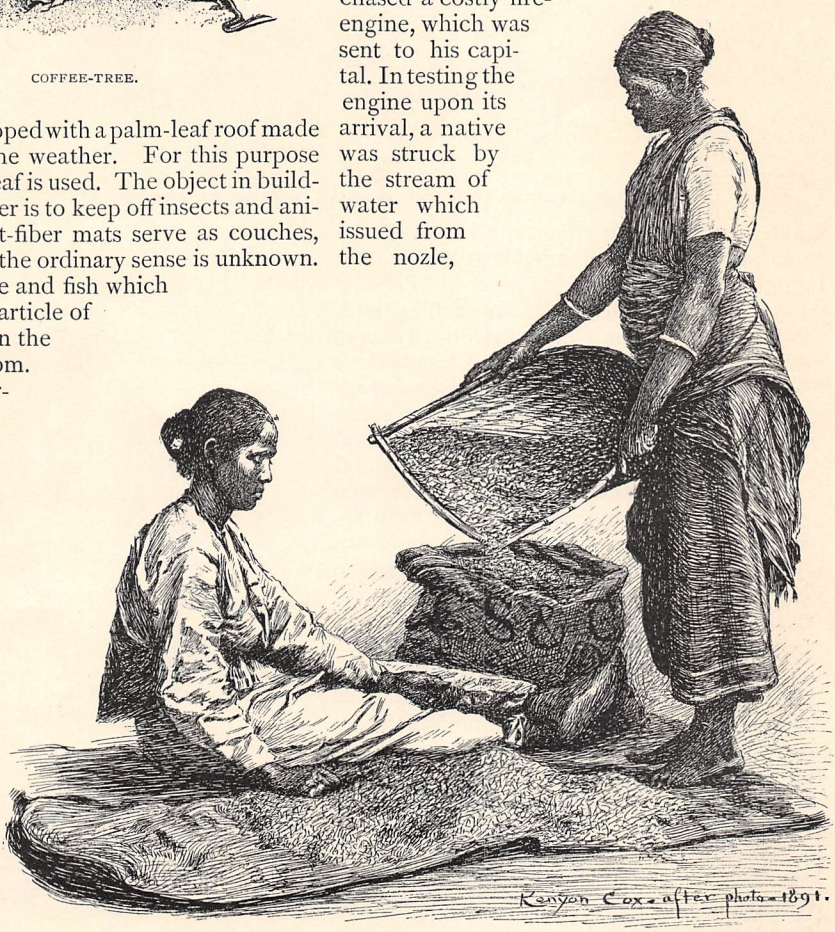
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

COFFEE-TREE.

tan laths, and topped with a palm-leaf roof made impervious to the weather. For this purpose the sago-palm leaf is used. The object in building over the water is to keep off insects and animals. Cocoanut-fiber mats serve as couches, and furniture in the ordinary sense is unknown. The curry of rice and fish which forms the staple article of food is cooked in the middle of the room.

Early marriages are the rule, and the groom makes handsome presents to his father-in-law, which invariably include a sum of money. This money is not to be used by the bride's father, however, but must be kept for some emergency, such as divorce, in which case the portion is handed to the wife for her maintenance. Incompetency in household matters, negligence, and incompatibility are good grounds for divorce, which is granted by the priest. Unfaithfulness on the part of the wife is invariably punished with death, and the punishment is horribly brutal. In this part of India there is a bamboo cane that grows more rapidly than a mushroom, its length increasing two feet in twenty-four hours. The executioner selects a young bamboo just sprouting from the ground, and whittles the end to a sharp point. The condemned woman is lashed to stakes over the bamboo, and in two days is impaled. Infidelity in the man is not punishable. Murder is punished with death by an instrument called the *kris*, a small sword with jagged blade. The steel is coarse and rough. The kris is kept with the crown jewels, and is a weapon almost sacredly revered.

Malays are superstitious in the extreme, as one instance will serve to illustrate. When the Maharajah was in London attending the Queen's jubilee, he purchased a costly fire-engine, which was sent to his capital. In testing the engine upon its arrival, a native was struck by the stream of water which issued from the nozle,



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

TEA-SORTERS.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

PART OF THE VILLAGE OF JOHORE — OPEN-AIR THEATER AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

and was whirled many feet, and killed. From that day the natives regarded it as a fetish, and refused to go near it.

The state of Johore has about fifty thousand inhabitants, the village itself from ten to eighteen thousand. A great many Chinese have lately gone there. The village of Johore is very much scattered, being little more than a series of groups of houses extending over several miles, with a few shops and open bazars and theaters. I once saw a Chinese performance in one of the theaters which lasted from six o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening. The play was a tragedy; the costumes were very elaborate, and were constantly changed. On feast-days performances go on continuously, and gifts of fruit are made to the assembled people. This is among the Chinese, who have settled here in great numbers, as workmen on the plantations. The Malays are too lazy to work, and so long as they can get fish and rice will not lift a hand. They get plenty of fish in the waters about, and part of these they exchange at the bazars for rice and other articles. These bazars are built of bamboo, and are thatched with dried palm-leaves. The reika-nut, which they chew, grows on the trees along the streets. Their boats, which they call *praus*, or proas, are built without nails,

DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

EAST INDIAN BANKER.

being put together with wooden pegs and ratan. Even the sails are made of palms sewed together with ratan. The cable is made of green ratan, and is very strong; the anchor is made of wood, weighted with two heavy stones at the flukes. The cable runs through a hole in the deck, below which it is coiled. When the anchor is taken up, four men pull at the cable, and one guides it into the hole.

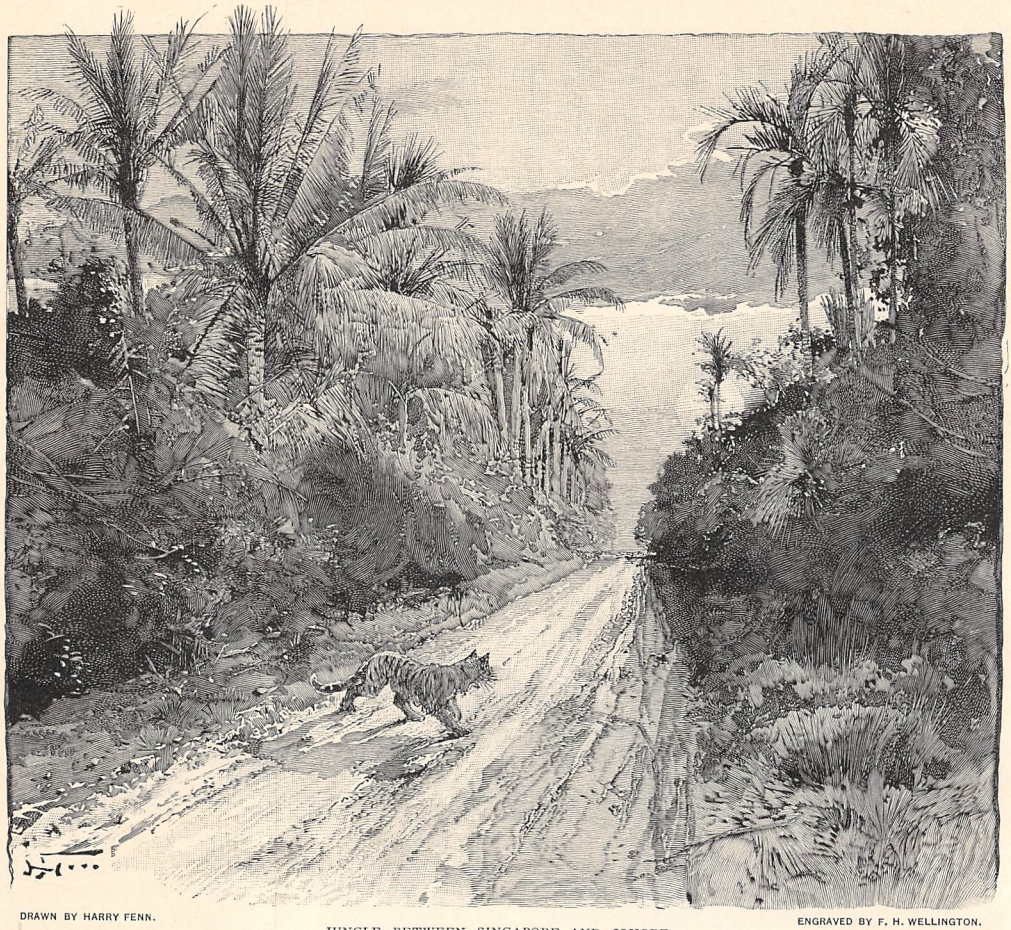
Once a year, during the typhoons, all the houses along the water front are submerged.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

MALAY HOUSES BUILT OVER THE WATER.

Rest-houses are built by the Government, and serve as inns. No food is furnished, and the houses contain no furniture, but a cot is carried in, and on this the traveler spends the night. The key is kept at the police station. If a man is absent from home, and is overtaken by night before completing his business, it is not safe for him to go home, on account of the tigers which might be met on the road. The rest-houses are to be found at intervals of from eight to ten miles.

Among the people the Chinese are the principal merchants; the bankers, or *chitties*, as they are called, are men who have come from Bengal. These men borrow money from the banks of Singapore, and let it out at a greater interest than they pay to the banks. They lend both to the Malays and to the Chinese. The people mortgage their crops to the chitties, who sell them in Singapore. These chitties are very miserly, and keep their money in boxes, on which they sleep. They do not own the houses which they occupy, but rent them from the Malays. Perhaps fifty of them will live in one room. All business is done on credit. If you enter a bazar and call for refreshment, you do not pay for it in cash, but simply give what is called a *chit*, or note, which is redeemed on a certain date. If you take a cab for a drive through the place, the payment is made in the same way; you give the driver a chit, and tell him where and when to call for the cash. These chits are also used as currency, since they pass from one merchant to another at a discount. Of course chits are not accepted from people unless they are in a position to pay them. If one has no occupation he gets another to sign for him. When a debtor is brought before the court, if he can prove that he has no occupation or means of livelihood, the debt is canceled. With such a system the courts are kept



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

JUNGLE BETWEEN SINGAPORE AND JOHORE.

pretty busy. The chitties all dress alike, in thin linen. White marks on the chest and arms of the chitties show that they have said their prayers; marks on the arms signify that they have prayed during the evening, those on the breast that they have prayed in the morning. The chitties, who are Buddhists, and cannot pray without going to a temple, are not so conscientious as the Malays, who are Mohammedans. The chitties shave their heads, the Malays do not. Little booths are erected by the roadside for the Mohammedans to pray in. They are built by the Government. The Mohammedans have better churches than these, but they are used only on special days; they have a month of fasting during the year, in which they take no nourishment of any kind from six in the morning till six in the evening. At such times special houses are erected for worship.

The bungalow life in India was invented by the Europeans. It is a compromise between the East Indian and European methods of living. The bungalow shown on page 585 is about three miles from the Maharajah's palace. This style of house is necessary on account of the climate. During the day the shutters are closed, and the sunlight is shut out entirely. A European, if he is wise, never goes out between the hours of eleven and three. The kitchen is separated from the house, with which it is connected by a covered passage. The sleeping-rooms are in the second story, and the dining-room and living-room are down-stairs. Singapore being so near the equator (within one degree), it is daylight at six in the morning and dark at six at night, the year round. Refreshments are served at half-past six in the morning, breakfast at eleven, dinner at seven. Some people take tiffin at half-past one, and tea at five in the afternoon. The Europeans who live in these bungalows are nearly all coffee-planters. They are now trying to raise tea, but the soil is better adapted to coffee-raising. The diet at a bungalow consists of curried chicken, rice, canned meats, and a large variety of fruit. It is seldom possible to procure fresh meat. During meal-time the punka — an immense fan fastened to the ceiling over the

table — is constantly kept in motion by a coolie. To a long bamboo pole is fastened a piece of cloth hanging like a curtain. The long pole passes through a hole in the side of the house and is kept in motion by the coolie outside. If it were not for this artificial circulation of air, a European could not eat with comfort.

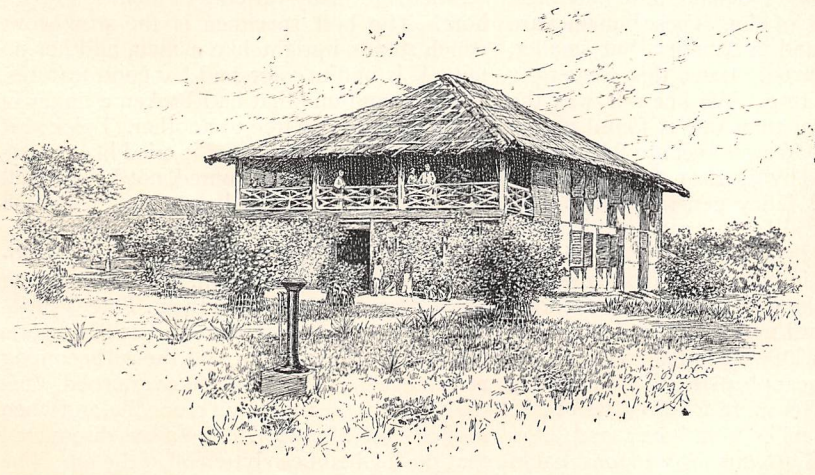
There are many serpents in the jungle, which enter the houses in search of rats. Not more than one enters a house at a time — there is not living enough for two. They are not poisonous, but very strong, like a python, with diamond-shaped head and spotted breast. About ten miles from the bungalow mentioned is a very good sample of jungle, which is shown in the picture of a road on page 584. On this strip of road an English sailor who had come from Singapore was eaten by ants. He had been to Johore, where a Chinaman had served him with drink. He was probably overcome by the heat, and lay down. The ants had overpowered him in some way, and the next morning he was found dead.

Tigers have been caught in this jungle. Pits are dug for them not more than ten yards from the main road. Sometimes tigers come into the village, and they have been known to swim across to the island of Singapore. A Chinaman who worked a pepper plantation about midway between Singapore and Johore was one day lying down in his bungalow when, without any warning, he was suddenly in the jaws of a tiger, who left him headless a few yards from his home. The Government offers a bounty of $500 for every tiger, dead or alive.

In trapping tigers for export the Malays dig a hole about ten feet deep, making the bottom twice as large in area as the top, to prevent the animal from jumping out after being once in. The hole completed, small brushwood is lightly laid over its surface, and close by in the direction of the mouth of the pit a bullock is chained to a tree. On seeing the bullock the tiger springs for his expected prey, and alights in the pit. A bamboo cage is placed over the pit, which is then filled with earth, the tiger gradually coming to the surface. Once in the cage, the Malays lace and interlace bamboo and ratan under the tiger. Spring-guns are sometimes used, but not often, as they are dangerous to dogs and human beings.

DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

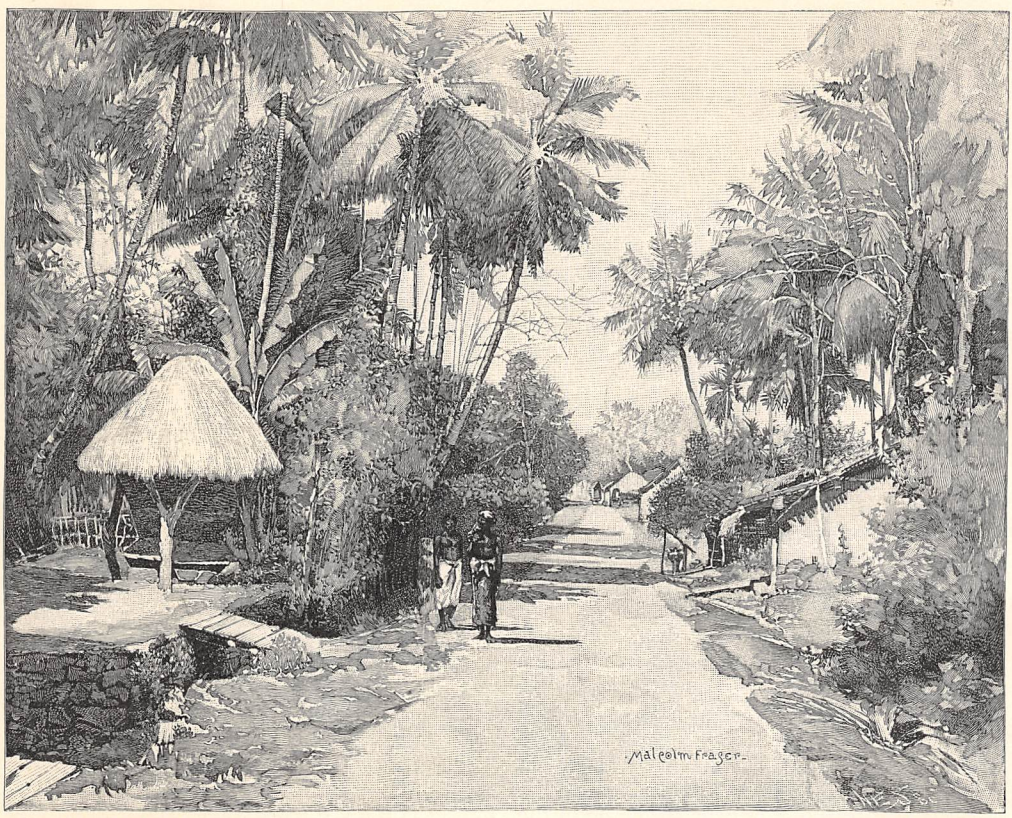
NATIVE WOMAN OF JOHORE.



DRAWN BY W. J. BAER.

EUROPEAN BUNGALOW ON THE ROAD TO JOHORE.

I once went on a tiger-hunt, but it ended in a buffalo-hunt. We organized a party of five Europeans and ten natives. We started on foot, because it is impossible to ride through the jungle on horseback. On finding a tiger's footprints, we



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER. ON THE ROAD TO JOHORE. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

followed them to a ravine, where the tiger had been drinking. Here we took our tiffin, and, while eating, heard groans which we thought were from the tiger. Following the sound, we saw an enormous man-eating tiger dashing away through the brush. Shots were fired without effect. On going farther, we discovered that he had found a buffalo, and had been making short work of him. These buffaloes are not like those found in America, but smaller, and more like an ox. Later this same tiger was caught in a trap. We knew it was the same, for not more than one is found near a village at a time. On an average four or five people were killed by tigers on this road in the course of a year. They generally seize their prey after dusk, and for this reason it is never safe to travel on these roads after six o'clock at night. It is said that a tiger often selects his man during the day, and perhaps follows him for miles, until overtaken by dusk, when he springs on him. Two gentlemen were once walking over a pineapple plantation, when they discovered that they were followed by a tiger. They were three miles from home, and, having nothing but shot-guns for weapons, could not fire at the animal. He kept at the same distance behind them all the way, and they reached home before he attempted to attack. The natives are in constant terror of these animals, and it is almost impossible to send them out after dark. I have paid twenty dollars to a native for taking a message to the Maharajah after six o'clock at night.

There are many varieties of monkeys in Johore. The best specimen is the wow-wow, which stands upright like a man, and has no tail. It is buff in color, and has good features. I once found one that had broken a finger in jumping from one tree to another. I picked it up, and while in my arms it cried like a little child. They are never hunted, not being at all wild or fierce. The Malays sometimes catch them, and sell them in the towns as pets.

The waters about Johore are full of crocodiles. Small Malay children, while fishing from boats, often serve as food for them. Three gentlemen were once crossing the Straits to Singapore, when a breeze sprang up, and, the sail becoming unmanageable, their boat was overturned. One of the men was caught by a crocodile, and when his body was afterward found it was discovered that the leg had been bitten off at the hip. The Government pays a bounty of $25 for every

crocodile that is killed. For snakes it pays $1 a foot. The python is often thirty-eight or forty feet long. I saw one brought into a village for bounty that was about a foot in diameter.

The Malays are inclined to be conservative, and have little social intercourse. On their Sunday, which falls on our Friday, they quit work at twelve o'clock, and go to the mosque.

The principal industry among the Europeans is the planting of coffee. The first thing to be done in opening up a coffee plantation is to secure from the Maharajah from 300 to 500 acres of jungle. The forest is fired, leaving nothing behind but skeleton trees, which are hewn down and allowed to rot, thus fertilizing the coffee. When the coffee-trees are six inches high they are set out in rows four feet apart. Three years elapse from the date of planting to that of bearing. The blossom is pure white, and in fragrance like stephanotis. The trees are kept pruned so as not to exceed seven feet in height; but, if permitted, they attain the height of twenty feet without bearing fruit, while the root will destroy the other trees. When the berry is first developed it is very much like an olive, only round; when ready for picking it is red like a large cherry, having inside two stones, which are the coffee-beans. One tree like that on page 581 will produce about two bushels of unpulped coffee. The blossom remains twenty-four hours on the tree, then it falls, and a month thereafter the berries are mature. The coffee-tree flowers twice a year, and usually produces two crops. The berries, after picking, are taken to the pulping-house, where the husk or skin is taken off, and then placed in sheds to ferment; here they remain for ten or fifteen days, being afterward taken to the peeler and washer, and dried on ratan matting, and afterward conveyed to the storage shed, where they are packed in bags for shipping.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF JOHORE.

John Fairlie.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SALVINI.

ACTING WITH RISTORI—SERVICE UNDER GARIBALDI—ESTIMATE OF RACHEL.

PLAYING AT NAPLES.

AT the age of sixteen I found myself in Naples, a member of the Royal Florentine Company. The older actors of the company were great favorites with the Neapolitans, whose sympathy and liking it is not difficult to gain. I brought with me the modern ideas inculcated by the teaching of my master, Modena, and the fresh influence of Adelaide Ristori. It can be imagined how I felt in the musty, heavy, unhealthful atmosphere to which I had come. I felt like a first officer who was taking the place of a cabin-boy. The only course open to me was to calm my rebellious spirit, to force myself to breathe that atmosphere, the reverse of vivifying though it was, and to keep faithfully the engagements which I had made. There were undoubtedly artists of ability in that company, but their method was antiquated, except in the case of Adamo Alberti, who was a most spirited and vivacious comedian; moreover, all spoke with the accentuation and inflections of the Neapolitan dialect, so that my speech, and that of the other new actors, contrasted unpleasantly with that of the old members. The parts that were allotted to me were of little substance, and I had them in such aversion that I could not bring myself to study them; I was discouraged and humiliated to such a degree that the expressions of displeasure of the public due to my not knowing my lines failed to arouse me from my apathy. To my professional friends who sought to encourage me, I said: "The public is perfectly right; but I cannot help it. It is not possible for me to interest myself in such colorless and inept parts."

Through the influence of one of the new actors who sympathized with me, I was cast for the part of *Annio* in the "Clemenza di Tito" of Metastasio, and on the night when I appeared in this part, which was highly sympathetic to me, I had an enthusiastic reception. The so-called *camorra* (ring) was, however, so well organized in that musty assemblage of artists that I had no chance of getting many such opportunities to distinguish myself. The fear of innovation terrified them, and they were careful to guard against it. I had engaged with that company for three years, with annual augmentation of my salary; but at my earnest request the manager, Signor Prepiani, canceled my contract from the date of the ensuing carnival. That year, 1845, was a most unhappy one for me, abounding in moral and material sacrifices. Out of my salary of 2400 francs, I paid 700 to Lampugnani, and 500 on account of the debt of 1000 to Rossi of Brescia. I lived at a boarding-house, where I paid two francs and a half a day for my bed and dinner, having for breakfast a small piece of bread dipped in the juice of a melon. The remembrance of the important parts which I used to play with my master, and of the spontaneous and gratifying favor accorded by the public, was constantly before me, and the contrast made my new position seem all the more humiliating. I grew peevish and rebellious, and secretly cherished thoughts of revenge. I planned to return when all the old and moldy material of that company should have disappeared, and to put to shame the artists who hoped for my failure. This plan did not testify to excessive modesty on my part, but at sixteen a little vanity is excusable. In the midst of my justifiable acrimony, I could not but recognize incontestable merits in some of my opponents. But not one of these actors and actresses could go outside of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies without exposing himself or herself in the theaters of all other Italian provinces to criticism and censure on account of the gestures, the accent, and the mannerisms which they had breathed in with the Neapolitan air.

In the course of the year that I spent at Naples, I was enrolled as *primo amoroso* in the Domeniconi and Coltellini company, to which were to belong, among other artists of merit, Carolina Santoni, Antonio Colomberti, Gaetano Coltellini, and Amilcare Bellotti. In this new and more sympathetic companionship I breathed more freely, and began to cultivate with study and application my natural artistic bent, which I had feared to lose at Naples, but which was merely dormant. Since I was under engagement to pay the last 1000 francs to the costumer Robotti, brother of the well-known actress, I lived with rigid economy throughout the year 1846 also, when at last my debt was canceled. After that I was able to sleep in peace at night, for I was delivered

DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. M. PAPE.

SALVINI AS "ICILIO" IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI.

from the fear of being unable to meet my obligations. The year ran its course for me without great praise or serious discredit; if I was blamed for any shortcoming, it was for nothing more than a certain lack of energy, which was the result of my experience in Naples, and which I could not shake off at once. On the other hand, I soon gained the friendship of the manager and of my associates in the company, who perceived in me, perhaps, some tendency to advance. Coltellini reëngaged me for the following year, with the rank of *primo attore giovane*, and an increased salary, and Domeniconi, who had been absent, resumed the active management. This most intelligent artist had not received from nature the gift of good looks, or of an artistic type of face, or of a natural method, except in comedy; but he had the merit of appreciating and giving expression to the most intimate thoughts of his authors, and that to a degree in which no other artist could rival him. From Gustavo Modena and Luigi Domeniconi I acquired the foundation of my art;

and while careful not to copy the first, and not to ape the manner of the second, I sought to profit by what I could gain from both.

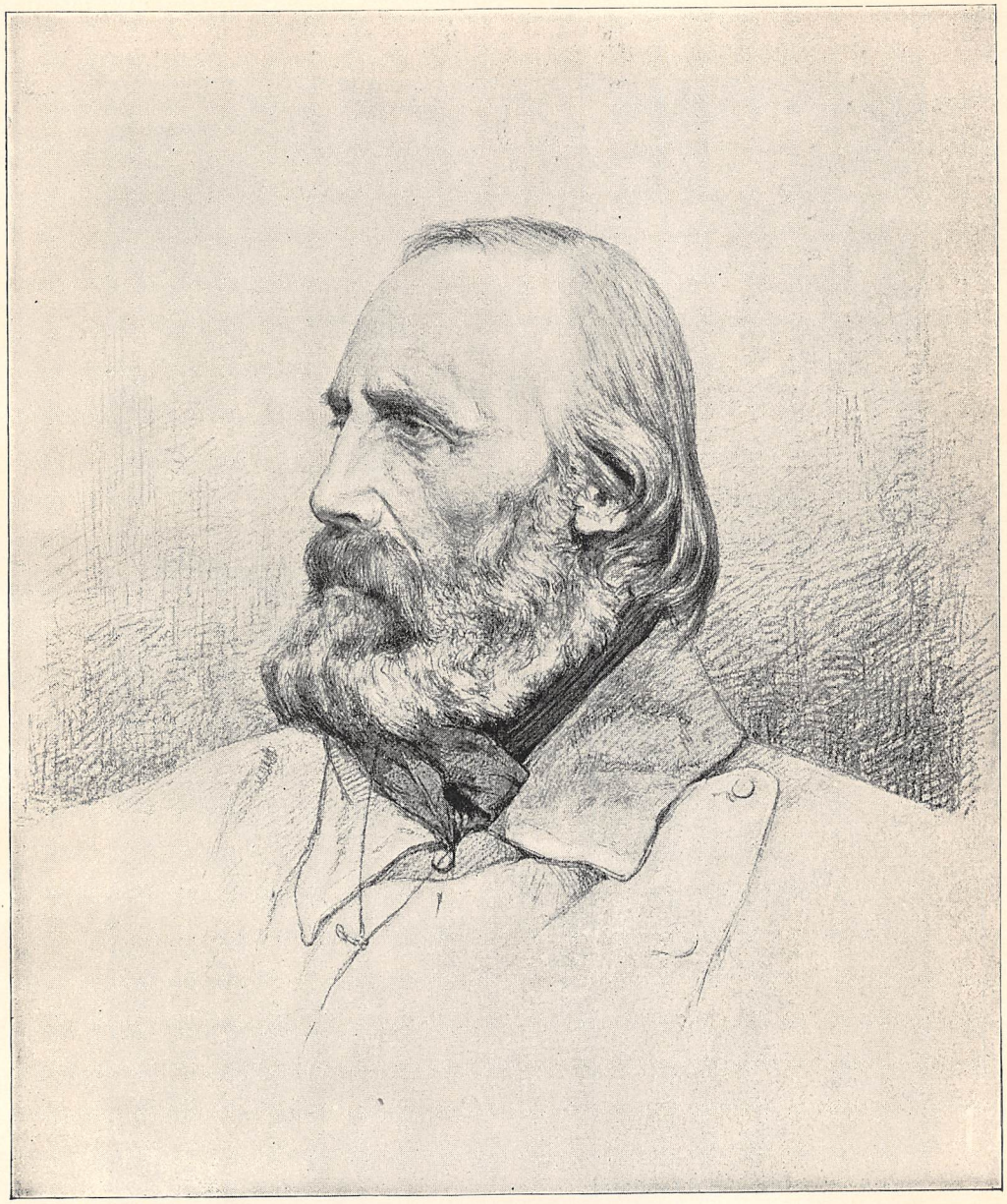
IN ROME.

In the autumn of that year the company opened at the Teatro Valle in Rome. It was the first time that I had set foot in the ancient capital of the world; and during my hours of liberty I visited untiringly its monuments, its galleries, its splendid churches, and its admirable suburbs abounding in handsome villas. I believe I formed a just conception of the greatness of that ancient race which dominated the world. I found Rome overjoyed at the famous Encyclical, and at the liberal principles of the Supreme Pontiff, whom all proclaimed the savior of his people. The idolatry of Pius IX. was universal, and I, like everybody else, paid him the tribute of my enthusiasm, and used to repeat from memory sonnets which sang of his saintly virtues, and heaped maledictions on Austria as the enemy of every generous aspiration of Italy. Both the political and the ecclesiastical censure were abolished, and we were free to give many plays which before had been on the Index.

AN AUSTRIAN SPY GETS US IN TROUBLE.

One evening, going casually to the dressing-room of the first actor, Antonio Colomberti, I found there a gentleman of distinguished appearance and somewhat advanced age, whom I did not know, and who was presented to me by Colomberti. When we met in the street afterward, we saluted each other courteously, until one day a Roman friend with whom I was walking touched my arm, and asked, "Who is that you are bowing to?" I answered, "A gentleman who was presented to me the other night by Colomberti." "Don't you know," said he, "that that person pretends to belong to the Carbonari association, and is really a spy on the Targhini and Montanari, who cannot lift their heads without his reporting it? He is a spy paid by Austria!" After that I turned my head away every time I met him, and pretended not to see him. The spy saw through this, and swore vengeance. A few days afterward I was invited to a country resort,—a vineyard as they call them in Rome,—to be present at a lottery for which some thousands of people of all ranks had come together. In a moment of enthusiasm, aroused by the political speeches which had been made, and nourished by copious libations, I was lifted by main force upon the bottom of an overturned cask, and called upon to recite some patriotic rhymes. My success was proclaimed with loud applause. A son of the spy was present,—an educated and liberal young man, who was ignorant of the despicable and infamous trade of his father,—and when he went home he told all about the lottery, not forgetting my success as a reciter of inflammatory verses. The personage in question, whom out of regard for his son I will not name, caught the opportunity like a ball on the fly, and sent such a good recommendation of me to the Austrian government, that next year, when I was on my way to Trieste, whither the rest of the company had preceded me, upon reaching the frontier I was searched and subjected to an examination, and finally the sentence was inscribed upon my passport, "Forbidden to enter the dominions of Austria!" I was in a dilemma. There was nothing for me to do but to recross the Po; and when I reached Ferrara, I wrote to a friend at Bologna, explaining my position, and begging him to send me some money as a loan, for I had nothing. As soon as the money came, my first thought was to relieve my manager Domeniconi from embarrassment, for without me he could not begin his representations; and I resolved, if repulsed at one point, to try again at another. I went to Ancona, destroyed my compromising passport, and from the consul of Tuscany secured a permit to travel which authorized me to proceed from Ancona to Trieste by sea. When I landed in Trieste I was promptly arrested, and conducted under guard to the Imperial and Royal Bureau of Police. They asked me what I meant by my impudence and obstinacy in daring to set foot upon Austrian soil after I had been warned to keep off. I set forth my reasons, and protested that I was a victim of calumny; and at last, through the intercession of the Countess Von Wimpffen, a friend of Ristori, the concession was made that I might remain in Trieste until orders concerning me could arrive from Vienna. One might have thought that all this fuss was about one of the most dangerous of conspirators. Efforts were made to obtain authorization for me to stay in Venice also, for which place we were booked after leaving Trieste; and I secured permission, under bonds, to fulfil my engagements there with the company, upon condition that I should present myself every day at the police office, "to show myself," as they put it. This requirement became rather a joke, for every morning the consecrated formula would be this: I would say, "Good morning," and the Commissary would answer, "I hope you are well," and I would take myself off.

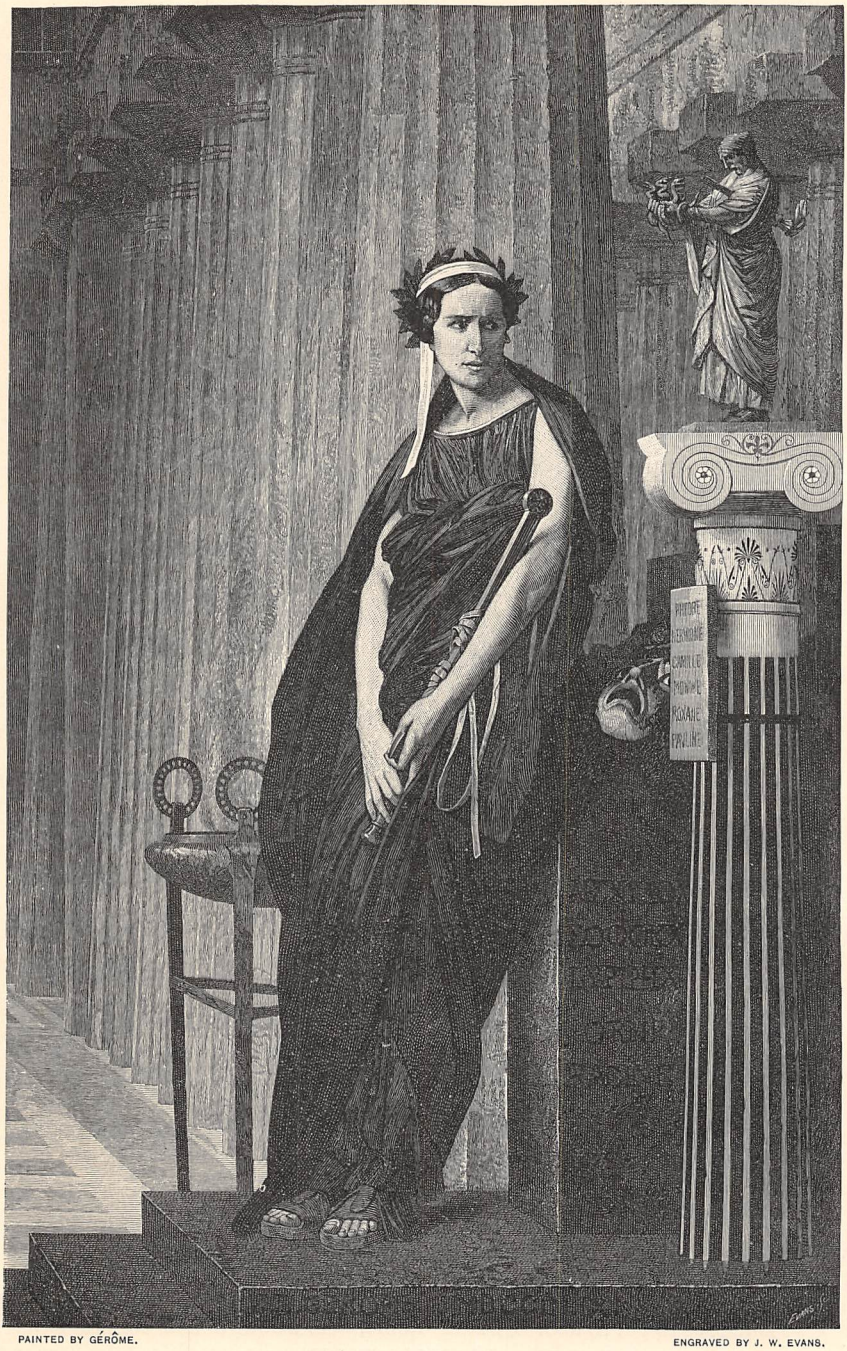
One evening, rather late, as I was leaving the Caffè Chiodi to return to my lodgings, I noticed on the further side of the Ponte della



DRAWN BY RICHARD GROSS.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

Verona five persons who were barring the narrow way by which I must pass. The idea of an attack flashed through my brain. I was ashamed to turn back, and besides it was very cold, and I was anxious to get to bed. I made the motion of grasping a weapon under my cloak, and putting on a bold face I walked resolutely through the suspicious group. Just as I had passed, I heard one say to the others, "It is he." I turned on my heel and demanded, "Whom do you mean?" The chief stepped forward and said, "Go on your way, Signor Salvini; as for us, we are under orders to watch you." "So much the better," said I; "if that is the case, I shall be all the safer on my way home." It would take a volume to tell all the annoyances, the troubles, the persecutions, which I had to undergo because of that unlucky introduction of Colomberti's at Rome. I learned a lesson from it—never to make introductions except between persons who are well known to me.



PAINTED BY GÉRÔME. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

RACHEL AS "PHEDRE."

ACTING WITH RISTORI.

WHAT I have been narrating, as will have been observed, began in the year 1846 and extended into the following year; but to omit nothing of importance, I must now take a step backward. In Lent of 1847, I was in Siena with my new manager, Domeniconi, with Ristori as leading lady, and other actors of ability. My new class of parts supplied me with a task which it was not easy to carry through: it was customary in Lent to close the house on Fridays, but on every other night of the week I had to appear in a new part, and in company with artists of established reputation. O Memory, goddess of my youth, how great is my debt to thee! At six in the morning I used to pass out one of the city gates with the part I was to play in my hand, often walking on a thin coating of snow. I would walk miles without noticing the distance, and it was my boast that when the hour of rehearsal came I would make the prompter's office a sinecure. All were astonished at me, and the more so because of the thirty-six new parts which were handed down to me to learn by the young actor to whose place I had succeeded, six were in verse. I will not seek to deny that I was spurred on not only by my love for art, but by a softer sentiment — by my resolution not to be unworthy of the affectionate encouragement bestowed upon me by Ristori, for whom I burned with enthusiasm. But when we came to Rome, in the spring, I perceived that her generous and confidential encouragement was intended not for the young man, but solely for the young artist! I did not prize it the less for that, and I continued to love her as a friend, and to admire her as an artist. I was seventeen, and my disillusion did not wound my heart, but enriched my store of experience. At that time Ristori was my ideal as *Francesca da Rimini*, as *Juliet*, as *Pia di Tolommei*, and in a host of other rôles in both drama and comedy, in which she put forth all the perfume and freshness of the true in art. All the gifts and virtues which adorned her as a woman and as an actress united to influence me to be worthy of her companionship. Surely, Adelaide Ristori was at that time the most charming actress in Italy.

FIRST GREAT SUCCESS IN TRAGEDY.

THAT year in Rome an incident occurred which conduced not a little to raise my artistic reputation in public esteem. Many years before, in that city, the celebrated Lombardi had played Alfieri's "Oreste." Ventura, Ferri, Capidoglio, all famed actors, and finally Gustavo Modena himself, had tried it, but had not succeeded in overcoming the strong impression left by Lombardi, who possessed in profusion the precise requisites for that character — good looks, youth, voice, fire, delivery, intelligence: so they were enumerated to me, who had never had the good fortune to see him. Some years had passed since the last of the unsuccessful attempts to revive "Oreste," when, upon the occasion of a benefit which was to be given me, I expressed to an old dilettante who was president of one of the best philanthropic societies of Rome my desire to appear in that part. The old gentleman, who took much interest in my progress, exclaimed: "Dear me! my son, do you want to tempt fortune, and to play all your future on one card? Think of what a risk you would run. Others, more experienced than you, have tried it, and have been sorry. Don't be so stubborn as to put yourself in a fair way to lose all you have gained in the favor of the public. My son, don't do it!"

I was in truth very young, and, like the lava which pours from a volcano, I knew no obstacles; therefore, for my benefit I imposed upon the company, as was my right, the tragedy of "Oreste." The night of the representation came. My ears were tingling with discouraging warnings; the state of mind I was in is beyond description; yet I found some comfort in my own secret reasoning. I said to myself: "As *Romeo* in 'Giulietta e Romeo,' as *Paolo* in 'Francesca da Rimini,' as *Carlo* in 'Filippo,' as *Egisto* in 'Merope,' I have found favor with the public; why should I lose it as *Oreste*, a character which moves me powerfully, and for which I have as suitable physical gifts as anybody?" I went to the Teatro Valle three hours before the rising of the curtain; I dressed myself at once, and went to pacing up and down behind the scenes like a wild animal, speaking to no one and answering no one. I overheard my comrades saying among themselves, "Salvinetto is a fool!" "Salvinetto has gone mad!" and indeed they had good reason to think so. The auditorium was soon crowded. The play had not been given for many years in Rome; the public was eager to see it again, and was attracted by the sympathy which my name enjoyed, and by curiosity to witness a success, so that not a place in the theater was left vacant. The first act ended with applause for Ristori (*Elettra*), for Job (*Clitennestra*), for Domeniconi (*Egisto*). As I stood behind the scenes I envied them, and thought of the hisses which were perhaps about to greet me. The interlude of music which precedes the second act ended, and *Oreste* must go on immediately. My *Pilade* (Giacomo Glech) said to me, "Courage! Courage!" "I have it for sale," said I; "do

you want some?" and at once I went on. I made my entry without speaking, without bowing my thanks for the applause which attended my appearance; I identified myself absolutely with the personage whose part I was representing. After manifesting by gestures my joy upon recognizing the ancestral scenes from which *Oreste* had fled at the age of five, I delivered my first verse: "Pilade, yes! This is my realm! O joy!" The public, after the applause of welcome, had resumed silence, eager to see from the start how that impetuous character would develop itself, and now broke forth with a roar of approbation which reëchoed from pit to gallery for as much as two minutes. Then I said to myself, "Ah! I am *Oreste*." As the play went on, and at the end, the applause became enthusiasm. From that moment my title of tragic actor was won, and I was only nineteen!

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

In 1848 we made a tour in Sicily. We embarked at Naples, where the political disturbances of that year had not yet manifested themselves. During our stay in Palermo, however, the revolution broke out in the island. Ferdinand II. stopped the steam-packets which communicated with the mainland, and we found ourselves cut off from returning to Rome, where we were bound to appear for a subscription season arranged for by the most distinguished families of the Roman patriciate. Poor Luigi Domeniconi was in despair. He decided to get the whole company together, and proposed that we should charter a brigantine and make the voyage by sail to Civita Vecchia. We accepted on the spot, all the more eager to escape from the trap we were in because we heard that the King of Naples was preparing a strong military expedition for the purpose of invading Sicily and subjugating the rebels. Our provisions were embarked, and we sailed without hindrance out of Palermo on the *Fortunato*, a vessel which had just made a voyage with a cargo of sulphur. We had the lower deck divided into two rooms with canvas, one for the ladies, the other for the men, and laid our mattresses down on the deck, so that the ship looked like a floating hospital. Ristori, who had already become Marchesa Capranica del Grillo, had a sort of stateroom of canvas and boards rigged up on deck, and she and her husband were somewhat less uncomfortable than the rest of us. Continuous calms held us back near the Sicilian coast, and the suffocating heat tempted me and some of my friends to plunge overboard into the sea, which was as bright and clear as crystal. We were swimming quietly in the slow wake of our ship, when of a sudden we were startled by a horrified yell. It was the captain, who sprang up on the poop, and called at the top of his voice: "*Santo diavolone!* get on board quick, gentlemen; we are just in the spot where dogfish are most plentiful!" The sailors began to throw morsels of food as far beyond us as they could, to distract the attention of the bloodthirsty animals, and in a twinkling we were again on deck, swarming up the rope ladder. We got a famous dressing down from the captain, who was responsible for any misfortune which might have befallen us as his passengers, and the experience took away effectually our appetite for swimming.

After four days passed at sea, we had all come to have prodigious appetites; on the sixth day our provisions were exhausted, and we had to get on as best we could with ship's biscuit and fried potatoes. It occurred to the cook to make us some fritters of flour and sugar, which were duly distributed. But just as we were preparing to swallow with avidity this unlooked-for dainty, a mighty yell came from the cook, who had tried one of his fritters, and with swelled lips and burning tongue called to us that the fritters were poisoned! It appeared that the cabin-boy had been sent to the captain's cabin for the sugar, and had taken by mistake a package of flour poisoned with arsenic for the destruction of rats. Two days more went by, and from being hungry we became famished. With the consent of the captain, four of us took the brigantine's boat and rowed off to a fishing-smack to buy the fishermen's catch. But the fishermen declined to sell, saying that they were bound to deliver all they caught to their employer. I explained to them civilly that we had thirty persons on our ship who were actually starving, and that under these circumstances they were not justified in refusing to sell, and I told them that we were willing to pay them twice the value of their fish, but that it was necessary that we should buy them. The blockheads persisted nevertheless in their refusal, and we were obliged to throw courtesy to the winds and to take away a part of their catch by force, for which we threw them a handful of silver. We were pirates, no doubt, but generous pirates. The next morning we made land, and the city of Civita Vecchia gradually came into plain sight. Full of delight, and never doubting that we should sleep that night in good soft beds, we threw our straw ticks overboard; when all of a sudden a violent contrary wind arose, and drove the ship out to sea again. We spent that night on the bare planks of the deck. At last, on the following day, we landed at Civita Vecchia, and, weary from our wretched sleeping accommodations, sunburnt, and with throats parched by the heat, we made the best of our way to a *caffè* to get something refreshing. But

when we tendered our money to the cashier, he would not take it, because the silver was blackened by the fumes of sulphur, of which the ship was redolent. We all had to set to work to polish our money, and when, after much labor, we had brought the coins back to their original brightness, we succeeded with some trouble in getting them accepted, and were free to set out for Rome. Such a chapter of accidents it all was that some of the company seriously attributed our experience to the presence on the ship of some possessor of the evil eye.

SALVINI ENLISTS.

In that year the revolutionary movement assumed extensive proportions. In Rome were gathered all that Italy could boast of honest, liberal, and courageous citizens, lovers of liberty. Pius IX., who had given the first impulse to the progressist and humanitarian theories of the time, became frightened by the menaces of Austria, by the displeasure of the absolute rulers of the other provinces of Italy, and most of all by the insinuations and counsels of the clericals throughout Europe, who hated every aspiration toward liberalism, and he abjured the principles he had professed, and proceeded to Gaeta, to fly from the impetuous wave of the revolution, which would have swept him on into a holy war against the oppressors of Italy. Some time before this, in Rome, as well as in other provinces, the National Guard had been formed, and I had been enrolled in the 8th Roman Battalion.

THE DEFENSE OF ROME.

The republic was proclaimed by the will of the people. Mazzini was one of the three consuls. Among the chiefs of the republican army were Avezzana, Roselli, Garibaldi, and Medici; and the various regiments numbered together about fifteen thousand young men, the flower of the best families of Italy. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was the President of the French republic, and to win over the clerical party, which afterward helped him mount his throne, he despatched an expedition which, in conjunction with the forces of the King of Naples, and with the coöperation of a rather shadowy contingent from Spain, had for its objective the reëstablishment of the Pontiff in Rome, and the subjugation of the Italian republicans. As soon as our Triumvirate learned of these projects, it published an edict to the National Guard, summoning all who were in earnest to mobilize for the defense of the walls and fortifications of the city. I and other young artists with me were not the last to report for duty; and soon two battalions of volunteers were ready, under the command of Colonel Masi, who intrusted to us the defense of the walls at the Gardens of the Pope, between the Cavalleggieri and Angelica gates. On April 30 the French, led by General Oudinot, came in sight of Rome, advancing from Civita Vecchia, and were welcomed by a first cannon-shot, which was discharged within ten paces of where I was stationed. I must confess that at that first shot the nerves about my stomach contracted sharply. The French who were marching in compact order along the highway, deployed in skirmishing order in the fields, and opened a sharp, though irregular fire. On the ramparts we had only two small howitzers, and all about them fell the rifle-balls of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, while the French sharpshooters were out of range of the bullets of our muskets. After covering us with a heavy fire, they attempted to take our walls by assault; but the hail of balls which we poured in on them forced them to give up the notion, leaving the field strewn with their dead and wounded.

MADE A CORPORAL, AND SET TO BUILDING BARRICADES.

On that same day I was promoted corporal by the commander of my battalion, and on the night of April 30 I was in charge of the changing of sentinels, and on the look-out for a not improbable night assault. The result of that day had been in our favor; we had weakened the enemy's ranks by over 1500, between killed, wounded, and prisoners. Yet these enemies, too, were republicans, and bore the cock with open wings on their caps, which we saw pierced with our balls when the next morning dawned. For seven days and nights we were not relieved from that post, and our couch was the bare earth. At last we had the good fortune to give over our station to another body of soldiers, but we were at once given the task of constructing barricades at the Porta del Popolo. I had charge of the building of two of them, and these were deemed worthy of praise in the certificate given me in 1861 by General Avezzana, formerly Minister of War. This I am proud to transcribe here, with its note by Garibaldi:

NAPLES, February 12, 1861.

I, the undersigned, attest that Citizen Tommaso Salvini served as a volunteer in the mobilized National Guard posted for the defense of the Vatican Gardens on April 30, 1849, when that position was attacked by the hostile French troops. Further, that the said Salvini, who was subsequently promoted Corporal, continued to serve throughout the siege of Rome, both in the ranks of the Guard and in the construction and defense of barricades, during the whole time of

that memorable siege, and that throughout this time he conducted himself as a warm patriot and a brave soldier. In testimony whereof I hand to him the present certificate.

GIUSEPPE AVEZZANA,
General, ex-Minister of War and of Marine.

I recommend to my friend Avezzana our comrade Salvini.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

GLIMPSES OF GARIBALDI.

AFTER the check of April 30, the French wanted their revenge, and since they had discovered that our bullets were not made of butter, and that Italians could fight, two things which they would never have believed, they resolved upon a new expedition, this time of 34,000 men, and with a full siege-train. During the truce we gave up 300 prisoners, whom the kind-hearted Italians sent over to the enemy's camp with their pockets full of cigars and their stomachs of wine, since they swore that they had come in ignorance of the state of affairs, and that they would never again bear arms against us. When they left us, they shouted, "*Vive la République Romaine!*" But when our republic had fallen, we recognized some of them in the hostile ranks which marched into Rome, with arms in their hands, and the exultation of conquerors on their faces. Our forces dwindled from day to day, and we could not fill the places of the killed and wounded, and of the sick. One day there would be a brush on the Pincio, the next before the Porta Portese, but more often there would be fighting at the Porta San Pancrazio, where I had opportunity to become familiar with the cannon's roar, with the whistling of conical balls, and with the sight of dead and dying, and of mutilation. Behind the stretch of wall which we defended there was a house with a balcony, in which house Garibaldi would often show himself at a garret window to study the movements of the enemy with his field-glass. The front of this house was riddled with French balls, but by a happy fortune none of them ever struck the general, though a young Lombard named Tedeschini, a friend of mine, was hit in the eye by a projectile, and fell from the balcony to the ground. When Garibaldi came out of the house, he saw the poor fellow lying there in his blood, and said, "I told him that this would happen." In point of fact, a short time before, he had warned him from his high window of the risk he was running by imprudently exposing his head in a place where he had no cover.

Another day, hearing angry voices at the Porta San Pancrazio, I descended from the gallery where I was posted to see what the trouble was, and I arrived in time to hear a sharp discussion between Garibaldi and Masina. Garibaldi ordered Masina to take his "Knights of Death" and seize the Vascello Casino. Masina observed to the general that there were over 500 French soldiers in that building, and that it was an impossibility for cavalry to dislodge them. Garibaldi retorted:

"If you don't want to go there, I will go."

"No, general," said Masina; "I am going."

He gave the command to his men, but only thirteen mounted their horses to follow him. The San Pancrazio gate was thrown open, and a fruitless hail of balls preceded the sortie of the knights, who charged forth on a full run along the highway toward the Vascello, which was a musket-shot away. In their headlong charge one man fell, pierced by a bullet, but his horse ran on with the others, who rode up the ramp, and in on the lower floor of the Casino. In a moment we heard a repeated and prolonged discharge within, and we saw three of those heroes ride out, and these fortunately regained the gate of Rome unharmed. Masina was not one of them. That must surely have been a very sad day for Garibaldi.

Under the protection of a ditch and a thick hedge along the highway, we advanced from the small postern, under the fire of the French, to retake the bodies and carry them back to Rome. We succeeded, not without difficulty and danger, and were warmly praised by our fellows in arms. Masina's body was unrecognizable, for the French, seeking to prevent us from getting possession of it, had concentrated their fire on his head as he lay a corpse.

THE FALL OF ROME.

THE solution of the glorious drama was near. The trenches and rifle-pits planned by the French chief of engineers, Le Vaillant, were completed, the siege-ordnance was placed in position, and shells rained on Rome regularly every five minutes, day and night. Yet the republicans would not capitulate. It was a heroic protest rather than a defense. We all knew that we could not hold out against forces so overwhelming, but we knew too that there were in Italy generous hearts full of revolt against the yoke of despotism and tyranny. The French made seven breaches in the walls, with the view of securing possession of the heights, and these they occupied by night, with the aid of traitors, but not without an obstinate and heroic resistance. The republic fell, but not the republicans. As soon as the French had secured possession of a few important strategic points in the city, Garibaldi marched out of the gate of St. John with a

few hundred men; many others left Rome singly, and still more withdrew quietly to their own houses, filled with anxiety for the future. A military proclamation was issued, commanding all persons to retire to their lodgings at the firing of a gun every evening at nine o'clock. Numerous patrols passed through the streets after that hour. I, with Missori (who was afterward colonel with Garibaldi, whose life he saved at Calata Fimi), the professor of music Dall' Agata, and others who lived in the same house, used to mock the French patrols, as they passed under our windows, by imitating the cock's crow at them. After a few days it occurred to me that I might be exposed to some annoyance after the reëstablishment of ecclesiastical rule, and I determined to leave Rome for a time, giving as a pretext my desire to see my relatives, as well as a certain pretty girl to whom I had been attentive for some time. Accordingly I set out from Rome, and embarked at Civita Vecchia on the steamer *Il Corriere Corso* with many emigrants of my acquaintance, among them Aurelio Saffi, Saliceti, Dall' Ongaro, and Sala of Milan. When the steamer put in at Leghorn, where we were to land, the restored government of the Grand Duke refused to receive us, and despatched us on to Genoa. There we found in the port the steamer *Lombardo*, which had taken a large number of the politically compromised, among them Prince Canino Bonaparte, who had been vice-president of the Roman assembly. Our ship was promptly surrounded, like the other, by gunboats; and after lying there three days, we were taken to the Lazaretto della Foce. To those of us who could afford to pay was assigned a room with straw beds on the floor; but the greater number were forced to remain in the corridors of the establishment. I was in a room with my friends.

An aunt of mine, who was at Genoa, begged my liberty of General La Marmora, who was then commandant of the place, and I was thus able to leave prison sooner than the rest. I was impatient to get to Florence, and I presented myself with my passport to the Tuscan consul, to obtain the necessary *visa*, and then hurried on board of a packet which was just sailing for Leghorn. That night the gods had a famous battle among themselves. It thundered, it lightened, terrific bolts flashed down from the heavens, and the wind piled up the waves in mountains, up which we crawled only to fall into the abyss beyond. It seemed as if our nutshell of a steamer must go to pieces at any moment. A gruesome noise arose from the dashing about of furniture, the crashing of dishes, bottles, and glasses, the groaning of the timbers, the shrieks of some of the women, and the crying of terrified children. The cabin doors were fastened, but I stayed on deck to enjoy this grand spectacle of nature; I was obliged for safety to have myself secured to a mast, or I should have been washed overboard by the waves, which broke on deck without intermission. In the midst of the disturbance I fell asleep, and at dawn I was not sorry to find myself in sight of Leghorn — but in what a state! I was drenched by the sea and the steady downpour; I was literally swimming in my boots, and I had to go to my stateroom and change my clothes from head to foot.

IN PRISON.

Upon landing at Leghorn, my first care was to go to the police bureau for my passport, which I had had to give to the purser of the steamer before sailing from Genoa. The chief of police put an infinity of questions to me, and I gave him straightforward answers, the result of which was that I was conducted between two gendarmes to the Lazaretto of St. Leopold, which was at that time set aside for the detention of political prisoners. I was put into a large cell with several young men of Leghorn whom I knew to be of advanced opinions, and with a supply of cigars and some bottles of good wine we spent three days without incident. On the fourth day I was notified that as my domicile was in Florence, I must proceed to that city. Two new guardian angels bore me company in a coach to the railway-station, and were civil enough to spare me the mortification of appearing to be under arrest by sitting at some distance from me in the compartment, though they were careful not to take their eyes off me. At Florence another coach was in waiting, and set me down at the office of the Commissary of the quarter of San Marco. It was dinner-time, and all the officials were out. While I was waiting I discovered a sergeant, an ex-dramatic artist, whom I knew, and I begged him to inform my uncle of my arrival in Florence as a prisoner. After a time the officer in charge came in, and, learning that I was domiciled in the Santo Spirito quarter, he sent me on to the Commissary of that subdivision of the city. This personage said, with a most impertinent and offensive manner, "You look like a very suspicious character." "You don't mean to say so," said I; "that shows that appearances are deceptive, for, on the contrary, I am the most amiable young man in the world." This flighty jack-in-office proceeded to put me through such a tiresome maze of questions that I thought he would end by asking me the name of the priest who baptized me, or that of the barber who gave me my first shave. Just as at Leghorn, the result of all this prying

and inquisitorial insinuation was an order to take me to prison.

After five days my uncle came and announced to me that I was at liberty, but under the condition that I should leave Florence at once. My director, Domeniconi, had obtained permission to resume his representations, and wrote me to return to Rome at once, and that he would see to it that I should have nothing to fear from the pontifical police.

BACK IN ROME.

But what a Rome it was to which I came back! It was black, barren, lugubrious; characterized especially by the red of the French trousers, and the black of priests' vestments. The few citizens whom one met in the streets looked so sad that one's heart yearned for them. Those days were gone when all was life; when the cheerful colors of the nation adorned the streets, the palaces, the houses, and even the sunlight seemed brighter for their presence. Where were all those merry faces, full of hope, eager for glory and for liberty? Where was that sentiment of kinship and of equality which made one say when he met a youth, "He is my brother!" and inspired a filial feeling to every elderly man? The air had become heavy, the walls gloomy, the people melancholy; if we met a French soldier, we said, "There is an oppressor"; if a priest, "There is an enemy of our country." Unhappy Rome! Unhappy Italy! And with those two exclamations I turned back to art, the one resource which lay open to my bruised spirit, and to art I dedicated myself without reserve. I understood perfectly that the priestly government looked upon me with an evil eye, and I thought it prudent to hold myself in complete isolation — all the more so after I had met Monsignor Mattencei, governor of Rome, escorted by police agents in disguise, and he had said to me as he passed, "Prudence, my young fellow!" I well understood the covert threat, and I spent every hour that the theater did not require of me in reading and studying in my rooms.

Doubtless it would not be possible for me now to remember how much and what I read during the two years that I continued after this with the Roman company. I was by nature more inclined to poetry than to prose, and I gave most of my time to the perusal of the classics in poetry and the drama. Homer, Ossian, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch — the sovereign poets — were my favorites; Metastasio, Alfieri, Goldoni, Nota, Kotzebue, Arelloni, ranked next; and after these my preference was given to the foreign authors — Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Corneille, Racine, Molière. For the *bonne bouche* I reserved Ugo Foscolo, Leopardi, Manzoni, Monti, and Niccolini.

By familiarizing myself with these great writers I formed a fund of information which was of the greatest assistance to me in the pursuit of my profession. I made comparisons between the heroes of ancient Greece and those of Celtic races; I paralleled the great men of Rome with those of the middle ages; and I studied their characters, their passions, their manners, their tendencies, to such purpose that when I had occasion to impersonate one of those types I was able to study it in its native atmosphere. I sought to live with my personage, and then to represent him as my imagination pictured him. The nice decision as to whether I was always right must rest with the public. It is very certain that to accomplish anything in art requires assiduous application, unwearied study, continuous observation, and, in addition to all that, natural aptitude. Many artists who have ability, erudition, and perseverance will nevertheless sometimes fall short of their ideal. It may happen that they lack the physical qualities demanded by the part, or that the voice cannot bend itself to certain modulations, or that the personality is incompatible with the character represented.

ABSURDITIES OF THE CENSORSHIP.

Our company reopened, then, at the Teatro Valle of Rome, and took the name of that city. The laws of political and ecclesiastical censure had come again into force, and we actors had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and the ridiculous substitutions which the censors made in our lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," "monsignor," "priest" were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot" were equally in the Index. The colors green, white, and red were prohibited; yellow and black and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colors prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress, another who wore red ribbons must not come near her. If we transgressed we were not punished with simple warnings, but with so many days of arrest, and with fines which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offense. I remember well that one night when I played the *Captain* in Goldoni's "Sposa Sagace" I was fined ten scudi for wearing a blue uniform with red facings and white ornaments, for the excellent reason that the blue looked green by artificial light.

Another time our leading actress was play-

ing *Marie Stuart*, and had to receive the dying *David Rizzio* in her arms, and to kiss him on the forehead just as he drew his last breath. I had to pay twenty scudi for the kiss I had received without being aware of it! The priests plainly knew their own minds, and they did not falter in chastising the erring. The reader can well imagine the effect upon art of all this interference, and annoyance, and torment. Art, indeed, was treated as a culprit. Nevertheless, the public continued to fill our house, to applaud, and to be entertained; and it had then a much truer feeling for artistic beauty than it has to-day. The artists, too, were then animated in the highest degree with the honor that should be paid to a profession which, whatever else may be said of it, is eminently instructive and improving.

HOW THE AUTHOR STUDIED HIS ART.

THE parts in which I won the most sympathy from the Italian public were those of *Oreste* in the tragedy of that name, *Egisto* in "Merope," *Romeo* in "Giulietta e Romeo," *Paolo* in "Francesca da Rimini," *Rinaldo* in "Pia di Tolommei," *Lord Bonfield* in "Pamela," *Domingo* in the "Suonatrice d'Arpa," and *Gian Galeazzo* in "Lodovico il Moro." In all these my success was more pronounced than in other parts, and I received flattering marks of approval. I did not reflect, at that time, of how great assistance to me it was to be constantly surrounded by first-rate artists; but I soon came to feel that an atmosphere untainted by poisonous microbes promotes unoppressed respiration, and that in such an atmosphere soul and body maintain themselves healthy and vigorous. I observed frequently in the "scratch" companies which played in the theaters of second rank young men and women who showed very notable artistic aptitude, but who, for lack of cultivation and guidance, ran to extravagance, overemphasis, and exaggeration. Up to that time, while I had a clear appreciation of the reasons for recognizing defects in others, I did not know how to correct my own; on the other hand, I recognized that the applause accorded me was intended as an encouragement more than as a tribute which I had earned. From a youth of pleasing qualities (for the moment I quell my modesty), with good features, full of fire and enthusiasm, with a harmonious and powerful voice, and with good intellectual faculties, the public deemed that an artist should develop who would distinguish himself, and perhaps attain eminence in the records of Italian art; and for this reason it sought to encourage me, and to apply the spur to my pride by manifesting its feeling of sympathy. By good fortune, I had enough conscience and good sense to receive this homage at its just value. I felt the need of studying, not books alone, but men and things, vice and virtue, love and hate, humility and haughtiness, gentleness and cruelty, folly and wisdom, poverty and opulence, avarice and lavishness, long-suffering and vengeance — in short, all the passions for good and evil which have root in human nature. I needed to study out the manner of rendering these passions in accordance with the race of the men in whom they were exhibited, in accordance with their special customs, principles, and education; I needed to form a conception of the movement, the manner, the expressions of face and voice characteristic of all these cases; I must learn by intuition to grasp the characters of fiction, and by study to reproduce those of history with semblance of truth, seeking to give to every one a personality distinct from every other. In fine, I must become capable of identifying myself with one or another personage to such an extent as to lead the audience into the illusion that the real personage, and not a copy, is before them. It would then remain to learn the mechanism of my art; that is, to choose the salient points and to bring them out, to calculate the effects and keep them in proportion with the unfolding of the plot, to avoid monotony in intonation and repetition in accentuation, to insure precision and distinctness in pronunciation, the proper distribution of respiration, and incisiveness of delivery. I must study; study again; study always. It was not an easy thing to put these precepts in practice. Very often I forgot them, carried away by excitement, or by the superabundance of my vocal powers; indeed, until I had reached an age of calmer reflection I was never able to get my artistic chronometer perfectly regulated; it would always gain a few minutes every twenty-four hours.

In the spring of 1851 Ristori entered the Royal Company of Turin, while I remained with Domeniconi that year and until the beginning of 1853. During those two years our leading lady was Amalia Fumagalli, a painstaking actress, whose comic face and inelegant figure were drawbacks to her, — compensated, however, by a sweet voice, a most moving rendering of emotion, a dexterity that was beyond belief, and a most uncommon degree of artistic intuition. If Amalia Fumagalli had been beautiful, she would undoubtedly have rivaled the best actresses of the day, and particularly so in comedy. In many parts she certainly ranked first; and especially in Scribe's "Valérie," in "Birichino di Parigi," and in "Maria Giovanna" she was inimitable. Debarred as she was by Nature from that gift which for a woman has most charm, she had the power to win the esteem and affection of the Italian public.

RACHEL.

AT this time I had the fortune to be present at a few representations given by Rachel at the Teatro Metastasio in Rome. Her name had been preceded by her fame, a thing which is sometimes of assistance to an artist, while it increases greatly his responsibility, and as often is positively harmful. But this was not so with Rachel. What can I say of that incomparable French actress? She was the very quintessence of the art of Roscius; to render due praise to her qualities of mind, as well as to those of face and form, it would be necessary to coin new epithets in the Italian tongue. Expression, attitude, the mobile restraint of her features, grace, dignity, affection, passion, majesty — all in her was nature itself. Her eyes, like two black carbuncles, and her magnificent raven hair, added splendor to a face full of life and feeling. When she was silent she seemed almost more eloquent than when she spoke. Her voice, at once sympathetic, harmonious, and full of variety, expressed the various passions with correct intonation and exemplary measure. Her motions were always statuesque, and never seemed studied. If Rachel had been able to free herself in her delivery from the cadence traditional in the Conservatoire, where she had studied,—a cadence which, it is true, cropped out but rarely,—she would, in my belief, have been perfect. She was the very incarnation of Tragedy. The monotony of the rhyming Alexandrine verses was not suitable to her gifts; she should not have been compelled to speak an impoverished, nasal, uneven, unmelodious language like the French, but the sonorous measures of ancient Greece and Rome.

Was it in her nature or in her art? Both were so completely harmonized in her by genius as to form a new Melpomene. France, who most laudably pays honor to her distinguished children, should not have shared in the unjust war made upon Rachel by certain authors and journalists under the contemptible promptings of spite and ill temper, by leaving that luminous star unheeded, to quench itself by inches in languor and melancholy. Her merit was so supreme that we can well pardon some slight defects in her character — defects which were, perhaps, due to the malady which was secretly preying upon her; and both as a woman, and as one who was a real honor to her country, she had the right to expect more indulgence and higher regard from the proverbial equity and courtesy of the French people. The thought that she was disliked by her compatriots exacerbated the disease which brought her to the grave. Poor Rachel! May the compassion of an Italian artist reach you in your eternal abiding-place!

Tommaso Salvini.

THE PROFESSOR'S ABERRATION.

HE always was a good boy, said his mother.

She began saying it when he was so small that the parlor chair held his slim legs out stiff before him. In those days, to hear it made his eyelids fall and his cheeks glow; and then she would smile, and say in her heart, "He looks just like an angel!"

At school he was a wonder, said his teachers.

From the first he gave himself into their hands, with a facile memory which they took for dawning genius. The sight of his unrumpled hair and clear eyes was as restful to them as his report-book. And when, at June exhibitions, he mounted the platform, the townspeople said, "He will make a great man, that boy of the Widow Wright."

All this set him apart from other boys. Better, he liked girls; in particular, pretty Matilda Robbins over the way, who fell in love with him when they were school-children. Later, while he was leading his college class with a perfect record, and from Shakspere and Tennyson, Shelley and Keats, an ideal arose before him,—delicious melancholy, that last happiness of youth, darkened his eyes in thinking of Matilda.

After college he accepted the Latin professorship in the academy, and came home to his little mother. The puffs of hair around her face were white now, and her smile was deep in wrinkles. She still pattered about the house, with her skirts caught up, peeping in at doors to espy the vagaries of floor-rugs and tidies. But mostly she sat knitting at the window, and kept pace, so, with the times, and saw the world; while the care and the desire of life simmered into one gentle hope.

"La! Gilbert, what *are* you waiting for?" she would appeal to her son. "When you might have the pick of the town to-day!"

"It is so difficult to make a selection," ran the burden of his answer.

She could not deny it. Instead, she would lift her eyes to the curtains of Matilda's maiden

chamber, and Matilda would be duly over to tea — in a tremor when the Professor gazed pensively upon her.

They were drinking tea together one late September evening. The table had a festal gleam in the yellow light. But on the hostess's cheek was the red of withered roses.

"I don't see as I shall ever get used to this new cook of mine," she sighed. "And there is her great, long, tagging name — E-liz-a-beth!"

"Shorten it, mother," suggested the Professor, leaning toward her his delicate, shaven face, with the small mouth held straitly like Perugino's Saint Michael. "Make it Betty — or Bess."

"No, Gilbert; she isn't that kind. No; she is one you can't take liberties with. But I am glad of her, anyhow — a nice, respectable farmer's daughter. Town trash shall never come into *my* kitchen; and so I said, the first thing, when Ann told me she was going West to her folks."

Then they withdrew to the back parlor, and Matilda carefully played some of the music she had learned, and sang old songs in a thin voice. At ten o'clock the Professor saw her home.

It was a sparkling night. The frosty air seemed to breathe upon the stars and to brighten them. Erect above the garden hemlock stood the young moon. Those other moons, the electric lights, glowed down the archway of the elms, and, stealing from shuttered houses and empty walks a trick of life, evoked a wonder-world of shadows. The Professor came back noting faithfully, pronouncing it very good.

He was closing a window, when suddenly, near at hand, arose a singing like joy brimmed over. Then, seated on the kitchen steps, with her arms about her knees and her head tilted back, he saw the new maid.

In his dreams the Professor met again that figure, as of an ample-bosomed, full-throated Greek goddess — so that his first morning thought was, "What a pity to see her by daylight!" But his mind changed when he came face to face with the tall, rosy young woman who smiled and said, "*Good* morning, sir."

"Good morning, Elizabeth. Last night I heard you singing," he added graciously. "I am glad you feel contented here."

"And was n't it a purty night, sir!" she exclaimed in her rich, caressing Irish voice.

What did Chaucer write about gray eyes? After his habit of taking life as a commentary upon the poets, the Professor that evening looked up the passage while his mother dozed and the clock was loud:

"Hire nose streight; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed;
But sikurly sche hadde a fair forheed.
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For hardily sche was not undeugrowe."

He smiled — the complaisant smile of a man met in his humor.

"La! Gilbert," quoth his mother, rousing brisk from her nap, "if you are not too busy — Gilbert, that girl *does* worry me! She is a nice girl. For a Catholic, she is wonderful! But she *is* so reckless. Here, this change in the weather is enough to give us all our death. But she sits right down on the grass. And she runs out without a thing on her head, or anything around her. And when it is wet, she does n't wait for rubbers or umbrella. Gilbert, could n't you speak to her?"

"Certainly, mother; now, if you say so."

As he opened the kitchen door there issued a whiff of fragrance like the breath of harvest fields. Then, in a dazzle of lamplight and fire-glow and shimmering tins, he beheld Elizabeth, hair and lashes quaintly powdered as she kneaded her dough. At the sight a new sense stirred in the Professor — a sense of gladsome household life.

"My mother worries about you," he gravely began. "She thinks you careless of your health."

"Sure, sir? Indeed, I 'd no mind to worry the mistress. And that 's a pity."

"She says you go out in the rain without an umbrella."

"Why, so I do, sir. It 's because I love the rain. Don't you, sir? When it comes cool against your cheek? and sharp, just like a wee bit of a lash? But I 'll remember."

"You do not wrap up sufficiently, either. There is much illness, the doctors say; and any imprudence may result in pleurisy, or pneumonia, or —"

"Me, sir? To have all those? Why, I 've never been sick in me life!" she cried, and broke into mellow laughter. "Sure, you forget, sir." And now she fell to shaking down the white meal in a cloud, her vigorous young arms dimpling at the elbow. "I 'm no fine lady. 'T is the way I was brought up, you see. For father, when he came straight off the farm in the old country, and he and mother had to live in the terrible streets, why, his heart was broke at sight of his baby in the foulness. And when he could buy a bit of land, 'Now my girl shall live in God Almighty's world!' says he. Rain or wind or sun, he would have me out. So it was father's doing — at first."

"How was it afterward?"

In that sensuous content where memories come and are sweet, the Professor was seeing the small urchin that was himself perched upon a corner of the same table, watching his mother at the same work.

"Well, sir, I suppose some things it 's easier making than unmaking," she said demurely; "for when I 'd raced until I was a tall slip of a

thing, and the time was come for schooling, why, it brought the tears to see the blue hills a-peeping in and I fast at the desk. So that I could n't make much of me book. And the teacher — she was a thin little woman — called me a dunce. That angered father. 'Me girl 's no dunce,' he told her. 'But before I 'll have her soured into a mean little nubbin of a green apple, I 'll put her out in the fields again to grow!' For father," she added with deprecation, when they had laughed together, "if he 's angered, *has* a fling to his tongue, 't is true."

"And did your school-days end so?"

"Yes, sir. Not that I 'd no more teaching. Father taught me nights, besides reading to mother and me many fine stories and verses. But I 'm no scholar meself. I like outdoor things best, and real people."

The loaves were molded now, and she was only lavishing upon them the artist's touches of sheer pleasure. Still he lingered.

"Then you enjoyed the people there as well as the country?"

Some profound feeling weighed her eyelids down, and moved her lips to sweeter curves, before she answered:

"They 'd be poor bits of pleasure, after all, would n't they, sir? and the days but lonesome — the best of them — without the friendly faces?"

His "Good night, Elizabeth," fell softly, and his step, as he went away. Howbeit, later, there issued from his room sounds new to his mother and to the old house — sounds of hilarious whistling.

It was October, in the thirtieth year of the Professor's life, when he first noticed in full the tragedy of the leaves.

Each morning his eyes, when they opened, turned to the small shadows that dipped down his window-shades. Thenceforward, through the hours, he was oddly conscious of leaves brightening, fading, falling. On still, burnished days, like a child he tracked them down aërial paths. In a breeze he harkened, idle, as they flew. When a gale swung the branches in half-circles, he watched the yellow and crimson thicken in the air and on the ground. And he went out of his way, shuffling in the brown and crumpled masses, to catch the rustle and the heavy odors.

Often he stooped for a brilliant leaf. If, afterward, he chanced to meet Elizabeth, or tracked her by her singing, he gave it to her. It made him laugh to hear her, "'T is the purtiest yet, sure, sir!" but if she pinned it in her gown he noticed that she was right.

Presently the boys began to rake the gardens, and heap the gutters, and kindle rival bonfires that empurpled the town and scented it like Araby. It brought him drunken moods. For when the last sunshine gleamed along the tops of the river-hills, when the first stars pricked the sky, when a hush fell, and people became hurrying shadows, and early windows rayed into the dusk, such common things moved him to exaltation, to tenderness.

Only now he did not go to the poets. He had forgotten to keep tally of life. He surprised his mother by abandonment to laughter, by jests in parlor and kitchen, and bits of waggery; so that at night upon her knees she would be thinking: "If he had cut up such capers once upon a time, he would have worried me all but to death. But it can't matter much what he does now, thank the Lord!"

Till a keen night of frost. And, after it, a glittering morning, when, through the air which yet no wind stirred, everywhere, countless, ceaseless, fell radiant leaves, so that by afternoon the small city was covered; each street an aisle, golden above and below, down which people appeared transfigured; and throwing back his head, he perceived the tree-tops bared, fine, and tender; and straightway had the boy's rapturous forecast — of snowflakes, shrilling, hollow bells, shouts of children on the hilly streets, forgetting his own boyhood's winters that had been buried deeper under Greek and Latin than under snow.

His mother met him at the door.

"Gilbert, only think! It was just as I said it would be! Ann does n't like it West; as how could she, after thirty years of the home she had here. And, Gilbert, she is coming back! I have told Elizabeth, and she is satisfied, for her father is well, and they want her. She is a good girl, I will say; but she is n't Ann."

In the garden the ancient pear-tree held up its gaunt arms naked — an ugly sight. But when the Professor came into the house it seemed one he had not seen before; with dull rooms, and silly, abortive attempts at beauty in them. And yet — this thought came vivid while at supper his mother watched him like a frightened rabbit — his home but reported, as homes will, the lives within it; the two joyless and yet trivial lives, passing with monotonous days, one out of youth, one into second childhood.

Then, by an instinct already mutinous, and which no discipline can wholly quell, the Professor arose and went — into the kitchen.

And there, as he saw the untarnished light in the face of Elizabeth; as he caught the cadence in her sincere voice, saying, "Was n't it a heavenly day, Mr. Gilbert!" it was as though he beheld incarnate the simple joy his life had missed, and that instant riotously demanded.

And, for once beside himself, he spoke reckless, passionate words.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"YOU 'D BE ASHAMED OF IT."

"Stop, Mr. Gilbert!"

He was so shaken that he sat down and waited for her. But when he saw her go on with her dish-washing, and understood her woman's shift to mean that nothing had really happened, therefore nothing need be said:

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "That you do not believe me?"

Reluctant, twisting the dish-cloth in her moist, red hands, she turned to him.

"To be sure, Mr. Gilbert, sir! Though you might truly think it in an idle hour, sir. But you 'd be ashamed of it the next one. What! *you*, sir? A great man like yourself, sir? Oh, never in all the world! Why, your mother, bless her heart, has told me, frequent, about everybody astonished from the beginning; and the professors and all foretelling the things you 'd be bound to do. And now you 're teaching the Latin! Dear me! And *me*, sir! Of myself not having the sense to perceive it at all. Though I lived ages, never to know nor care one word about the Latin. And, kind and friendly as I 'd find you, that would only be in mortal dullness, if you 'll excuse the word, for — for — some one like meself, sir: just the big heart that rightly knows but the one thing — to love me."

With that the face of Elizabeth was as if swept by a flame from throat to brow; and she fled to her suds. So that the voice of the Professor had to mount above a little rattle of dishes:

"Good night, Elizabeth."

In his chamber he sat down before the fire, laid his head back, and closed his eyes.

Thought, unsummoned and unguided, still ran on, but, as when one lapses into sleep, in shifting pictures. He was looking upon his love as though it were an exquisite and frail wild flower. It drooped. The air seemed sweet with a dying fragrance. On his lashes there were tears.

How beautiful she was! How shrewd, and yet how childlike! "And now you 're teaching the Latin!" He meant to smile at that; but, instead, he frowned, and looked up in an involuntary search for a fresh impression.

A picture caught his eye — his college class; and mechanically he began the old roll-call: B—— (on the staff of a great daily now). M—— (famous preacher of the city). S—— (rising jurist). They had all been behind him once. "And now you 're teaching the Latin!" As though the devil were in the words, they thrust at him. The hot blood seethed into his face.

To-night, plainly, he could not think. It were wiser to sleep.

But when every leisurely preparation had been made, when the light was out, when he lay, straight and stiff, upon his bed, when the coverlets were smooth to his chin, when his spirit was resigned, when his eyes were shut,— they opened, and stared up at the ceiling, wide with an anguish that annihilated his first unhappiness as a mortal stab annihilates a flesh-wound.

And when, a soul in extremity, he invoked that divine Name to which he paid lifelong dues of tithes and rites and virtues, it was as though a shadow, formless, voiceless, passed, and was forgotten. And still his thoughts ran on: "When other men began their triumphs, you ended yours. When they learned to work, you learned to dawdle. '*And now you 're teaching the Latin!*' — and courting the kitchen girl!"

He lay dumb, and suffered, waiting for daylight.

Nor was his waiting vain. For first, when he could see the shades of pictures on the walls, and of furniture and bric-à-brac, there came a sense of comradeship and of the past that heartened him like a cordial. When, presently, he was able to distinguish odds and ends of keepsakes and, chief among them, a school-girl miniature of Matilda with her hair in curls, the tension of his pale face relaxed in a smile. And when, at last, the backs of his books — school and college texts, and the world's classics in elegant array — were clear to read, it was as though old friends held out their hands and condoned his error.

Now, at peace again, he began to ask himself how he had made this mistake? Of habit, he turned to literature and history for an answer. And, as the strange and puzzling loves of poets, painters, the world's master-minds, occurred to him, he found himself viewing them with new insight, in the light of his own experience. The episode, with its unhappiness and humiliation, began to take on an impersonal character. Already it was become a fascinating psychological study, full of suggestive subtleties, of possibilities. His scholar's enthusiasm rose. The subject grew upon him. He saw himself working it out, collating the parallel facts, and holding the clue to their analysis. Inspired, he divined that this would be a valuable work, original, perhaps even great.

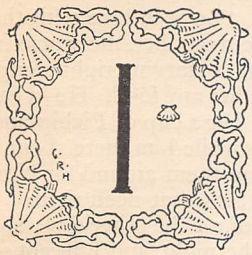
So that, after all, it was late when he went, fresh and trim, into the sitting-room. There, with his mother, was Matilda — as pretty as in the miniature.

SUCH was the origin of that scholarly monograph which has recently attracted so much favorable notice — "The Aberrations of Great Men."

Florence Watters Snedeker.

THE LUSTIGS.

I.



It was from Mrs. Alleyn that I first heard of the Lustigs. Their name seemed a queer misnomer, for in English it would have been the "Gays."

I was a reporter then, doing general work for the "Evening Sparkle." Mrs. Alleyn was a sick-nurse; and her work was almost as varied as mine, for she spent her days going briskly about in tenement houses, helping, supplementing, or replacing a doctor who cared for the out-patients of a woman's hospital. I made her acquaintance when a lineman named Moody was killed by the current, and hung sizzling on the wire, just in front of our office, long enough to be photographed in three positions. He had not been dead much more than an hour when the paper was on the street with my account and the pictures in it. The boss was delighted, though he did not say so, and sent me up to talk with the widow. My pride in having beaten the town was chilled a little when I saw her, for she began to cry at me, and did not seem to think a horrible death was made illustrious by being illustrated. Mrs. Alleyn was with her, getting her supper, and boldly sustained her attack, saying she had trouble enough, indeed, without the newspapers making it worse — twins a week old, three other children under five, and no one to help her to support them now Moody was gone. And Moody himself had been a trouble to her. Not that he drank, for a lineman had to keep his head good and steady; but he 'd been ill for weeks with grippe and pneumonia, had lost his place, and waited a long time for another, and all their things had been pawned, and they 'd had to come to rooms like these when they 'd been used to better — and now, just as they were getting along again, here was Moody dead on her hands. It would be better all round, Mrs. Alleyn concluded, if the newspapers could help folks once in a while instead of tormenting them.

I assured her that they did, and especially one-cent papers. I told her the "Evening Sparkle" was distinctly the poor man's friend, and sometimes got up a subscription when there were features in a case to give picturesque point to the appeal. I hinted that the editor might think the Moodys' case possessed such features, and she replied that no editor with a heart in his body could ask for worse than newborn twins whose pa had been fried to death. This remark had its due effect when repeated at the office; so I returned the next day with a camera, and, thanks to Mrs. Alleyn's help, we got a good picture of the twins which we printed at the head of a beautiful half-column story. At the end of a fortnight we had gathered $431.75. Then we called a halt, and Mrs. Alleyn asked me what Mrs. Moody had better do with her fortune. It was finally invested in a scrap of a candy-shop near a public school; and there all six Moodys are now modestly flourishing.

Thus Mrs. Alleyn and I felt bound together by that pleasing chain, a good deed accomplished. If by chance we met, I always asked her what interesting cases she had in hand, and she always told me at length; for if there was one thing she liked better than washing dirty babies, it was describing the vagaries of their parents. One day when she had not had time to go home for dinner, I found her in a shabby little restaurant, and, with a brown bag that she called her "widow's cruse" on a chair between us, listened to her tales of the curiously afflicted.

First I heard about a woman who was dying of a cancer. She had lain in bed for months, now having terrible spasms of pain, and now trying to think how pleasant it was to lie in bed and not have spasms, but "fretting" all the while. Her daughter was to be confirmed, and there was no money to buy a white dress. If it were not bought, the Sisters would lend it; but then it would have to be taken off before leaving the church, and thus the bitter extreme of poverty would be confessed. So she had fretted, and so Mrs. Alleyn had bestirred herself, and had begged a white dress from one of the ladies who came to the hospital; and the woman had just told her it was three whole weeks since she had had a spasm at all.

"And you need n't laugh," protested the nurse, "for anything earthly that stops a sick creature from fretting will stop spasms and lots of things besides. There 's more than one sort of mind-cure, and the doctor says nobody would quarrel with Christian Science if it always

went to work like I did with that white dress. 'T ain't so easy, though, to mind-cure Mrs. Lustig. 'T ain't white dresses that 'll stop *her* fretting, and she 's going to die, and will just have to go on fretting till she does die."

Mrs. Lustig, I then discovered, was an Irish-American, and a good respectable soul, who had worked hard till she could work no longer. Lustig was a German, and a brute. He earned fifteen dollars a week at brass-finishing, and gave his wife about three, spending the rest on beer, and dividing much lingual and manual abuse between her and a ten-year-old Jimmie. Of course there was a new baby, too.

"And there she is in her bed," said Mrs. Alleyn, always doubly energetic when the troubles she described were caused by a husband's beer; "there she is with no clothes for the baby, and not half enough food for herself and the boy, and never a decent word from that hateful man,— that 's just what he is, *hateful*,— and dying of consumption, and if you could see that baby wrapped in an old blue table-cover, you 'd have to laugh, but you 'd wonder why women were made. And of course she thinks the baby real beautiful, though it 's the poor skin-and-boniest little fright I ever saw in all the babies I *have* seen. Those Moody twins were red apples compared to it. And she 's real nice to Lustig when he comes in, and takes the bit he gives her when he 's eaten enough, and keeps most of it for Jimmie, who don't like to come home when his pa 's around; and she would keep it, of course, even if she could swallow it herself."

"But who cooks for a man," said I, "when his wife can't move?"

"Oh, Lustig can cook real good, and he might do real well for her when he comes home, only he 's that cross and greedy he buys what he likes himself,— it was brains to-day — *brains* — nice stuff for her,— and he won't fling her a bit till he 's had all he wants, and then there ain't many bits left. He does up the rooms, though, now she can't stir. I 'll say that for Lustig: he drinks, and he 's a brute, but he 's clean. He really *is* clean. If the devil was dirt he 'd hate *him*. He 's pretty drunk when he lets things mess round all day. But gracious! Drinking ain't the worst of him, nor scolding and cursing. She says she could stand all that if he did n't carry on so."

"I suppose you mean by that—"

"Running after a girl. He 's a little chap, but he 's real good-looking, and I guess he can be real pleasant when 't is n't his wife. He don't give *me* any of his sass, and he went out like a lamb to-day when I told him he 'd go to hell just as sure for the way he treated that poor miserable creature. She says he 's got a girl he runs after all the time, and that 's what makes him so bad to *her*. And she frets, and frets, and *frets*, and says she wishes she was dead, and then says she ain't going to die just because Lustig would like her to. But when he comes in, she 's just as nice and palavery as she can be. I never heard her give him a hard word yet, though she 's heard *me*."

"She must be an angel," said I.

"Not a bit of an angel," said Mrs. Alleyn, "though she *is* good. She 's in love with the man, and the worse he treats her, the worse in love she gets. And she 's starving right along, and I can't even leave her any food. He 'd eat it all up. I just make her a cup of Liebig and give her some crackers while I 'm there. I can't waste things by leaving them around for him. There 's too many others that need them. I did leave her a bottle of ale the other day; she gets awfully faint in the night, and I 'm not so dead against beer that I can't see when it 's what a poor thing needs. It 's safe for her. She has n't got time enough ahead of her to take to drinking. She hid the bottle under the bed, and when Lustig was asleep Jimmie crawled out and gave her some; and it 's mighty lucky Lustig did n't catch them at it."

II.

A FEW days later a big bundle came to the office, filled with baby-clothes and carefully labeled, "Please send to some *deserving* poor person." I remembered Mrs. Lustig's baby and the table-cloth, and told the city editor about them; and he bade me take the things up to the mother, see them put on the infant, and make something out of it if I could.

I knew where to go, for Mrs. Alleyn had said it was the same house on Fifth street where the Moody twins were born. It was not a bad specimen of its class. Of course the stairs were as dark as ink, and there were pails on them here and there. But, as the nurse remarked, you could keep your hand on the baluster — it was n't so dirty that you had to feel along by the posts instead. The rooms were not so big as the Moody rooms, but they were cleaner, thanks to Mr. Lustig's one commendable trait. They were back rooms, but high up, so they gave a fine prospect of clothes-line, and even of blue sky. This prospect Mrs. Lustig could enjoy through the outer room from the dark little inner one where she lay, and also the sight of two peacock-feathers in a bottle, standing on a rickety bureau. The baby looked to me just like all its kind, except for the table-cloth. But the woman had individuality. She was not as clean as the rooms, but her hair was neatly braided in two long tails, and tied with bits of red ribbon. Mrs. Moody's hair had been tousled, so,

in spite of her crying, I dare say she had not been much in love with the lineman.

It was easy to see that Mrs. Lustig had come down in the world from a station above the tenement, that she had once been handsome, and that the parent who had not been Irish must have been a New Englander. The rough speech of the East Side had not destroyed the fine, tense line of her mouth, born for proprieties of Puritan thought and utterance; her gray eyes were as cold as bits of granite till talk of her troubles brought an Irish spark into them; and her self-respect was not altogether gone after so many years of forced abasement and willing self-abasement. She was glad of the clothes, but of course not volubly glad — transports cannot be expected where the habit of pleasure has been long outlived. She said that she was "real glad" to have the things, and that I was "real good" to bring them; and then she held her peace.

But my living was gained by the art of seductive inquiry, and I soon had her conversing as freely as a man being interviewed with promise of commercial gain. She told me all about everything, except that she was in love with her husband still; and I think I might have divined this even without Mrs. Alleyn's leading. He had a girl, she said (Miss Freund was her name), and more shame to him; and more shame to her, too, for she had real respectable folks, and got good pay for trying on cloaks in a big Grand street store; she might look for better than Lustig even if he had n't been married. He neglected his work to walk home from the store with her, and he trapesed round with her evenings, and took her to picnics and to places to see things. And he would n't give *her* a dollar to buy shoes for Jimmie, and with fifteen dollars a week she had n't ought to have to get charity-clothes for the baby. But the material griefs, clearly enough, were not the worst to Mrs. Lustig. It was the girl she minded most, the "young hussy" — only her term was somewhat stronger.

Though human nature is the same on Fifth street and Fifth Avenue, vocabularies differ, and so, I found, may expedients in cases of domestic trouble.

"I don't see how you can know all this," I said, "for I don't suppose your husband tells you. And I don't believe it. Some one has been trying to make trouble between you."

"Not much he does n't tell me," she replied; "but I know it all right. I get him watched."

"Whom can you get to watch him?" I asked.

"Jimmie," she answered.

Then she started on another tack, and told me how hard she had worked, and a grim sort of humor — Yankee, not Irish — came out through her pitiful words. She had washed and ironed as long as she could stand, and had sewed as long as she could sit up and see, and there had been three babies born and buried between Jimmie's birth and this one's. She had done odd jobs for sick neighbors, helped in cluttered shops when business pressed on Saturday afternoons, served an evening newspaper route when she had to crawl out of bed to do it, and now and then "tended wardrobe" when there was a ball in some stifling dance-house. But Lustig had said the dance-house was not respectable; what *he* thought respectable was to go without eating when your man drank up all the money.

"But, Lord!" she said, sitting up in bed, with a laugh, "once, when he was sick, did n't he say he could n't eat anything unless it was grapes? And I had n't a cent, and he knew it, but he had to have the grapes. And did n't I walk up-town and ring at the ary-bell of a big house, and ask whether any of the girls wanted a letter written? I lived out myself before I married him, so I suppose that was how I came to think of it. One of them did want a letter, and I wrote it for her — a love-letter, and that made me laugh thinking about why I was writing it. Of course I never told *him* nothing about where I got the quarter for his grapes. He 'd have thought I could go into the business for good. But it was n't a business, only a stroke of luck. I tried it again, and had n't any luck, and it was n't long that I could walk so far. Now I can't do a hand's-turn at anything, and Jimmie just runs wild, and I can't stop him. But Lustig 's real good about cleaning up, and if he does jaw about the baby, he must like her, for he does n't throw things at me now. He would n't be a bad man at all if it was n't for drinking and going about with that girl. There 's lots worse husbands than Lustig, and a man can't help it if he 's born to drink. I 'm not blaming him, and I 'm not blaming myself. Bad luck 's bad luck, and you 've just got to stand it." But then, poor thing, she would forget her pride in a moment, and the Irish strain would come out in moaning complaints of her needs, and her cough, and her back, of Lustig, and of the girl — always the girl, the girl.

She was a big, handsome girl, I learned, else she would not be trying on cloaks; and it was all her fault, bedeviling Lustig, and telling him, most likely, that he ought not to stick at home with a sick wife instead of getting a bit of fun after working so hard; and Mrs. Lustig would like to hear she was dead, but *that* would not do any good, for there were plenty more girls in the world — they were as easy to find

as beer, and whatever a man like Lustig liked he was bound to get. But all the same this one must be worse than the most of them, else she would not have got hold of a handsome fellow who knew he had a good wife and as smart a boy as ever you could find in New York, and was a good worker when he was let alone and not bedeviled by a—hussy like that. He would get into trouble on her account, sure, for of course she had other fellows around; and he 'd be put away on the Island, and where would his family be then?

I got pretty tired of listening after a while, but when I started to go she pulled me down in my chair and asked me if I would do something for her. Would I take the pawn-ticket she drew from under her pillow, and bring her back the treasure it represented? It was a stuffed white dove under a glass shade. It had stood on the bureau by the peacock-feathers, with a leaf in its beak, and she had liked to look at it "better than anything." Lustig had only got twenty cents for it, and she did think it had been more good to her than four beers could be to him when he had had more than enough already. She had never asked any one for money before—she was n't a beggar like some folks; but it was n't much, and would I? This I promised, of course, for I did not much mind the mental picture I drew of myself in the street with the dove. But when she asked me, furthermore, if I would go to see "the girl," and try to get her to stop bedeviling Lustig, then I distinctly said no, for I did object to the picture which this prayer suggested. I tried to make Mrs. Lustig see that such an interview could have no good result, but I am not sure that I succeeded.

III.

On the door-step as I went out I perceived a ragged morsel of boyhood whom I divined to be Jimmie. To the name of Jimmie he replied, and then I was struck by the idea that he might as well carry home the dove. As he trotted along beside me he asked why I had been to see his mother, and when he learned my trade his tongue was unloosed in envy. Of course he never would have believed that I actually wrote anything. The editor-in-chief writes it all, from the jokes and advertisements down to the editorials, in the view of certain classes of our citizens. The glory of literature is his, and his alone. But the glory of seeing life is the reporter's in his search for food for the editorial pen. Is he not solid with "de cops"? Can he not go where he likes—within the lines at a fire, behind the big gratings in the Tombs, up the mayor's staircase, into the heart of the most beautiful fights, and into the saloon when the man who has had a fit in the street is pulled beyond the door, and it is shut on the boys—can he not go anywhere where there is anything "ter see"? Would n't even the President have to tell him all he knows if he should claim an audience? All this Jimmie's artless conversation made plain, and he guessed he 'd "like to be er noospaper feller well es most anythin'."

This led up to my asking him what he did in the mean time. "Not much," he confessed. "'T ain't no good tryin' ter do anythin' reg'lar—sell papers er anythin'. Me father 'd take all de boodle erway, an' lick me cos I did n't get more. He treats me mother real bad. Me mother 's a real good lady, only she 's sick; an' I would n't mind givin' me money ter her, an' I buys her apples and t'ings when I has any. But I can't wuk at nuthin' reg'lar. I jest hang round and try ter pick up er cent er two—run errants fer de fellers, or help 'em sell papers, an' play it on me father dat I hain't got nothin'. Wunst er missis give me er dime fer runnin' after her wid er glove she dropped, an' der wuz er dude wunst give me er haffer-doller jest fer runnin' fer er keb when he 'd squeeged his ankil er somethin' gettin' off er car. Dat wuz de most money I ever had to wunst in me life. But de best t'ing ter get it most times is de marbles."

"How can you make money at marbles?" I asked.

"Plays 'em fer keeps, an' der ain't nobody can play 'em like me; an' I wins de odder fellers' erway, an' den I sells 'em back ergen, or ter odder fellers. Las' week I made nineteen cents jest in two days," said Jimmie with honest pride.

When he got the dove in his arms his tongue started afresh.

"Holy Mike!" he exclaimed, "but me mother 'll be glad! Don't care much fer ornermunts meself, but she does,—more 'n fer most anythin',—an' she ain't got many. Up ter T'irty-fif' street, where we uster live, she had er nice chiny tea-set an' t'ings, an' er clock wid er gold dog on it w'at uster wiggle his tail ter make de wuks go; de tail was de penjerlum, see? I uster go ter school den, an' I wuz a real good scholard; I wuz in de t'ird reader, an' I knowed my mulliplication tables, an' wuz a-goin' inter short dervision: but me father got ter drinkin' bad den, an' we come down here, an' I ain't got no clothes ter go ter school in now, an' I got ter look after me mother, cos der ain't nobody else ter, an' I got ter try ter make er cent er two, dough I can't wuk at nuthin' reg'lar, an' de clock wid de dog—"

But having to earn my own cent or two, I parted from Jimmie and his dove in the midst of his breathless sentence. I got a little story out of the baby, the table-cloth, and the new

clothes; but I was so sorry for the mother that I could not put her in as effectively as she deserved.

IV.

SOME weeks after this visit I was early one Monday morning at the Essex Market police-court. There was promise of something amusing, I learned from the clerk, in a case that would be on — two Hebrew families having quarreled over a silk dress which had been borrowed for a ball and returned in a greatly damaged condition. But there was not much else in prospect except the usual results of Sunday's total abstinence; so, until the Jews should appear, I gave only a languid attention to the line of dazed inebriates monotonously getting ten days apiece, or being redeemed by the women who had come in for the purpose with greenbacks crumpled up in their pocket-handkerchiefs. These faithful souls were scattered along the back benches awaiting their turn. They were almost as much alike as the men at the bar, though some of them were crying, and some were giggling, as native temperament and relative wealth of experience prompted. One of them, however, was quite different from the rest. She looked too prosperous to belong to a Sunday drunk, and she could not be one of the quarrelsome Hebrews; yet, clearly, she was not one of those benevolent ladies who are sometimes seen in a court-room, saying a word in the judge's ear for the sake of a prisoner's wife. I could not make her out, and so I looked at her rather hard, and all the harder, I suppose, because she was young and very well worth contemplation. After a while she got up and edged toward me. She had been crying, I thought, and she was evidently confused by her surroundings. But she was of a sort to be all the jauntier for a little confusion, and I admired the way she put her hands into her coat-pockets as she spoke to me.

"See here, young man," she said, "can't you find out for me how long I 've got to stay in this place? I came to look after a friend who got into trouble yesterday. It was n't his fault, and it 's a big shame they brought him here. But the policeman said they would n't send him up if any one would pay his fine. So I 've come, though I 've never been in a place like this before, and no more has he."

"What 's your friend's name?" I asked.

"Lustig," she said, "Fritz Lustig."

As I went to put her question to the clerk, I bethought me where I had heard that name before, and it did not take me long to remember. As I came back, I looked at her in the light of my new knowledge, and divined she was just the kind of girl to fancy a man who was "little, but real good-looking," and just the kind to be fancied by him — a big pink-and-white girl with lots of red hair, a fine swing to her figure, a blue yachting-cap, and little American flags printed on the ends of her tie. Lustig's case, I told her, would not be called for an hour, perhaps. She flounced at this, and was going back to her seat; but I suddenly thought that, now the chance offered, I might as well say a word in Mrs. Lustig's behalf — and in her own behalf, too, for it did seem a shame that such a girl should be tangled up with a fellow like Lustig.

"Don't go back there," I said; "come in this side room a minute. I 'd like to say a word to you."

"Well," she replied, hesitating but coming, "I don't know you, and I 'm not so dead sure I want to. But I might as well talk if I 've got to wait in this nasty place. What do you want? I guess I 'm not a dime-museum freak; but you would n't be the first that 's wanted me for the song-and-dance."

"Your name is Miss Freund, is n't it?" said I, thanking my parents that they had bequeathed me a good memory.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "though it beats me how you know it. Can't a person that has n't done anything come here without getting her name in the papers?" — for of course she knew my trade.

"I 'm not going to put your name in the paper," I protested, "and it does n't matter how I know it. I only want to say a word to you for your own good. You ought to give up going about with a man like Lustig," said I, feeling pretty foolish, but speaking as bold as a lion. She was not too much astonished to fly into a very powerful rage, but, of course, she was astonished.

"How do you know I go about with Mr. Lustig or any other man?" she exclaimed. "How do you know why I came here? Why could n't his wife have sent me? She 's sick, and could n't come herself."

"Yes, I know she 's sick," I replied; "but I also know that she did not send you."

Then she demanded very volubly what business it was of mine, anyhow, to be meddling with her at all, and what right I had to be "taking away her character" to her very face. Was that the way, she asked, to speak to a lady?

"I don't want to be rude," I replied, "but it does n't seem to me you are behaving like a lady. Going about with a married man is n't exactly ladylike, is it? And any plucky girl, if she wanted to lose her character, would at least take up with a married man whose wife was her own size, not a poor sick creature like Mrs. Lustig. It must be fine fun for a handsome girl like you to be taking away *her* husband." I felt sure it was not a case for delicate treatment;

otherwise my style of entreaty might have been different.

"Well, it beats me where she got hold of you," said the handsome girl, a bit mollified by my subtile compliment; "but she told you, of course." And then, forgetting she was mollified: "I 'll pay her out. I 'll tell Lustig she asked you to meddle, and if he can't take it out of you, he 'll—"

"No, you won't," said I. "You 'll do nothing of the sort. I 'm not doing you any harm, and I don't intend to. I 'm a friend of Mrs. Lustig's, but what I say is just as much for your good as for hers. I 'm not a parson, but all the same I hate to see a girl throwing herself away as you are doing, and you 're mighty ungrateful to quarrel with me for saying a word to stop you. There must be lots of good fellows ready to make love to you, and marry you, if that 's what you want, and it 's what you ought to want. What do you expect to get out of Lustig? I should think you 'd have more pride, with your looks, than to make a mess of your chances the way you are going about it now"—and so on, and so on. I do not remember just what I said, but I talked a good while and pretty fast to give her a chance to cool down, and I tried every dodge in argument I could think of except the dodge called "touching the heart." That, I knew, would be useless. My calling did not impress her: she had done nothing, she said, to get herself in the papers, and I knew it. Nor did she grasp at my offer to say a word to the judge for Lustig, so that she might save her money, and that he might go in the papers as simply "discharged." She had too much spirit to be bribed, so I tried a little more flattery, and gradually she did cool down, quite convinced that I cared more for her interests than for Mrs. Lustig's. And then, after the way of her sex, she told me pretty nearly all about it. When she first "took up" with Lustig, she said, she did not know he was married, and when she found it out she "pretty near took his head off." But the truth was that she really "liked him awfully."

"He 's a little chap," she explained, "but he 's awfully handsome, and he 's as smart as the next. He might make double what he makes now just as easy if any one kept him down to it. I could; she can't. He 'd have been lots better off with a girl like me. It 's enough to make you boil to see a man like that going to the bad because his wife ain't got any sense, and can't manage him, and never could. If I was a poor sort like that, I would n't whine to folks when he got tired of me. He 'd have been a hundred times worse if it had n't been for me—drunk himself to death, I guess. You can tell her that if you think it would comfort her any. What 's the good of talking? I 'm not mad any more, though I must say such wholesale cheek as yours I never did see, and I 've seen lots in my little life. You 're all right, I guess, but you won't live long if you go on meddling with folks that are not asking for you. I 'll not tell Lustig, because it would be a pity for him to hurt you. You mean well, and there ain't many that do, so I won't give you away if you *are* cheeky. But you need n't try it on again, or I won't be so sweet. And you need n't go and tell Mrs. Lustig you got me to promise, for I won't. What do I care for her? I care for myself."

"You don't act so," I objected.

"Yes, I do. I know what I 'm about. I ain't a fool; but I ain't a softy either. If I was I suppose I should cry because she was sick. But I know she 's got to die, and when she does, Lustig 'll marry me. I suppose that shocks a good young man like you. But that 's the kind of a girl I am. I look after number one, and I like Lustig better than he deserves. I don't go round telling people what I 'm waiting for, and I don't tell him. But I 'd just as liv tell you, for I 'd just as liv you did n't think I 'm throwing away my character, because then I *would* be a fool. I 'm respectable, and I 'll look out for my character; and I 'll look out for Lustig, too, some day—a great sight better than his wife ever has."

And this was the answer I was forced to take—pretty much what I had expected, though there might easily have been more abuse in it, and a less definite statement of the case and its prospects.

When the man came up I did say a word to the judge for him, so that the girl would not have to appear in the matter. It was only a case of a row on the dock after a Sunday excursion, some blows delivered with a certain skill, and a good deal of active remonstrance with a policeman. So, under the growling policeman's very eyes, Lustig was discharged, the girl joined him at the door, and they went off together. He really was a good-looking chap, and I will do him the justice to say that he was quiet and decent, and not a little ashamed after his first night in a police-cell. All the same it gave me small pleasure to see him let off. I am sure that the girl kept her promise, and did not tell him why I had interested myself in his case, but let him fancy what he chose; and she probably had a bad quarter of an hour in consequence.

V.

It was a year at least before I heard of the Lustigs again. Then I met Mrs. Alleyn once more, this time in a street-car. "How are the Lustigs?" I asked.

"She 's dead," said the nurse; "she died about

six months ago, and the baby died too, thank the Lord. And Lustig 's married again. He married that girl he used to go gallivanting round with. He did n't wait more than a month after his wife died. There 's a new baby now."

"Already?" said I, remembering the boast about respectability.

"Yes," said Mrs. Alleyn; "already, of course."

That seemed to finish off the story of the Lustigs. But there was to be a postscript. I got it a few months later from Jimmie, whom I met in a fine new suit of clothes, grabbing evening papers out of a wagon on Fourth Avenue. His business stood in the way of consecutive conversation, but bit by bit I gathered facts of interest. His father was working hard, and earning thirty dollars a week; he did n't drink any more; and he was awfully good to Jimmie himself now — he had given him the money to start with the papers, and let him keep what he made. There were dollars already in a savings-bank, and the new clothes had been paid for too. He went to school in the mornings, and was in "de fourt' reader, jography, an' long dervision." And as for Maggie, she let him alone.

"Who 's Maggie?" I inquired.

"Dat 's me father's odder wife. She ain't me mother, so I would n't call her dat, and she did n't want me to — says she 's too young. She ain't *like* me mother, but she keeps me father straight, an' we 've moved inter a good place, an' got carpets. And me father 's real bully ter me, an' I go ter de country ev'ry Sunday when it ain't rainin'."

"How 's that?" I asked.

"Over on Long Islun," said Jimmie; "me father goes ter me mother's grave. He did n't at first, but he does now — reg'lar. See dem big yeller flowers dat chap is sellin' over dere? Las' Sunday me father took some o' dem an' put 'em on de grave. He takes me fer comp'ny. Maggie says we 're fools, but it 's lots better 'n sittin' on de stoop, when der ain't no papers ter sell. Yer see de river, an' de Bridge, an' de hearses, an' trotters, an' goats. De little w'ite hearses is most as good as cirkis wagons. I 'm real sorry fer me mother, but I guess dis one 's de best fer us. She 's de stuff. She jest keeps me father straight, yer can betcherlife — straighter 'n an arrer."

Lustig "reg'lar" at his first wife's grave, — and chrysanthemums, — and he used to throw things at her — and now he was married to the girl he liked! Even being kept straighter than an arrow hardly seemed to account for it. But Jimmie had a word to add.

"Guess Maggie 's de best fer us," he repeated, with one foot in the gutter and one eye on an approaching horse-car, "dough she ain't a nice lady like me mother; cos, yer know, he uster beat me mother, but Maggie can lick him. See?" And he clambered on the car.

I wonder whether, if the first Mrs. Lustig sees, she is more distressed by the way "the girl" has triumphed, or more gratified by the penitential flowers.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

A VOICE FOR RUSSIA.

"Audiatur et altera pars!"

SOME time ago an old gentleman called at our Legation in Washington and asked me to show him a detailed map of the Bering Sea. Explaining his request, the visitor said: "It is proposed to build a bridge across the sea, connecting Alaska with Siberia; and I should like to find out where it can be best located." Not being endowed with the spirit of American enterprise, I was about to reply that I considered such a plan impracticable, if not impossible; but there was something so extremely sympathetic in the bright eyes of the old gentleman, in the energetic and determined expression of his face, that I at once stretched out my hand, and told him the bridge he had in his mind had already been built long ago, that it was existing at that moment, and will exist so long as a Russian shakes hands with an American in amity. I was in earnest then; and when I think of my venerable visitor, I feel happy in the reflection that I myself am enabled to constitute a small part of that great living link between the nations. Now, as winds are blowing foaming waves of the sea of public opinion over our bridge of sentiment, and damaging it, I take the liberty of attempting, if not to dissipate the causes, at least to mitigate the effect, of what has been done with a tendency, if not always

with hostile intent, to disturb the continuity of our friendly connection.

I have never been surprised when hearing erroneous statements made here about Russia; my country is so far away from the United States, many things with us are so strange to your standards, and, of the thousands of Americans annually crossing the Atlantic, so few reach even the Russian frontier, that the great majority of the people of this continent are easily led to believe all sorts of fantastical tales of us. But I have been astounded in observing that American literature about Russia often shows not only lack of knowledge of us, but inimical feelings toward my countrymen, and especially toward our Government. This seems to me the more remarkable, as, residing here myself, I have had opportunity to notice what strong and real friendship is often manifested between the two great peoples when occasion arises.

Though their systems of government are so different, Russia and the United States are natural and disinterested allies, who have never fallen out, and are drawn to each other by bonds of sympathy.

Which was the first of the nations to extend to you a brotherly hand, and to bring to you moral support from abroad, in the hour of trial during your civil war? I need not remind you that it was Russia; for though years have passed since then, the story of the arrival of our fleet at the port of New York in that period is yet fresh in the memory of the appreciative American people.

What nation was the first to tender sympathy and aid to Russia last year, when many thousands of our people were suffering from famine? All know that it was the United States. You are aware how enthusiastically and thankfully outpourings of the population met every ship that brought grain at that time from this country. At the reception tendered July 18 to Mr. Talmage by the city authorities of St. Petersburg, the mayor, in delivering the address in behalf of the city, said: "The Russian people know how to be grateful. If up to this day these two great countries, Russia and the United States, have not only never quarreled, but, on the contrary, wished each other prosperity and strength always, these feelings of sympathy shall grow only stronger in the future — both countries being conscious that, in the season of trial for either, it will find in the other cordial succor and support. And when can true friendship be tested if not in the hour of misfortune?"

"Why, gentlemen, do you thank us?" said Count Bobrinsky, in his speech made at the same reception. "You are here not to thank us, but to accept expression of our sincere gratitude. In behalf of thousands of our countrymen whose sufferings are relieved by you, we exclaim, 'God bless you!'"

But almost as an accompaniment to these fervent manifestations of sentiment, I have heard in America the most incredible and absurd statements about Russia and concerning our internal administration. It is said that the Russian government is terrible and despotic; Russia is persecuting the Hebrews; there is no liberty in Russia; everything non-Russian is there Russianized by force; the Orthodox Church is intolerant; Russia, last and worst, has created and maintains that horrible Siberia — pictures of which, drawn by Mr. Kennan and certain other writers, have made recent readers shudder.

I reply to this shower of undeserved accusations:

Yes, the Russian people is terrible — because as a nation it is young and mighty; because, being extended over much of Europe and occupying a great part of Asia, counting, in all, more than one hundred millions of souls among its subjects, the Empire is always growing and progressing; because, being great and compact, Russia is governed by the mighty hand of an autocratic monarch. Autocracy is as natural and satisfactory to Russia as is the republican form of government to the United States; and that our Government is not felt by the masses of the people to be a despotism is evident from the facts that they submit cheerfully to be ruled by it and that they prosper under it. The strength of Russia lies precisely in the unity of power, in the firm faith of the people in their Church, their love for their country, and their reliance upon and devotion to the high personality called to occupy their throne. In his constant care for the well-being of his subjects, the Emperor does not hesitate at any measure he deems useful for Russia. Alexander III., whose honesty, uprightness, noble character, and exemplary life challenged and earned the respect of the whole world, proved, during his reign of more than ten years, to be a peaceful and beneficent sovereign. All of his reforms were directed toward the improvement of the internal affairs of his country. Not being imposed upon by, and not heeding, criticisms or vituperation on the part of enemies of Russia who were always misrepresenting his measures, he found strength in his conscience and consolation and reward in the ever-increasing affection of his people. By what he accomplished, and by continued pursuit of his methods, Russia is gradually getting rid of her harmful elements. The political agitation which years ago disturbed the peace and prosperity of the country has ceased; and I believe I make no mistake in asserting that at present there are fewer anarchists in Russia

than in any other area of equal population in the civilized world.

I need not explain why the criminals were put to death who assassinated our magnanimous sovereign, who had liberated millions of serfs. Did not America also, and only a few years ago, execute certain anarchists in Chicago? The death-penalty is, however, inflicted in Russia only in exceptional cases; it is reserved for those convicted of an attempt upon the life of the Czar, and for those found guilty of certain other crimes committed during what is called a state of siege; imprisonment or exile to Siberia is adopted for ordinary criminals, including the general run of murderers.

Mr. Kennan, to whom our Government hospitably opened the darkest corners where it must keep the evil and pernicious of its subjects, has been pleased to paint our penitentiaries in the blackest colors. There is no country in which prisons and the punitive system of hard labor have been made attractive; but I allow myself to say that other foreigners, to whom we have as readily opened our prisons for inspection, have come to conclusions quite contrary to Mr. Kennan's. I refer to the members of the Fourth International Prison Congress, who held their sessions in the spring of 1891 at St. Petersburg, and have repeatedly expressed their astonishment at the extremely humane treatment of convicts on the part of our authorities. I may also refer to a recent work of an Englishman, Julius M. Price,[1] who traveled all over Siberia. He had opportunities of talking freely with many prisoners whose like, as he said, he could never have the chance to get even a glimpse of in England — prisoners the enormity of whose crimes would, in another country, have brought them to the block or the scaffold.

I cherish the hope that in time, with the improvement of means of communication, and when a gigantic enterprise now undertaken by our Government — the Trans-Siberian Railway — shall have been completed, many foreigners, and among them many Americans, will venture to visit all parts, even the remotest confines, of our Empire; then, I am convinced, the disagreeable impression produced by Mr. Kennan's articles, and by other such publications, will altogether vanish before full knowledge of the actual facts.

Replying to the accusation against Russia in the matter of an alleged religious intolerance, I must first point out a great error I have repeatedly encountered here. The promulgation of the laws and regulations against the Jews is being generally ascribed in America to persecution on the part of the Orthodox Church. But the Hebrew question in Russia is neither religious nor political; it is purely an economical and administrative question. The actual meaning of the anti-Semitic measures prescribed by our Government is not animosity to the religion of the Jews; neither are those measures a deliberate hunting down of the feeble by the powerful: they are an effort to relieve the Empire of the injurious struggle against those particular traits of Hebrew character that were obstructing the progress of our people along their own lines of natural development It may be said in general, that the anti-Semitic movement in Russia is a demonstration by the non-Hebraic part of the population against tendencies of Hebrews which have characterized them the world over, and to which they adhere in Russia

The Hebrew, as we know him in Russia, is "the eternal Jew"; without a country of his own, and, as a rule, without any desire to become identified with the country he for the time inhabits, he remains, as for hundreds of years he has been, morally unchangeable, and without a faculty for adapting himself to sympathy with the people of the other race which surrounds him. He is not homogeneous with us in Russia; he does not feel or desire solidarity with us. In Russia he remains a guest only — a guest from long ago, and not an integral part of the community. When these guests without affinity became too many in Russia, when in various localities their numbers were found injurious to the welfare and the prosperity of our own people as a whole, when they had grown into many wide-spreading ramifications of influence and power, and abused their opportunities as traders with or lenders of money to the poor, — when, in a word, they became dangerous and prejudicial to our people, — is there anything revolting or surprising in the fact that our Government found it necessary to restrict their activity? We did not expel the Jews from the Empire, as is often mistakenly charged, though we did restrict their rights as to localities of domicile and as to kinds of occupations — police regulations. Is it just that those who have never had to confront such a situation should blame us for those measures?

Our peasantry has only recently been organized in their existing social relations, and is not yet well educated, or well trained in the exercise of social rights or obligations under their present system — having been liberated from serfdom only within this generation. Many of them cannot yet realize their condition, and the very idea of the emancipation they have experienced is sometimes wrongly conceived. If we take into consideration the character of the Slavonian folk, it is easy to understand why our meek, ignorant, and easy-going peas-

1 "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea." By Julius M. Price. London, 1892.

antry fell under the control of the Jews, who, as a class, are far better educated and more thrifty, and have the aptitude for commerce and for money-getting which distinguishes their race everywhere — and who readily perceived and soon abused their superiority in those particulars, after the emancipation of the serfs had deprived them individually of the safeguards the old system of things had afforded them. This Jewish influence was everywhere oppressive, and now and then became an unbearable yoke. The peasants in some localities, having lost all patience, were guilty of violent excesses, mobbed the Jews, and destroyed their property. They tried to annihilate particularly all property which, to their exasperated minds, was ill-gotten. Such popular uprisings, criminal in nature, of course, cannot be excused, but cannot properly be regarded as anything but a protest of the people against what they found to be a thraldom to the Jews worse than the serfdom which had been abolished. But bloodshed has rarely been committed by such mobs, and the Government has always promptly adopted energetic measures to quell the riots. Troops have always been sent to disperse the rabble, to arrest the criminals, to defend the Jews, and to protect them in their property. During all these anti-Jewish outbreaks there were fewer Jews who suffered personal injuries at the hands of the peasants than there were peasants who were killed by soldiers. And recently a special law has been enacted by virtue of which any one committing a violent assault upon a Hebrew is to be sentenced to hard labor in Siberia (law of December 9, 1891).

In order to prevent such collisions between the Jews and the peasantry, and to relieve the latter from what they could not be persuaded was not a Jewish tyranny, the measures I have referred to, restricting and regulating Jews, have been promulgated by the Government to secure good order and to maintain stability in the community — measures generally but erroneously styled abroad, the "barbarous expulsion of the Jews from Russia."

Is it surprising that, under these circumstances, the Emperor remained deaf to protests of the Lord Mayor of London, for example, and will leave unheeded any and all such foreign remonstrances demanding a change in methods which have been deliberately, and we think necessarily, adopted for such purposes by Russia? Speaking not of the mere inconvenience of such an interference with the internal affairs of another country,—itself a direct violation of international law,—is it not evident that the Czar, in his actions as to such matters, must be guided only by what he perceives to be the interest of his own people as a whole, rather than by the opinions of foreigners who do not understand a situation very different from that existing in their own countries, but undertake to pass with authority upon vital questions of administration in another nationality. The principle we contend for in Russia is home rule.

And as to the Russian Church. When I recall the various accusations against the Orthodox Church of Russia, which is charged with intolerance toward other religions, I do not find one that is well grounded. Russia has always deferred to the fullest extent to the saying in the Scriptures, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Though the great majority of the Russian people are of the Orthodox Church, the amplest freedom of faith and of practice in religion is allowed in our country. We have not only Christians of all denominations, and Hebrews, but also Mohammedans and even pagans in great numbers. In the principal street of St. Petersburg, just opposite the Orthodox Cathedral itself, there are Roman Catholic, Protestant, Armeno-Gregorian, and other churches. All these places of worship were built long ago in the very center of the capital, some of them on lands granted by our Government for the purpose. As to actual freedom in the practice of religious services, therefore, there can be no question. Two years ago I myself witnessed the commemorative ceremonies upon the fiftieth anniversary of the American church at St. Petersburg, on which occasion the American colony paid tribute of the greatest respect to the memory of Emperor Nicholas I., who had given lands for their church in the best part of the city, and had assisted in erecting the building. If our Government has displayed some perseverance and even austerity in regard to the suppression or prosecution of certain sects of our own Church, it was chiefly because the doctrines of these sectarians were subversive of morals or good order in society. The Orthodox Church is the state Church in Russia; and as I have explained, the strength and might of the Empire are considered by us to depend to a great degree upon the firm faith of the people in its doctrines and discipline. Our history abounds in proofs of this. It is therefore natural that our Government cherishes and supports the Orthodox religion, and tries to prevent the members of that Church or their children from heedlessly going off to other communions. The law requires, for instance, that in the case of a mixed marriage the children must be brought up in the religion of the Orthodox parent, be it father or mother.

I close this article at this point, because I would not abuse the patience of my readers; as to me, I shall never be tired of speaking for and defending my country. I shall consider

myself fortunate if what I have now written persuades some Americans, and restores to us the sympathy of some of them whose kind disposition has been disturbed by malignant or exaggerated stories about us.

I firmly believe in the friendship heretofore maintained between Russia and the United States — a friendship that, in my opinion, will play a far more important rôle in the history of the future than has been allowed to it as yet; and for that reason I take very much to heart any word designed or likely to drive us asunder.

Pierre Botkine,
Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington.

PRELIMINARY GLIMPSES OF THE FAIR.

NEW thing is to be found in Chicago. It is enthusiasm for art — art of her own making. It is an enthusiasm which is infectious; that kind of enthusiasm which is happiness. For surely this is a happy year in America; and though in some parts of the globe physical conditions are ill, it is nevertheless true that the idea of the Columbian celebration has touched the romantic sense of the whole wide world.

All the world loves a hero, as well as a lover, and here was a hero more successful than Jason, of a nobler mold than Æneas. His celebration is to be a world epic brought out with the serious realism of the Oberammergau Passion, a classic city of towering domes for a stage, men of great emprise for living characters, and all the nations of the earth for a chorus. Other world's fairs have celebrated the civilization of a race, but the Columbian Exposition will glorify the world's transcendent migration. Other fairs have shown civilization spreading from field to field like a prairie-fire; but this fair will flame with the human energy that handed the torch of civilization across an ocean.

Everywhere talk of the fair is big. It is not an illusion, for it is biggest among those who have visited the unfinished site of the fair; it is not the scream of the American eagle, because the eagle has been quiet ever since Chicago showed America how it sounds to take one's merits at their future value. In one sense these large and general prognostications are a warning to fellow and foreign countrymen to be on their guard against the material surprises of the fair; for it is to be so dazzling to the eye, and so vast to the mind, that no spectator will ever see it, even in outline, who does not take his point of view, as it were, on the horizon, and contemplate its sky-line.

In fact, the unit of measure in this enterprise has been set so large that one is in danger of forgetting that the Yankee nation was established for any other purpose. Four hundred years bear so lightly on the human mind that the world will persist in calling us young, though every great name in old and glorious English literature, except that of Chaucer, is from fifty years to several centuries younger than the voyage of Columbus. But every nation is young in proportion to its possibilities; and the older peoples of the earth who will so aptly join in the celebration of a happiness in which they are all sharing, should accept the New World newness for what it is — an exposition of human activity and government made to order with a definite plan, on a monumental scale, with incredible economy of time.

Even more is Chicago like a city created for the express uses of the fair. Homer's deities might well have shrunk from the building in sixty years of the seventh city of the modern world; but here it has been done by the ordinary earthworm actuated only by the spirit of barter and gain; moreover, twenty-one years ago, as though Jove had discovered that Chicago was not shaping herself to the Muses' purpose, the fire demon literally burnt her to the ground; so that her present glory as the sheltering arms of a million and a quarter of people, and as having a greater destiny than any other inland city of the world, is as young as the fledgling whose first vote was cast at the last election.

As a civic marvel, therefore, Chicago will be the most significant exhibit at her own fair. It was fate, which includes wisdom, that gave her the opportunity. For if she may not claim to be the metropolis, she is at least the typical American city, the point of fusion of American ideas, the radial center of American tendencies. Whether this should be regarded as a cause of admiration or of missionary effort, the era of the light jest has passed.

Somebody has said that it is a propitious moment in a man's life when his fellows feel a welling desire to kick him. The same is true of cities. Citizens of the three or four older cities that have held themselves in higher esteem, and of the half-dozen older cities that have wished they were as potent, may still find

Chicago too bustling, her buildings too broad or too tall, her architecture too much to suit herself, and her frankness too much flavored with success; and yet in visiting the fair they really ought not to waste their valuable time in damning the town. They should consider that Chicago has always taken herself seriously; has evinced a pride in her primitive duties, whether they involved the packing of bacon or the general services of a roustabout; has been willing, as Director-general Davis said to me, to lay down a railway on Michigan Avenue if the ready transfer of other people's produce had required it. When she had a call to go in for art, in for it she went; and in it she stands, with an architectural challenge to the universe. She may not be quite aware of the necessity of "lugging in" the comparison, as Mr. Whistler would say, but at least she does not resent the coupling of her fair name with that of ancient Athens.

Much of this reputation rests on the noble white palace of the gods which will house the fine arts at the Exposition. One building does not make a world's fair, and in this case it has not such opportunity; but when you visit Jackson Park the Art Building pitches the key of your enthusiasm and remains in your memory as the crowning motive of "The Chicago Centennial"—a term which is becoming popular among the people as an expression of the kinship of this fair with the celebration of 1876. And if you go by way of Philadelphia you may see, as I did, while the "Vestibule Limited" was skirting Fairmount Park, the mausoleum-like art gallery which still stands as the "Memorial Hall" of the Centennial. Though it covers an acre and a half, you would find on reaching Jackson Park that it would serve only as a vestibule to the new art temple, and as such would shatter every line of its beauty. Size is not a safe standard of influence, but it may denote the scale of an ideal purpose; and by comparison with the value of the exhibition at Philadelphia to American art, who may measure the growth that is to date from 1893?

In the autumn of 1891 I had entered Chicago on a similar hazy morning, and, from the point where the traveler loses sight of the turquoise lake, had looked in vain for some sign of the site of the fair. But on the September morning of 1892 a row of ghostly domes lifted their solemn prayer to beauty into the eastern sky. With the briefest interval in the city, I hastened back to the wonderland which a New York artist said is called the Chicago Fair "because it is nearer Chicago than any other city." Even then it was only necessary for a stranger to follow the crowd, for hundreds were gathering at the wharves of the lake-front, where there was a clamor of boats about to start. Yielding to the loudest blandishment of flags and music, I found myself, after the prettiest water trip imaginable, in the hands of the Chicago "rustler"; for while the rival boat passed on to the piers of the fair-grounds, our crowd was dumped on a sandy beach outside, in general wonderment as to how it had happened. Still everybody trudged away good-naturedly, though in order to gain the northwest entrance, we, poor dupes, were doomed to a walk which emphasized the fact that the grounds are a 633-acre lot.

It was indeed worth a journey of a thousand miles to stand on the north bridge of the great lagoon and experience the emotions of a first view of Haroun-al-Raschid's new capital. The world's wonders that you have seen, the wonders you have read about, the wonders you have dreamed of, are there mere aids to your powers of appreciation. No ideality lurks in a nature that does not thrill in presence of the classic majesty of the Art Building. Grandeur due to man's design always appears to have been gained by accident; here is such accord between the parts and the whole design that every column, every section, every angle is an object of grace and dignity. It matters not, therefore, whether from near or far you see the entire temple, or only a part that is uncovered by some adjoining structure; the impression is always grand. You can even pardon the presumptuous Illinois building for elbowing into the water frontage of the glorious façade as viewed from the south end of the lagoon—the Illinois building with dome 230 feet high, a monument only to the strength of its materials.

While the Art Building queens it over a city of edifices of states and nations at the north end, an enticing series of architectural giants stretches right and left of the lagoon for a mile and a half to the south. East of the lagoon our own Government challenges attention with an eccentric house for the Fisheries, having the quality to become interesting on acquaintance; with a Government building which might have cut a figure at the Centennial, but which in its present surroundings merely stimulates the common inclination to criticize the Government. It is little mitigation that, within, the rotunda is fine; it seems to be so difficult to spoil a dome! Between these edifices runs the canal connecting the lagoon with the lake, where the battle-ship *Illinois*, resting on piles, typifies the unsinkableness, if not the speed, of the new Yankee navy. But this fair, like all others, should not be examined between partitions or below the water-line.

On the west side of the lagoon the Woman's Building ingratiated itself at once, it is so gen-

tlemanly. Within will be exhibited every feminine art and grace known to man, except the Continental rite of "blacking-your-husband's boots." Foreigners will discover here why the American girl belongs *ex officio* to the aristocracy of the Old World, and possibly may learn to wonder why she should have the temerity to qualify for it. The Art Building harks back to Athens, but the Woman's Building and its deep significance are "new birth of our new soil," the best that is American.

Horticultural Hall, nearly a fifth of a mile long, and the kind of thing one would like to see girdling the earth, has the most graceful dome at the fair, though it is only 132 feet high, and by contrast humble. A part of its exhibit will be out of doors in the grand lagoon which it faces, and which already mimics the careless largess of nature with a beautiful medley of aquatic plants and shrubs. A rose-garden will bloom at one end of the wooded island of eighteen acres, and at the other end the Japanese exhibit will blossom amid its own native flowers.

On the southwest shore of the lagoon the Transportation Building, with its annex, will offer eighteen acres of reasons why man was not made to fly. Walking the length of the Mines Building, where was to be seen the novelty of steel cantaliver trusses, I emerged on the plaza of the Administration Building, which, as it is in front of the railway terminus, was designed to be the triumphal overture of the architectural opera. In its unfinished state it did not yet realize to the eye the rich effects of the design as seen on paper. It had the air of a dowager duchess, who in her proper appointments is the regal peeress of the realm, yet in negligée is "not at home," for art worship. Still it was even then possible to enjoy the unique effect of the colonnades at the base of the dome, which in its grand proportions is second only to St. Peter's.

At Machinery Hall there was a chance to study the foundations of these mountainous structures. The foot of each roof-truss arch, of which there were three tiers side by side, rested on long blocks cross-piled and bolted, and secured below on a nest of piles. To the unprofessional eye the foundations looked flimsy under the tons on tons of structural steel they were airily supporting. Over the seventeen and a half acres of machinery space, similar and even more massive foundations had been placed at short intervals to receive the heavy machinery. Steam for engines aggregating 24,000 horse-power will be supplied by a solid bank of boilers 600 feet long, whose flames will be fed with oil. The largest engine, of 14,000 horse-power,— the great Corliss at the Centennial was only 5000 horse-power,— will be a part of the 17,000 horse-power to be devoted to electric lighting and electric machinery.

The building for Manufactures and the Liberal Arts is the unparalleled leviathan of the structural world. Size is only one element entering into the impression it makes upon the beholder. Its four great portals are triumphal arches, its corners are noble temples, and the connecting façades are vistas of pilastered arches. Its roof curves to a height of 232 feet, and sweeps for a third of a mile across the eastern sky — with what marvelous effect is only known to him who has seen it bathed in the glow of the setting sun. I walked across the lake front and the end facing the basin at a smart pace, with the effect of discovering that twenty trips around the exterior would be a good ten hours' task for an amateur pedestrian. We are not told with what speed the rams' horns of Joshua were carried around the walls of Jericho, but it may be assumed that the priests who blew them stopped occasionally for refreshments; we know besides that on the seventh day they succeeded in making the circuit seven times, so it would appear likely that two buildings of the size of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts would take in Jericho, its wall, and all of Joshua's ruthless host. It is believed that half a million people could find standing-room on its 30½ acres of floor space, increased by the side galleries to 44 acres; and it was demonstrated at the October ceremonies that 100,000 people, with all they could sing and say, were lost in its vast interior.

Its truss arches are artistic as well as mechanical triumphs. They give form to a noble nave, a third of a mile long, 382 feet wide, and 203 feet high in the clear, which is above all notable for a certain air of distinction. This is due partly to the peculiar curve of the arch, which rises 23 feet above a true semicircle, and partly to the graceful swell of the base of each truss. Each rounded base is hinged by a massive eyelet and a great tie-pin to the foundation-plate. Thus each truss arch (consisting of two parts like the span formed by the arms of a man raised over his head, with fingers touching) is pivoted at the bases; and where the halves meet in the peak they are again linked with a pin, the upper ends of the semi-arches, as well as the bases, being so rounded that with the changes in temperature their great masses may bulge or recede without cross-strain. The weight of each truss is 300,000 pounds; they were brought from afar, in pieces, and put together without an error in boring or in bolt. In fact, since the plans and detailed drawings for this building were received by the Director of Works, there has not been an inquiry made as to their meaning or a defect found in their requirements.

One of the foremen roughly estimated that ten men had lost their lives by falling from

the roof or by having tools or material drop on them.[1] In entering the building one instinctively hovered under the edges of the galleries, for the crisp holes in the two-inch flooring, uncannily frequent, were evidences of the gravitating force of hammers and other tools. As seen either from the lake or from any point on the grounds, this colossus, which could swallow three colosseums, fulfils the praise of one of the architects who marveled that the "design had been kept so big." In September the central roofing of iron and glass had not been finished. Whenever the six-o'clock whistle sounded, a long sinuous line, like a moving caterpillar, could be seen in the middle of the curving roof. It consisted of a small army of workmen backing carefully down, step by step, from the dizzy height.

On the opposite side of the great basin, the Agricultural Building, with its fine portico and colonnades, backed with mural tints and paintings, offered a strikingly individual effect. Here all the muses that may be allied to architecture have been drafted for intelligent coöperation, as on no other building. In fact intellectual force is the predominant note, and the arrangement and lighting of the vast interior are for the same reason strikingly interesting. It was a surprise to find here another rotunda, in its way of unmatched beauty of proportions. And New Yorkers who cannot have failed to observe that Diana-of-the-Madison-Square-Tower has departed for Chicago, leaving her lofty rôle to an understudy, may see the original goddess above the Agricultural dome, presumably still chasing with bow and arrow the scurvy satyr who ran away with her clothes while she was bathing in the dewy morn.

About three fourths of the roofed area of the fair are included in the buildings I have briefly mentioned. Many of the smaller structures would be notable for beauty and for size if they were not here made pigmies by contiguous grandeur. Like the larger buildings they are veneered with "staff." Great is "staff"! Without staff this free-hand sketch of what the world might have in solid architecture, if it were rich enough, would not have been possible. With staff at his command, Nero could have afforded to fiddle at a fire at least once a year. One of the wonders of staff as seen at Chicago is its color. Grayish-white is its natural tone, and the basis of its success at Jackson Park; but it will take any tint that one chooses to apply, and maintain a liveliness akin to the soft bloom of the human skin. Staff is an expedient borrowed from the Latin countries, and much cultivated in South America. Any child skilled in the mechanism of a mud pie can make it, after being provided with the gelatine molds and a water mixture of cement and plaster. How the workman appeared to enjoy seizing handfuls of excelsior or fiber, dipping them in the mixture and then sloshing the fibrous mush over the surface of the mold. When the staff has hardened, the resultant cast is definite, light, and attractive. A workman may walk to his job with a square yard of the side of a marble palace under each arm and a Corinthian capital in each hand. While it is a little green it may be easily sawed and chiseled, and nails are used as in pine. Moreover rough joints are no objection, since a little wet plaster serves to weld the pieces into a finished surface. In the rough climate of Lake Michigan staff is expected to last about six years, which is the average life of the ablest English ministry. Great is staff!

About ten thousand employees and workmen were scattered over Jackson Park, yet at every unfinished building the work seemed to be in semi-suspense, or to have the air of an industrial festival. Deliberation was the order of the day, flavored, however, with eager interest and willingness. Good wages, a little above the market rates, were a healthy incentive, and every mechanic with a spark of fire in his nature must have been quickened by the magnificence of his task. Also deliberation was a necessity in three fourths of the work, which required caution as well as judgment; for many were aërial gymnasts perched from 60 to 260 feet in the air. Sky generalship of a high order was to be seen under the arching roof of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. Here, after months of patient lifting and fitting of unprecedented weights at great heights, each man had grown to know his duty intimately. From some lofty perch the foreman of a gang would conduct his men somewhat after the manner of the leader of an orchestra. Whenever he fell short of the mark he would shout his general order to an assistant halfway down, on the opposite side of the span, and the latter would give fuller instruction to another assistant on the floor. After each move all eyes would turn to the directing mind aloft. Under that roof feats were accomplished worthy to have called forth a "wild surmise" from the Egyptians who piled the pyramids.

Manual labor also has its victory in these monumental buildings, and no doubt the de-

[1] With regard to casualties at Jackson Park since the beginning of work on the grounds and buildings of the Columbian Exposition, Dr. John E. Owens, director of the Medical Bureau, made the following statement to the writer, in a letter dated Dec. 13, 1892: "We have had 23 deaths, 2092 surgical cases, and 1703 medical cases. No spectators have been injured except on the occasion of the dedicatory services [in October last] when there occurred 66 cases of injury and illness."

scendants of those skilful artisans will preserve the tradition of their labors at the Columbian Fair. Considering the chances for fomenting strikes, the bickerings have been slight. No class among them had more cause to be happy than the small army of Italians engaged in the making of staff. But the serpent entered their Eden of American wages in the guise of an Hibernian who could speak Italian; and of course they fell. Three times he tempted them with his Milesian dream, and three times they were restored to grace by the fatherly patience of the Director of Works; but the Dublin Italian was with considerable trouble driven out, and a sword of flame fixed for him at the gates.

Four fifths of the ten thousand workers were in the employ of contractors; and no small part of the day's work fell upon the clerks. One late afternoon, when lingering summer made exploration wearisome, I rested opposite the pedestal of French's colossal "Republic" at the lake end of the great basin, and watched the carpenters who were finishing the framework of Music Hall, the Casino, and the connecting peristyle. These buildings are a gay architectural finish to the lake side of the grand quadrangle. Ready for their covering of staff, they were little more than a confusion of sticks, some upright, and many crisscross, to brace thoroughly the main part of the skeleton; as one of the artists said, they looked like a pile of jackstraws. A great arch in the peristyle spanned the canal that connects the basin with the lake; and I noticed that the drawbridges were all lifted to give free play to the tugs and launches that had been plying in and out. A distant whistle sounded, and a stampede began which to my startled mind had the look of an accident. Men rushed for the ropes of the drawbridge. Had somebody fallen into the water? No, for as soon as the bridges met, the men sprang over them and fled toward the Casino. Then the panic became general; men were almost dropping from the numerous ladders, and as they touched the floor they bolted always in the same direction; now and then a man had gathered a few tools in his apron as though he were bent on saving them at the risk of his life; then men began to appear from the north end of the structure, some of them already half blown, others showing wonderful staying power and squabbling for the drawbridge; behind them was a single workman burdened with tools who stopped running as soon as he perceived that he had been distanced. I headed him off, and inquired if anything serious had happened. "Yes," he replied, "those sprinters have put me at the tail-end of the line down there where we get our time checked off, which means that I 'm three quarters of an hour late for dinner."

The head center of all the energy displayed at Jackson Park was to be found at the general offices near the Horticultural Building. Built around a large paved court, with stuccoed walls and flat roof, the Service Building, so called, resembled a Spanish-American hotel. Engineers, architects, auditors, paymasters, and overseers, with an army of clerks, occupied the rooms. Authority radiated from the northeast corner, where Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works, has his office. He is a large man, with shoulders broad enough for the vast burden laid upon him, with the quiet patience that leads perplexed subordinates to believe there is a way out of every difficulty, and with the motive power that removes mountains and raises domes. He and the late John W. Root were the firm of architects who had most to do with the creation of Chicago's massive business quarter. So when Chicago, in the fall of 1889, nominated herself as the site of the proposed fair, Messrs. Burnham and Root were looked to as professional advisers. Plans were extensively sketched even before Congress on April 26, 1890, gave Chicago the fair. Four months later Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Mr. Codman, were given decisive authority as consulting landscape architects, and Mr. Burnham and Mr. Root, who received official appointments as consulting architects, worked in conjunction with them. At last, Jackson Park was fixed upon as the site. The general conception of the fair, as it is now realized, was Mr. Olmsted's, the other three criticizing and sketching, and Mr. Root drafting the plans with his own hands, as fast as they were formulated.

The designs prepared by Mr. Root might possibly have been adopted, if he and Mr. Burnham, with large views of the importance of the work to the architecture of America, had not taken the lead in a memorial to the Exposition managers which resulted in the selection of a board of representative architects. Following upon this decision, Mr. Burnham was appointed chief of construction; and Mr. Root was confirmed as consulting architect four or five weeks before his untimely death. In August last, Mr. Atwood, the laureled architect of the Art Building, and designer-in-chief of Mr. Burnham's department, nearly succumbed to a dangerous illness.

At the end of last summer the American painters chosen to decorate some of the walls and portal ceilings, began to assemble from country retreats and from abroad. They were summoned by Francis D. Millet, who last spring had been installed as Mr. Burnham's art adviser and assistant, a position in which his varied abilities were focused for great public usefulness. Millet possesses the tact and

the artistic authority to lead his temperamental brethren on the side of regarding art as the most serious business of life; and he is not deficient in those blithe professional qualities which always impress laymen with a suspicion that art is only a lark. Certainly that devoted band of painters gave art no opportunity to look morose in the creative days of the Columbian Fair. It little mattered that the kind of work in hand was strange to most of them, or that they had dropped congenial tasks amid their natural studio surroundings for the sake of helping forward a great public enterprise. Answering, some of them, a tardy summons, they came with or without a first rough design and fell to work in a haphazard studio camp. A glance at the buildings convinced each one of them that the occasion demanded the best that was in him. In the galleries of the north wing of the Horticultural Building, vast studios had been partitioned off with boards and sheeting for the painters who were to fresco two hemispherical domes with pendentives in each of the four main portals of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts. Here old friends were still chatty neighbors, like Beckwith and Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, Robert Reid, Reinhart, Shirlaw, Edward E. Simmons, and Alden Weir. Stagings were erected, so that models might be posed in remote correspondence to the position the figures would occupy in the pendentives. Each painter was provided with a miniature model of the concave surface to be painted, and each artist could be seen now and then looking into these plaster kettles, as they rested on the floor upside down, as though the sought-for shapes might be found there, like Truth at the bottom of a well.

Each went to work in his own way. Blashfield made an elaborate color sketch on a large octagonal canvas which could be carried to his scaffolding, and, in working from it, turned so that the different figures would fall in their proper place, while the color sketch as a whole would always show the relation of the different parts to the entire design; Beckwith did the same thing, in outline, on the surface of his miniature plaster model; Kenyon Cox made careful color designs on a small scale of each of his pendentive figures, and Shirlaw, Reinhart, Reid, and Weir papered their walls with bold cartoons of single figures. Robert Reid tacked a giant cartoon in the pendentive of the dome allotted to him, in order to form an idea of effective stature as seen from the pavement, and everybody went to see how much wisdom might be gathered from the experiment. Simmons, departing from the happily "eternal feminine," with the purpose of peopling his dome with brawny men, was making bold sketches in oil and setting them up where they could be seen sixty feet away over his neighbors' screen partitions. In all this fascinating and most promising effort, real experience was a matter of serious exchange, and intuitive advice was free.

At the Agricultural Building, Maynard, like a fez-capped Turk, with H. T. Schladermundt and other clever assistants, made another painters' colony. His task of decorating some of the exterior walls of that building with the actual and fabled beasts and deities of the farm was already far advanced. This work will be a revelation to thousands of Americans of the capabilities of exterior mural painting as an adjunct to architecture. C. Y. Turner, as assistant to Mr. Millet, had a comfortable studio in Mr. Burnham's offices. Later, J. Gari Melchers and Walter MacEwen arrived to decorate the tympana of the corner pavilions of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and W. L. Dodge to work in the rotunda of the Administration Building. Miss Mary Cassatt and Mrs. MacMonnies will decorate the Woman's Building with paintings, the sculpture of that building having been done by Miss Enid Yandell and Miss Alice Rideout.

Augustus St. Gaudens early rendered a great service in advice as to sculpture and sculptors, and an important art contribution is still hoped for from him. Larkin G. Mead designed the sculpture for the main pediment of the Agricultural Building. Only the rough foundations had been laid, in September, for Frederick MacMonnies' brilliant emblematic fountain at the west end of the great basin.

On the east side of the Agricultural Building Daniel C. French was busy with the model of his colossal "Republic," and with his large group for the arch gateway to the great basin, the horses being modeled by Edward C. Potter. The "Republic," which with its pedestal now rises a hundred feet from the water of the great basin, is the largest piece of sculpture at the fair. On the open floor outside his studio a company of Italians were modeling the giant lady, in sections about ten feet high, beginning with her feet and leaving the bust, head, and arms till the last, so that the sculptor might have time for a second thought on the most important features. The enormous blocks of plaster were not so heavy as they looked, since they consisted of a skeleton of wood covered with wire netting and staff.

Even larger studios were those of Philip Martiny and Karl Bitter, whose groups and colossal figures were almost as numerous as the characters of the Greek pantheon. Theodore Baur, who was modeling figures for the Art Building, was a late comer on the scene; and also Olin L. Warner, who distinguished himself at once by giving the classic touch to the design for the souvenir coin; he has a commission also

to make several life-size statues for the New York Building.

Edward Kemeys was established in the south wing of the Horticultural Building, where his daubed sign "Keep out" placed him under obligation to be unduly courteous, as his nature always impels him to be, to anybody having the confidence to knock. But the brazen sight-seer was a roamer at will in those days, except when a soldier blocked his way, and any sort of protection was a boon. Both the sculptor and his wife were discovered, at the time of my invasion, with their hands in the liquid plaster, dipping excelsior into the pan and building up the sides of a giant buffalo, whose burly head had already been finished. The sculptor had discovered, after one beast modeled in clay had tumbled in pieces, that staff was a capital substitute for clay in modeling on a large scale; it was applied to a wooden skeleton wrapped with wire screening, and working on this plan, he was able to create, without the intervention of the usual clay model, the wild animals of America which, with those designed by A. P. Proctor, are to ornament the bridges. Mrs. Kemeys in her companionship was also proving herself a most skilful assistant.

In keeping with the professional sympathy of these artists was their gregarious sociability. Several were accompanied by their wives, and at a pleasant suburban hotel near the grounds the hard work of the day was supplemented by an evening salon; Mr. French even mitigated his sojourn with housekeeping. For the others, bachelors' hall was kept, as to meals, at a restaurant within the grounds. Here the host's curiosity to study the Bohemian company acted too strongly on his generosity for him to have been much the richer by their presence. It was evident that he had never before catered to a crowd so richly endowed with qualities subversive of his business principles; they might be artists, perhaps, but it was more evident that they were orators, actors, and escaped negro minstrels. Now and then when the demon of caricature rioted and the charcoal passed from the tacked-up paper to his new walls, his lank spirit, lingering in the doorway, seemed to hesitate between a smile and a tear. There was no mistaking his satisfaction when over coffee and tobacco his guests passed an hour in the charming "Groves of Blarney," though it was a danger always that in the climax the furniture would become animated. The chief merit of the current fun lay in the mood that inspired it, which was a beneficial relaxation from the hard work of the day.

In the general management of the fair there has been a peculiar division of responsibility. Inasmuch as Chicago promised to furnish all the money necessary to open the fair, it was proper that the spending of it should be in the hands of a local board. Before the National Commission was created by act of Congress, the local board was organized as "The World's Columbian Exposition." Its undisputed province included all matters of finance, and the duty of providing grounds and buildings ready for exhibitors. And as the financial responsibility and custody of property could not end until the closing of the fair, there have been opportunities for the local board to invade the field of responsibility defined for itself by the "World's Columbian Commission," which as the representative of the Government has claimed superior authority. Broadly speaking, the National Commission has charge of everything that pertains to the organization and administration of the fair, and of its dealings with the exhibiting and paying public. In spite of some friction these two sources of authority have supplemented each other, and each has performed services which the other could not have rendered so readily. Both will soon be installed in the Administration Building at Jackson Park, but during the preparatory period they have been housed like one organization in the Rand-McNally building, in the heart of the city. Their offices, which occupied more than one floor, were reached by corridors passing entirely around the enormous edifice, and in extent and variety suggested the multifarious duties and responsibilities of a popular government. The members of the World's Columbian Commission correspond to the Legislature. Director-general Davis is the chief executive; he is surrounded by a large staff of heads of departments or cabinet officers, one of the most prominent in the early stages of the enterprise being the "Department of Publicity and Promotion," under Major Moses P. Handy. On the opposite side of the corridor the "Board of Lady Managers" wields a benign sway.

Everything on the other side of the building, where the chief officers of the local board were quartered, was tinctured with finance. During the past summer, the disbursements averaged a million dollars a month, and it is estimated that 19½ millions will have been spent by the 1st of May, the opening day. These vast sums have been collected and disbursed under the leadership, during the first year, of Lyman J. Gage, the banker, who declined to serve for a longer period as president, though he has remained an active member of the local board; his successor was William T. Baker, for several years President of the Chicago Board of Trade, who seems to have been the first to see the necessity of abandoning the original plan for a double site for the fair. No such success as is now manifest could have been possible with the parts separated by seven miles of travel.

In July, 1892, Mr. Baker resigned and went abroad to recruit his health, when the vice-president, H. N. Higinbotham, was elected to the presidency of the local board. Mr. Higinbotham, as one of Chicago's largest merchants, was very nearly the busiest man in the city, which was reason enough, as the world goes, why he should have been asked to pick up the stroke-oar in the local board's prodigious race against time. As one of these busy officers said, "No Chicago man ever tires of doing business."

Liberal ideas have controlled the purse-strings, yet the financial problem has been handled with economy, and even with thrift. With the exception of the first London exhibition of 1851, world's fairs have been a costly luxury to their patrons; that fair, in covered area, was less than one fifth the size of the Columbian Exposition; it was open 144 days, and the receipts almost doubled the expenses. In 1867 Louis Napoleon opened his second Paris Exposition, and, considering its success as a "dynastic dazzler," did not probably begrudge the wide difference between the expenses, which were $4,000,000, and the receipts, which amounted to $2,100,000. Eleven millions was spent on the Vienna Exposition of 1873, and ten millions of it went into the financial crash that it heralded. The great novelty of that exhibition was the "American bar," but the "Amerikanische cocktail," with all its popularity and specious promise, was not able to avert the crisis. Under republican management, Paris in 1889 produced a remarkable fair, a third larger than the Vienna Exposition, with the same outlay, and with a satisfactory income. Like the Philadelphia Centennial, the Parisian fair with its buildings covered sixty acres, or half the space of the Columbian Exposition. At Philadelphia the receipts ($3,800,000) fell nearly 60 per cent. short of the cost, which was $8,500,000.

Both the pride and the business instincts, somewhat entwined, of the Chicago managers, are enlisted in the problem of making their fair pay expenses; more they do not ask. Nearly all the subscribers to the world's fair stock, which was the original fund, are said to have charged the investment to profit and loss, though the financial scheme provides for its return; it was mostly given as a token of public spirit, and the municipality was a heavy subscriber. Chicago had promised the country that she would foot the bills if she might have the fair, and at that crisis genuine "hustling" was needed to inspire confidence. With some outside aid the stock account now exceeds $6,000,000. Another $5,000,000 was raised on bonds guaranteed by the city of Chicago, and an additional $4,000,000 of "World's Fair Bonds" were purchased by public-spirited citizens. When it became apparent in the spring of 1892 that the $14,000,000 or $15,000,000 then in sight would not complete the grounds and buildings on the scale that had been adopted to a point where it was impossible to turn back, Chicago appeared before Congress as a Prodigal Son asking for a loan of $5,000,000. Congress declined the loan, yet fell upon Chicago's neck, and gave $2,500,000 in souvenir coins. By the simple process of holding these coins at a premium of 100 per cent. the managers hope to realize the full $5,000,000 from the kindly act of Congress, and to increase the available funds to $20,000,000. No citizen who visits the fair will begrudge the moity of 2½ millions of public money. A good thing is usually worth all it costs; and it is a satisfaction to realize, as every visitor to Jackson Park must, that the expense in excess of the basis on which Chicago undertook to pay for the fair has been due to zeal for larger scope and enhanced beauty, and not to vain extravagance or mismanagement. In sentiment, at least, the country owes Chicago an enormous bounty for a colossal success.

If 19½ of those 20 millions suffice to open the gates of the fair, the board will meet the paying public with $500,000 to its credit. Supposing that the estimate of 200,000 visitors daily for 150 days is not too high, they safely count on a revenue of $15,000,000 from the admission fee of half a dollar. Probably half a million dollars will accrue from the sale of tickets to sight-seers during the building period. And the neat sum of $5,000,000 is counted on from concessions granted to interests that are supposed to benefit as well as amuse the millions of visitors. Half a million dollars is called a "conservative estimate" of the gross receipts of the pop-corn and lemonade business, nearly two thirds of which will go into the treasury of the fair. Quite as much more is expected from the soda-water concession. A purveyor of the deleterious peanut has offered 70 per cent. of the gross receipts, and a bonus of $140,000 besides, but when last heard from on this subject, the managers were not disposed to weigh the peanut so lightly. Nor is the fair to be paved with crisp and fragrant shells, since no peanut will be admitted that has not been through a shelling-machine. As a question of space, horse-vehicles have been barred from the grounds. But 1600 rolling chairs with attendants, and 800 without attendants, may be utilized, the maximum fare being fixed at 75 cents an hour. In order to meet his obligations to the managers the owner of this concession must take in a million dollars. So if all goes well with the estimates there will be $22,000,000 to count on at the end of the fair, less three millions for

current expenses, which is the estimate; granting that sum for conducting the fair, there will be $19,000,000 to satisfy an indebtedness of $15,000,000, since no return is expected of the $5,000,000 of resources to be derived from the gift made by Congress.

It is true that the managers are obliged to restore Jackson Park to a condition satisfactory to the park commissioners; but no step has been taken except in consultation with Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Mr. Codman, who are the landscape advisers of the Park Board as well as the landscape architects of the Exposition. As a consequence the expensive landscape features will remain as a permanent embellishment of Jackson Park, of no final expense to the Exposition and of great value to Chicago. The city and the country will profit also from the semi-permanence of the Art Building, which ought some day to be faced with marble and bequeathed to posterity. In the sad hours of demolition the large buildings will probably more than pay for their removal. It has been suggested to a millionaire sporting man that he should buy the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, transport it to New York, and give winter races on a track which would be nearly a mile in length. Many of the truss arches will be available for railway stations; the remaining iron and steel will have some value, and the timber will work into rough lumber or kindling-wood. Five thousand acres of pine forest have entered into the construction of the buildings. Even in its ruins the Exposition will be grand.

As was to be expected, the fair has attracted the indigenous and numerous American "cranks," as well as foreign persons with mental and moral crotchets. These, and also youthful geniuses, have besieged, personally and by letter, the Ways and Means Committee, of which Edward B. Butler is chairman, and Samuel A. Crawford is secretary. A few examples will indicate how much of human nature as it really is will not be on exhibition at the fair: An American was early in the field with a divine revelation of the site which had been foreordained for the fair when the foundations of the world were laid, and an Englishman has desired to be put on exhibition as the Messiah. Two boys "of respectable parentage" in western New York have offered to walk to Chicago, and to camp on the Exposition grounds with the purpose of illustrating the life of tramps, and of lecturing on its vicissitudes. Another boy of sixteen recommended that a number of nickel-in-the-slot phonographs fixed to repeat amusing fish stories might be placed in the Fisheries Building and about the grounds; he urged that a royalty on the suggestion would enable him to help his widowed mother. An enterprising dealer in cosmetics asked for space to exhibit an old woman, one half of whose face was to be smoothed out with his preparation and the remainder left with its mortal wrinkles until the end of the fair, when he would smooth out the other half in the presence of the multitude. The parents of a "favorite orator" of six years offered his services as introducer of the chief orator at the dedicatory ceremonies, which would, they thought, lend emphasis to the portentous importance of the occasion. A mathematician asked for standing-room where he might show the world how to square the circle. Out of Indiana came a solver of perpetual motion; he was informed that space could not be allotted for the exhibition of an idea, so he would have to bring on his machine; later he informed the committee that his self-feeding engine, which had been running a sewing-machine, had unfortunately broken down, "but the principle remained the same." A Georgian asked for a concession to conduct a cockpit, and another son of the South knew of a colored child which was an anatomical wonder, and could be had by stealing it from its mother; for a reasonable sum he was willing to fill the office of kidnapper. Innumerable freaks of nature have been tendered; and the pretty English barmaid has in several instances inclosed her photograph with an offer of assistance to the fair. A very serious offer came from a Spaniard, who had been disgusted with the weak attempts to give bull-fights in Paris during the recent exposition. He offered to fill the brutal void at the Columbian fair if he could be assured the privilege of producing the spectacle "with all his real and genuine circumstances."

Many eccentric schemes have been offered in the shape of mechanical wonders. A tower three thousand feet high was proposed as a proper Chicago rejoinder to the Eiffel pigmy. One aspiring person conceived a building four hundred stories high; and a submarine genius proposed a suite of rooms to be excavated under Lake Michigan.

Some of the marvels which are actually in course of construction would have been regarded a few years ago as hardly less absurd. Most of these mechanical curiosities are located in the Midway Plaisance, which is 600 feet wide, and extends from opposite the Woman's Building for a mile to Washington Park. In this annex will be grouped the foreign villages, the natatorium, the Bohemian and American glass-factories, the Cairo Street, the Donegal industries, and innumerable attractions which of themselves would occupy an indefatigable visitor for the better part of a week. In September the Turkish village had the start of the other foreign exhibits; in the early stage of the

work a Yankee carpenter was directing a miscellaneous band of workmen some of whom had curious methods of handling tools. A crowd of stalwart Turks, in costumes rather worse for wear, were loafing around a charcoal fire, or warming themselves behind a cigarette, neither merry nor sad, nor even weary with idleness.

In the center of the Plaisance will stand the "Ferris Wheel," which will be a gigantic example of the merry-go-over wheels sometimes seen at county fairs. In this case the diameter of the wheel will be 250 feet, and the bearings of the axle, which will, it is said, be the heaviest casting ever made, will rest on towers 135 feet high. Cars, which by their own weight will swing so as always to be parallel with the ground, will be suspended on the outside or perimeter of the wheel, so that passengers who may step into a car from the ground will, as the wheel revolves, get a view of the fair from all heights up to 250 feet, which is only 30 feet lower than the dome of the Administration Building. The revolving mass will weigh 2300 tons, and the engineering problem involved is one of no ordinary interest.

In height the Ferris Wheel will be surpassed by the Spiral Railway Tower, which will enable an electric car to corkscrew to a height of 560 feet. This tower will be 200 feet in diameter, and the spiral truss track will be supported by uprights of steel. Those who prefer to soar in the old-fashioned way to such a height as 1500 feet may confide themselves to the Captive Balloon. On the other hand, the sensation of a rapid and safe descent will be supplied by the Ice Slide, which will be coated with the real article by refrigerating machinery; it may incidentally also relieve the Eskimo exhibit of homesickness.

Those who desire to test their nerves at a speed of 100 miles an hour have merely to embark on the Barre Sliding Railway, which will traverse the entire length of the Plaisance. This method of propelling cars was invented in 1862 by the famous Paris hydraulic engineer Dominique Girard, who was killed on one of the little Seine steamers during the siege. Mr. Barre, the developer of the system, was an engineer under the inventor. Water is both the medium of lifting the cars off the rail and of propelling them. At the fair the road is an elevated structure, and the rail has a broad, flat top. Instead of by wheels the body of the car is supported by hollow iron shoes that rest upon the rail; the water which is fed into the cavity of the shoe under pressure, escapes between the rail and the shoe during motion. The hydraulic pressure is adapted to the weight to be sustained, so that the shoes, lifted by the expelling force, are separated from the surface of the rail by a mere film of water. The cars being relatively light, and the friction on the film of water hardly appreciable, comparatively little power is needed to propel the train at great speed. This power is supplied from standing pipes near the center of the track, a jet of water being forced from them against a bucket-like contrivance repeated continuously under each car. These standing pipes are so spaced that by the time the rear of the train is leaving the pipe that is propelling it, the head of the train will be automatically opening the jet of another pipe. As the train passes, each pipe automatically closes. On the return trip another branch of the standing pipes supplies the power. The water, leaving the buckets and the shoes, falls into troughs, which conduct it back to the power-stations, where it is used over again. Aside from high speed the absence of jar and noise is a great merit, and the expense of operating is said to be relatively light. A speed of 90 miles an hour can be attained in going 500 yards. The track can be laid over hill and dale without much grading, since any rise or decline under 30 per cent. can be traversed easily. In cold-winter countries the water may be heated at the power-stations, and conveyed in covered conduits. At the Paris Exposition the system was successfully operated on a road 500 feet long; also at Edinburgh; but at the Columbian Exposition it will have the advantage of a mile run.

A rival method of railway construction, from which great things are also expected, is "The Multiple Speed Railway or Movable Sidewalk," which will be put to practical use on the long pier of the fair, extending nearly half a mile into the lake. Here the movable sidewalk will be a continuous loop 4300 feet long, and turning at each end with a radius of 75 feet. In principle the movable sidewalk is made up of two or more parallel sections, moving in the same direction, and each section about two inches higher than the adjoining one. The first section is given a motion of three miles an hour, which is a walking gait; the next section moves three miles faster, or six miles an hour, which is the speed to be attained on the pier. The passengers, facing the way the sidewalk is moving, step upon the first or slow section by grasping posts attached to it; from that section they pass with the same facility to the six-miles-an-hour section, which is provided with seats. By the simplest contrivance the system is capable of being worked up to any desired speed; four platforms would give a speed of twelve miles an hour. The power, which is stationary, is applied to the axles by electricity. Several elements in the problem of rapid transit for cities are supplied by this system; as the motion and the cars are continuous there are

no stops, and no waiting for trains, and no danger from collisions or from jumping the track. At the fair passengers landing or departing by boat can utilize the movable sidewalk, as can also the patrons of the restaurant which is to dispense ordinary cheer and lake air at the end of the pier.

I have hinted only at a few of the exhibits of curious character to be made by foreigners and by Americans. Krupp alone will spend half a million dollars on his exhibit of engines of war, thanks to the interest of Emperor William in having this German industry prominent at the fair. He will send the largest gun ever made, which will weigh 122 tons. It will leave Essen on a car constructed to carry it to the seaboard; it will be landed at Sparrow's Point near Baltimore, where the Maryland Steel Company will undertake to lift it from the ship to a specially constructed car of the Baltimore and Ohio road. There is a track in the grounds which will carry it to the door of Krupp's special building on the lake shore, east of the Agricultural Building. It is fate at the fair, just as in the larger field of the world, that peace and war are nearest neighbors,—that this temple of Mars will be only a few feet from the reproduction of the Convent of La Rabida where Columbus, despairing of government aid, was finding refuge when his luck changed. If the managers have confidence in the walls of the fair, and Herr Krupp has confidence in his pet monster, it would be a good idea to make amends by firing a salute from this gun in honor of the Columbian victory of peace.

A salvo of addresses in honor of peace will be delivered every day at the Art Institute, especially erected in Lake-Front Park for the World's Congress Auxiliary. Here all the ideas and isms of the age will be on oral exhibition, and great will be the endurance of the attending intelligences that survive.

Relaxation of a remarkable kind is to be provided in the "Spectatorium," a theater of gigantic proportions invented by Steele Mackaye, which will stand on the lake shore contiguous to the Exposition grounds. Spectacles, like the Columbian voyage with real winds and waves, ships, rain and rainbows, have been projected on an unheard-of scale, with novel effects and a concord of serious music and art.

Large as is the covered area of the fair, neither foreign exhibitors nor our own people may have much more than half the space that they have wanted. In the interest of quality rather than quantity, it is just as well that this is so; for, if any fault is to be found with this Columbian Exposition, it will be on account of the inability of the human mind to compass and appreciate it. There can be no fault found with Columbus, or with Chicago, or with foreign governments who have been most considerate, or with American energy and ambition. But assuredly, after a few exhausting days of such music as will be provided, such exhibits of mental audacity and ingenuity, such art, such architecture, such a glory of bunting, such a blaze of electricity, the American sightseer, with all his stamina and flexibility, will retreat to his quiet walk in life, and, emerging under the immortal stars, will reflect that there is a glory not made with hands—and will rest his soul.

C. C. Buel.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word from Russia.

THE CENTURY has from time to time published criticisms of certain internal affairs of the Russian empire, but surely with no ill will for the country which showed its friendship for our own at a time of national peril. Much has been said in these columns concerning the Siberian exile system, and on the treatment of the Jews in Russia. It will be remembered that on the latter subject opposing views were printed here some years ago by Madame Ragozin and the late Emma Lazarus.

We now ask a fair hearing for "the other side," in the paper printed in this number of THE CENTURY by a member of the Russian Legation at Washington. If any statement of the Russian governmental view has ever before been put forth with any color of authority, in an American periodical, we do not know of it. Whatever may be thought of this view, as here briefly presented by Mr. Botkine, it will surely be regarded as a fact of deep significance that an official of the Russian government has been permitted to break through the reserve of his position in order to make an explanation to the American people of the situation at home, as he himself understands it.

Responsibility for the Spoils System.

THE President-elect has recently given forth some vigorous expressions of opinion unfavorable to that view of government which makes of it simply a scramble for and dispensation of the salaries of the blue-book. He seems to be determined to check the tendency to regard the Executive Mansion as little more than a National Employment Bureau, rather than the center of the executive branch of the Government, with all its varied functions. The more strenuously he adheres to this determination, the closer will the entire Government be held to its proper uses, the better the nation will be served, and the better the good people of the country will be pleased.

But are the executive branches of our National, State,

and municipal government alone to blame for the spoils system? And in the general community are the bad people solely to blame for it? In fact does not a considerable part of the blame and the disgrace rest upon those who are classed among the "good"? Do or do not these same good people, or a large part of them, whenever there is a chase after a petty office in their neighborhood, join in the hue and cry — if not in their own behalf, then, in a friendly way, in behalf of some needy neighbor who wants their names to his petition or their influence in his enterprise?

When every citizen who at heart despises the spoils system shall live up to his despisal, and set his face resolutely against the indecent and cruel scramble for other people's bread and butter — then it will be easier for Presidents, and all others in authority, to carry out their own best intentions; then the present laws in relation to the subject will be executed in their full content and intent; and the merit system will be extended to all that part of the public service to which, in reason and in justice, it should be applied.

Efficiency of Ballot Reform.

AFTER the supreme test of the Australian ballot system of voting which was made in the last Presidential election, there can be no further question of its efficiency. It was tried for the first time in a national election in no fewer than thirty-five States, and in all of them it worked so smoothly and satisfactorily that no serious complaints were made. It was noticeable that the most successful of the laws were those which are the most thoroughgoing applications of the system, and which follow the example of the pioneer Massachusetts law in having the names of all candidates printed upon a single or blanket ballot. Few complaints were heard about the working of these laws, but those which, like the New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and California laws, are applications of the system which never met the approval of ballot-reformers gave rise to many expressions of dissatisfaction which ought to lead to the adoption of new and better laws in their stead.

The great results gained in all the States were quiet and orderly elections, an absence of intimidators, vote-peddlers, and vote-buyers from the polling-places, and the opportunity for every citizen to cast his ballot in absolute secrecy. It was demonstrated that the new system went a long way toward abolishing bribery from our elections. The professional corruptionists of all parties confessed frankly that in no previous election had money produced so slight an effect, chiefly because the bribers took the money paid them for their votes, and then failed to keep their bargains. This demonstration is of great value, for no man will waste money in buying votes which he is not certain will be delivered. There have been differences of opinion as to the degree of immorality in the business of vote-buying, but never any about the unwisdom of paying money for votes about the deposit of which there is any uncertainty. A man who will sell his vote cannot be trusted to keep his bargain when he is left to execute it in secret. This claim was made by the advocates of the Australian system at the outset of their agitation for its adoption, and the recent election has shown that it was well founded.

In saying this for the new system, we do not wish to be understood as declaring that no further legislation against the illicit use of money in elections is necessary. On the contrary, such legislation is imperatively needed, for there are forms of using money other than in direct bribery. It is entirely probable, also, that familiarity with the new voting system will enable the corruptionists to circumvent its provisions. This has been done in some States in elections which were not national in character, and in time it might be done in national elections. The great point has been gained of checking wholesale bribery of voters; we ought not to stop until bribery is abolished, by having the use of money forbidden under such stringent laws as shall make its use without detection and punishment impossible.

Next to the partial abolition of bribery, the most noteworthy triumph of the new system was the immunity from espionage, intimidation, and undue influence of all kinds which it secured to every voter. As time goes on we believe that this secret ballot, which is in reality the only absolutely free and fair ballot, will be recognized as the most invaluable feature of the Australian system. It permits every citizen to vote as his conscience dictates without fear of consequences.

The complete success of the reform system in so large a proportion of the States makes certain its speedy adoption in the remaining States. At the beginning of the present year the only States still without it were Kansas and Idaho in the North, and Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia in the South. All these ought to have it embodied in their statutes before the next Presidential election comes around, and the chances are that all of them will do so. In no part of the country is the reform more urgent, or more salutary in its results, than in the South. It subjects the negro voters to the same test of intelligence which is imposed in the North, and thus removes all ground of complaint in case a portion of such voters are not able to exercise their rights of suffrage. It is estimated by the leaders of Tammany Hall in New York City that the new system deprives them of from 8000 to 10,000 votes in every election because of the inability of the most ignorant voters to cope with the requirements of the law. The exclusion from the polls of voters so densely ignorant as this, whether they be in the North or in the South, or whether they be black or white, is far from being a public misfortune, and is also far from constituting a defect in the new voting method.

Reform in Contested Election Cases.

IT was most unfortunate that the constitutional amendment in New York State, taking from the two houses of the legislature their power to decide contested election cases, and transferring it to the courts, should have been submitted to popular vote for approval in a Presidential election. A very small vote was cast in its favor, and a comparatively small, but yet larger, one was cast against it. The simple fact was that the people were so absorbed in the great issues of the Presidential contest that they paid little or no attention to questions of minor importance. In addition to this fact, the judicial transfer amendment was associated with two others, both desirable, but both

adding to the complications of the situation, since they increased the popular tendency, always observable in such cases, to vote against measures the purport of which is not fully comprehended. Not having either time or disposition to inform themselves as to the meaning and wisdom of the three amendments, the people either declined to vote on them or voted in the main against them.

This is no new development of American proclivities, and it is not by any means a deplorable trait of national character. The result in this instance is deplorable, but it is not irrevocable. It was due to the unfortunate circumstance that the amendments were submitted to the people in an election which was the one most unsuitable for an intelligent and deliberate verdict upon them. The figures of the returns show that only a very small proportion of the voters of the State expressed any opinion whatever upon them. There cannot be said, therefore, to have been any popular verdict rendered as to their merits; least of all can it be said that a verdict has been rendered against them. The people have simply declined to express a favorable or unfavorable opinion until they can do so intelligently.

This view of the matter ought to be given great weight by the approaching constitutional convention, the delegates to which are to be chosen by the people of New York within a short time. Among the various changes in the State's organic law which that body will be called upon to consider, none is of greater importance than this of a change of power from the legislature to the courts. We discussed this subject fully, shortly after Senator Saxton's joint resolution embodying it as an amendment passed the legislature for the first time in March, 1891.[1] We showed at that time that the reform proposed had been adopted in England in 1868, and though it was regarded as of doubtful wisdom by many high authorities, including the judges to whom the power was transferred, it had worked with such perfect success that no complaints had ever been made in regard to it, and no suggestion had ever been heard for a change to the former method. We were in error in saying at that time that no American State had adopted the reform, for it was embodied in the constitution of Pennsylvania in 1874, and has worked as satisfactorily in that State during the subsequent eighteen years as it has in England. Commenting upon it recently, the Philadelphia "Press" said:

> Pennsylvania already enjoys this wholesome reform. It is incorporated in the Constitution of 1874, and since its adoption the time of the legislature has not been wasted in considering contested election cases. What is of more importance, party interests have not determined the decisions in these cases. A court can be, and usually is, non-partizan, though the judges are chosen by a party vote. A legislature can never be non-partizan when the party control of the legislature turns on its decision on a contested seat. In such cases argument and the taking of evidence are a waste of time. The verdict can be forecast with certainty from the beginning by noting the relative party strength in the chamber.

The "Press" characterizes the old method which is still in vogue in all other States as "absurd and vicious," and its language is no more emphatic than that which has been used by other commentators who have studied its effects not merely in State legislatures, but in Congress. Ex-Speaker Reed of the Fifty-first Congress, a body in which the majority was increased from seven to twenty-four by partizan decisions, has said of the method now in use that "it is unsatisfactory in results, unjust to members and contestants, and fails to secure the representation which the people have chosen." He has also said, as confirming the view that partizan considerations invariably control the decisions, that "probably there is not a single instance on record where the minority was increased by the decision of contested cases." The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, who has advocated the transfer to the courts by Congress of its power over contested cases, is no less pronounced in his views, saying, as we quoted him in June, 1891, that the "House is rarely thoroughly and violently partizan, except when it sits in a judicial capacity to try an election case."

So far as New York State is concerned, its citizens had a very forcible illustration of the evil possibilities of the present system in the performances which occurred in Albany in January, 1892. The subsequent decisions of the Court of Appeals have left no doubt that in the contested cases of that period the Democrats secured a majority in the Senate by methods which would not have been possible of successful employment had final decision rested with the courts. No one who has the welfare of his country at heart, and who desires popular government to attain its best and most beneficent estate, will wish to see a practice continued which is capable of such abuses as this. The New York constitutional convention, we are confident, will realize that it has a duty to perform in this matter, and will take the ground that the people should be given another opportunity to pass deliberate and intelligent judgment upon what investigation is certain to convince them is a salutary and most urgent reform.

[1] See "Judicial Control of Contested Election Cases," in "Topics of the Time" in THE CENTURY for June, 1891.

Free Art a National Necessity.

REPRESENTATIVE ANDREW of Massachusetts has done a public service in resuming, in the present Congress, the agitation for free art. On this question the artists of the country have taken an enlightened and honorable position. The arguments for an unrestricted interchange of paintings and sculpture between the United States and other countries have been rehearsed in these columns and elsewhere to the point of fatigue. Miss Kate Field has been especially serviceable to the cause in setting these arguments clearly before Congress and the public. Any one who is interested in the question knows that the present duty of 15 per cent. on art is not defensible on any theory of protection; that the revenue product is comparatively insignificant in the mass, while exceedingly annoying and exacting in the item, and that at least 95 per cent. of those who are "protected" by the duty are daily crying out against a protection which does not — and in its nature cannot — protect. These considerations are made more significant by the fact that in 1890, under the leadership of Mr. McKinley, free art passed the House of Representatives — a body of protection proclivities — in the first draft of the present tariff law.

What argument then remains to support this barrier in the way of American national progress in art? Simply the delusion that art is a luxury, and must be taxed accordingly.

In the spring of 1890, at a dinner party in Washington, a prominent Senator in a gale of jest agreed to escort to the World's Fair the two ladies between whom he was seated. Six months later, the McKinley bill having passed the House, the Senator was reported in the newspapers as expressing a doubt as to the concurrence of the Senate in the removal of the duty on art. "For," said he, "how can we go to our constituents and stand up for the tax on sugar, which is a necessity, and defend its removal from art, which is a luxury?" Meantime, the interview having come to the eye of one of the ladies, she wrote, in effect, the following note:

MY DEAR SENATOR: I think it proper to say to you that I could under no circumstances consent to go to the World's Fair with Mrs. —— in the company of a Senator who thinks sugar a necessity and art a luxury; for while you would be longing to go to the candy counter, we should be wild to visit the picture-galleries, and, you see, there would be discord at once.

Sorrowfully yours, —— —— ——.

However novel this view of art as a necessity may be to some legislators, it is not a novel view to the vast majority of cultivated people of this country. There may be some excuse for thinking that in the early colonial period gunpowder was more necessary than statuary. But the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. The time was when ice was a luxury; now it is a necessity. In this era of sated material prosperity, good is no longer, in the definition of the English statesman, simply "good to eat." Public sentiment clearly perceives that what we need to cultivate and encourage are the graces and refinements of life, pure learning, the best music, the beautiful arts, the progress of civilization being measured by the conversion of luxuries into necessities.

It ought not to be difficult in this year of grace and art — the year of the artistic miracle by the side of Lake Michigan — to convince even the most material mind of the practical utility of beauty and of the good policy of giving the freest circulation to artistic products. European nations know the commercial value in pounds or francs of a liberal patronage of the arts. There is hardly an article of modern dress or household furniture that is not ultimately affected for the better by the spread of true ideas of art. By making the interchange with European centers difficult, we simply delay the day of our ultimate glory as an artistic nation — a destiny to which the genius of our people points, and which must reach its accomplishment through the education and growth of popular taste.

In the last Congress a great step was taken in civilization when, against the bitterest prejudices and the most alarmed entreaties, a large measure of justice was done to intellectual property by the passage of the International Copyright Bill. The new law has already justified the claims of its friends, and shown the groundlessness of the fears of its enemies. It was not asked for as a matter of favor, but of right; and it is on this ground, and in the same spirit of self-respect, that American artists and their allies ask for the justice that lies in free opportunity. To provide this is the first duty of government. No man is a beggar who asks for it; no good citizen will be content with less. And as no public investment is so valuable to a government as its investment in the respect of its own citizens, it is to be hoped that before the close of the present session, this barbarous tax upon intelligence will be removed, so that Americans may be able to look frankly in the face the representatives of those great nations — great in nothing more enduring than their art — to which our own artists are indebted for the most constant and generous opportunity, instruction, and inspiration.

OPEN LETTERS.

How Pianists May be Different and yet Each be Great.

MUSICIANS have long agreed that there is something amiss in the modern piano-concert. An undertow of dissent sets back from the popularity of our greatest artists. The instant loss of artistic prestige that follows an attempt to settle in America shows how much more public interest arises from novelty than from appreciation of musical genius. We have no pianists who possess a tithe of the hold upon public regard that is enjoyed by a very large number of favorite actors. This is partly because the stage has an immense advantage in the attitude of its patrons toward it. We go to the theater to enjoy the acting; we go to a concert to decide how nearly a pianist playing a familiar program is able to come up to our ideas. An actor is free to choose his own special line of art. Robson is not expected to play *Hamlet*, nor Salvini *Solon Shingle;* neither of them is obliged to be a scene-painter. The fine arts offer similar freedom; a man may select landscape or figure; may excel in color or line; may be classic, realistic, or impressionist, as suits him best. But the pianist is supposed to be everything or nothing, although no art contains possibilities more various and incompatible than those inherent in music. In its tissue of pleasing sounds it affects the ear just as color affects the eye, and accordingly possesses a school of art the musicians of which are as truly colorists as if they handled a brush. It is also a language, and as such numbers in its ranks not only writers, but orators, critics, and dramatic artists. Furthermore, being dependent on muscular agility, it offers a field for the phenomenal development of virtuosity. Among all these obligatory requirements an artist finds himself, like Issachar, an overloaded ass, stooping between his burdens; and his artistic purpose becomes hopelessly confused. This is more unfortunate from the fact that the normal attitude of the artist toward his art is not the same in men of different temperaments. Given a musical ear, any one of several powerful instincts may impel an artist to his art, and in the direction of this impulse will be his greatest strength. What a liberty of perfection, what an exorcism of commonplace, would follow if we were broad enough to recog-

nize the point where the struggle for symmetrical artistic development should cease, and if we were sympathetic enough to urge each genius onward in its normal bent! The natural bent of an artist's instinct is his vein of ore in the great mine of art. He will dig to very little purpose at right angles to it.

That, indeed, would be a unique artist who so well understood his own genius that he was always consistent; and exceptional artists have many active instincts, which prompt as many developments. This paper seeks to define these instincts, and by no means to limit the powers of the artists cited. We will, for the purpose, consider a few common types of art in general, and piano-playing in particular.

Musicians separate instrumentalists into two broad classes, those who work by feeling, and those who work by conscious intellectual effort. The artistic productions of these two classes are easily recognized as different, not in degree, but in kind. The first are said to be "subjective," the second "objective." These metaphysical terms are extremely misleading. However, if we use them as a rough classification of clearly opposing types, we can make it plainer why musicians may be different, and yet each be great. Thus the critic and the virtuoso are certainly objective, while the rhapsodist, the colorist, the composer, and the idealist are subjective. Perhaps the impressionist occupies a middle ground.

THE RHAPSODIST AND THE PLAYING CRITIC.

LET us consider the rhapsodist — the man who reproduces classic art forms with an enthusiasm that often carries him past interpretation into improvisation. The type is as old and familiar as art itself. "One may dare to *break all bounds* only in his own compositions," sighs Rubinstein, who can never keep within bounds. The musician who unconsciously creates in the very act of interpretation is the artist with the instinct of an orator. Daudet drew the type in "Numa Roumestan." It is the freshness and spontaneity that one enjoys most in the flights of such a genius. Critical interpretation is its negative pole. The enthusiasm of the artist and the audience create the result between them. So normal is the artistic manifestation that the comparatively unmusical public is able to understand and revel in it. If such an artist pauses in his flight to reason and analyze, his wings drop off.

A tendency to improvise was one of the most marked features of Liszt's genius. Hiller, who disliked him, said Liszt played best at sight, because if he went through a piece a second time he altered it to suit himself. The artists who play Liszt's own music as he played it do so by ear, for he seldom kept to the text he furnished the public. The inspiration of the occasion provoked many of the great Hungarian's finest utterances. But such artistic freedom is the rarest condition of a modern pianist. How many tender rhapsodists have we cut down to the standards of the excellent Cotta edition of classic works — although the interpretation of the genuine rhapsodist is always happiest in moments of greatest abandon! The initial impulse of an artist like Bülow, on the other hand, is frankly analytic. He clamors for truth and fidelity to subject-matter as loudly as Ruskin. He scorns to consider the result of his music upon the audience he despises. He enters literature as tractarian, not as composer. Even as pianist he avowedly neither creates nor composes his musical picture. He is a critic of musical literature who embodies his opinion in musical form. Bülow, the greatest, clearest-sighted critic of German music that we possess, presents exactly the traits which we are accustomed to seek in critics of *belles-lettres*.

Here we have the insight, the discrimination, the caustic wit, the cool dissection of the subject, and the fervent opinion thereon. We listen to Bülow on Beethoven as we study Colenso on the Pentateuch. Perhaps one clearly understands Beethoven's sonatas only after hearing Bülow play his "Commentary on Beethoven." Bülow's life work has been of inestimable value to the student. Without him how dim would be our intelligence, how meager our culture! But his bitter gibes have scorched the freshness and spontaneity out of his pupils. Thanks to him, all Germany has turned critic, and it is idle to ask of critics the abandon, the naïve instinct for beauty or impersonation that still exist in non-Teutonic peoples. For these things we begin to look to nations who are romantic rather than sentimental. But if we do not insist on tone-color, or invention, or passion, we must demand that the critic have and express ideas upon his subject matter, and that his music be reasonable, coherent, intelligent, and limpidly clear. Criticism is not interpretation, and still less impersonation; but a music without its playing critics would be a music without a literature.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ARTIST.

TO the analysis of the critic let us oppose the constructive instinct of which Poe is the literary exponent. The artistic genus whose methods Poe discusses in the "Philosophy of Composition" numbers some of our most brilliant names in literature, music, painting, and acting. In exposing the processes by which he created "The Raven," "I prefer," said Poe, "to begin with an *effect*." Artists of this particular temperament may then be supposed to concern themselves with producing effects where others may seek to *reproduce* their ideas, opinions, or impressions. "The old masters," writes Hamerton, "troubled themselves very little about the nobility of their subject, but were generally careful to see that the material they painted would come as they wanted it, in form, color, light, and shade." He avers that the true artist is always calculating the effect of his work upon his public, and gives an account of the successive steps in which a picture is composed and painted. Now the materials of rhetoric in musical composition, and of declamation and elocution in audible music, may be combined and worked up just as Meissonier painted a picture. But if this, the normal instinct and method of the painter, is very strong in the musician, a pictorial quality appears in his work that is absent from the productions of other musical types. For many of the strongest musical instincts begin and end with the necessity for expression, and are careless of effect. These artists are unconscious of the details of their musical outpourings, and very often ignorant of the artistic laws which they fulfil. They share the instinct of song-birds. Some one asked Paderewski to write down the cadenza of his own minuet as he actually plays it, and it came out that he did not know how he did it himself. If you criticize such a musician, he says, "But I felt so." This is not the standpoint of the constructive artist. There are

musicians of whom you instinctively say that they "composed a tone-picture" or they "built a climax."

The finest representative of this school of pianists that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic is Eugen d'Albert. From first to last he is intent on crescendo, contrast, suspense, surprise, and climax. He plies his hearers with every variety of touch and technic, master of all. He subjects his musical matter to every mode of treatment. By turns picturesque, impetuous, caressing, awesome, and merry, he is unfailingly interesting. Mr. Richard Mansfield offers an example of the same instinct in dramatic art. He tells us that he concocted the entire play of "Beau Brummel" to bring out the scene where the Beau, poor and forgotten, talks to the phantoms of his old companions. He seized, not a passion, but a picturesque and pathetic situation. His transformation scene in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is worked out on the same principles of suspense and climax that D'Albert applies to a similar musical situation. We all remember the Bach fugue which furnished to D'Albert the text of his magnificent illustration of a grand climax, and the series of neatly contrasted technical studies into which he resolved the Bach suite in D minor. These were not the opinions of the playing critic. They were effects — the brilliant result of a constructive process in which artistic instinct and intellectual effort acted together. Such art possesses a development and flavor altogether different from that of any other type. Its existence is legitimate, and its artists as versatile as they are enthusiastic and sincere. But it is impossible to estimate them by the same criterions that we apply to Chopin, who found the twilight of a boudoir more congenial than the glare of the footlights, and, as a concert player, failed with the public.

THE COMPOSER THAT ALSO PLAYS.

CHOPIN was a literary man, the idol of his friends, and worked comparatively unseen by his public. Just as Dickens and Cable have read their books better than anybody else can read them, so no one has ever played the music of Chopin as he played it. To Chopin music was a form of speech, the easiest way of expressing his feelings. His originality was unconscious and unpremeditated. In him appear musicianly qualities unknown to any of the types of music we have considered, but not less precious or effectual. Too refined and sensitive to be comprehended by the general public, those objective particulars which that public could grasp — his touch of velvet, his flexible rhythm, his treatment of passages and embellishments — generated a new school of music.

THE COLORIST.

JUST as painting numbers artists who are supremely great because of their love of color, in and for itself, so music possesses players whose love of beautiful tone is their guiding impulse. Mr. Joseffy, another instance of an artist who works independently of his public, both in ideal and in elaboration, is an example of this type. He is not always calculating the effect of his work upon his hearers, for in spite of his great popularity it is almost impossible for him to persuade himself to undertake a concert. Yet each reappearance brings the surprise of a new artistic departure, which, however, sacrifices no familiar charm. As a young artist, the exquisite grace and delicate beauty of his playing revolutionized the popular conception of piano-music throughout America. His was a revelation of what beautiful tone meant; it placed him among the great colorists just as emphatically as if he had rivaled Ziem's Venetian scenes.

Mr. Joseffy has offered us the pleasure (rare in our new world) of watching the lifelong development of an artist — a healthy growth in breadth and power, always harmonious with the sensitive feeling for beauty, especially beauty of tone, that is its generative impulse. It is curious that the same indifference to drawing that the genuine colorist exhibits in painting is paralleled by the disinclination for strongly marked phrasing and accent in his musical counterpart. De Pachmann is another instance in point. Art is a choice between opposing possibilities. It is obvious that the creations of a colorist will differ from those of a constructive artist from every standpoint of good criticism. The colorist will seldom sacrifice beauty of tone to effective accent. He will often prefer elegance to energy. His surprises will not be dramatic effects, but new discoveries of beauty. He charms where the composition and delivery of a constructive musician compel admiration. The history of the art of music proves that it sprang from more than one germ, and the question in hearing it should be, What is the player's instinct and aim? and then, Does he reach the aim? Is he true to the instinct?

THE IMPRESSIONIST.

TURNER was a genuine impressionist. This is the school that "seizes the most striking feature of its object, and seeks to reproduce that feature in the most vivid possible way" — the school which reproduces "not truths of fact, but truths of imagination."

We possess its entire parallel in music. Rubinstein is the prince of impressionists. He has gathered up in memory just such a treasury of natural sounds and motions as attracted Turner in color and form, and he uses them with similar genius and technic. It is a crudity to ask Rubinstein to be clear. We do not need to have him clear — we need to have him moving.

THE VIRTUOSO.

THE bravura player is a bird of another feather. Bravura is inseparable from virtuosity, by which musicians mean extraordinary technical skill, resource, and endurance. Bravura is the use of these abilities — first, to produce a grand artistic climax; second, on account of their value as gymnastic feats with which to delight the hearing and seeing audience.

The virtuoso is not to be reckoned with in matters of beauty, discrimination, or oratory. Not that he is necessarily indifferent to them, but his preparation is that of any other gymnast, and his standpoint the question of possibilities for flesh and blood. Bravura playing is often the first instinct of a genius that awakens later to higher aims. But it has its independent value. Without such men as Rosenthal, who in feats like the "Don Juan" fantasie are continually enlarging the limits of execution, piano-playing would come to a standstill. What Rosenthal does to-day, the world will do to-morrow. If we can brook no limit to our latent power, it is he and his rivals who make our impossible the world's actual. The art of painting possesses exactly the same phase of genius — men who bless difficulties

for the chance of overcoming them. The gymnastic feats of the acrobat on one hand, and the technical successes of pictures like Whistler's "White Lady" on the other, fairly represent the lowest and highest achievements of the bravura player.

THE DRAMATIC IDEALIST.

THERE is still another group of artists whose standpoint differs utterly from all those heretofore considered. For want of a better name, I am inclined to call them the "dramatic idealists," because they develop their artistic product from an inner ideal of human nature.

On the stage Jefferson and Modjeska are examples of two great artists who work from this same standpoint. Jefferson's definition of an actor is "a player who, *solus*, with neither scenery nor stage properties, is able to run through the gamut of human emotion, and never fail to touch a responsive chord in the audience," and such are those artists who, conscious of the power of music as a language, not only make it the vehicle for the utterance of their personal feelings, but are able to express in music that progress and play of emotions which we call mood. We see at a glance that here is something different in origin, aim, and use of material from any previous type.

The artistic material of such artists is less the dramatic situation than the character they impersonate. Jefferson *is Rip Van Winkle;* he does not play him. Paderewski has the same power. Their strongest appeal is to the imagination and feeling of their hearers. It is characteristic of the idealist that his appeal is at once noble and stimulating.

The exquisite ideal of womanly tenderness which Modjeska expresses when she, as *Portia*, abandoning all stage traditions, obeys the divine impulse of pity, steals toward *Shylock*, and gently touches his arm as she tells him "the quality of mercy is not strained," is a beautiful instance of dramatic idealism.

From the exercise of the same gift arose the touching scene in Carnegie Hall, when an audience, loath to leave their artist or to let him go, went away hushed and sorrowful from the presence of a man who had won them solely by the music of a piano.

The peculiarity and charm of this, perhaps the rarest, type of art, is that it sometimes seems to pass the borders of artistic production and to enter those of inspiration.

NATIONAL TEMPERAMENT.

THE artist who is able thus to impersonate a character, and to express its feelings, does so in the mold of his own nature and nationality. There is no more essential property of music than its national flavor. We demand this flavor in literature, as in the fine arts. We resent the cumbrous Germanism of a Scotch Carlyle. Although we go to Scotland with Sir Walter Scott, we do not ask Hawthorne to become an Italian in Rome. We expect to see every school of painting embody its highest ideals in its national type of feature. Rubens, Da Vinci, Bonnat, and Munkaczy have respectively produced a Dutch, Italian, French, and Hungarian Christus. We would not dream of demanding a denationalized Christus. It would be weak. Ristori, Janauschek, and Modjeska have played the same character—*Maria Stuart*. The national temperament of each of these great artists was perfectly obvious in her conception.

And so must be the nationality of the pianist. The greatest artist is he who, like Liszt, uses his national instinct to the highest artistic purpose. Paderewski gives us a Polish Chopin. Some of us enjoy it because the Polish temperament, especially in its romantic quality, is strongly akin to the American. But next week comes De Pachmann, who offers Chopin the Frenchman. Let us who prefer Chopin the Pole remember that to a musician of Parisian instincts De Pachmann's Chopin is the speaking truth of nation and taste. If we do not find it true, may it not be because we are not in sympathy with French character? We hear a dozen Teutonic pianists play Beethoven with the utmost breadth of tone and grandeur of crescendo. Two others of different nationality and temperament follow. The one offers us a Beethoven of physical beauty and grace, the other of chivalrous feeling and action. Now and then appears a philosopher, a poet, a musician whose philosophy is broad enough, whose sympathies are strong enough, whose utterance is direct enough, to make him the mouthpiece of the world. Such were Shakspere and Beethoven. Even Schiller in *Maria Stuart* created a world's type of suffering. Dare we affirm that a symmetrical and consistent art creation falls below our standard because it shows how a French, Italian, Russian, or Polish temperament deals with the chain of moods which forms the dramatic material of a sonata?

How inartistic would be a *Macbeth* played with the Scotch bur proper to the smaller art form of the *Man o' Airlie!* The larger the artistic creation, the less essential are its outside details, and the more easily it runs in the mold of any and every nation, and rises from the particular instance to the universal type.

ARTISTIC SCHOOL AND PERSONALITY.

IF we take into account the artistic value of a musician's nationality, we must also recognize that of master and school. If Union Seminary or Princeton sets her mark on a theologian; if Paris, Munich, or Spain effectually qualifies a painter's method and ideal, so Paris, Berlin, or Vienna alters the development of the growing pianist. A pupil of Liszt, Kullak, or Leschetizky cannot be mistaken. Moreover, the culture, the nature, the social habit of the artist, must be considered. These will not counteract his genius, but they will work conclusively upon his taste, his sense of propriety, and upon the moods of which he is able to form a conception. They will largely go to make the personal quality which is the crowning charm of all artistic work.

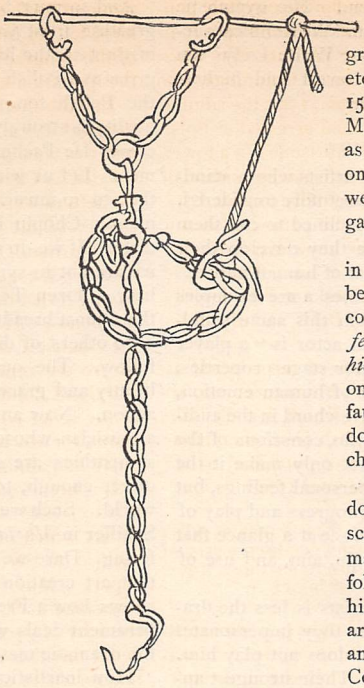
Fanny Morris Smith.

Columbus Relics—The Question of Genuineness.

IN this year, when all the world is concurring to celebrate adequately the memory of Columbus, everything bearing upon him is of interest. We hear therefore on all sides of biographies that have appeared or are about to appear, of fêtes to be held in his honor, of relics pertaining to the great explorer. Of these relics a great number are to be lent by the various owners to the Exposition of Chicago, to be publicly exhibited in the section devoted to Columbian memorials. It is much to be hoped that all such mementos may prove really genuine, that no frauds, conscious

or unconscious, be committed upon the good faith of the public. That there exists great danger in this respect is beyond question.

We learn that Don Cesareo Fernandez Duro, captain of the Spanish Navy, announces that there has been consigned for the purpose of exhibition, to Mr. Robert Stritter, the sword said to have been unsheathed by the great Genoese at the taking of Guanahani, and which is now in the possession of the Museum of Salzburg. Speaking of this relic, truly precious if genuine, the same gentleman declares that there are those who boast of having found the fetters and manacles with which Bobadilla tortured the navigator. Is it possible that we are really dealing here with those chains which Columbus desired should never leave him, as a sort of *memento mori*, and which, it is asserted, he willed should be buried with him?



THE SO-CALLED COLUMBUS FETTERS.

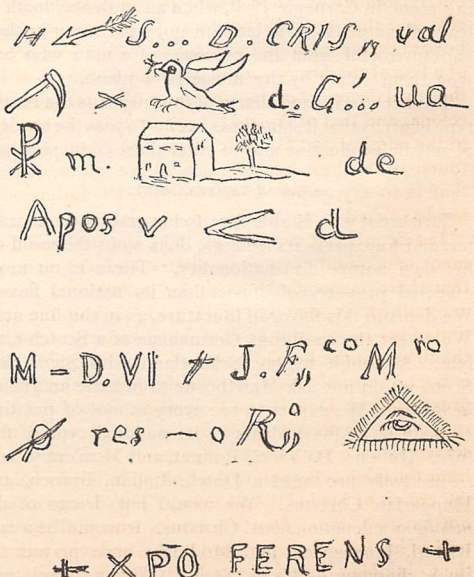
Let us examine the matter a little in detail, availing ourselves for that purpose of an erudite and searching article published by Fernandez Duro in the "Ilustracion Española y Americana" of February 22, 1892, as well as of the biography of Columbus written by Justin Winsor, and thus try to solve the probabilities regarding the genuineness of these fetters.

Signor Michelangiolo Maria Mizzi of Malta has published a pamphlet in which he narrates that the chains of the admiral are at present in the possession of Signor Giuseppe Baldi of Genoa, who guards them jealously in his house, together with other memorials of his great fellow-townsman. The fetters are preserved in a magnificent casket inlaid with ivory and ebony and lined throughout with white and red satin; they weigh about seven English pounds, and can be detached into separate pieces for the hands, legs, and waist. The writer of this pamphlet declares that the authenticity of these fetters has been attested by expert and learned antiquarians and archæologists, whose names, however, he omits to mention, and that on the two manacles and on a ring-belt are to be read three inscriptions, of which we give facsimiles. These inscriptions are cryptogramic, composed of abbreviations and designs which reduce themselves into three rebuses. The author avers — the burden of the proof lies with him — that it was needful to have recourse to this method in order to gain space, and that, moreover, this strange system was the one commonly adopted in the fifteenth century for writing inscriptions. In order to avoid mistakes, let us give the Spanish reading of the hieroglyphics.

"La flecha de la calumnia diò estos yerros a Don Cristobal Colón paloma de la buena nueva, ciudadano de Genova muerto en mi casa posada Valladolid," of which the English version runs: "The arrow of calumny gave these irons to Cristobal Colon, dove [*i. e.*, messenger] of the good tidings, citizen of Genoa, who died in my house in Valladolid." On the second manacle: "Mayo quinientos seis en la paz de Cristo F.co. M.ro hizo grabar en secreto este recuerdo in eterno." In English: "In May, 1506, in the peace of our Lord, F.co M.ro secretly ordered this engraving as a remembrance forever." On one of the rings of the belt is the well-known signature of the navigator, and the date 1499.

Now we must bear in mind that in old Castilian, as it was employed before the fifteenth century, the word corresponding to iron was written *ferro*, later it assumed the form *hierro*, but never was it written, as on the pretended relic, *yerro*. This fault in orthography casts the first doubt on the authenticity of the chains.

The host of Columbus at Valladolid has not thought proper to inscribe his own name, but has remained satisfied with his initials followed by the last syllable of his cognomen. This circumstance arouses suspicion. Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi say that the chains of Columbus resemble those which the angels, according to the legend, loosened from the apostle St. Peter, and which are adored to this day by the faithful in the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, but, as Fernandez Duro justly observes, the reputed chains of the saint are not of the same model as those in use since time immemorial in Spain for the securing of prisoners. Here we are face to face with the third argument in favor of our theory, which doubts the genuineness of these pretended relics.



INSCRIPTIONS ON FETTERS AND BELT.

It now behooves us to see how far the carefully pondered facts put forward by Justin Winsor support or destroy our arguments. Winsor narrates that when Bobadilla sent to St. Domingo to recall Columbus, who was at Concepcion, the 23d of August, 1500, the admiral obeyed the summons. He was then arrested at Bobadilla's orders, laid in chains, and imprisoned in a tower, which is still to be seen in the southeastern portion of the city. Las Casas in his history tells us that Espinosa, the cook of Columbus, was the person chosen to rivet the fetters. Now Las Casas knew Espinosa personally, and is a trustworthy witness. The act of riveting (in Spanish *remachar*) does not fitly describe chains such as those possessed by Baldi, and illustrated by Mizzi.

It is well known that in the life of the admiral attributed to Don Fernando Colon, his natural son, are to be read the following words, which for the sake of brevity we translate into English from the Italian text of the first edition, which was published to the world in the city of Venice in the year 1571:

> The admiral had decided to keep these fetters as relics and memorials of the first of his many good services, and this he did, for I always saw in his room those irons, which he willed to be buried with his bones.

Now the supposed host of Columbus, if we are to accept the testimony of these inscriptions, was a certain Francisco Mesonero, *anglicè*, Francis the innkeeper. But when Columbus died on May 20, 1506, in the house marked as Number 7 in the Calle de Colon in Valladolid, a house still extant, he could not have been lodged in a hotel, but in a private residence, and therefore there could be no question of an innkeeper. And this because one of the provisions of the most Catholic King in favor of his good servant Christopher Columbus was that each and every time that the admiral viceroy should remove himself from one city to another he should not only be lodged at the public expense but recommended to the care of the notables of the city, and that no such host was to permit himself to be paid even a farthing by this great man under penalty of a fine of the heavy sum of 2000 maravedis. Further, the royal decrees bearing the dates May 24, 1493 Barcelona, and that of April 23, 1497, Burgos, declare that to the admiral and his suite should be given over gratuitously the best houses, such as are not *mesoners*— that is to say, inns. Consequently, Columbus could not have died in an inn, but in a private house.

Let us proceed yet further. The last will and testament of Columbus is very diffuse and detailed, and that there is no doubt as to its authenticity is well ascertained. A great part of it is occupied with the question of his rights, and he complains bitterly regarding the ill treatment he had received. Of the chains there is not one word. Now, is it likely that the heir of the great admiral, Don Diego Colombus, should not have religiously preserved these chains, which would have served as such sentimental arguments in order to continue the famous lawsuit of the Columbus family against the crown of Spain? And even if Don Diego should not have so done, Don Fernando, who had the custody of his father's papers and books, and who founded the Columbian library of Seville, is certain to have preserved them. Hence, either Fernando Colombus is the author of the life of his father, known under the name of "Historie," or he is not. If he is, he must have felt an interest in these chains, which the writer of this biography asserts that he saw, as mentioned in the quotation already given.

In 1509 the body of Christopher Columbus was disinterred at Valladolid, where it had until then rested, and was transported to the Certosa Convent of Seville, called Las Cuevas. Although the body was identified, the fetters were nowhere to be found in the coffin, and they were diligently sought for, since legend had already promulgated the tale that such fetters would be discovered together with the body of Columbus, rumor having it that these famous chains had been buried with his bones. It is, therefore, more than probable that the chains, if they were so buried, had vanished long before the removal of the body, and hence Messrs. Mizzi and Baldi must be deceived as to the authenticity of the relics which the one owns and the other writes about, for we hesitate to believe that they can voluntarily be palming off a fraud upon the public.

It is notorious to all who collect antiquities how easy it is to falsify objects made, for example, in iron. It is an art which in Florence is practised with an ability such as to deceive every one who is not a thorough expert. May it not, therefore, well have happened that some such skilful forger of things ancient played the part of deceiver to Signor Giuseppe Baldi? And is not this theory all the more probable when we add that no traces of the chains were found in the coffin of Columbus on the two subsequent translocations of the admiral's body, when it was taken to the cathedral of San Domingo, and, afterward, when it was removed to Havana?

Here, too, is what Justin Winsor says concerning the chains:

> It is the statement of the "Historie" that Columbus preserved the chains in which he had come home from his third voyage, and that he had them buried with him, or intended to do so. The story is often repeated, but it has no other authority than the somewhat dubious one of that book, and it finds no confirmation in Las Casas, Peter Martyr, Bernaldez, or Oviedo. Humboldt says that he made subtle inquiry of those who assisted at the reinterment at Havana, if there were any traces of these fetters or oxide of iron in the coffin. In the account of the recent discovery of remains at Santo Domingo it is said that there are equally no traces of fetters in the casket.

The question as to the authenticity of these chains, which it is proposed to exhibit at Chicago, may therefore be considered to be solved. And what about the sword? Is not that also an antiquary's fraud? Surely this too would have remained in the hands of Don Diego Colombus, and at his death have passed to the heir, Don Luis Colombus, with whom ended the direct male line of the admiral. Would the son who so carefully preserved all documents bearing on his father have parted with his sword? There cannot even be put forward the plea of poverty to justify such an action. Don Diego made a great marriage: he wedded Maria de Toledo, niece of the Duke of Alba, and hence became cousin to King Ferdinand V. It might, of course, be that Don Diego bestowed the paternal sword upon the royal family, from whose hands it passed into those of Charles V., who may have carried it to Salzburg; but these are mere conjectures, and in a question of such value conjectures do not suffice, and definite proofs are required. It is much to be desired and hoped that this question as to the authenticity of the sword may also

be thoroughly sifted, so that America may not incur the reproach of exhibiting to the crowds that will rush to Chicago relics which are worthy to be classed only with the wooden nutmegs of evil repute.

X. Y. Z.

The First Account of the Grand Falls of Labrador.

THE pleasure of reading Mr. Henry G. Bryant's interesting article on the Labrador Falls, which appeared in THE CENTURY for September, is, I think, somewhat marred by reason of the very brief reference made by Mr. Bryant to the circumstances of the discovery of the falls, and the impression thereby conveyed to the public that there is no record of McLean's visit to the falls, except the traditionary story known to the Hudson's Bay Company; whereas the discoverer, John McLean (not McLane), in his book entitled "Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," gives the following description of the scene as it appeared to him when he first saw the locality in August, 1839:

> About six miles above the falls the river suddenly contracts from a width of from four hundred to six hundred yards, to about one hundred yards, then, rushing along in a continuous foaming rapid, finally contracts to a breadth of about fifty yards ere it precipitates itself over the rock which forms the fall, when still roaring and foaming it continues its maddened course for about a distance of thirty miles, pent up between walls of rock that sometimes rise to the height of three hundred feet on either side. This stupendous fall exceeds in height the Falls of Niagara, but bears no comparison to that sublime object in any other respect, being nearly hidden from the view by the abrupt angle which the rocks form immediately beneath it. If not seen, however, it is felt. Such is the extraordinary force with which it tumbles into the abyss beneath that we felt the solid rock shake under our feet, as we stood two hundred feet above the gulf. A dense cloud of vapour, which can be seen at a great distance in clear weather, hangs over the spot. From the fall to the foot of the rapid, a distance of about thirty miles, the zigzag course of the river presents such sharp angles that you see nothing of it until within a few yards of its banks. Might not this circumstance lead the geologist to the conclusion that the fall had receded this distance? The mind shrinks from the contemplation of a subject that carries it back to a period of time so remote; for if the rock (syenite) always possessed its present solidity and hardness, the action of the water alone might require millions of years to produce such a result.

Thus it will be seen that we have reliable information regarding McLean's discovery, not mere tradition.

A. H. Whitcher.

William Thorne.

PERHAPS the one great advantage which the Académie Julian possesses over its rival, the Beaux Arts, is its eclecticism, although that eclecticism is possibly not complete, for impressionism as exemplified in the work of Monet would hardly find favor with the Julian professors. What I mean is, that while the traditions of the Académie are nobly upheld by Le Febvre and Laurens, the modern spirit in art is fairly well represented by Doucet. It is but natural, however, that an earnest and conscientious student, venerating, as he must, the skill and knowledge of Le Febvre and Laurens, should be disposed to yield to their overmastering influence, much as he may be attracted by the light and joyousness of the modern movement. It is as well that it should be so, for there are few greater masters of the human form than they, certainly no better workmen; and I have little faith in the originality or individuality of the artist under thirty. The history of art teaches that style and individuality are the ripe fruit of years of following a stronger and more "knowledgeable" master or masters.

In Mr. Thorne's "Purity," printed on page 560, one sees an honest following of the traditions of the Académie, together with a reaching out toward the more modern. The picture has much of the quality of Le Febvre, much of his excellent drawing and workman-like putting on of paint; it shows also that impulse toward tenderness, sentiment, and light which is affecting all the younger painters.

Mr. Thorne has but lately returned from Paris, where he has studied since 1889 in the Julian school under Le Febvre, Constant, Doucet, and Laurens. He won an honorable mention at the Salon of 1891, and was an exhibitor in the Champs Elysées Salon in 1890. He was born in Delavan, Wisconsin, in 1863. His first instruction in art was at the National Academy of Design in New York, where he received a first medal for drawing.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Abraham Lincoln's Last Hours.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ARMY SURGEON PRESENT AT THE ASSASSINATION, DEATH, AND AUTOPSY.

THE notes from which this article is written were made the day succeeding Mr. Lincoln's death, and immediately after the official examination of the body. They were made, by direction of Secretary Stanton, for the purpose of preserving an official account of the circumstances attending the assassination, in connection with the medical aspects of the case.

On the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the beloved President, his great heart filled with peaceful thoughts and charity for all, entered Ford's Theater amid the acclamations of the loyal multitude assembled to greet him. Mr. Lincoln sat in a high-backed upholstered chair in the corner of his box nearest the audience, and only his left profile was visible to most of the audience; but from where I sat, almost under the box, in the front row of orchestra chairs, I could see him plainly. Mrs. Lincoln rested her hand on his knee much of the time, and often called his attention to some humorous situation on the stage. She seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing his enjoyment.

All went on pleasantly until half-past ten o'clock, when, during the second scene of the third act, the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. The report seemed to proceed from behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and behind the President's box. While it startled every one in the audience, it was evidently accepted by all as an introductory effect preceding some new situation in the play, several of which had been introduced in the earlier part of the performance. A moment afterward a hatless and white-faced man leaped from the front of the President's box down, twelve feet, to the stage. As he jumped, one of the spurs on his riding-boots caught in the folds of the flag draped over the front, and caused him to fall partly on his hands and knees as he struck the stage. Springing quickly to his feet with the suppleness of an athlete, he faced the audience for a moment as he brandished in his right hand a long knife, and shouted,

"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" Then, with a rapid stage stride, he crossed the stage, and disappeared from view. A piercing shriek from the President's box, a repeated call for "Water! water!" and "A surgeon!" in quick succession, conveyed the truth to the almost paralyzed audience. A most terrible scene of excitement followed. With loud shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" part of the audience stampeded toward the entrance and some to the stage.

I leaped from the top of the orchestra railing in front of me upon the stage, and, announcing myself as an army surgeon, was immediately lifted up to the President's box by several gentlemen who had collected beneath. I happened to be in uniform, having passed the entire day in attending to my duties at the Signal Camp of Instruction in Georgetown, and not having had an opportunity to change my dress. The cape of a military overcoat fastened around my neck became detached in clambering into the box, and fell upon the stage. It was taken to police headquarters, together with the assassin's cap, spur, and derringer, which had also been picked up, under the supposition that it belonged to him. It was recovered, weeks afterward, with much difficulty.

When I entered the box, the President was lying upon the floor surrounded by his wailing wife and several gentlemen who had entered from the private stairway and dress-circle. Assistant Surgeon Charles A. Leale, U. S. V., was in the box, and had caused the coat and waistcoat to be cut off in searching for the wound. Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington was also present, and assisted in the examination. The carriage had been ordered to remove the President to the White House, but the surgeons countermanded the order, and he was removed to a bed in a house opposite the theater. The wound in the head had been found before leaving the box, but at that time there was no blood oozing from it. When the dying President was laid upon the bed in a small but neatly furnished room opposite the theater, it was found necessary to arrange his great length diagonally upon it. The room having become speedily filled to suffocation, the officer in command of the provost guard at the theater was directed to clear it of all except the surgeons. This officer guarded the door until relieved later in the evening by General M. C. Meigs, who took charge of it the rest of the night, by direction of Mr. Stanton.

A hospital steward from Lincoln Hospital did efficient service in speedily procuring the stimulants and sinapisms ordered. The wound was then examined. A tablespoonful of diluted brandy was placed between the President's lips, but it was swallowed with much difficulty. The respiration now became labored; pulse 44, feeble; the left pupil much contracted, the right widely dilated; total insensibility to light in both. Mr. Lincoln was divested of all clothing, and mustard-plasters were placed on every inch of the anterior surface of the body from the neck to the toes. At this time the President's eyes were closed, and the lids and surrounding parts so injected with blood as to present the appearance of having been bruised. He was totally unconscious, and was breathing regularly but heavily, an occasional sigh escaping with the breath. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room, and it was the saddest and most pathetic death-bed scene I ever witnessed. Captain Robert Lincoln, of General Grant's staff, entered the room and stood at the headboard, leaning over his dying father. At first his terrible grief overpowered him, but, soon recovering himself, he leaned his head on the shoulder of Senator Charles Sumner, and remained in silent grief during the long, terrible night.

About twenty-five minutes after the President was laid upon the bed, Surgeon-General Barnes and Dr. Robert King Stone, the family physician, arrived and took charge of the case. It was owing to Dr. Leale's quick judgment in instantly placing the almost moribund President in a recumbent position the moment he saw him in the box, that Mr. Lincoln did not expire in the theater within ten minutes from fatal syncope. At Dr. Stone's suggestion, I placed another teaspoonful of diluted brandy between the President's lips, to determine whether it could be swallowed; but as it was not, no further attempt was made.

Some difference of opinion existed as to the exact position of the ball, but the autopsy confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis upon first exploration. No further attempt was made to explore the wound. The injury was pronounced mortal. After the cessation of the bleeding, the respiration was stertorous up to the last breath, which was drawn at twenty-one minutes and fifty-five seconds past seven; the heart did not cease to beat until twenty-two minutes and ten seconds after seven. My hand was upon the President's heart, and my eye on the watch of the surgeon-general, who was standing by my side, with his finger upon the carotid. The respiration during the last thirty minutes was characterized by occasional intermissions; no respiration being made for nearly a minute, but by a convulsive effort air would gain admission to the lungs, when regular, though stertorous, respiration would go on for some seconds, followed by another period of perfect repose. The cabinet ministers and others were surrounding the death-bed, watching with suspended breath the last feeble inspiration; and as the unbroken quiet would seem to prove that life had fled, they would turn their eyes to their watches; then, as the struggling life within would force another fluttering respiration, they would heave deep sighs of relief, and fix their eyes once more upon the face of their chief.

The vitality exhibited by Mr. Lincoln was remarkable. It was the opinion of the surgeons in attendance that most patients would have died within two hours from the reception of such an injury; yet Mr. Lincoln lingered from 10:30 P. M. until 7:22 A. M.

Mrs. Lincoln (with Miss Harris, who was one of the theater party, a few other ladies, and the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor) remained during the night in the front parlor of the house, occasionally visiting her dying husband. Whenever she sat down at the bedside, clean napkins were laid over the crimson stains on the pillow. Her last visit was most painful. As she entered the chamber and saw how the beloved features were distorted, she fell fainting to the floor. Restoratives were applied, and she was supported to the bedside, where she frantically addressed the dying man. "Love," she exclaimed, "live but for one moment to speak to me once — to speak to our children!"

When it was announced that the great heart had ceased to beat, Mr. Stanton said in solemn tones, "He now belongs to the Ages." Shortly after death, finding that the eyes were not entirely closed, one of the

young surgeons reverently placed silver half-dollars upon them. The lower jaw fell slightly, and one of the medical men bound it up with his handkerchief. Secretary Stanton pulled down the window-shades, a guard was stationed outside the door, and the martyred President was left alone.

Immediately after death, the Rev. Dr. Gurley made a fervent prayer, inaudible, at times, from the sobs of those present. As the surgeons left the house, the clergyman was again praying in the front parlor. Poor Mrs. Lincoln's moans, which came through the half-open door, were distressing to hear. She was supported by her son Robert, and was soon after taken to her carriage. As she reached the front door she glanced at the theater opposite, and exclaimed several times, "Oh, that dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

Shortly after her departure, the body of the late President, surrounded by a guard of soldiers, was removed to the White House. A dismal rain was falling on a dense mass of horror-stricken people stretching from F street to Pennsylvania Avenue. As they made a passage for the hearse bearing the beloved dead, terrible execrations and mutterings were heard. A disparaging reference to the dead President was punished by instant death. One man who ventured a shout for Jeff. Davis was set upon and nearly torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd.

During the post-mortem examination Mrs. Lincoln sent in a messenger with a request for a lock of hair. Dr. Stone clipped one from the region of the wound, and sent it to her. I extended my hand to him in mute appeal, and received a lock stained with blood, and other surgeons present also received one.

It was my good fortune during the early part of the war to become acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. Busy as he was,—weary as he was,—with a burden of care and anxiety resting upon him such as no other President, before or since, has ever borne, he yet found time to visit the army hospitals. He came several times to the Church Hospital on H street, of which I had charge. He was always accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. While she was distributing the flowers she had brought, Mr. Lincoln would accompany me on a tour of the ward. The convalescents stood "at attention" by their cots. He asked the name of every soldier, his State and regiment, and had a kindly and encouraging word for each one. If he came to a soldier who was above the average height, he would laughingly ask him to measure heights, back to back. He never found one there who overtopped him. Mrs. Lincoln always brought, in addition to a quantity of flowers from the White House conservatory, bottles of wine and jellies. She was a kind-hearted and sympathetic woman, and a devoted wife and mother. A gold-and-onyx initial sleeve-button that I took out of Mr. Lincoln's cuff when his shirt was hastily removed in searching for the wound, was subsequently presented to me by Mrs. Lincoln, and is still in my possession.

Charles Sabin Taft, M. D.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The General Opinion.

A NUMBER of men were lounging in the "Seminole Land Exchange Office," when Mr. Ferris and Colonel Morris came in. Mr. Ferris was from the North, and had been out with Colonel Morris to look at land. The two gentlemen seated themselves.

"Mr. Ferris 's been a-speaking to me about tarantulas," said Colonel Morris, with a smile. "He 's heard that tarantulas are the chief product of this part of the country; that there 's more deaths by being bit with 'em than from all kinds of sickness. And"—here the Colonel made an impressive pause, and looked up toward the ceiling—"I 've been telling him that I never have known a single case where a tarantula-bite caused death. And"—here another pause—"I don't believe one of you gentlemen, who have lived here all your lives, can name an instance. You never knew of one, did you, Mr. Creeny?"

"Well, no, I can't say as ever I saw a person *die* of a tarantula-bite," responded Mr. Creeny; "but there was my wife's brother, he was a land surveyor; when he was laying out the northern part of this town he got bit, and spite of everything he died. You must have heard of it, Colonel, at the time. 'T was some six years ago. They tried whisky and all kinds of remedies, but he died."

"Oh, well—one case, you see, in six years. Nothing more than might happen anywhere. He might have been killed some other way. There 's just how little there is to such stories. I don't suppose there 's been any other case like that in this county," said the Colonel, with a triumphant look at Mr. Ferris.

"There was my niece's youngest child," ventured an elderly man who was sitting near the door; "he was out playing round the dooryard one day last spring, and one of the pesky critters bit him; and he died 'fore we really sensed what was the matter. The doctor said, soon as he got there, that there wa'n't no use trying to do anything; that 't was a tarantula-bite."

"Well, yes, an occasional case like that, you see; and after all, it might not have been a tarantula," said the Colonel, hopefully. "Now, you see, only two cases, and one of them doubtful. You ne'er had any trouble from 'em, did you, Dunbar?"

"No," responded Mr. Dunbar—"no; we never 've

"THERE 'S MORE TALK THAN FACT TO TARANTULA-STORIES."

seen any of the pizen things. But about a year ago, when my wife was visiting at a neighbor's,— Mrs. Smith's; she lives the second street above here,— Mr. Smith came rushing home just about wild; said he 'd been bit by a tarantula. They sent fer a doctor, but he could n't be saved. That 's the only case that 's ever come direct to my knowledge, except that of the old colored woman who washed for a neighbor. She died of a tarantula-bite."

"Oh, a stray nigger now and then, I dare say," said the Colonel, moving his chair back a little, and tilting it against a convenient counter; "but as for there being many cases, all I 've got to say is, that I 've never heard of 'em. You and I, Major Irving," turning to the man beside him, who had not spoken, "we know there 's more nonsense than sense to most of the tarantula-scares, eh?"

"That 's a fact, Colonel. I was a-thinking, as I set here, of the time my black Joe got bit. Lord! the fellow was crazy, and so was all the darkies about the place. Joe suffered considerable, and we had n't hardly got quieted down after his death 'fore a cousin of mine got bit, too. That happened three years ago, and those were all the bad bites I ever actually knew about. I 've heard now and then of some bite or other; but those two is all that 's come under my notice."

Major Irving was the last speaker. "Um-m," responded the Colonel, "you see, Mr. Ferris, the general opinion is that there 's more talk than fact to tarantula-stories."

"I see," replied Mr. Ferris, as he bade the gentlemen good night, and went slowly and fearfully toward the hotel.

Alice Turner.

Counter-thoughts.

"What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!"

WHAT are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby, and very well read).
He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there rocking —
He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright —
And he said in his heart
With a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he 'd act his part:
"I 'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I 'm grown an old man,
And, side by side, *we 'll* sit there, rocking —
I with my pipe, and she with her stocking."

Mary Mapes Dodge.

Uncle Ben and Old Henry.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS."

"WELL, I 'll leave hit ter Mr. Ed'ards —"

"Don't leave it to me, Uncle Ben."

"But you was raise' by de Book, you know what de faith is; an' de Book says, ef you have faith as er mustard seed,— an' God knows hit 's mighty little,— ef you have faith as er mustard seed, you c'n move mount'ins."

"Hit don't say you c'n mek rain, do hit?" Old Henry laughed as he drove his plane along the edge of a plank he was beveling for the new plantation tank.

"Don't turn yo' back ter me, don't turn yo' back ter me! I 'm er man!" Uncle Ben drew himself up, and struck his hoe violently on the ground as he extended his right arm. "I 'm er man, an' I stan' by de Baptis' faith. You done lef' hit; you done parted from de faith!" Thus challenged, old Henry rested from his labors a moment, and indulgently faced his antagonist, a half-smile illuminating his yellow, wrinkled face, while his eyes wandered off toward the far hills. The carpenter's bench stood under a group of majestic pines, and I had been idling upon one end of it, watching the pretty shavings curl out from under the plane, while the old man ran over the incidents of his early youth. Although seventy years of age, he was still as active as a boy, and his skill with tools was, as it had always been, marvelous to me. He was the last of the old-time plantation carpenters, and as the rear-guard of a vanishing civilization they deserve especial mention. Within their province lay the building of gin-houses, mills, cribs, cabins, dwellings, gates, sheds, and in fact everything needed in country carpentry. The ingenuity and inventive powers of the old fellows would astonish the city mechanic; their gates still swing on abandoned plantations, without hinges, their latches still defy the efforts of roving cattle, and I know of a mill-wheel, pivoted on a pine-knot, that has run true for a quarter of a century. It is true, they ever preferred odd jobs to a long one; that there probably never lived one that, given a shed to build, did not put a helve to an ax, make a wheelbarrow, fit standards to a wagon, nail on palings, hew out a sill, patch a roof, mend a well-windlass, make a beehive, and yoke a jumping cow, before he finished the shed. If he had to cut a plank he would lift first one end and then the other, measure both ways, reflect, and wander off. But afterward the plank was always cut to advantage.

These accomplishments were all based upon a hatchet, broad-ax, chisel, saw, hammer, and square, which were carried in a bag, and made the owners privileged characters. Brought into contact with many kinds of people, naturally the carpenters lost something of their ignorance, and suffered likewise from the irreligious tendencies of the age. So it was that, looking wearily over the far-stretching fields of corn, the leaves twisting in the heat, and contemplating the discouraging cotton prospect, I had said, half jestingly, to a negro passing, "Uncle Ben, pray for rain," and precipitated a doctrinal discussion; for Ben had immediately replied, "Ef I had faith enough, I could fetch er rain."

The form of the carpenter overtopped his challenger as he faced him.

"Go on," he said, "I 'm er-listenin'." One or two others, having refreshed themselves at the water-tank, paused to watch the conflict.

"I say you done parted from de faith, Unc' Henry. Ef you was still en de faith, an' ask anythin', you goin' ter get hit."

"Why don't you ask fer er million dollars; what you hoein' out yonder en dat sun fer, when all you got ter do is ter ask de Lord fer money?"

"Dat ain't de question, dat ain't hit. You dodgin' now!"

"No, I ain't dodgin'—"

"Yes, you is. De Lord don't sen' ter people what dey axes fer deyse'ves. He only sen' blessin's. Ef I ax fer er million er money, hit 'u'd be 'cause I 'd natch'ly want ter quit work, an' dat 's erg'in' his law. By de sweat er de brow — dat 's how hit 's got ter come ef hit come lawful."

"Oom hoo!" This assenting sound came from Uncle Peter, who had paused among the listeners, and simply yielded to his church habit when his opinion was stated correctly. Old Henry bristled up; these aged negroes are always ready upon scriptural points, and are frequently disputants of no mean ability.

"Well, why don't you git rain, then? Hyah 's Mr. Ed'ards waitin' an' waitin' fer rain, payin' you ter hoe, an' one good rain 'd do more fer him 'n all the hoein' in the worl'."

"I did n't say I could fetch rain, Unc' Henry, I did n't say hit!" The speaker extended his hand deprecatingly.

"What did you say, then?"

"I said, ef I had faith."

"You b'lieve ef you had faith you could fetch er rain?"

"Yes, I do! Yes, I do!"

"Well, ain't dat faith? Ef you b'lieve hit, hit 's faith. Trouble is, you don't b'lieve hit yo'se'f."

"Don't turn yo' back on me! I 'm er man! Face me! Face me!" exclaimed Ben, excitedly. Old Henry had laughed triumphantly, and was shoving his plane again.

"I 'm er-facin' you. Go on!"

"You done parted from de faith, Unc' Henry, dat 's what ails you." Ben was simply gaining time.

"No, I ain't parted from no faith, but I got too much sense ter b'lieve any man can git rain by askin' fer hit."

"Don't de Book say, 'Ask, an' you *shall re*ceive?'"

"Not rain. Hit meant grace. When hit comes ter rain, de Lord don't let nobody fool wid him; he look atter rain especially himse'f." The speaker was emphatic, and now, as an unanswerable argument dawned upon him, he raised his voice. "Why, man, look at hit right! S'pose two men side by side pray diffunt,— an' wid faith,— what happen? Yonder 's Mr. Ed'ards's oats ter be cut nex' week, an' on t' other side de fence Unc' Jim's gyarden burnin' up. Mr. Ed'ards wants dry weather, an' Jim want rain, an' dey bofe pray deir own way! Bofe got faith, now, bofe got faith, an' one pray fer rain while t' other pray fer dry weather; what de Lord goin' do? Is he goin' ter split er rain on dat fence?"

Ben hesitated.

"Answer me! Answer me!" shouted Henry, triumphantly. Several laughed at his extravagant gestures. "Don't turn yo' back ter me, Ben! I 'm er man!" he said mockingly. Ben faced him. One could see his black face light up as an idea came to his relief.

"You want my answer?"

"Yes, I want hit. Don't stan' dyah stammerin!' What de Lord goin' do?"

"You want my answer?"

"Ain't I tole you so?"

"Well, hyah 't is." It was an impressive moment, and all looked on with interest. "De Lord 'u'd sen' 'nough rain to help de gyarden, but not 'nough ter hurt de oats. Dat 's my answer!"

"Oom hoo!" Peter was straightening the backband upon his aged mule; Henry looked around angrily.

"Who said 'Oom hoo'? You don't know what you all talkin' 'bout! Send 'nough rain ter help de gyarden, an' not 'nough to hurt de oats! You reckon Mr. Ed'ards let er nigger stay on dis place an' pray fer rain when he cuttin' oats? You reckon er nigger goin' ter come hyah an' run er market-gyarden wid 'im on sheers, an' him er-prayin' fer dry wedder when cabbage oughter be headin' up? No, sah! You c'n pray fer grace, an' when you gits grace you 're all right, rain or no rain; but you better not resk yo'se'f on rain." Old Henry shook his head energetically. "Folks got ter have somebody ter settle when hit shall rain, an' when hit sha'n't rain. Faith ain' got nothin' ter do 'ith hit. It takes horse sense. Why, ef de Lord was ter tie er rope to de flood-gates, an' let hit down hyah ter be pulled when dey need rain, somebody 'd git killed ev'y time dey pulled hit. Folks wid oats ter cut 'u'd lie out wid dey guns an' gyard dat rope, an' folks wid cabbages 'd be sneakin' up in de dyark tryin' ter git hold er hit. Fus' thing you know, er cem'tery grow up roun' dyah, an' nobody lef' ter pull de rope!"

"Faith 'u'd fetch it." Ben had the audience with him, despite the old carpenter's long harangue, and his easy confidence showed it. Henry suddenly laid down his plane, which he had for a moment resumed, and turned upon his opponent.

"Yes, sah; hit will bring hit," repeated Ben.

"Hit 'll fetch hit?"

"Yes, sah; hit 'll fetch de rain."

"Faith 'll fetch hit?"

"Yes, sah, hit 'll fetch hit."

"You got any?"

"Not 'nough ter fetch rain." Henry grinned, and tossed his head.

"Yo' fam'bly got any?"

"Not 'nough fer rain." This time old Henry laughed, his chin resting on his chest, his yellow skin wrinkling everywhere. "Look like faith es 'bout as scyarce an' hard ter git as rain," he said to the crowd. Then he turned upon Ben again, and said in the most mocking, aggravating manner possible:

"Macedony Church got any?"

Ben could not dodge any further.

"Plenty," he said promptly.

"Got 'nough fer rain?" Ben was now fairly in a corner, but he put a bold face upon it.

"Plenty."

"Prayer-meetin' ter-night?"

"Yes."

"Well, you go down dyah; an' take yo' fambly, an' all de niggers in de settlement what 's got faith,—don't get none but faith niggers,—an' see ef you git er rain. You git er rain, an' I 'll give up. I hyah you all been prayin' fer me ter come in chu'ch — cause de ole roof wants patchin', I reckon. Git de rain an' you gits me, too. Go on; go on, an' try hit. I ain' got no time ter waste. Fus' thing you know, rain 'll be pourin' down, an' dis hyah tank be leakin' faster 'n hit can run in. You goin' ter git dat rain, Ben?" he called out sarcastically as the others moved off. "Don't turn yo' back ter me! I 'm er man!" The old man was now jubilant.

"Yes," said Ben, without looking back. "I 'm goin' ter try. An' ef we have faith we 'll git hit. Hit 's er dry moon," he continued, looking up at the inverted crescent; "ain't nair drop of water dyah, an' she lays erbed en de mornin'; but faith c'n do hit."

THE next morning a thin little cloud floated out of the brazen east, a mere ghost of a cloud, and from it was sifted down for about two minutes the poorest apology that nature ever made to injured verdure. Soon it passed into nothingness, and the full sun blazed over the parched land once more. I heard a triumphant laugh out where the hands were watering the mules preparatory to their departure into the fields, and recognized Ben's voice above all the others. About the time I was congratulating him upon his success, up came old Henry, his sack of tools across his shoulder. He began to laugh silently as he tightened a bit in his brace; a little, aggravating, mocking laugh it was, too. Gradually, as this continued, Ben's triumphant manner disappeared. The old carpenter was now boring a hole, and stopping every few seconds, overcome by some idea of his own. He did not seem to know even that Ben was present. Soon he had gained everybody's attention, and nearly all were laughing from sympathy. Then I asked him what was the matter. Wiping the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, he said, still shaking:

"Hit only teks faith, Mr. Ed'ards, faith as er mustard seed, ter move er mount'in, an' hyah 's de whole of Macedony Chu'ch can't lay de dus'!" And with a twist of his bare foot he raised a small cloud beside him. A shout greeted this thrust and comical gesture, and before it poor Ben wilted. What doctrinaire can withstand ridicule? As Ben hurried off, suddenly seized with a desire to attack the grassy cotton-field, old Henry shouted:

"I 'm er man! Don't turn yo' back ter me!"

Harry Stillwell Edwards

A Counter.

So knavishly they played the game of hearts,
She counted him a victim to her arts,
He thought her snared. So, pleased both went their way;
And yet, forsooth, old strategists were they!

Edith M. Thomas.

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WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

I.

THERE was a frightful rivalry between Kitwyk and Ketwyk. Sauntering along the canal, you reached Kitwyk in about fifteen minutes. Municipal economy provided both villages with one burgomaster, and as he graced Kitwyk, along with the church, there was about it a certain aristocratic flavor which Ketwyk lacked.

On the other hand, Ketwyk boasted of the doctor and the apothecary in the person of Dr. Pynappel, and also of the great cheese establishment of Piepenbrink & Co.

Adventurous spirits of Ketwyk saved themselves from utter stagnation by occasional flights to Kitwyk — certain reckless ones had been observed in the porch of William the Silent, pensively devouring sour milk powdered with cinnamon and sugar, gazing toward forsaken Ketwyk, meanwhile, with a secret sense of homesickness.

Mynheer Joris Piepenbrink of Ketwyk, the head of the great cheese house, was an elderly bachelor who dreaded to be married against his will. To prevent such a catastrophe his nephew and heir, Jan Willem Piepenbrink, on pain of disinheritance, was instructed to rush in and make a third in every tête-à-tête.

When Mynheer was safe from feminine wiles he could turn his whole ardent attention to his health.

One day Dr. Pynappel found him a quivering heap of anguish in his arm-chair, two pudgy hands out-thrust and his tongue feebly wagging.

"Can't find your pulse? D—— your pulse! Get married, and you 'll forget you 've got one!"

"No — no!" and Mynheer actually sobbed.

"Exercise you must have!" So the doctor proposed music.

The doctor was a violoncello enthusiast; he described that delicious sawing motion of back and arms until Mynheer was partly convinced. That very night the doctor sent over his third-best cello by the cook, and gave Mynheer his first lesson with such success that for fifteen blissful minutes that worthy man forgot that he had a pulse. He took to the wailings of the violoncello with rapture, and melted over its strings two hours a day, to his increasing joy.

The next step was his presence, as a humble

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disciple, at the musical evenings of Mevrouvw van Laan. For eighteen years she had played trios with the doctor and the burgomaster—not exactly trios either, for, as these worthy gentlemen played only the violoncello, they were naturally obliged to play the same part.

Twice a week they met, discoursing music more or less sweet, with rage in their hearts, for their intentions with regard to the lady were an open secret; yet after eighteen patient years the lady was still awaiting a declaration.

Time passed so quickly without any emotion to mark it as with a mile-stone, that if it had not been for young Jillis van Laan and the increasing breadth of her whom they both adored, it might to all intents and purposes have been the selfsame day when Dr. Pynappel and the burgomaster Mynheer Defregge met at the widow's brass knocker, each with a violoncello in a green baize bag under his arm, both coming with the philanthropic intention of cheering the recently bereaved widow with a little music.

At the open door they were greeted by unmerciful shrieks.

It was little Jillis, and little Jillis was evidently being cuffed. The fair widow descended with a flush on her cheek, and found her consolers stranded on two stiff chairs glaring defiance at each other. Neither gave way, and so the three played duets, which is ever a mistake.

In the course of years Jillis descended from the apartment in which she first howled, and was accepted below as a necessary evil. It was, to say the least, disconcerting to do any courting before that child. Perched on a high chair, she gazed at the two gentlemen with round blue eyes and an inquiring smile. But when for the first time Mevrouvw van Laan abdicated the spindle-legged piano-stool and hoisted Jillis to the level of the yellow keys, the two amateurs declared it to be monstrous; but Mevrouvw was not without a sense of injury because of those years of silence.

To play with that brat of a child—never!

But man is the creature of habit, and by and by they grew callous. The brat, dragged to the instrument by the tails of her flaxen hair, merged into a rosy-cheeked young maid, who one day was found to have grown up. On making this simultaneous discovery, the burgomaster appeared in a new coat, and the doctor in a new wig.

Immolated on the altar of music, Jillis presented to that divine art a perfectly vacant mind, untroubled by discords or harmonies, so that after a couple of hours' struggle she was enabled to emerge exhausted, to be sure, but good-natured, the harmonies having been mercifully stopped at her outer ear, leaving her to meditate on the problems dear to her—for instance, the brewing of a cordial into which she poured all the romance of her placid heart.

"Parfait Amour" it was called, and it was a rich, rosy liquid, and, as was eminently proper, of a somewhat sluggish flow. On the surprising discovery that Jillis was grown up, the two adorers of Mevrouvw were more than ever undecided about declaring their passion to her parent; each, indeed, felt a praiseworthy impulse to resign her to the other. It was just at this time that the doctor brought Mynheer Piepenbrink to the musical evenings, and Mynheer was in turn accompanied by his panacea against feminine wiles, Jan Willem. Should Mevrouvw smile too warmly on Mynheer, he could find in Jan Willem's presence a moral support.

Jan Willem, who abhorred music with the one enthusiasm of his nature, was reconciled only at sight of that other victim, who, however, for the first time, not only ceased to yawn, but was blissfully conscious—though she turned to him only a bewildering, burnished surface of yellow braids—of a big young man, with pink-and-white cheeks and slow, surprised eyes. An unusual vivacity seized her. The last false note had hardly died away when she disappeared, and returned with a japanned tray on which glowed in a crystal decanter a rose-colored liquid—"Parfait Amour."

"Parfait Amour! Ah, yes—yes."

They all drank pensively, and smacked their lips, and the room was full of the aroma of almonds and wild roses, and Jan Willem, with an appreciative stare at Jillis, asked for more, and she blushed like a rose as she filled his glass, and he was almost reconciled to music.

Mynheer emerged from these entertainments with a triumphant feeling of having escaped from pitfalls, combined with a wild yearning to produce on his own instrument similar delicious strains. The soul of a music enthusiast of the fiercest sort, unsuspectedly slumbering within him, was roused. His hitherto placid soul was tormented by jealousy as he meditated on the superior merits of his two worthy friends. Mynheer was not only capable of emotion, but emotion that was colossal.

II.

When old Rozenboom the sexton died, he left his Italian violoncello—the one sent him by Jonkheer van Loo, because of his unmerited sufferings—to his only daughter Jufrow Brigitte Rozenboom, who many and many a time had fled from its wailings with cotton in her ears. She was a romantic soul, but she disapproved of music, and so it was with the usual irony of fate that her legacy consisted of this precious instrument. Reckoned by the unfulfilled hopes of her heart, Jufrow Rozenboom was still six-

"FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS SHE HAD PLAYED TRIOS WITH THE DOCTOR AND THE BURGOMASTER."

teen. Oblivious to the tweaks of rheumatism, she tripped to the pump as in her girlhood.

In the leisure of doing a little dressmaking she wrote poetry, and over her peat-stove stood the plaster bust of Jacob Cats, the illustrious Dutch poet, crowned with a withered laurel wreath. Such is our low human nature, that it was rumored that the illustrious bard figured in private as a model upon whom the inspired lady tried those caps and bonnets that petrified Kitwyk of a Sunday.

Jufrow Brigitte lived in two rooms so narrow that had she fainted crosswise in them, she would inevitably have had to be pried out.

The only one in Kitwyk who firmly believed in the lady's poetry was Duffels, for she had in turn greeted nine infant Duffelses with an ode of welcome. Duffels pined to show his gratitude, which hitherto had taken only the form of titbits of gossip; for the grateful man was the village barber, and his opportunities were many. He was a willing soul, with a propitiatory stoop, and he turned his hand to anything; condoled, congratulated, and even waited at table with great gentility in a cast-off coat of an easy fit, the tails of which — such were his elegance and activity! — floated lightly behind him. The nine had abnormal appetites, increased by a steady wading in the green ditches in pursuit of frogs, and Duffels was horribly in debt.

There was Dr. Pynappel, whom he could hardly face because — you understand — of the nine. He had a stupendous cheese debt to Piepenbrink & Co., which he had in vain tried

to shave off, and he was under municipal displeasure because of a too sparing use of the town pump. His honor the mayor was pleased to declare the little Duffelses to be a disgrace to Kitwyk, so dirty were their faces. He had graciously emphasized this sentiment by hitting the pendent shirt in the rear of the nearest with his gold-headed cane. So Duffels was crushed by care, and thought it could be no worse; but he did not understand the little tricks of Fate, until Jufrow Rozenboom inherited the violoncello. This violoncello Dr. Pynappel grudged to its late owner, until he hated him with considerable enthusiasm. In a weak hour he confided his hopes and fears to Mynheer Piepenbrink. At the description of the instrument, Mynheer closed his little eyes in ecstasy; he was overcome by his first emotion, and it swept before it all considerations of the superior rights of the enamoured doctor. With a diplomacy for which no one would have given him credit, he sent in all secrecy to Duffels. A cheese debt of long standing should be forgiven Duffels if he would undertake to obtain for Mynheer that precious instrument.

Duffels was already burdened with two secret offers to Jufrow Rozenboom for her legacy, one in each wooden shoe for safety. The communication from Mynheer he confided to his blue-tasseled night-cap with a groan; for, try as he would, he could not make three aspirants and one violoncello come out right. The vengeance of two would certainly pursue him, and it was a question whether he preferred the wrath of the burgomaster, the doctor, or Mynheer Piepenbrink.

From behind her muslin curtains Jufrow Rozenboom overlooked the market-place and William the Silent. She was dusting Jacob Cats as Duffels shuffled in. She dropped his laurel wreath, and received the three missives. For one blissful moment the blameless lady dreamed, and then — oh, the perfidy of man!

She fell back limp against the plaster features of the illustrious bard. Three proposals, not for her hand, but for her violoncello!

Duffels turned discreetly away, while she hid her agitated features in the dust-cloth. From this retreat she announced her decision with considerable sharpness:

"Want it, do they? Well, tell them that money won't buy it, Duffels."

III.

THE announcement that mere money could not prevail on the lady to part with her legacy was a blow. Mynheer Piepenbrink was simply crushed, and his indecision and longing grew to frightful proportions as rumor announced the increased activity of his rivals. Duffels was a very grateful man, and it seemed to him a crime that so poetic a lady should have no opportunities to exercise on herself those talents. As he shaved Mynheer Piepenbrink one morning, he ventured a bold remark. Armed though he was with a razor, and safe from Mynheer's wrath, he turned pale.

"Of course whoever marries the lady marries, as it were, the violoncello."

There was an awful pause, then a ray of hope illumined Mynheer's gloom. Could he persuade Jan Willem to marry the lady out of duty, and so — unhappily he had educated him with his own horror of anything feminine. Retribution!

Such was Mynheer's agitation that Duffels refused to shave him, so he resigned himself in silence to the razor.

"A violoncello will last for centuries," said Duffels, "while a woman —" He waved his razor lightly to typify the transitory nature of her career. "What remains? The violoncello." Jufrow Rozenboom had been heard to cough, and it was on the strength of that cough that the doctor decided to dare anything, Duffels said. As for the burgomaster, a previous matrimonial experience more than encouraged him. "What they can do, Mynheer can do," and he soaped him most tenderly.

"But she can't marry all three of us," groaned Mynheer.

"Mynheer, women are the greatest fools. They 'll believe anything. Tell her you like her, and never mind the old fiddle. She 'll marry you, and you 'll have the violoncello, and you 'll have been polite. For she has a real feeling heart, and it hurts her to have them come courting the violoncello. "When it is over he will be thankful," he consoled himself, "and after he is once married he won't know how she looks."

IV.

MYNHEER PIEPENBRINK was the victim of passion. In three weeks he faded to a yellow gray, and his cheeks hung flabby.

Duffels stood before him — a forsaken rusk soaked in a tall china cup; the only merry thing in the room was the alcohol flame under the tea-urn.

"You are sure you told her that under no circumstances can I possibly come courting?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"But I am no nearer the violoncello," groaned the distracted man.

"When you are — are married."

"What will Jan Willem say — Jan Willem who was never to fall in love?"

"But Mynheer is not in love."

"That is true, Duffels."

"Mynheer pines for a violoncello, and the price, as it were, is an estimable lady who is so little attractive that really, Mynheer —"

"But what will Kitwyk and Ketwyk say?" moaned the agonized suitor.

"Mynheer, what does the doctor care, or the burgomaster! Has Mynheer not noticed their courting? Have they not publicly placed her pail under the pump?"

"O Lord! O Lord! I should just die of a wedding!"

"A wedding is not necessary." Mynheer stared aghast. "I mean she will go with Mynheer wherever he wishes to get married."

"Good Lord! that will be an elopement!"

"Oh, no, Mynheer; only a convenience at your age!"

The toils were closing about Mynheer.

"This will kill me, Duffels; and what will Jan Willem say?"

"It will be a warning to him, and that is something."

"But—but no courting!"

"There is no need, Mynheer."

"And—and if she insists on having me, she—she—must make all the arrangements herself."

"Yes, Mynheer."

"I—I can't be troubled; my—my pulse—why, I have n't any!" and he pulled a gold turnip out of his breeches pocket.

"Perhaps because Mynheer is feeling of the arm of his chair," Duffels suggested mildly; then, as a messenger of love, discreetly withdrew.

Those were terrible days for Duffels! Not only was he obliged to shave Kitwyk, but he had to go courting—and how masterly it was!

"He is dying to marry you, Jufrow," he declared rapturously. "He will go with you to the ends of the earth—truly he will. Only name the day."

"How he loves me!"

"Truly he does, strange as it may seem," he assented benevolently.

"O Joris, unselfish one!" Then she smiled inquiry on her humble friend. "Sweet are the messages you bring, Duffels; but why through you?"

"'Tell her just what I feel; you will do it so much better than I should,' he always says, Jufrow."

"But if we never see each other, how are we to—" She paused in modest confusion.

"To get married, Jufrow? Take him away, and marry him. All he needs is energy."

"Marry him? How, my faithful friend?"

"Leave it to me, Jufrow. I will bring him at the right time; all you need to do is to be ready."

V.

SUMMER glided into autumn; the marsh-grass turned dun color, and there was a hollow, cold twang to the thrum of the bullfrogs. The good folks of Kitwyk acknowledged a change of season by substituting hot grog for cold.

An air of mystery brooded over the musical evenings of Mevrouvw van Laan. Young Jillis perpetrated her false notes with a new air of abstraction. Mevrouvw still slumbered unconscious while a big young man, planted in a stiff chair, his great feet creaking on the shiny floor, gazed with wide-open blue eyes at the nape of a white, round neck with its golden tendrils of curls.

Jan Willem did not put his ecstasy into words, but it helped him to survive the music, accompanied though it was by remorse as he gazed at his unconscious uncle. Did he already suspect, and was that the reason that of late he had grown so ill-tempered and haggard? One day he blurted out, "Jan Willem, keep your passions under control!" Jan Willem was about to confess all, but the worthy man had fled, and he was left to ponder on his traitorous design to introduce into their blameless masculine lives a young person with yellow hair and blue eyes. How to undermine the cast-iron principles of his excellent uncle!

He was not the only one who imperiled the good man's repose. Since the days of the Spanish inquisition, even in the days of the Spanish inquisition, Kitwyk took an afternoon nap from three to five; not even the terrors of the stake could alter that commendable custom, and the peaceful conscience of Kitwyk was manifested in one simultaneous snore. The most arrant gossip was then asleep, and it was with perfect security that Jufrow Rozenboom swayed toward the pump at fifteen minutes past three in company with her pail. A shadow fell across her path; she started and faltered, but it was only a stray donkey browsing placidly on the grass between the cobblestones. Another shadow—she was not mistaken. Before her stood a bottle-green apparition in yellow breeches and a red face. It was Mynheer Defregge, the burgomaster, in such agitation that, manlike, he turned his rage on the first object that acted as a safety-valve, which happened to be the innocent grazer, who, unconscious of offense, was pursuing his winding way among the grass tufts, which planted him directly between his worship and the lady, where he took a stubborn position. "Shoo!" cried Mynheer Defregge.

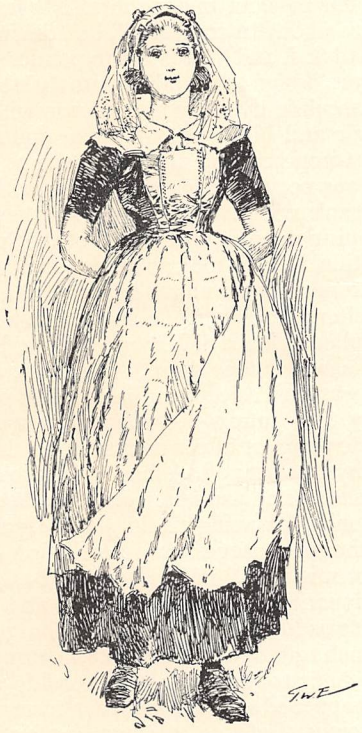
The donkey edged a trifle out of the way, and so they met; and it was seventeen minutes past three.

"Duffels gave me your message, Mynheer."

"Have you made up your mind, Jufrow?"

The lady clasped her hands and looked toward heaven. "It is a great responsibility, Mynheer. I have no one to advise me. Other young persons have a mother; I—I—have only a heartless brother."

"You have a great-uncle on your mother's side." Mynheer Defregge was always painfully exact. Here the donkey, whether from sympathy, or because he thought the afflicted lady was hiding something especially juicy in the way of grass, butted against her. "Get out of the way!" roared his honor. "Jufrow, you have a most miraculous chance! You are not young nor beautiful nor rich,"—a light in the lady's pensive gaze might have warned a less exact man. "Mynheer Piepenbrink wishes to marry you—then, in Heaven's name, marry him! But you would be ashamed to enter his house



JILLIS.

with empty hands. Bless you! money makes no woman less desirable. A gay plumage has made fair many an old bird." This metaphor seemed to strike the lady unfavorably.

"Your proposal is not the only one," she retorted, bridling.

"So there have been others, have there? Well, blexem! I 'll double 'em, and we 'll see what he says to that; for have it I will, Jufrow, or I 'm not Burgomaster of Kitwyk!" And down he thumped his cane, so that the donkey fled in nervous alarm, and the lady was left alone to pump two or three gallons of water over her feet in the sweet perplexity of her thoughts.

VI.

THREE days after, Duffels, with his shaving-tools, appeared before Mynheer, who gazed at him with lack-luster eyes. "And—and—well, Duffels—what?"

"She says she is willing to follow Mynheer to the ends of the earth."

A despairing groan was the only answer to this passionate message.

"And—and you are quite sure there is no other way, Duffels?"

Duffels pinned a towel about the unfortunate gentleman, and lathered away in silence.

"But I—I can't arrange anything; I won't."

"Leave it all to me, Mynheer."

"And, Duffels, tell her—O Lord! O Lord!—that the violoncello must go too; for if I don't see it I shall lose courage. And—and you say she likes me?"

"Adores you, Mynheer."

"Don't put your shaving-brush in my mouth! Tell her that she must not be—be affectionate. I should die if she were. If I could only take Jan Willem along!" Duffels shook his head with an air of injured propriety, and Mynheer, with a heart-rending groan, resigned himself to the inevitable.

Three days after, the yellow chaise in the barnyard of William the Silent, the only representative of a vehicle of leisure in Kitwyk, except the hearse and an ancient glass coach, was roused from an inactivity of a quarter of a century, and scrubbed. A speckled horse with four stiff legs was decoyed into the traces by a measure of hay, and before he had finished his repast he found himself a prisoner.

That afternoon, with his last independent breath, Mynheer Piepenbrink gasped, "If that violoncello is not where I can see it, I shall not go." This message, in a sweet disguise, was borne to the lady.

"But, Duffels, if he loves me, why care about such a trifle?" she urged.

"Let him have his way if you want him."

"But, Duffels, my—my trunk."

"There is only room for the violoncello." Duffels was losing patience.

So Jufrow Rozenboom resigned her wardrobe in favor of her lover.

It was a chilly autumn night, and the moon glided in and out of a curdled sky. The lane toward Ten Brink was piled high with fallen leaves, and the air was chilly with cold and de-

cay. An unenthusiastic horse trundled a vehicle over the soggy leaves. The chariot pounded slowly along, and the speckled horse, with open pink nostrils, communed with himself, head downward. He was flying toward happiness at the rate of two miles an hour, and that with so pleasing a motion that Duffels, astride his back, was snoring peacefully with the consciousness of having brought a good matter to a satisfactory conclusion.

The carriage was vastly like a sedan-chair on wheels, with a window on each side and one in front, against which loomed the tail of the speckled steed and the rear of the sleeping Duffels. A silhouette of landscape, windmills, sail-boats, and ghostly houses lumbered heavily by, and sometimes the moon peeped in with ladylike discretion. A dark figure cowered in one corner, while the occupant of the other swayed gently toward it.

"Mynheer Joris — my own — will you not speak?"

"No — no," a strangled voice piped in anguish.

"Eccentric dear!" the lady murmured with heroic suavity.

Mynheer Piepenbrink cast his eyes in despair on the ponderous case of the violoncello between them. "Don't — don't you come any nearer! Little Peter and Paul!" In his anguish he overturned the violoncello, which fell heavily into his arms. He clasped it in a passionate embrace. "One little look at it, Jufrow; only one."

"Is it not sufficient to look at the case, Joris dear?" she faltered.

"Why did I ever come!" cried the afflicted gentleman. "Good Lord, help me!" he groaned, and just then, as if divine Providence had nothing else to do than to answer Mynheer's petitions, there ensued a convulsion of nature, the chariot of William the Silent staggered, reeled, and the next moment plunged into an infernal abyss.

The mottled horse, of course, gave no explanation of the disaster. Duffels was the first to recover himself. He had trusted too much to the instinct of this worthy steed and the harmony and method of its progress; he had not taken into consideration the tantalizing tufts of grass along the road bordering a ditch, muddy, but fortunately low of water. Uncontrolled by the slumbering Duffels, the excellent quadruped nibbled his way too near the edge, with the above result.

Mynheer, having assured himself that he was still alive, groped out of the ditch, and with the help of Duffels rescued the lady.

They had fallen two feet into the ditch, but for all the purposes of a tragedy it might just as well have been two hundred.

"O Joris, you are not dead!" and she laid her battered bonnet on his unresponsive shoulder.

Mynheer placed his fair burden on the edge of the ditch with more emphasis than affection.

"Good Lord!" he cried suddenly with something akin to emotion, "where is the violoncello?"

The moon having taken this opportunity to withdraw, the scene was shrouded in gloom, enlivened only by the sobs of the lady and the crunching of the cause of the disaster, as he cropped the grass on the bank.

For fifteen minutes Mynheer struggled with a tinder-box; then, aided by Duffels's lamp, he discovered the beloved form in the ditch, into which, unmindful of danger, he descended.

Jufrow Rozenboom, on the brink, sat as if petrified, until out of the gloom emerged one short, stout figure bearing another. The first was the heroic Joris, the other the precious instrument. He laid it tenderly on the bank.

"If it should have been hurt! O Lord! Open it, Jufrow!"

"Not now!" she gasped. "I — I — know I am going to faint!"

But pity and Mynheer were strangers; he watched her with a cold and fishy eye. "Open it at once, Jufrow!" But Jufrow Rozenboom only moaned and rocked to and fro. "Open it, or I 'll —"

The lady shrieked; Mynheer grasped the case weakened by disaster; the battered lock gave way; the moon came out of the clouds; deadly silence; then "Donder and blexem! What in the devil's name do you call this?" and he pulled out just the sweetest sprigged delaine — her wedding-gown, poor dear! It hung all limp from his hand, and upside down; but his heart was unmoved. "And this?" and out he tore a lovely green coal-scuttle, wreathed, like a young Hope, in pink roses.

The afflicted lady shrieked again as her wardrobe sank at her feet.

"Where is the violoncello, madam?"

"Joris!" — and the lady wrung her hands — "I wanted to be a credit to you on our wedding-day!"

Here Duffels interposed with an ingratiating smile. "If Mynheer will help raise the carriage we will go on."

"Where is the violoncello, madam?"

She sobbed dismally.

"Where is it?"

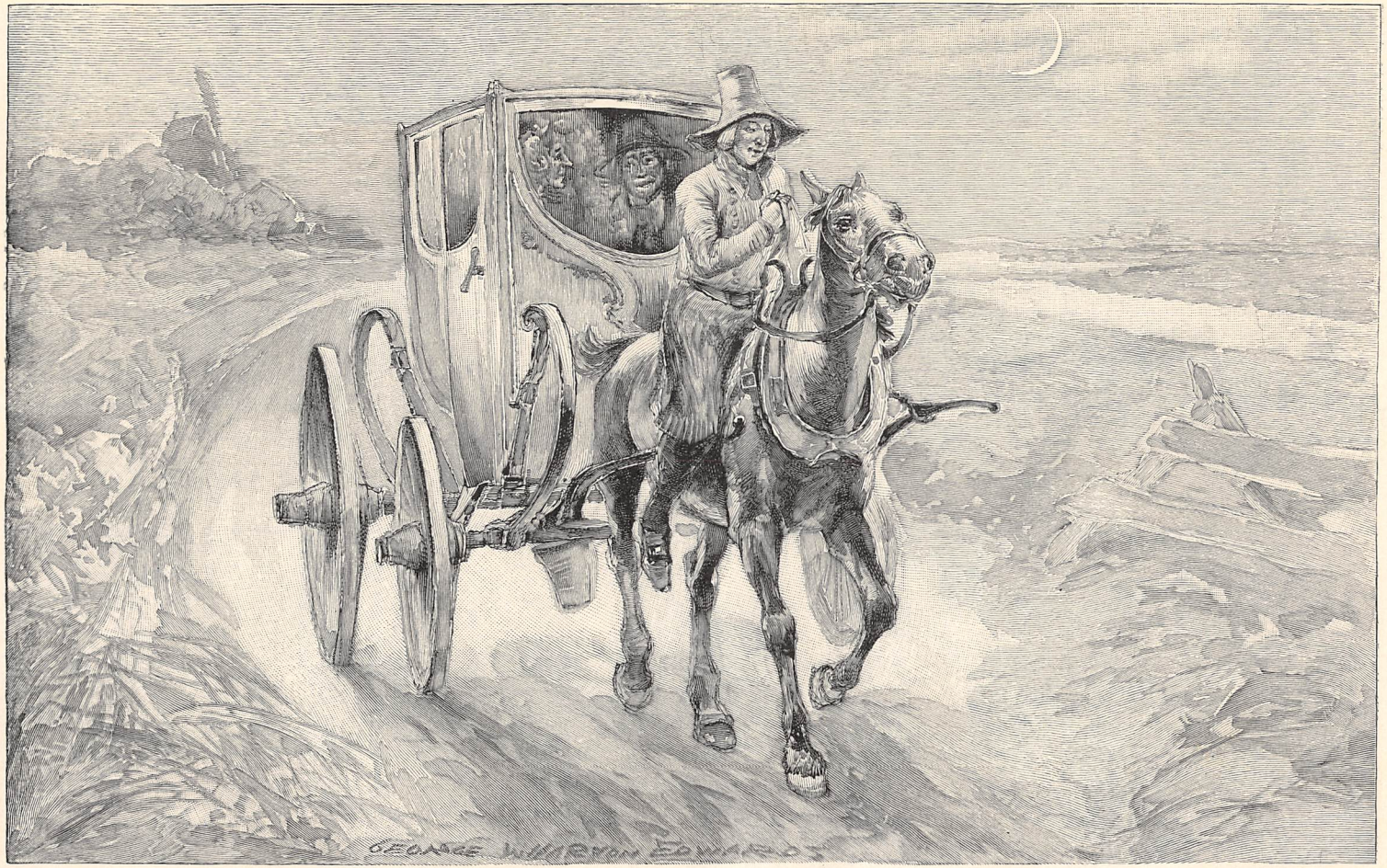
"O Joris — I — I — it 's — sold!"

"Sold!"

"I — I was so sure you 'd want me to look nice, and it just bought the sprigged delaine and the bonnet."

Duffels righted the carriage, and backed the unwilling steed into the traces.

"Shall we go, Mynheer?"



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THEY JOGGED ALONG.

"Go where?"

"To Sippken."

"What for?"

"Why, to be married, Mynheer."

"What! I married! I married without the violoncello! Never!"

"O Joris, you have no idea how well I look in that dress!" Jufrow Rozenboom moaned.

"I married!" he interrupted cruelly. "Why, but for this blessed accident I should have been sacrificed. I married! I 'll be d—— if I will!" And without another word Mynheer turned his back upon his shattered hopes, and with heroic purpose he proceeded to trudge home the two weary miles he had come.

VII.

How Duffels returned with the forsaken lady is not stated. The mottled steed, with his knees rasped, and the vehicle were found at midnight hitched to William the Silent.

Long before dawn Jan Willem was roused by a feeble knock at the front door. He listened with commendable prudence for half an hour, then descended in company with a blunderbuss.

"Jan Willem, it is I, Uncle Piepenbrink."

A faint but familiar voice. Jan Willem grasped his musket, and applied his eye to the keyhole, but saw only what afterward proved to be Uncle Piepenbrink's eye. With heroic firmness he opened the door just a crack, the muzzle of the blunderbuss well out, and staggered back at sight of his own eminently respectable relative standing before him, footsore and dirty.

"Uncle, where have you been?"

"To the devil!" the misguided man all but sobbed.

"When — when did you go?" and Jan Willem followed him up-stairs.

"At fifteen minutes past seven last night."

"Why, then, you don't know — then you have n't seen —"

Uncle Piepenbrink was already staring as at an apparition. It was not the red feather-bed which petrified him, nor the leather arm-chair, nor his carpet slippers, nor the familiar row of clay pipes, but, supported by a chair, languishing against the bed, there stood a violoncello!

Mynheer gasped. Then he spoke:

"What does it mean?"

It was the Rozenboom violoncello. The next moment he held it in his arms.

Jan Willem gazed at the floor with a vague smile. "I wished to give you a little surprise, uncle. I found out how much you wanted it."

Mynheer took a frightened breath, as one who has been perambulating on the brink of a precipice.

"I thought if I should give you a little pleasure you might — you might —"

"And it is from you, Jan Willem? And I am to have this precious instrument — without her? The Lord be thanked!"

Jan Willem turned pale.

"Oh, no — no — not without her! That is just what I wished to explain, uncle. For, don't you see, I love her, and she loves me, and I thought — that is, she thought —"

"Love her? Got you in her clutches, too? But why was she so ready to fly with me?"

"To fly with you?" and Jan Willem stared, aghast.

"Jan Willem, be warned! At fifteen minutes past seven last night she and I were in the chaise of William the Silent, and she would have been Mevrouvw Piepenbrink by this time had it not been for circumstances over which, thank God, we had no control."

"Jillis — you and Jillis? Never!" and Jan Willem choked with something approaching rage.

"In the devil's name! I and what? Little Jillis van Laan? Why, the boy 's just mad! Blexem! I see! I see! There is no need of being jealous, Jan Willem, for — well! — it was — some one else!"

"Uncle, where have you been?"

Been indeed!

His narrow escape intoxicated him; he was almost lively.

"Been courting, have you? And I was to be bribed, you rogue? Jillis's plan, I 'll wager. But surprises are dangerous, Jan Willem. But for a special act of Providence you would have had an aunt, to-day,"—he heaved a sigh of gratitude,—"and, after all, a niece is nothing compared to an aunt. So take my blessing, Jan Willem, and close the door," — which he did in painful perplexity.

Ten minutes after, buried under a mountainous feather-bed, Mynheer forgot the disasters out of which he had so heroically rescued himself.

Mynheer never divulged the solitary romance of his placid career, but he cherished it in secret. Having so nearly sacrificed himself for one of the fine arts, in future he considered himself with reason as the patron of all the fine arts as encouraged in Kitwyk. The artist who was intrusted with the new sign-board for William the Silent also painted the portrait of Mynheer playing the Rozenboom violoncello. Henceforth he played with new feeling which even deceived himself, as if there were a blighted something within him which found its fittest expression when he wailed across the strings long and sad and flat.

Anna Eichberg King.

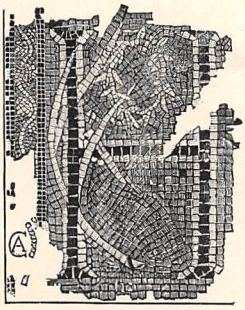
AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FELIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART SECOND.



I.

HAVING been swayed by considerations partly diplomatic and partly personal, the Embassy had gone from America to Provence by a route which gave it no opportunity, so to speak, for changing cars. Diplomatically, the hope was entertained that by thus ignoring all other nations and principalities a more favorable impression would be made upon the high poetic powers to which it was accredited. Personally, the danger was recognized that if the Embassy — being by nature errant — were given large opportunities to stray, years might elapse before it arrived at its destination; to say nothing of the possibility that it might never get there at all.

Under constraint of these convictions our course had been shaped. On a gray morning in April we had taken ship at New York, and had glided out through the gray mists which enveloped the harbor into the gray waste of the Atlantic. Gray weather clung to us. Mist overhung the land when at last we sighted it, and Cape St. Vincent and Cape Trafalgar loomed large through a cold haze; when we passed the Rock, the base whereof was hidden in a mass of cloud, that considerable excrescence upon the face of nature seemed to have started adrift in the upper regions of the air; mist clung about the lower levels of the east coast of Spain, hiding the foundations of the snow-capped mountains, and leaving only their gleaming crests defined against the cold sky; even the Gulf of Lyons was chill and gray. And at the end of all this, in a flood of May sunshine, Marseilles — in its glow and glory of warm color — burst upon us like a rainbow-bomb.

From Marseilles to Avignon, by the *rapide*, the journey is made in precisely two hours. The time consumed by the Embassy, however, in its passage between these points was three months and four days. I mention this fact in order to exhibit in a favorable light our wisdom in choosing a direct route across the Atlantic. Had our landing been made at any port on the northern coast of Europe, with the consequent beguiling opportunities for lateral travel which then would have opened to us, I am confident that even now we would be working our way southward amidst enticing winds and luring currents toward our still far distant goal. It was only our firmness in resisting at the very outset all these attractive possibilities

that in the end brought us to Avignon in what, I think, was a reasonably short space of time.

Aside, however, from the predilection of the Embassy for devious rather than direct ways, there were large considerations of policy which made advisable a slow advance from Marseilles northward. For the adequate discharge of our mission, it was very necessary, before presenting our credentials and opening official relations with the poets of Provence, that we should enlarge our knowledge of themselves, their literature, and their land. In truth, our fund of ignorance touching all these matters vastly exceeded our fund of information — a lack of equipment for which I should be disposed to apologize were it not so entirely in keeping with all the traditions of American diplomacy.

Our whole store of knowledge was no more than a mere pinch of fundamental facts: that about the end of the third decade of the present century a poet named Joseph Roumanille had revived Provençal as a literary language; that to this prophet had come, as a disciple, Frédéric Mistral, who presently developed into a conquering and convincing apostle of the new poetic faith; that to these two had been gathered five other poets; that the seven, all dwelling in or near Avignon, had united — about the middle of the century — in founding a brotherhood of Provençal poets to which they gave the name of the Félibrige; that, in the course of years, this brotherhood had come to be a great society with branches, or affiliated organizations, in various parts of France and even in Spain. But of the poetry which these poets had written we knew nothing at first hand. We had not seen, even, either of the English versions of Mistral's "Mirèio" — the one by Miss Harriet W. Preston, the other by Mr. Charles Grant. In short, the position of the Embassy toward Provençal literature was as finely unprejudiced as the most exhaustive ignorance could bring to pass.

II.

On the other hand, the Embassy did possess a considerable store of knowledge in regard to the group of Avignon poets personally; and all of it tended to induce a prejudice of a most kindly sort.

Eleven years before our mission was undertaken, the American troubadour whom we represented had made a poet's pilgrimage to Avignon, and had been taken promptly to his brother poets' hearts. How unexpected and how delightful had been his experience best may be exhibited by a citation from the record made at the time by the historian to the expedition — who thus wrote, under date of the 8th and 10th of April, 1879:

"We have made a great discovery — a 'nest' of Provençal poets, all living and writing here at Avignon. Our own poet spent the morning with them yesterday, and came home bringing an armful of their books; from which, last evening, H—— read us some of the translations, which are very charming. One of the poets is Mr. Bonaparte Wyse, an Irishman and a cousin of Napoleon III. He makes this his home for a part of the year, and writes the poetry of Provence. . . .

"We had a most interesting day yesterday. The little company of poets ('félibres') have united in doing honor to our poet and H——. They came, brought by Mr. Wyse, their interpreter, to invite us to a 'felibrijado' — a meeting, a dinner, speeches, poems, songs, everything delightful. We had been to Vaucluse for the afternoon — on our way home passing Mont Ventour with its snowy peaks, and the hills with their olive-trees and cypress dark against a pale golden sky. It was evening when we reached the hotel and found them all waiting for us in the little square dining-room.

"Mr. Wyse presided at dinner, with H—— and the Boy beside him: H—— wearing a bunch of starry blue periwinkle, the flower of Provence, in her hair. Opposite to them sat M. Roumanille (founder of the School), with our poet beside him; and for my neighbor I had M. Mathieu, the oldest of the poets. Two young men were on the other side: M. Gras, and another whose name I do not recall. Each one has a device and a name by which he is known among the 'félibres' — one a 'cricket,' another a 'butterfly.'

"After dinner a cup of Château-neuf was passed, and every one in turn made a speech and gave a toast. We were loaded to embarrassment with compliments, and our own modest little speeches — through Mr. Wyse's interpretation — were transformed into flowers of sentiment. The Boy, to his delight, saw very near him a dish of his favorite sponge-cakes — of which he sometimes had been allowed two as a special favor and treat, and to which he had given the name of 'biffies.' Kind old M. Mathieu helped him to these without limit — as H—— and I, happening to look at the dish, and seeing its great diminishment, suddenly perceived to our consternation.

"The dinner over, they led us up a dark old stairway into a long hall, dimly lighted, at one end of which a little candle-lit table was laid with coffee and delicious crystal-like cordials. The hall had been, years ago, a meeting-place of the Knights Templar; and there were still signs remaining of a little chapel there, set apart. Indeed, it all was like a little bit of the middle ages. After we had had our coffee, they gave us their songs and poems: one of the younger

men stood up while he sang a sort of troubadour march to battle, his voice ringing through the great dim hall. M. Roumanille recited some Christmas verses, full of fine solemn tones; M. Mathieu, a little poem with the refrain *Catoun! Catoun!*—keeping time with his own airy gestures and waves of the hand as graceful as the lines. Mr. Wyse gave us some translations of Walt Whitman into Provençal verse. Madame Roumanille, too, repeated a poem for us—and our own Poet brought some verses which he had written at Vaucluse that afternoon and which H—— read in their French translation. They gave us some choruses. Many of their voices were rich and musical. Then H—— repeated for them those lines of Keats, beginning:

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!

and although they could not understand the words they felt their wonderful melody.

"It was very late when we went home through the quiet streets, escorted by two or three of our entertainers—one of them carrying the Boy. He had been safely tucked away in a bed at the hotel after dinner, and did not wake except—his head on his own little pillow—to say once (still dreaming of poets and sponge-cakes), ''Nuff biffies!'"

Upon our troubadour's store of delightful memories (only a part of which are referred to in the foregoing citation of history) we had drawn so often and so freely that these Provençal poets had come to be to us—while as yet our very existence was unknown to them—our own familiar friends. Time and again we had fancied ourselves knocking at one or another of their doors in Avignon; and thereafter, as we entered, receiving the welcome which we knew would be given us so warmly because of our coming as the vicars of one whom they knew and loved.

And yet, being landed at Marseilles, close to these friendly doors which we were sure would be standing wide for us the moment that our status as ambassadors was known, we deliberately chose to make our approach to Avignon by methods so slow, and by courses so roundabout, that we spent three months upon a journey that could have been made in less than that many hours.

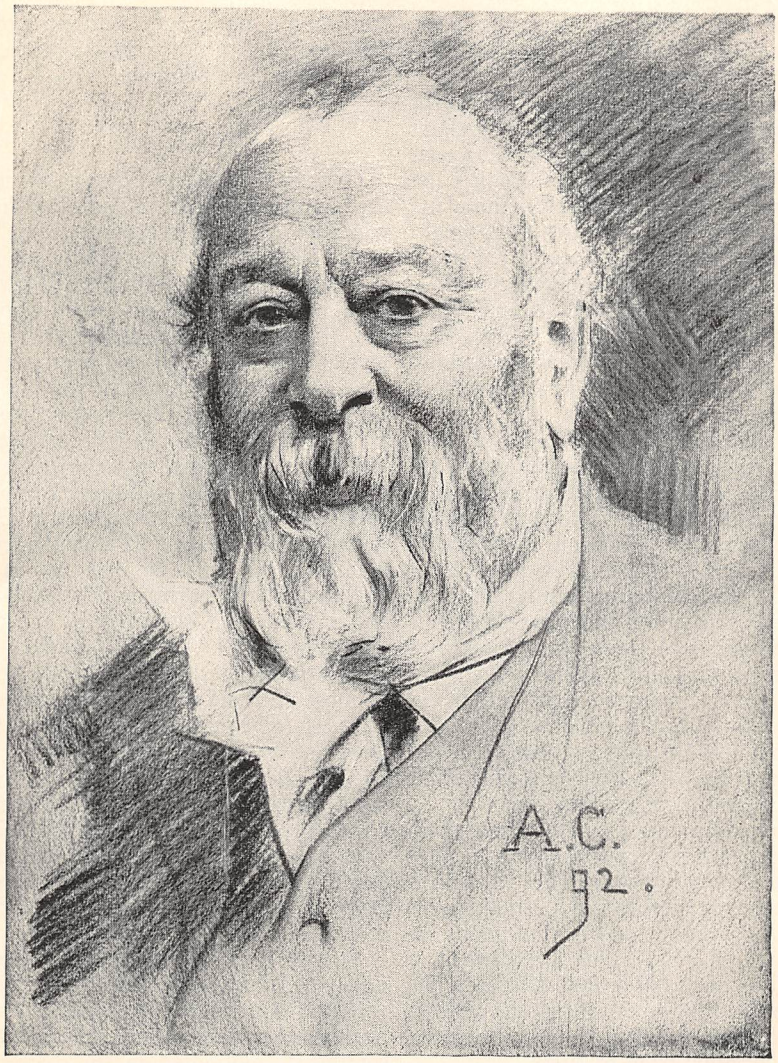
III.

Our tarrying, as I have said, was the outcome of our intuitive perception of the requirements of diplomacy. Those whom we so longed to know were not mere ordinary men: they were poets. For us to cast ourselves upon them ignorant of their poetry would be a grave discourtesy; almost an affront. Common politeness, no less than our own interest, commanded that we should seek in their writings for that understanding of their tone of thought, their purposes, their aspirations, which would enable us to meet them upon a common ground. And we realized that hand in hand with this study of their literature should go a study of their fellow-countrymen and of the land in which they lived. For which several reasons we perceived that the case of the Embassy was one that required slowness in order to assure speed.

At Marseilles, in the very first book-shop that we entered, the very first book that we bought was Roumanille's "Oubreto en Vers." It was to Roumanille, the Capoulié, the head, of the Félibres, that the Embassy specifically was accredited. Therefore was it fitting that our first purchase should be the volume in which his first poems are included—the sparks of pure fire which kindled anew the flame of Provençal literature in modern times.

The poems were in Provençal only. There was no French translation. Fortunately the Ambassadress—possessing an equipment of Spanish, Italian, and French, together with a certain skill in Latin—found the conquest of this language easy; and the Ambassador profited by her gift of tongues to become acquainted with the spirit of Roumanille's verse. It was a most genuine poetry, and popular in the better sense of that injured word. With few exceptions, the themes were of a sort which country-side folk readily would comprehend; commonplace subjects made relishing, and at the same time shifted wholly away from the commonplace, by delicate turns of poetic sentiment or an infusion of genial humor or a sharp thrust of homely wit. Very many of the poems were homilies; but so gaily or so tenderly disguised that each went fairly to its mark without arousing any of that just resentment which is apt to annul the benefits supposed to be conferred by homilies of the usual sort. It was easy to see in these poems how and why Roumanille had laid hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. We ourselves, though losing much of their rich flavor of local allusion, yielded instantly to the blending of grace, freshness, humor, manliness, naïveté, which gave them so peculiarly original a charm.

In the same book-shop we found another volume of poems which greatly stirred us: "Lou Roumancero Prouvençau" of Félix Gras. In our then ignorance, we barely knew this poet's name. But we had read no farther than "Lou Papo d'Avignoun" and "Lou baroun



ROUMANILLE.

de Magalouno" when our minds were made up that here was a singer of ballads whose tongue was tipped with fire. They whirled upon us, these ballads, and conquered our admiration at a blow. We knew by instinct — what time and greater knowledge have shown to be the truth — that of all the Provençal poets whom we soon were to encounter none would set our heartstrings more keenly a-thrilling than did this fiery ballad-maker, Monsieur Gras.

It was in another book-shop, the friendly establishment of Monsieur Boys, — a shop pervaded by that delightful smell of mustiness which, being peculiar to old books, sets every bookman's soul on the alert for the finding of treasures, — that we came upon Mr. Grant's unrhymed English version of "Mirèio"; and so were able (having already bought the edition in which is the author's parallel translation into French) to essay the reading of Mistral's first poem with the double advantage of his own French version and of this literal English key.

English and Provençal, be it remarked, are more closely allied in genius than are Provençal and French. They have in common an honest directness, a sonorous melody, a positive strength; and even many almost identical words — for which reasons Provençal may be resolved into English with a close approach to literal exactness, and with little loss of the essence of the original phrase. Mr. Grant's translation of "Mirèio," it must be confessed, is not a brilliant illustration of these facts; but in Miss Preston's rhymed English version of the poem (at that time unknown to us) many

felicitous passages show how successfully the soul and the body of the original may be transferred into English verse.

But these considerations of the verbal mechanism of translation came later. When we first read "Mirèio" we thought only of the poem itself: a perfectly simple story of country life which Mistral's genius has exalted to the plane of the heroic; an idyl which rises from height to height until it becomes a tragedy; a strain of pure melody throughout. Having read it — and after it "Nerto," "La Rèino Jano," "Calendau," and the exquisite shorter poems, "Lis Isclo d'Or" — we were at no loss to understand why Mistral is called Master by his brethren of the Félibres.

Still another book did we find in a Marseilles book-shop, which so substantially increased our store of necessary knowledge that I desire to place formally on record here my gratitude to its author: Monsieur Paul Mariéton. This book, "La Terre Provençale," is a treasury of information concerning the Félibres and all their works and ways; a blending of kindly personal gossip — so frank and so confidential that those about whom the author writes rise up in the flesh before the reader's eyes — with a mass of accurate information about what these celebrities in the world of letters have accomplished, and about the beautiful land in which they live.

I did not venture to hope, while I was reading this book with so much satisfaction, that in the fullness of a fortunate time its author would become my friend; and I certainly did not imagine (though this also has come to pass) that my life would be made a torment to me by receiving from Monsieur Mariéton letters in a handwriting so bewilderingly chaotic that to read them requires in every instance a special inspiration from on high.

And so, through the weeks and the months which followed our landing at Marseilles, we added constantly to our stock of books and to our store of literary knowledge; while from various points of vantage — Montpelier, Arles, Aiguesmortes, Tarascon, Beaucaire, Nimes — we softly spied upon the land. Through all this time we found growing within us a stronger and yet stronger love for a people and a literature whereof the common characteristics are graciousness, and manliness, and absolute sincerity, and warmth of heart. And all was so satisfying and so entrancing that the three months and four days during which we were upon our journey from Marseilles to Avignon seemed to us no more than a single bright spring morning: wherefore, as we sank to rest that night amidst the excessive gilding and red velvet of the Hôtel de l'Europe, we counted the evening of our coming to Avignon — as it truly might have been had we gone direct from our ship to the train — but the evening of our first day in France.

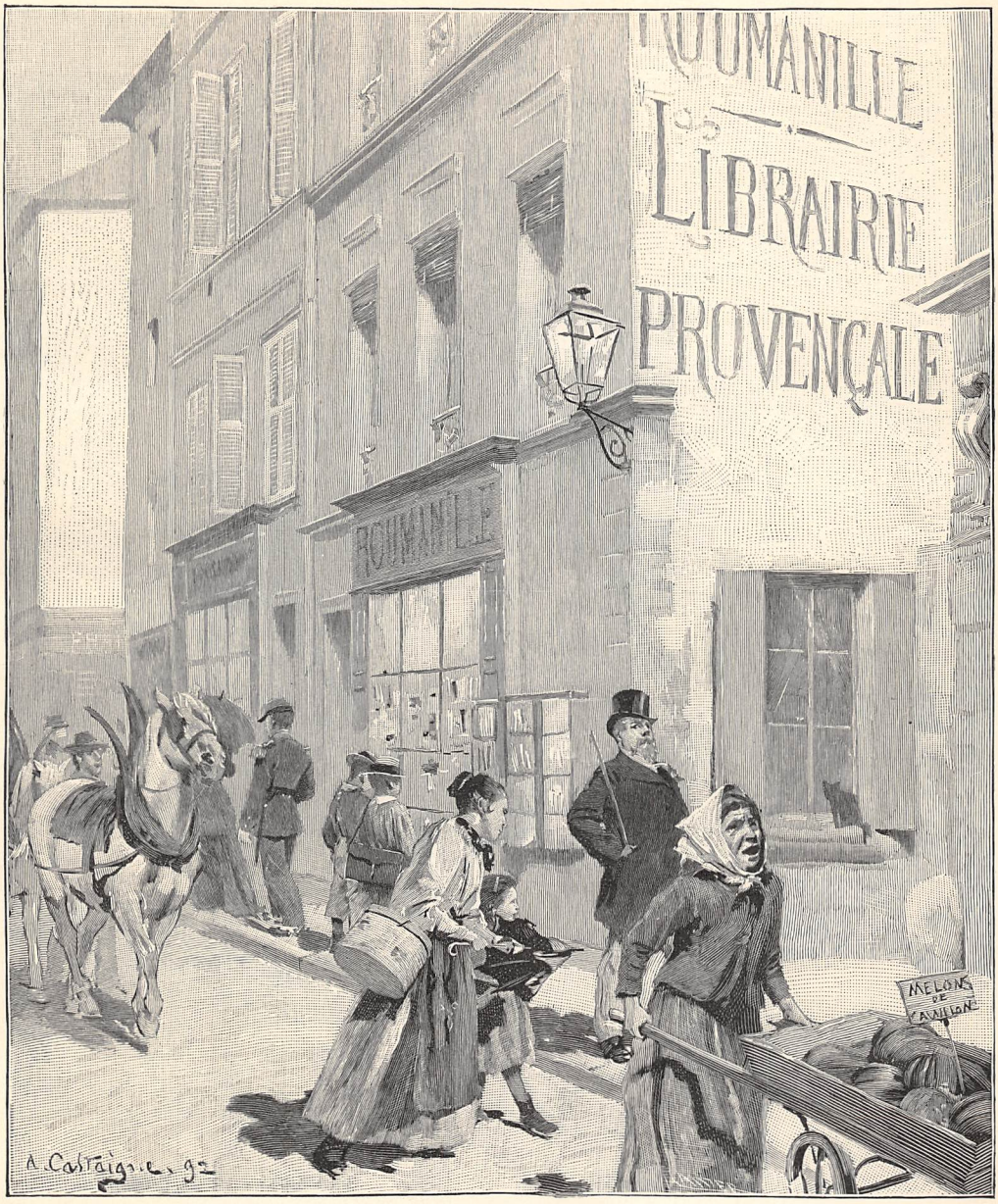
IV.

Our hearts were beating many more than the normal number of beats to the minute when we set forth to deliver to the Capoulié of the Félibres the credentials of our Embassy.

These credentials — therein following primitive Mexican customs — were wholly pictorial. They consisted simply of four photographs: of the American troubadour whom we represented; of his dame; of their children; of their great dog. My instructions were to present these empowering documents to Roumanille, in his official capacity as Capoulié of the Félibres, and to tell him that with them came the love of those to whom love had been given by the poets of Provence eleven years before. And I was to add that in America still were cherished warm and grateful memories of those glad evenings in the old house (the abiding-place of the Templars in Queen Jano's time) where the poet Anselme Mathieu in most unbusinesslike fashion carried on the business of hotel-keeping: when the corks flew out in mellow cannonading from old bottles of precious Château neuf du Pape, wine consecrate to the félibrien festivals; when all the poets wrote poems to their brother from afar; when the ancient vaulted hall of the Templars rang with the echoes of iambic laughter, and with the choruses of Provençal songs.

Knowing that English was a sealed language to Roumanille, I ventured to add to my pictorial credentials some written words which had the appearance of being English verse. The sentiments embodied in these supposititious verses would stand translation into French prose creditably; and I had the more confidence in their kindly reception because the Ambassadress had encompassed them with a decorative border of olive-branches, amidst which were blazoned the arms of Avignon and of our own country together with the emblem of the Félibres, a *cigale*. This illusive manuscript being inclosed in the official-looking envelop which contained the authoritative photographs, the Embassy moved out in good order from its too-magnificent quarters, and with a becoming dignity advanced upon Roumanille's book-shop in the Rue St. Agricol.

From the Hôtel de l'Europe to the Rue St. Agricol is a walk of but five minutes. As we rounded the corner from the Rue Joseph Vernet, we saw our Mecca before us — plainly marked by a sign on which was the legend in tall yellow letters: "Roumanille. Librairie



SHOP OF ROUMANILLE.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

Provençale." Here, together, Roumanille had both his shop and his home. Directly across the street was the church of St. Agricol, wherein, in reverent faith, this good old man worshiped through so many years.

The door of the shop stood open. We entered into a bookman's paradise. The room, large and lofty, was packed with books from floor to ceiling; books were spread out upon tables; books were on nearly every chair; boxes of books and piles of books encumbered the floor. In the midst of this bibliographic jungle, at a desk everywhere littered with books and papers, sat Roumanille himself: a sturdy, thick-set man of medium height; gray hair; beard and mustache clipped short and grizzled almost to white; fresh complexion; kindly light-brown eyes twinkling humorously under bushy gray brows; a racy and at the same time a very sweet and winning smile.

He rose slowly, and in accepting the package, and in listening to the message that ac-

PORTRAIT OF MLLE. ROUMANILLE. QUEEN OF THE FELIBRES, 1885–1892.

companied it (which message the Ambassador prudently delivered through the medium of the Ambassadress), he manifested so marked a hesitation as to strengthen our already aroused fears that the Embassy might be rejected by the Power to which it came. Later, when cordial relations were fully established, he explained matters. What with the appearance of the Ambassador (who by some twist of atavism has reverted to the type of his ancestors of three hundred years ago, dwellers in almost this very part of France), and the fluent French of the Ambassadress, his mind was all at sea. There seemed to be no reasonable connection between the messengers, who apparently were his own country-folk, and the message that they brought from friends who certainly belonged in a distant part of the world. Not until the message had been repeated and explained a little, and the opening of the package had discovered the well-known faces, was the whole matter clear to him. And then what a welcome we received!

Madame Roumanille was summoned, and their daughters Mademoiselle Thérèse and Mademoiselle Jeanne, to take part in welcoming the representatives of the friends who had come and gone eleven years before — but who were remembered as freshly and warmly as though their visit had been upon the previous day.

From the shop we were led through the dining-room to the salon — a large room at the back of the house, facing south and flooded with sunshine, which gained individuality from delightful old-fashioned furniture, interesting pictures and curious antique bric-à-brac, and a Provençal tambourine and pipe hung upon the wall. Instantly our photographic credentials were ranged along the front of the pianoforte, and the whole family burst forth into eager exclamations and questionings.

"It is Monsieur and Madame to the very life! Just as they were eleven years ago!"

"And the children — how lovely they are! There was only one then. Can it be that it was this one — this tall boy? Impossible! He was but a baby. We gave him cakes!"

"And the gentle young lady who was with them — so quiet and so sweet. Why is not her photograph with these?"

"Heavens! How huge a dog! A St. Bernard — is it not so?"

"Ah, if only it were not their pictures, but themselves!"

Naturally, it was the elders whose talk was reminiscent and comparative. When the American troubadour came with his train to Avignon Mademoiselle Thérèse was but a slip of a girl, and Mademoiselle Jeanne was but a baby of two years old. But we found a pleasant proof of how well the visit had been kept alive in the elders' hearts, and of how much it must have been talked about, in the fact that the little Jeanne was quite sure that she herself remembered it all very well!

No one can refuse to credit the people of the south of France with warm hearts. But it is customary with travelers of a certain sort — possessors of acrid souls incased in thin-blooded bodies — to seek an apology for their own genuine coldness by aspersing this genuine warmth with such terms as "impulsiveness" and "emotional effervescence," and by broadly denying that its source is more than a momentary blaze. Let such as these observe that we found that day in Avignon still burning warmly and steadily a fire of friendship lighted at a chance meeting and fed only by half a dozen letters in eleven years!

V.

When these kindly souls in part had satisfied their eager desire for news of the American troubadour and of those belonging to him, they diverted their interest in a hospitable fashion to his ambassadors, and with a genuine heartiness pressed us with questions concerning ourselves.

They were delighted when we told them that we had preferred to shun Paris, and to come directly from America to their own beautiful city of Marseilles; and more delighted to find that our plan for a whole summer of travel was a circuit of not much more than a hundred miles in Languedoc and Provence. As to our method of traveling, — in the shabby little carriage drawn by the infinitely lazy little mare, — they set our minds at rest in a moment by protesting that it was nothing less than ideal. And then they listened with great sympathy to the narrative of our small adventures by the way since our departure from Nimes. When we came to our entanglement in Vers, and the vast commotion with which our cyclonic passage had filled that very little town, dear old Roumanille fairly held fast to his comfortably fat sides and laughed until his cheeks were a-stream with tears. It was better, he vowed, than any farce!

When we touched upon the more serious side of our undertaking, our desire to study the new literature that in these latter days had blossomed so vigorously in Provence, their interest took a correspondingly serious turn; and the pleasure that our purpose gave them obviously was deep and grave.

Roumanille was gratified when we told him that his "Oubreto en Vers" was the cornerstone of our Provençal library; the book that we had bought first of all. Speaking of it naturally brought to our minds the other volume that we had bought in the same shop and on the same day, and in very emphatic terms we

ON THE ISLE DE LA BARTHELASSE.

expressed our admiration for "Lou Roumancero Prouvençau," and for its author, Monsieur Félix Gras. Before our eulogy was half concluded the entire family broke in upon us in chorus.

"*Mon frère!*" from Madame.

"*Mon beau-frère!*" from Roumanille.

"*Mon oncle!*" from the girls together.

Mademoiselle Jeanne sprang up and brought us a photograph of this dear uncle. "Ah!" she said, "you must hear him sing his poems — then you will know what they really are!"

This discovery that we had in France, as well as in America, a common center of affection brought our hearts still more closely together: it was almost as though we had discovered — as was not impossible — a relationship of blood.

In truth, all this warm friendliness stirred me curiously. More and more the feeling was pressed in upon me that I was returning — after a long, long absence — to my own people and my own home. A like feeling surprised me when I first drifted across our southwestern border and found myself among the semi-Latins of Mexico; but the feeling was far stronger — from the very moment of my landing in Marseilles — among these my kinsfolk of the Midi. Truly, I was of them. The old tie of blood was revived strenuously by the new tie of affection. For all the two centuries and a half of separation, in coming back to them I was coming home.

VI.

In the evening of this happy day these new friends of ours — who already seemed to be such old friends — carried us with them to the pleasure-place dear to every soul in Avignon, but especially dear to the Félibres: the Isle de la Barthelasse.

Through the narrow streets we walked together: Roumanille bubbling over with wit; Madame abounding in kindliness; the demoiselles like merry little birds. They apologized (quite as though it were a personal matter) because there was no moon — and we assured them that no apology was necessary; that we were more than satisfied with the mellow radiance of the Provence stars.

The Isle de la Barthelasse extends along nearly the whole front of Avignon in the middle of the Rhone. From the high causeway crossing it (and so uniting the suspension bridges which here span the divided river) pathways descend to the low, wooded island, but little above the level of the rapid stream. In among the trees is a restaurant; and in front of it, directly upon the river-side, are ranged many little semicircular booths of wattled cane — mere shelters against the wind, which lie fairly open toward the water and have no roofs but the sky. Into one of these Roumanille led us — that we elders might have coffee and cognac together, while the demoiselles drank syrup and water as became their fewer years.

It is the gayest and sweetest place for merry-making, this Isle de la Barthelasse, that ever a poet found. Our booth, and all the booths about us, shone bright with the light of candles guarded by tall, bell-shaped glass shades; among the trees gleamed lanterns, lighting up the winding paths. At our very feet was the dashing river. Half seen in the starlight, across the tumbling and swirling dark water that here and there was touched with gleams of reflected light, were the walls and the houses of the ancient city. There was a constant undertone of sound made up of the rustling of the wind in the branches above us, and the gay chatter of the river with its banks, and the gurgle and hissing of little breaking waves; above this confused murmur, there came floating to us across the water strains of music from a military band playing on the Promenade de l'Oulle; all around us was a rattle of talk and a quiver of laughter; and, as the spirit moved them, one or another of our light-hearted neighbors, or a whole group of them together, would burst forth into song. It was as though an opera had broken its bonds of unreality and had become real.

In keeping with our joyous surroundings, Roumanille's talk was of the festivals of the Félibres; and mainly of the great annual festival, whereof the patroness is the blessed Sainte Estelle, whose symbol is the star of seven rays. On this notable occasion the four great divisions of the organization — corresponding with the four great dialects of the Langue d'Oc — are convened at one or another of the towns of southern France for the celebration of floral games; which games are competitions in belles-lettres, and derive their name from the fact that the prize awarded to the victor is a gold or silver flower. They have come tripping down lightly through six centuries, these games, being a direct survival of troubadour times.

At the banquet which follows the literary tournament, the sentiment of amity and comradeship which is the corner-stone of the organization is emphasized by the ceremony of the loving-cup. Holding aloft the silver vessel — the gift of the Félibres of Catalonia to the Félibres of Provence — the Capoulié sings the Song of the Cup, whereof the words are by Mistral and the setting a ringing old Provençal air, and the chorus is taken up by all the joyous company; after which the cup is passed from lip to lip and hand to hand.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

A FESTIVAL OF THE FÉLIBRES—"TO MISTRAL."

With due deference to the mystic influence of their star of seven rays, the Félibres celebrate each recurring seventh annual festival with increased dignity and splendor. Then great prizes are contended for; and the winner of the chief prize wins also the right to name the Queen whose reign is to continue during the ensuing seven years. The requirements of the royal office are youth, beauty, and faith in the ascendancy of the Provence poets' star. It was at Montpelier, in 1878, that the first queen was chosen: the bride of the then Capoulié, Mistral. The second, Mademoiselle Thérèse Roumanille, was chosen at Hyères, in 1885. We bowed to this sovereign, as Roumanille spoke, in recognition of the accuracy with which in her case the conditions precedent to poetic royalty had been observed.

But these light-hearted poets do not limit themselves in the matter of festivals to times and seasons. The joy that is within them may bubble up into a festival at any moment; and when their spirits thus are moved, a gay company, presided over by seven ladies and by seven poets, is convened — as Boccaccio might have ordered it — in the pleasance of some grassy and well-shaded park.

"Nor is even this much of formality necessary," said Roumanille in conclusion. "It is a festival when two or three of us, or half a dozen of us, are met together — as we are met together now. Behold! Madame, here, is a Félibresse, and I, I am the Capoulié, the head of all. As for Thérèse, she is our queen. What more would you have?"

And so, without knowing it — there on the Isle de la Barthelasse, in the midst of the dashing Rhone waters, in sight of the twinkling lights of Avignon — we had taken part in our first félibrien festival!

(To be continued.)

Thomas A. Janvier.

SILENCE.

DEAR, there has grown between us day by day
A silence like the breathless pause of night,
And all our words have seemed to speed away
As birds that soar to glories out of sight.
Now, while my lonely heart cries out for you,
With lips that move with prayers unsaid I go;
I shield my eyes lest they should dumbly sue —
And yet, sometimes, I almost think you know.

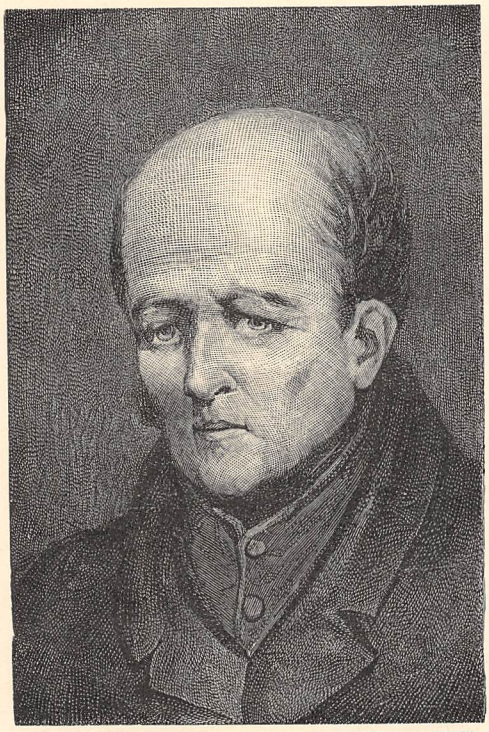
I will not speak! See how the cliff drops down
To meet the sea, and leaves us here above:
So, now, one step our finite selves would drown
In depths as infinite of boundless love.
The silent sun his heart of glory veils
Where clouds reveal him by their rosy glow;
I speak not, though your fair cheek blooms and pales —
And yet, I wonder if perhaps you know.

The trees behind us thrill with faint alarms
Where small wood-creatures from their fellows start;
The shadows creep and steal like loving arms,
And clasp us closely to the twilight's heart;
The wind breathes gently as a child asleep;
The waves with dreamy kisses stir below;
The tender hush about us grows more deep —
Yet, in the silence, love, at last you know.

Maria Bowen Chapin.

NAPOLEON'S DEPORTATION TO ELBA.

BY THE OFFICER IN CHARGE.



PAINTED BY THOMAS USSHER. ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS USSHER, R. N., K. C. B.

THOMAS USSHER, who was born in Dublin in 1779, was a descendant of one of the Neville family who settled in Ireland in the reign of King John, and assumed the name of Ussher to perpetuate the name of the office he held at court.

Entering the navy at the age of twelve years, as midshipman on board the *Squirrel*, Thomas Ussher was nominated acting lieutenant of the *Minotaur*, seventy-four guns, in 1796. In a boat-engagement, April, 1798, he was shot through the right thigh. Thinking his wound was mortal, he directed his party to retire, and then fainted from loss of blood. The French, to their honor, treated him and his fellow-sufferers with the kindest attention. For many months Mr. Ussher was obliged to use crutches; but in June, 1799, with the *Pelican's* cutter and twelve men, he attacked a French privateer, *Le Trompeur*, of five guns and seventy men, lying in a river at San Domingo. Although the odds were so fearfully against him, *Le Trompeur* was boarded, captured, and destroyed. Altogether, while attached to the *Pelican*, Mr. Ussher was in upward of twenty boat-engagements. September, 1800, he returned to England, and was obliged to retire for a time on half-pay, as his wounds had threatened to produce lockjaw. April, 1804, he was appointed to the command of the brig *Colpoys*, attached to the blockading force under Admiral Cornwallis off Brest. The fleet having been blown off the coast for a time, the admiral was in doubt as to whether the enemy had left the port. On hearing of this, Mr. Ussher, of his own accord, stood close inshore after dark, and, lowering his gig, a four-oared boat, actually entered the harbor, discovered and rowed along the whole French line, and obtained an exact knowledge of the enemy's force. Arriving abreast of the French admiral's ship, he was descried, and pursued by three boats, from which he escaped, as well as from the boats of brigs lying in Camaret Bay. The *Colpoys* joined the admiral next day with the signal flying, "The enemy same as when last encountered." The wound in his thigh having broken out afresh, accompanied by alarming symptoms, Mr. Ussher was obliged to resign command of the *Colpoys*, but was almost immediately promoted to the command of the *Redwing*, a sloop of eighteen guns, his claims having been backed by testimonials from Earl St. Vincent and Admirals Cornwallis and Graves. His conduct at Aviles had already obtained for him a sword valued at fifty guineas from the Patriotic Society, and he had the satisfaction of receiving from the crew of the *Colpoys* a similar token of "respect and esteem." April 20, 1806, he was engaged in a spirited affair with a division of gunboats and several batteries, and from this time until August 19, in one way or another, he was in constant collision with the enemy, continuing to display the same zeal, skill, and enterprise which had already raised his reputation so high, and led Lord Collingwood to observe that "he was entitled to whatever regard the admiralty might be pleased to show him." During the winter of 1814 Captain Ussher was again stationed off Toulon, and in the following April occurred the interesting events narrated in the following pages. He died June 6, 1848.

W. H. Ussher.

IN the month of August, 1813, I was stationed in the *Undaunted*, frigate, in the Gulf of Lyons, with the *Redwing*, Sir John Sinclair, and the *Espoir*, the Hon. Captain Spencer, under my orders. The latter, who had joined me some time before, had brought me letters and papers from England in which were various reports of the reverses of the French army, and of the probable downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, with many speculations and surmises thereupon, and hinting at the possibility of his attempting to make his escape to America. The "Courier" even went so far as to insert in its columns a minute description of the Emperor's person, in case the attempt should be made. Singularly enough, I cut out the paragraph in question, and wafered it on the bookcase in my cabin, jokingly observing to the other captains, who happened to be dining with me about that time, that they had better take a copy of it, as he might possibly come our way; little imagining, at the time I made this observation, that a few short months would see him at the very same table at which we were then sitting. The *Redwing* and the *Espoir* afterward returned to England, and I remained through the winter cruising off the coast of France.

On April 24, 1814, about ten o'clock at night, being five or six leagues from the city of Marseilles, in company with the *Euryalus*, Captain Charles Napier, then under my orders, my attention was attracted by a brilliant light in the direction of, and seemingly coming from, the town, which I conjectured was an illumination for some important event. I began to think that the "Courier" might prove, after all, to be a true prophet.

Every sail was then set on both ships, and every exertion was made to work up the bay. At daybreak we were close off the land. All was apparently quiet in the batteries, and not a flag flying; nor were the telegraphs at work, which was uniformly the case on the approach of the enemy. Everything betokened that some great change had taken place.

The morning was serene and beautiful, with a light wind from the southward. Eager to know what had happened, but above all anxious to hear (for who that has once experienced the horrors and miseries of war can wish for its continuance?) that peace had been restored, I sailed in toward the island of Pomegue, which protects the anchorage of the bay of Marseilles. To guard against a surprise, however, should such be attempted, I took the precaution of clearing the ship for action, and made signal to the *Euryalus* to shorten sail, that in the event of the batteries opening unexpectedly upon the *Undaunted*, my friend Captain Napier, by whose judgment and gallant conduct I had on other occasions profited, might render me any assistance, in the event of my being disabled. We now showed our colors, and hoisted at the main a flag of truce, and the royal standard of the Bourbons, which the ship's tailor had made during the night. This flag had not been displayed on the French coast for a quarter of a century. Thus equipped, we were allowed to approach within gunshot, when we observed men coming into the battery, and almost immediately a shot struck us on the main-deck. Finding it was not their intention to allow us to proceed, I gave orders to wear ship, and hauled down the flag of truce and standard. While wearing, a second shot was fired, which dropped under the counter. This unusual and unwarrantable departure from the rules of civilized warfare I resolved to notice in the only way such attacks ought to be noticed, and determined at once, in the promptest and most energetic way, to convince our assailants that under no circumstances was the British flag to be insulted with impunity. I therefore again wore round, and, arriving within point-blank shot of the battery, poured in a broadside that swept it completely, and in five minutes not a man was to be seen near the guns. It was entirely abandoned.

I now made sail for a second battery, and by signal directed the *Euryalus* to close, intending to anchor off the town. Shortly afterward, observing a boat with a flag of truce standing out of the harbor, I shortened sail to receive it. On coming alongside, I found she had on board the mayor and municipal officers of Marseilles, who had come from the town to apologize for the conduct pursued by the batteries, intimating that it was an unauthorized act of some of the men. They informed me of the abdication of Napoleon, and of the formation of a provisional government at Paris; I congratulated them on the change. I assured these gentlemen that with regard to the conduct of the batteries I could have no hesitation in forgiving all that had passed, and only hoped that I might be as easily forgiven for the part I had taken; that to prove my confidence in the honor and loyalty of their city, I should anchor my ship abreast of it, a proposition of which they did not seem very much to approve. I then made sail, with the *Euryalus* in company, and dropped anchor in the mouth of the harbor, that I might be the better able to take advantage of any circumstances that might occur. Captain Napier and I then proceeded in the barge of the *Euryalus* toward the land. We found a dense crowd collected at the landing-place, who, as we stopped to

inquire for the *pratique* officers, rushed into the water, and, seizing the bow of the boat, hauled me by main force on shore.

Never did I witness such a scene as now presented itself, as, almost choked by the embraces of old and young, we were hoisted on their shoulders, and hurried along, we knew not whither. I certainly did not envy the situation of my friend Captain Napier, whom I saw most lovingly embraced by an old lady with one eye, from whom he endeavored in vain to extricate himself, not using, I must say, the gentlest terms our language affords. In this way we arrived at the hôtel de ville, amid loud cries of "*Vive les Anglais!*" We were here received by our friends who had come with the flag of truce in the morning, but who were evidently not prepared for such a visit from us now. Indeed, under other circumstances we should not have been justified in appearing there as we did. Conscious, however, that we had no infectious disease on board, and as we had not visited any part of the Mediterranean where the plague prevailed, we endeavored to quiet their fears, and to satisfy them that no danger was to be apprehended from our visit.

However, this infringement of their sanitary laws, the observance of which they consider so essential to their safety, they appeared to feel deeply, though I gave them every assurance of the healthy state of the ships. Besides, as I observed, it was no act of ours, but had been forced upon us by themselves, and under circumstances which we could not very well control. They said there was no previous instance of their sanitary laws having been violated, except by Napoleon when he landed from Egypt. They then invited us, with true French politeness, into the *maison de ville*, remarking at the same time how much their city had suffered in the reign of Louis XIV. from the dreadful plague. A magnificent picture by David, showing some of the horrors of that visitation, hung in one of the principal rooms of the building.

They now politely requested us to wait upon the general in command. We found that officer attending high mass at the cathedral, and it is hardly possible to describe his astonishment, and the excitement caused by seeing two British naval officers, in their uniforms, in the midst of the congregation. I went up to the general, who received me with much apparent cordiality, and with considerable tact (for we were at that time the greater "lion" of the two) invited us to join the procession (I think it was that of the Virgin), for which preparations had been made, and which was about to set out from the church where we then were.

The streets through which we passed were excessively crowded, so much so that it was with the utmost difficulty the procession could make its way at all. The predominance of old people and children among the crowd was remarkable. Commenting upon this to some of the municipal officers, I was told that this was caused by the conscription, which had swept off without distinction (like another plague) all the young men who were capable of bearing arms, causing indescribable misery not only here, but everywhere throughout France. Happy, indeed, were these poor people at seeing us among them, the harbingers of peace, which many of them had so long and ardently desired. That this was the prevailing feeling among them their whole demeanor amply testified, as with loud vociferations of "*Vive les Anglais!*" they plainly told us that we were not unwelcome visitors.

On arriving near the general's house, we were invited to take some refreshments, which we did; but the populace outside were very impatient, and were not satisfied until we again appeared among them. I now began to reflect on the singular and difficult circumstances in which I was placed, and the responsibility I was incurring, being positively without any information on which I could rely as to the state of affairs outside of Marseilles. Nevertheless, as I knew the ships were prepared for any emergency that might happen, and in the hand of Lieutenant Hastings, my first lieutenant, in whose zeal and gallantry I had the greatest possible confidence, I did not think there was much cause for apprehension, come what might. I had an idea, indeed, that this enthusiasm would not last.

In the midst of all this rejoicing, I received a communication from the commandant of the town, informing me that he had been instructed by his superior, the governor of Toulon, and commander-in-chief of the district, to order us to our ships, and to allow of no further communication, excepting by flags of truce. I replied to this somewhat insolent mandate by declaring my determination to remain where I was, telling the commandant pretty plainly that I should not comply with the orders. I knew my strength, and that the ships, by their position, had the entire command of the town.

The governor then intimated that he would march 3000 men against the town; for this also I was prepared. During this angry discussion, Colonel Campbell, the English commissioner, arrived, bringing with him the following very important note:

MARSEILLES, April 25, 1814. 8 P. M.

SIR: I have the honor to acquaint you that Lord Viscount Castlereagh, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has charged me with a mission to accompany the

late chief of the French government, Napoleon Bonaparte, to the isle of Elba, to whose secure asylum in that island it is the wish of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, to afford every facility and protection. Having afterward written to his Lordship that Napoleon had requested that a British ship-of-war might be given to him as a convoy to the French corvette, and at his option for embarkation, in case of preferring it, his Lordship wrote to me as follows:

"Dated Paris, April 18.

"My instructions furnish you with authority to call upon His Majesty's officers, by sea and land, to give all due fidelity and assistance to the execution of the service with which you are entrusted. I cannot foresee that any enemy can molest the French corvette on board of which it is proposed Napoleon shall proceed to his destination. If, however, he shall continue to desire it, you are authorized to call upon any of His Majesty's cruisers (so far as the public service may not be prejudiced) to see him safe to the island of Elba. You will not, however, suffer this arrangement to be a cause of delay."

Napoleon has since his departure from Fontainebleau toward St. Tropez pressed me to proceed here for this object, which I beg leave to submit to your consideration, hoping that, as the desire to proceed immediately to his destination is in unison with that of the Allied Powers, which would be defeated by delay, in referring to the admiral commanding His Britannic Majesty's fleet, you will find yourself at liberty to proceed to St. Tropez with His Majesty's ship under your command. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

NEIL CAMPBELL, *Col.*

Attached to the Mission of H. E. General Viscount Cathcart.

TO CAPTAIN USSHER,

Senior Officer of His Britannic Majesty's ships off Marseilles.

I immediately waited upon Colonel Campbell, who informed me that he had left Napoleon on the road, pursuing his journey to St. Tropez, from which place it had been arranged he was to embark, accompanied by the envoys of the allied sovereigns. I immediately made arrangements for quitting the harbor of Marseilles, and on the following morning (April 26) set sail for St. Tropez, leaving Captain Napier in command of the station.

On arriving off St. Tropez, we hoisted a red flag at the main, that being the distinguishing signal agreed upon with Colonel Campbell at Marseilles. A boat immediately came out of the harbor with a lieutenant from the French frigate *Dryade* (commanded by the Comte de Montcabri), which was lying there with the corvette *Victorieuse*. The Comte sent his lieutenant to inform me that the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Comte de Montcabri had orders from the provisional Government to remain at St. Tropez with the *Victorieuse* for the purpose of conducting the Emperor to the island of Elba, the sovereignty of which island had been guaranteed to him by the allied sovereigns (it now struck me that the red flag at the main was considered in war a signal of defiance). At this moment a boat came alongside with an Austrian officer, Major Sinclair, despatched from Fréjus by Colonel Campbell, to inform me that at the particular request of the Emperor the commissioners of the allied sovereigns had thought proper to change the place of embarkation, and requesting me to proceed to Fréjus.

Fréjus is an open roadstead five or six leagues to the north of St. Tropez. Here it was that Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt. On arriving at the anchorage, I received a note from Colonel Campbell, informing me that horses had been sent down from the town, and an orderly sergeant placed at my disposal, to carry on any communications with the town, which lies on a height three or four miles from the anchorage. I took advantage of this conveyance, and immediately waited on Colonel Campbell, who, although suffering severely from his wounds, immediately accompanied me to the "Chapeau Rouge," a small *auberge*, or hotel (and, I believe, the only one in Fréjus), where Napoleon was lodged. Whatever my previous feelings might have been toward this the most powerful and constant enemy my country ever had to contend with, I am proud to confess that all resentment and uncharitable feeling vanished quickly, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me. His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance, and, having announced Colonel Campbell and myself, immediately presented us to the Emperor.

Napoleon was dressed in the regimentals of the Old Guard, and wore the star of the Legion of Honor. He walked forward to meet us, with a book open in his hand, to which he occasionally referred when asking me questions about Elba and the voyage thither. He received us with great condescension and politeness; his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. Shortly afterwards I was waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented us with lists of the baggage, carriages, horses, etc., belonging to the Emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them, and then demanded an interview with the several envoys of the allied sovereigns, feeling that, being placed in a position of such peculiar responsibility and delicacy, it was necessary to hear from them the instruc-

tions they had received from their respective sovereigns, that I might shape my conduct accordingly, and particularly that I might learn from them what ceremony was to be observed at Napoleon's embarkation, and on arriving on board the *Undaunted*, as I was desirous to treat him with that generosity toward a fallen enemy which is ever congenial to the spirit and feelings of Englishmen. They informed me that their instructions were precise and positive, and that he was *styled by the treaty of Fontainebleau, Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba.* I still entertained doubts as to the propriety of receiving him with a royal salute, but Colonel Campbell, in order to remove every doubt on the subject, showed me Lord Castlereagh's instructions to him, which were conclusive.

I now gave orders to embark the Emperor's baggage, carriages, horses, etc. The *Dryade* and the *Victorieuse* soon after arrived in the roads, and anchored. On landing, the Comte de Montcabri expressed his surprise to my first lieutenant on seeing the baggage going on board. But on being presented to the Emperor shortly after, and learning his intention of embarking on board the *Undaunted*, he returned to his ship, and sailed out of the bay, in company with the *Victorieuse*. The *Victorieuse*, I was given to understand, was to have remained at Elba in the Emperor's service.

The party at table consisted of Prince Schoovalof, Russian envoy; Baron Koller, Austrian envoy; Comte Truxos, Prussian envoy, and our envoy, Colonel Campbell; Comte Clam, aide-de-camp to Prince Schwarzenberg; Comte Bertrand, Drouot, and I. The Emperor did not appear at all reserved, but, on the contrary, entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation. He appeared to show marked attention to Baron Koller, who sat on his right hand. Talking of his intention of building a large fleet, he referred to the Dutch navy, of which he had formed a very mean opinion; he said that he had improved their navy by sending able naval architects to Holland, and that he had built some fine ships there. The *Austerlitz*, he said, was one of the finest ships in the world. In speaking of her, he addressed himself to Prince Schoovalof, who did not seem to like the reference. The Emperor said the only use he could make of the old Dutch men-of-war was to fit them to carry horses to Ireland. He talked of the Elbe; said the importance of this river was but little known, that the finest timber for ship-building could be brought there at a small expense from Poland, etc.

I slept this night at Fréjus, and was awakened at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room to implore me to embark the Emperor as quickly as possible, intelligence having been received that the army of Italy, lately under the command of Eugène Beauharnais, was broken up; that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief. These gentlemen were afraid the Emperor might put himself at their head. I told them I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had, and requested them to make known their fears and misgivings to the envoys, who, I dare say, were as little pleased as I was at being awakened at so unreasonable an hour.

It was, indeed, pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining. The envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavor to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes, I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boats should the wind change to the southward and drive in a swell upon the beach, which, from the present appearance of the weather, would in all probability happen before many hours; in which case, I should be obliged, for the safety of His Majesty's ship, to put to sea again. I then took leave, and went on board, and at ten o'clock received the following note from Colonel Campbell:

DEAR USSHER: The Emperor is not very well. He wishes to delay embarking for a few hours, if you think it will be possible then. That you may not be in suspense, he begs you will leave one of your officers here, who can make a signal to your ship when it is necessary to prepare, and he will also send previous warning. I think you had better come up or send, and we can fix a signal, such as a white sheet, at the end of the street. The bearer has orders to place at your disposal a hussar and a horse whenever you wish to go up or down. Let me know your wishes by bearer. You will find me at General Koller's. Yours truly,

N. CAMPBELL.

Napoleon, finding that it was my determination to put to sea, saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances. Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock. I waited on the Emperor at a quarter before seven to inform him that my barge was at the beach. I remained alone with him in his room at the town until the carriage which was to convey him to the boat was announced. He walked up and down the room, apparently in deep thought. There was a loud noise in the street, upon which I remarked that a French mob was the worst of all mobs (I hardly know why I made this remark).

"Yes," he replied, "they are fickle people"; and added, "They are like a weathercock."

At this moment Count Bertrand announced the carriages. He immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, "*Allons, Capitaine.*" I turned from him to see if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it. The folding-doors, which opened on a pretty large landing-place, were now thrown open, when there appeared a number of most respectable-looking people, the ladies in full dress, waiting to see him. They were perfectly silent, but bowed most respectfully to the Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman in the midst of the group, and asked her, in a courteous tone, if she were married, and how many children she had.

He scarcely waited for a reply, but, bowing to each individual as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, and me, to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys. The scene was deeply interesting. It was a bright moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach and among the trees. As the carriage approached, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of the horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting.

The Emperor, having left the carriage, embraced Prince Schoovalof, who, with Comte Truxos, took leave, and returned to Paris, and, taking my arm, immediately proceeded toward the barge, which was waiting to receive us. Lieutenant Smith (nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who, it is well known, had been for some time confined in the Temple with Captain Wright) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer in command of the boat. He came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-plank into the boat. The *Undaunted* lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers, who were all assembled on the deck. Soon afterward he went forward to the forecastle among the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation; the first thing which attracted his notice was the number of boats (I think we had eleven). Having made all sail, and fired a royal salute, I accompanied him to my cabin, and showed him my cot, which I had ordered to be prepared for him. He smiled when I said I had no better accommodation for him, and said that everything was very comfortable, and he was sure he would sleep soundly. We now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba. At four, his usual hour, he was up and had a cup of strong coffee (his constant custom), and at seven came on deck, and seemed not in the least affected by the motion of the ship. At this moment we were exchanging numbers with the *Malta*, standing toward Genoa, and I telegraphed that I had the Emperor on board. The wind having changed to the southeast, I hauled on the larboard tack toward Corsica. At ten we breakfasted; Comte Bertrand, Comte Drouot, Baron Koller, Colonel Campbell, Comte Clam, and the officer of the morning watch were present. Napoleon was in very good spirits, and seemed very desirous to show that, though he had ambition, England was not without her share also. He said that ever since the time of Cromwell we had set up extraordinary pretensions, and arrogated to ourselves the dominion of the sea; that after the peace of Amiens Lord Sidmouth wished to renew the former treaty of commerce, which had been made by Vergennes after the American war; but that *he*, anxious to encourage the industry of France, had expressed his readiness to enter into a treaty, not like the former, which it was clear, from the portfolio of Versailles, must be injurious to the interests of France, but on terms of perfect reciprocity — viz., that if France took so many millions of English goods, England should take as many millions of French produce in return. Lord Sidmouth said:

"This is totally new. I cannot make a treaty on these conditions."

"Very well. I cannot force you into a treaty of commerce any more than you can force me, and we must remain as we are, without commercial intercourse."

"Then," said Lord Sidmouth, "there will be war; for unless the people of England have the advantages of commerce secured to them, which they have been accustomed to, they will force me to declare war."

"As you please. It is my duty to study the just interests of France, and I shall not enter into any treaty of commerce on other principles than those I have stated."

He stated that although England made Malta the pretext, all the world knew that was not the real cause of the rupture; that he was sincere in his desire for peace, as a proof of which he sent his expedition to San Domingo. When it was remarked by Colonel Campbell that England did not think him sincere, from his refusing a treaty of commerce, and sending consuls to Ireland, with engineers to examine the harbors, he laughed, and said that was not necessary, for every harbor in England and

Ireland was well known to him. Bertrand remarked that every ambassador was a spy.

Napoleon said that the Americans admitted the justness of his principles of commerce. Formerly they brought over some millions of tobacco and cotton, took specie in return, and then went empty to England, where they furnished themselves with British manufactures. He refused to admit their tobacco and cotton unless they took from France an equivalent in French produce; they yielded to his system as being just. He added that now England had it all her own way, that there was no power which could successfully oppose her system, and that she might now impose on France any treaty she pleased. "The Bourbons, poor devils [here he checked himself], are great lords who are contented with having back their estates and castles; but if the French people become dissatisfied with that [the treaty], and find that there is not the encouragement for their manufactures in the interior of the country that there should be, they [the Bourbons] will be driven out in six months. Marseilles, Nantes, Bordeaux, and the coast are not troubled by that, for they always have the same commerce; but in the interior it is another thing. I well know what the feeling is for me at Terrare [?], Lyons, and those places which have manufactures, and which I have encouraged."[1]

He said that Spain was the natural friend of France and enemy of Great Britain; that it was the interest of Spain to unite with France in support of their commerce and foreign possessions; that it was a disgrace to Spain to allow us to hold Gibraltar. It was only necessary to bombard it night and day for a year, and it must eventually fall. He asked if we still held Cintra. He did not invade Spain, he said, to put one of his family on the throne, but to revolutionize her; to make her a kingdom in right; to abolish the inquisition, feudal rights, and the inordinate privileges of certain classes. He spoke also of our attacking Spain without a declaration of war, and without cause, and seizing the frigates bringing home treasure. Some one remarked that we knew Spain intended to make common cause with him as soon as the treasure should arrive. He said he did not want it; all he had was five millions (francs) per month.

On my asking a question regarding the Walcheren expedition, he said he could not hold Walcheren with less than 14,000 men, half of whom would be lost annually by disease; and as he had such means in the neighborhood of Antwerp, it could at any time be attacked, and by means of superiority of numbers must fall; that the expedition against it was on too great a scale and too long preparing, as it gave him time. He added that he wrote from Vienna that an expedition was going to Antwerp; he thought that a *coup de main* with 10,000 men and with his preparation would have succeeded; laughed at our ignorance in suffering so much time to be lost, and in settling down before Flushing (whereby we lost a large proportion of our army through disease) instead of advancing rapidly on Antwerp; and seemed astonished at our Government's selecting such a commander-in-chief for so important an expedition.

After breakfasting, Napoleon read for some hours, and came on deck about two o'clock, remaining two or three hours, occasionally remarking what was going forward, as the men were employed in the ordinary duties of the ship, mending sails, drawing yarns, exercising the guns, etc.

After dinner, he referred to a map of Toulon Harbor, and went over the whole of the operations against Lord Hood and General O'Hara (he commanded the artillery there, as major). All the other officers, he said, were for a regular siege. He gave in a memoir proposing to drive off the fleet from the inner harbor, which, if successful, would place the garrison of Toulon in danger; that it was upon this occasion he felt the superiority of the new tactics. He related an anecdote of one of the representatives of the people ordering his battery to fire, and unmasking it too soon.

This evening a small Genoese trading-vessel passed near us. I ordered her to be examined, and, as Napoleon was anxious to know the news, I desired the captain to be sent on board. Napoleon was on the quarter-deck; he wore a great-coat and round hat. As he expressed a wish to question the captain, I sent him to the Emperor on the after part of the quarter-deck, and afterward ordered him down to my cabin. "Your captain," said he, "is the most extraordinary man I ever met; he put all sorts of questions to me, and, without giving me time to reply, repeated the same questions to me rapidly a second time." When I told him to whom he had been speaking, he appeared all astonishment, and instantly ran on deck, hoping to see him again; but Napoleon, to his great disappointment, had already gone below. When I told Napoleon the man had remarked the rapidity with which he put questions to him

[1] "Les Bourbons, pauvres diables [here he checked himself], ils sont des grands seigneurs qui se contentent d'avoir leurs terres et leurs châteaux, mais si le peuple français devient mécontent de cela, et trouve qu'il n'y a pas l'encouragement pour leurs manufactures dans l'interieur qu'il devrait avoir, ils seront chassés dans six mois. Marseille, Nantes, Bordeaux, et la côte ne se soucient pas de cela, car ils ont toujours le même commerce, mais dans l'interieur c'est autre chose. Je sais bien comment l'esprit etait pour moi à Terrare, Lyon, et ces endroits qui ont des manufactures, et que j'ai encouragés."

twice over, he said it was the only way to get at the truth from such fellows.

One morning when Napoleon was on deck, I ordered the ship to be tacked, and we stood toward the Ligurian coast. The weather was very clear as we approached the land. We had a fine view of the Alps. He leaned on my arm and gazed at them with great earnestness for nearly half an hour; his eye appeared quite fixed. I remarked that he had passed those mountains on a former occasion under very different circumstances. He merely said that it was very true.

The wind was now increasing to a gale. He asked me, laughing, if there was any danger, which was evidently meant to annoy Baron Koller, who was near him, and who had no great faith in the safety of ships, and whom he constantly joked on his bad sailorship, as the Baron suffered dreadfully from seasickness. He made some observations to me as to our men's allowance of provisions, and seemed surprised that they had cocoa and sugar, and asked how long they had had that indulgence. I told him they were indebted to him for it; that the Continental system had done this good for sailors, that as we could not send our cocoa and sugar to the Continent, the Government had made that addition to the allowance of the men. We now tacked, and stood over toward the Corsican shore, passing a small vessel that he was very anxious for me to hail for news. I told him we could not get near enough for that purpose, as she was to windward, crossing us on the opposite tack. We were then at table; he whispered to me to fire at her and bring her down. I expressed my surprise at his request, as it would *denationalize* her (referring to his Milan decree). He pinched my ear, and laughed, remarking that the Treaty of Utrecht directs that when vessels are boarded it shall be done out of gunshot. It was on this occasion, he said, that England was not prepared for the steps he took in retaliation, upon her blockading an entire line of coast from the river Elbe to Brest; it was that which forced him to take possession of Holland. America behaved with spirit, he said; adding that he thought their state correspondence was very well managed, and contained much sound reasoning. I asked him if he issued his famous Milan decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us. He said he was angry with America for suffering her flag to be denationalized.[1] He spoke long on this subject, and said that America had justice on her side; he rather expected America to invade Mexico. He said the expedition against Copenhagen was most unjust, and from every point of view bad policy; and that, after all, we only took a few vessels that were of no use to us; that the gross injustice of attacking a weaker nation, without a cause and without a declaration of war, did us infinite harm. I observed that it was at that time believed that their fleet was sold to him.

In speaking of Toulon, he remarked that he found great inconvenience in being obliged to complete the provisions and stores after the ships went out of the inner harbors, as it gave information of his intentions to British cruisers. To avoid this, he sent the *Rivoli* out from Venice on a camel,[2] with her guns, stores, and provisions on board. He meant to form an establishment for building men-of-war at Bouc, near the mouth of the Rhone, instead of at Toulon, the timber of which was to be brought there by a canal from the Rhone, and that he intended to make Toulon a port of equipment. In speaking of Cherbourg, he described the basin cut out of the solid rock, with docks for ships, executed by his orders, and drew with a pencil on a plan I have of the town a line of fortifications erected for its defense against any expedition from England, which it seemed he expected. The entrance is mined at each side. The Empress Marie Louise visited Cherbourg (when he was in Dresden) at the completion of the works last year. He said he had in his possession what would be invaluable to England, and spoke of the weak and strong points of the empire. Some remarks arising from this observation, he said: "France is nothing without Antwerp; for, while Brest and Toulon are blockaded, a fleet can be equipped there, wood being brought from Poland." He never would consent to give it up, having sworn at his coronation not to diminish France. He had the Elbe sounded and surveyed carefully, and found that it was as favorable as the Scheldt for great naval establishments near Hamburg.

He told me his plans for the navy were on a gigantic scale; he would have had three hundred sail of the line. I observed that it was impossible for him to man half the number. He said the naval conscription, with the enlistment of foreigners which he could have from all parts of Europe, would supply men enough for the whole of the navy; that the Zuyder Zee is particularly well fitted for exercising conscripts. Having expressed some doubts as to the merits of his conscript sailors, he said I was mistaken, and asked my opinion of the Toulon fleet, which I had had frequent opportunities of seeing manœuver in the presence of our fleet. He begged I would tell him frankly what I thought of it.

The conscripts were trained or exercised for two years in schooners and small craft, and his

[1] All this is exactly as in original.—W. H. U.

[2] A water-tight structure placed beneath a ship to raise it in the water, in order to assist its passage over a shoal or bar.— EDITOR.

best officers and seamen were appointed to command them. They were constantly at sea, either to protect the coasting trade or for exercising. He had not calculated on their becoming perfect seamen by these means, but had intended to send squadrons out to the East and West Indies, not for the purpose of attacking the colonies, but for perfecting the men, and annoying, at the same time, the commerce of England. He calculated upon losing some ships, but said he could spare them; that they would be well paid for.

While on this subject, he surprised me by explaining to Baron Koller, and that very well, a very nice point of seamanship — viz., that of keeping a ship clear of her anchor in a tideway. He admired much the regularity with which the duty of the ship was carried on, everything being so well timed, and, above all, the respect observed by different ranks of officers to one another and to the quarter-deck. He thought this most essential to good discipline, and was not surprised that we were so tenacious of the slightest deviation from it. He said that he endeavored to introduce this into the French navy, but could not drive it into the heads of his captains.

The wind still continuing to the eastward, with a heavy sea, we stood in to get well within the Corsican shore. Having carried away the leech-ropes of the fore- and maintopsails, we repaired them aloft, close reefed them, and sent down topgallant-yards and royalmasts. There now being every appearance of bad weather, I mentioned my intention, if the gale increased, of anchoring at Bastia. Napoleon seemed most desirous that we should anchor at Ajaccio. I explained to him that it was much out of our course. He proposed Calvi, with which he was perfectly acquainted, mentioning the depth of water, with other remarks on the harbor, etc., which convinced me that he would have made us an excellent pilot had we touched there.

This evening we fell in and exchanged numbers with the *Berwick*, *Aigle*, and *Alcmene*, with a convoy. I invited Sir John Lewis and Captain Coghlan to dine with me. When they came on board I presented them to Napoleon; he asked them various questions about their ships, their sailing and other qualities. Captain Coghlan was not a little surprised by his asking him if he were not an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. All this night we carried sail to get inshore, the *Aigle* and *Alcmene* keeping company. At daylight we saw the town of Calvi bearing south. Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual; he seemed in high spirits, looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing-places, etc. As we closed with the shore the wind moderated. During the bad weather Napoleon remained constantly on deck, and was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship. This was not the case, however, with his attendants, who suffered a good deal.

The wind now coming off the land, we hauled close inshore. Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days. We rounded a bold, rocky cape, within two or three cables'-lengths, and Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Koller, said he thought a walk on shore would do them good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The Baron whispered that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to listen to his suggestion.

We now hauled in toward the Gulf of St. Florent, fired a gun, and brought to a felucca from Genoa, who informed us that Sir Edward Pellew, the commander-in-chief, and fleet were lying there. We then shaped our course for Cape Corso, which we passed in the night. In the morning we tacked, and stood toward Capraja Isle, and, observing colors flying at the castle, stood close in and hove to. A deputation came off from the island, requesting me to take possession of it, and informing me that there was a French garrison in the castle. I accordingly sent Lieutenant Smith with a party of seamen to hoist the British colors for its protection. Napoleon held a long conversation with the members of the deputation, who expressed the utmost surprise at finding their Emperor on board an English man-of-war. Having now made all sail, and shaped our course for Elba, Napoleon became very impatient to see it, and asked if we had every sail set. I told him we had set all that could be of any use. He said, "Were you in chase of an enemy's frigate, should you make more sail?" I looked, and, seeing that the starboard topgallant stunsail was not set, observed that if I were in chase of an enemy I should certainly carry it. He replied, that if it could be of use in that case, it might be so now. I mention this anecdote to show what a close observer he was; in fact, nothing escaped him. When the man stationed at the masthead hailed the deck that Elba was right ahead, he became exceedingly impatient, went forward to the forecastle, and as soon as the land could be seen from the deck was very particular in inquiring what colors were flying on the batteries. He seemed to doubt the garrison's having given in their adhesion to the Bourbons, and, it appears, not without some reason, as they had, in fact, done so only during the preceding forty-eight hours; so that, if we had had a fair wind, I should have found the island in the hands of the enemy, and consequently must have taken my charge to the commander-in-chief, who

would, no doubt, have ordered us to England. On nearing Elba, General Drouot, Comte Clam (aide-de-camp to Prince Schwarzenberg), and Lieutenant Hastings, the first lieutenant of the *Undaunted*, were sent ashore, commissioned by Napoleon to take possession of the island. Colonel Campbell accompanied them. They were conducted to the house of General Dalheme, who had received orders from the provisional Government only two days before, in consequence of which he and his troops had given in their adhesion to Louis XVIII., and had hoisted the white flag. The general expressed his desire to do whatever should be agreeable to the Emperor.

May 3, 1814. One part of Drouot's instructions from Napoleon mentioned his desire to receive the names of all officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who would wish to enter into his service. He desired also a deputation of the principal inhabitants to come off to him. About 8 P. M. we anchored at the entrance to the harbor, and soon after the deputation waited upon Napoleon. There had been originally about 3000 troops, but the desertion and the discharge of discontented foreigners had reduced the number to about 700. The island had been in a state of revolt for several weeks, in consequence of which the troops were shut up in the fortifications which surrounded the town of Porto Ferrajo.

During the night an Austrian officer was sent off in one of my boats to Piombino, to invite a renewal of communication and to obtain news, etc. This was done by a letter from the commissioners to the commandant, who, however, politely declined communication with us, at the same time stating that he had written to his superior for his permission to do so.

May 4. Napoleon was on deck at daylight, and talked for two hours with the harbor-master, who had come on board to take charge of the ship as pilot, questioning him minutely about the anchorage, fortifications, etc. At six we weighed anchor, and made sail into the harbor; anchored at half-past six at the Mole Head, hoisted out all the boats, and sent some of the baggage on shore. At eight the Emperor asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and requested me to go with him. He wore a great-coat and a round hat. Comte Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent (chief engineer) went with us; Baron Koller declined doing so. When half-way ashore Napoleon remarked that he was without a sword, and soon afterward asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination. We walked for about two hours. The peasants, taking us for Englishmen, cried, "Viva!" which seemed to displease him.

We returned on board to breakfast. He afterward fixed upon a flag for Elba, requesting me to remain while he did so. He had a book with all the ancient and modern flags of Tuscany; he asked my opinion of that which he had chosen. It was a white flag with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees on the band (the bees were in his arms as emperor of France). He then requested me to allow the ship's tailor to make two, one of them to be hoisted on the batteries at one o'clock. At 2 P. M. the barge was manned; he begged me to show him the way down the side of the vessel, which I did, and was soon followed by the Emperor, Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, and Comte Clam. The yards being manned, we fired a royal salute, as did two French corvettes which were lying in the harbor at that time. The ship was surrounded by boats with the principal inhabitants and bands of music on board; the air resounded with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" On landing, he was received by the prefect, the clergy, and all the authorities, and the keys were presented to him on a plate, upon which he made a complimentary speech to the prefect, the people welcoming him with loud acclamations.

We proceeded to the church through a double file of soldiers, and thence to the hôtel de ville, where the principal inhabitants were assembled, with several of whom he conversed. Remarking an old soldier in the crowd (he was a sergeant, I believe, and wore the order of the Legion of Honor), he called him to him, and recollected having given him that decoration on the field of battle at Eylau. The old soldier shed tears; the idea of being remembered by his Emperor fairly overcame him. He felt, I doubt not, that it was the proudest day of his life. Napoleon afterward mounted a horse, and, attended by a dozen persons, visited some of the outworks, having, before leaving the ship, invited me to dine with him at seven o'clock. I ordered all my wine and stock to be handed to him for his use, the island being destitute of provisions of that sort.

May 5. At 4 A. M., I was awakened by shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and by drums beating; Napoleon was already up, and going on foot over the fortifications, magazines, and storehouses. At ten he returned to breakfast, and at two mounted his horse, and I accompanied him two leagues into the country. He examined various country-houses, and gave money to all the poor we met on the road. At seven he returned to dinner. I should remark that, before leaving the *Undaunted*, Napoleon requested that a party of fifty marines might accompany him, and remain on shore; but this he afterward changed to an officer

and two sergeants, one of whom, O'Gorum (one of the bravest and best soldiers I ever met, and to whom the Emperor had taken a great fancy), he selected to sleep on a mattress outside the door of his bedchamber, with his clothes and sword on. A *valet de chambre* slept on another mattress in the same place, and if Napoleon lay down during the day, the sergeant remained in the antechamber.

May 6, at 6 A. M., we crossed the bay in my barge, and found horses waiting for us. We rode to Rion to see the famous iron mountains. We visited several mines, and likewise a temple built by the ancients, and dedicated by them to Jupiter. The road to the latter is highly romantic and beautiful, but is difficult of access, being situated on the summit of a steep and lofty mountain. This obliged us to dismount, and we walked through a thick covert of beautiful trees and shrubs till we arrived at the temple. We saw also a small museum very nicely kept, which contained many fine specimens of the ores of the adjoining mines, two or three of which Napoleon presented to me. He expressed a wish to see the principal mine, and, when everything was prepared, asked Baron Koller, me, and one or two of the party to accompany him. The others politely declined; I, however, accepted his invitation. Two guides with torches accompanied us.

When we arrived at the middle of what appeared to be an immense cavern, the guides suddenly struck the ground with their torches, and all the cave became instantly and splendidly illuminated. At the moment I expected an explosion; Napoleon may have thought so too, but he very coolly took a pinch of snuff, and desired me to follow him.

At Rion the "Te Deum" was chanted, I suppose for the first time, as the officiating priest did not seem to understand his business. In passing through Rion a salute was fired, and Napoleon was received with loud acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur!" The people seemed very anxious to see him; several old women presented petitions, and numbers pressed forward to kiss his hand. At five we embarked in the barge, and crossed the harbor to Porto Ferrajo. At seven we sat down to dinner. He spoke of his intention of taking possession of Pianosa, a small island without inhabitants, about ten miles from Elba. He said "All Europe will say that I have already made a conquest."[1] Already he had plans in agitation for conveying water from the mountains to the city. It appears always to have been considered by him of the first importance to have a supply of good water for the inhabitants of towns, and upon this occasion it was evidently the first thing that occupied his mind, having, almost immediately after arrival, requested me to go with him in the barge in search of water.

One day, exploring for this purpose, he remarked the boats of the *Undaunted* getting water in a small creek; he said he was quite sure that good water was to be found there. I asked him why he thought so. He said: "Depend upon it, sailors know where to find the best. There are no better judges." We landed at this place, as he desired to taste the water. Jack made the rim of his hat into what is called a "cocked hat," and filled it with water. Napoleon was amused at the contrivance, tasted the water, and pronounced it excellent. The channeling of the streets he also thought of the greatest importance, and requested me to allow the carpenter of the ship to go to him (having learned he was a tolerably good engineer), that he might consult him about forcing the sea water by means of pumps to the summit of the hill. I believe he afterward abandoned his sea-water plan; which would have been attended with great expense. He had plans also for a palace and a country-house, and a house for Princess Pauline, stables, a lazaretto, and a quarantine ground. About the latter he asked my opinion.

May 7. Napoleon was employed visiting the town and fortifications. After breakfast he again embarked in the barge, and visited the different storehouses round the harbor. In making excursions into the country he was accompanied by a dozen officers and the captain of the *gendarmerie;* and one of the *fourriers de palais* always went before, and sometimes a party of *gendarmes à pied.*

After taking our places in the barge, some of the party keeping their hats off, he desired them to put them on, remarking, "We are together here as soldiers."[2] The fishing for the tunny is carried on here by one of the richest inhabitants, who from poverty has amassed a large fortune; he employs a great number of the poor, and has considerable influence. The removal of his stores to a very inferior building, to make way for a stable for the Emperor's horses, is likely to give great offense.

May 8. The *Curaçoa*, Captain Towers, arrived here with Mr. Locker, secretary to Sir Edward Pellew, commander-in-chief. He requested an audience to present to the Emperor a copy of the treaty of peace. Napoleon received Mr. Locker very graciously, and seemed to read the treaty with deep interest; Baron Koller, Comte Bertrand, Drouot, General Dalheme, Colonel Campbell, Captain Towers, and I were present. Having read and folded it, he returned it to Mr. Locker,

[1] "Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai déjà fait une conquête."

[2] "Nous sommes ici ensemble en soldats."

expressing his obligations to the commander-in-chief.

May 9. Baron Koller, having demanded an audience, took leave of the Emperor, and embarked in the *Curaçoa* for Genoa. This day I accompanied Napoleon to Longone, where we lunched amid repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Longone is a place of considerable strength; the works are regular, the bay is small, but there is a safe anchorage within. Many old people presented petitions, and girls brought flowers, which he accepted with much condescension, talking to all, but particularly to those that were pretty. A young lad fell on his knees before him, either to ask charity or merely as a mark of respect; he turned to Colonel Campbell and said, "Ah! I know the Italians well; it is the education of the monks. One does not see that among the northern people."[1] On proceeding a little farther we met two well-dressed young women, who saluted him with compliments. One of them, the youngest, told him with great ease and gaiety that she had been invited to the ball at Longone two days before, but as the Emperor did not attend it, as was expected, she had remained at home.

Instead of returning by the same road, he turned off by goat-paths, to examine the coast, humming Italian airs, which he does very often, and seemed quite in spirits. He expressed his fondness for music, and remarked that this reminded him of passing Mont St. Bernard, and of a conversation he had had with a young peasant upon that occasion. The man, he said, not knowing who he was, spoke freely of the happiness of those who possessed a good house and a number of cattle, etc. He made him enumerate his greatest wants and desires, and afterward sent for him and gave him all that he had described; "That cost me 60,000 francs."[2]

May 10. Napoleon rode to the top of the highest hill above Porto Ferrajo, whence we could perceive the sea from four different points, and apparently not an English mile in a straight line in any direction from the spot where we stood. After surveying it for some time, he turned round and laughed, "Eh, my isle is very small."[3] On the top of this hill is a small chapel, and a house where a hermit had resided until his death. Some one remarked that it would require more than common devotion to induce persons to attend service there. "Yes, yes; the priest can say as much nonsense as he wishes."[4]

On the evening of the ninth, after his return from Longone, he entered upon the subject of the armies and their operations at the close of the last campaign, and continued it for half an hour, until he rose from table. After passing into the presence-chamber, the conversation again turned on the campaign, his own policy, the Bourbons, etc., and he continued talking with great animation till midnight, remaining on his legs for three hours. He described the operations against the allies as always in his favor while the numbers were in any sort of proportion; that in one affair against the Prussians, who were infinitely the best, he had only 700 infantry *en tirailleurs*, with 2000 cavalry and three battalions of his guards in reserve, against double their number. The instant these old soldiers showed themselves, the affair was decided.

He praised General Blücher: "The old devil has always attacked me with the same vigor; if he was beaten, an instant afterward he was ready again for the combat."[5] He then described his last march from Arcis to Brienne; said that he knew Schwarzenberg would not stand to fight him, and that he hoped to destroy half his army. Upon his retreat, he had already taken an immense quantity of baggage and guns. When it was reported to him that the enemy had crossed the Aube to Vitry, he was induced to halt; he would not, however, credit it till General Gérard assured him that he saw 20,000 infantry. He was overjoyed at this assurance, and immediately returned to St. Dizier, where he attacked Wintzingerode's cavalry, which he considered the advance-guard of Schwarzenberg's army; drove them before him a whole day, like sheep, at full gallop, took 1500 or 2000 prisoners, and some light pieces of artillery, but, to his surprise, did not see any army, and again halted. His best information led him to believe that they had returned to Troyes. Accordingly he marched in that direction, and then ascertained, after a loss of three days, that the armies of Schwarzenberg and Blücher had marched upon Paris. He then ordered forced marches, and went forward himself (with his suite and carriages) on horseback night and day. Never were he and his friends more gay and confident. He knew, he said, all the workmen of Paris would fight for him. What could the allies do with such a force? The national guards had only to barricade the streets with casks, and it would be impossible for the enemy to advance before he arrived to their assistance. At 8 A. M., a few

1 "Ah! je connais bien les Italiens; c'est education des moines. On ne voit pas cela parmi le peuple du nord."

2 "Cela m'a couté 60,000 francs."

3 "Eh, mon île est bien petite."

4 "Oui, oui; le prêtre peut dire autant des bêtises qu'il veut."

5 "Le vieux diable m'a toujours attaqué avec la même vigueur; s'il était battu, un instant après il se recontrait prêt pour le combat."

leagues from Paris, he met a column of stragglers, who stared at him, and he at them. "What does this mean?"[1] he demanded. They stopped and seemed stupefied: "What! it is the Emperor!"[2] They informed him that they had retreated through Paris; he was still confident of success. His army burned with desire to attack the enemy and to drive them out of the capital. He knew very well what Schwarzenberg would risk, and the composition of the allied army compared with his own; that Schwarzenberg never would hazard a general battle with Paris in his rear, but would take a defensive position on the other side. He himself would have engaged the enemy at various points for two or three hours, then have marched with his 30 battalions of guards and 80 pieces of cannon, himself at the head, upon one part of their force. Nothing could have withstood that; and although his inferiority of numbers would not have enabled him to hope for a complete victory, yet he should have succeeded in killing a great number of the enemy and in forcing them to abandon Paris and its neighborhood. What he would afterward have done must have depended on various circumstances. Who could have supposed that the senate would have dishonored themselves by assembling under the force of 20,000 foreign bayonets (a timidity unexampled in history), and that a man who owed everything to him — who had been his aide-de-camp, and attached to him for twenty years — would have betrayed him! Still, it was only a fraction which ruled Paris under the influence of the enemy's force; the rest of the nation was for him. The army would, almost to a man, have continued to fight for him, but with so great an inferiority in point of numbers that it would have been certain destruction to many of his friends and a war for years. He preferred, therefore, to sacrifice his own rights.

It was not for the sake of a crown that he had continued the war; it was for the glory of France, and not for the sake of plans which he saw no prospect of realizing. He had wished to make France the first nation in the world; now it was at an end. "I have abdicated; at present I am a dead man!"[3] He repeated the latter phrase several times. In remarking on his confidence in his own troops and the Old Guard, and on the want of union among the allies, he referred to Colonel Campbell to say candidly if it were not so. Colonel Campbell told him it was; that he had never seen any considerable portion of the French army, but every one spoke of the Emperor and his Old Guard as if there was something more than human about them. Napoleon said that the inferiority which he conceived of Schwarzenberg's army was justly founded — it had no confidence in itself or in its allies; each party thought he did too much, and his allies too little, and that they were half-beaten before they closed with the French. He sneered at Marmont's anxiety for his life: "Was there ever anything so artless as that capitulation?"[4] Marmont wished to protect his person, but deserted, leaving him and the whole of his comrades open to the surprise of the enemy; for it was his corps which covered the whole front. The night previous Marmont said to him, "I answer for my corps d'armée."[5] So he might. The officers and soldiers were enraged when they found what had been done — 8000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and 60 pieces of cannon. "Voilà l'histoire!" He animadverted on Marmont's conduct before Paris, saying, "Who ever heard of such a thing — two hundred pieces of artillery in the Champs de Mars and only sixty on the heights of Montmartre!" General Dalheme asked if he had not fought with vigor.

This was nearly all that passed at that time. After accompanying him into another room, he resumed the conversation, enlarging upon the general state of his army and the policy of France. He seemed to repent his abdication, and said that had he known that it was owing only to the treachery of Augereau that his army fell back behind Lyons, he would have united his own to it even after Marmont's capitulation. He animadverted strongly upon the conduct of Augereau, yet he met him with all the kindness of a friend. The first idea of his defection struck him after separating from him on the road between Valence and Lyons. The spirit of the troops was such that he durst not remain among them, for on his arrival many old soldiers and officers came up to him weeping, and said they had been betrayed by Augereau, and requested Napoleon to put himself at their head. He had an army of 30,000 fine men, many of them from the army of Spain, which ought to have kept its ground against the Austrians. He again spoke of Marmont's defection, saying that it was reported to him in the morning, but that he did not believe it; that he rode out and met Berthier, who confirmed it from an undoubted source. He referred to the armistice between Lord Castlereagh and Talleyrand, saying that he thought the allies were pursuing a bad policy with regard to France by reducing her so much, for it would wound the pride of every man there. They might have left her much more power without any risk of seeing

1 "Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?"
2 "Quoi! c'est l'Empereur!"
3 "J'ai abdiqué; à présent je suis un homme mort!"
4 "Fut-il jamais rien si naïf que cette capitulation?"
5 "Pour mon corps d'armée j'en réponds."

her again on an equality with several other powers.

France had no longer any fleet or colonies; a peace would not restore ships or San Domingo. Poland no longer existed, nor Venice; these went to aggrandize Russia and Austria. Spain, which is the natural enemy of Great Britain, more so than of France, was incapable of doing anything as an ally. If to these sacrifices were added that of a disadvantageous treaty of commerce with Great Britain, the people of France would not remain tranquil under it, "not even six months after the foreign powers have quitted Paris."[1] He then remarked that a month had already elapsed, and the King of France had not yet come over to the people who had placed him on the throne. He said England now would do as she pleased; the other powers were nothing in comparison. "For twenty years at least no power can make war against England, and she will do as she wishes."[2] Holland would be entirely subservient to her. The armistice gave no information as to the ships at Antwerp or in the Texel. "The brave Verhuel continues to defend himself."[3] (This admiral commanded the ships at Antwerp.) He then enumerated the ships he had in each of the ports, saying that in three or four years he would have had three hundred sail of the line—"What a difference for France!"[4] with many other remarks in the same strain.

Colonel Campbell remarked, "But we do not know why your Majesty wishes to annihilate us." He laughed and replied, "If I had been minister of England, I would have tried to make her the greatest power in the world."[5] Napoleon frequently spoke of the invasion of England; that he never intended to attempt it without a superiority of fleet to protect the flotilla. This superiority would have been attained for a few days by leading ours out to the West Indies, and suddenly returning. If the French fleet arrived in the Channel three or four days before ours, it would be sufficient. The flotilla would immediately push out, accompanied by the fleet, and the landing might take place on any part of the coast, as he would march direct to London. He preferred the coast of Kent, but that must have depended on wind and weather; he would have placed himself at the disposal of naval officers and pilots, to land the troops wherever they thought they could do so with the greatest security and in the least time. He had 1,000,000 men, and each of the flotilla had boats to land them; artillery and cavalry would soon have followed, and the whole could have reached London in three days. He armed the flotilla merely to lead us to suppose that he intended it to fight its way across the Channel; it was only to deceive us. It was observed that we expected to be treated with great severity in case of his succeeding, and he was asked what he would have done had he arrived in London. He said it was a difficult question to answer; for a people with spirit and energy, like the English, was not to be subdued even by taking the capital. He would certainly have separated Ireland from Great Britain, and the occupying of the capital would have been a death-blow to our funds, credit, and commerce. He asked me to say frankly whether we were not alarmed at his preparation for invading England.

He entered into a long conversation with Comte Drouot, who was with Admiral Villeneuve in the action with Sir Robert Calder, and said that Villeneuve was not wanting either in zeal or talents, but was impressed with a great idea of the British navy. After the action, he was entreated by all the officers to pursue the British squadron and to renew the action. Napoleon said that about the end of the campaign of 1804, before England had seized the Spanish galleons, and before he had obtained from Spain an entire and frank coöperation, having then no auxiliary but the Dutch, he wished to run the Toulon fleet through the Straits, unite it to six sail of the line at Rochefort, and to the Brest fleet, which consisted of twenty-three sail of the line, and with this combined force to appear before Boulogne, there to be joined by the Dutch fleet, thus securing the passage and landing of his troops. He said he was diverted from his intentions by the Austrians.

At the death of Admiral De la Touche-Tréville, one of his ablest admirals, Villeneuve was appointed commander-in-chief at Toulon, and hoisted his flag on the *Bucentaure*. His squadron consisted of four 80-gun ships, eight 74-gun ships, six frigates, and 7000 troops. On March 30, 1805, Admiral Villeneuve sailed from Toulon, and on April 7 was before Carthagena, waiting a reinforcement of six Spanish sail of the line. These ships not being ready, he pursued his course about the middle of April, appeared before Gibraltar, and chased Sir John Orde, who, with five sail of the line, was before Cadiz.

Admiral Villeneuve was joined by a seventy-four and two corvettes, and by Admiral Gravina with six sail of the line and 2000 troops,

1 "Pas même six mois après que les puissances étrangères quittèrent Paris."

2 "Pour vingt années au moins aucune puissance ne peut faire guerre contre l'Angleterre, et elle fera ce qu'elle veut."

3 "Le brave Verheul se défend toujours."

4 "Quelle différence pour la France."

5 "Si j'avais été ministre d'Angleterre, j'aurais tâché d'en faire la plus grande puissance du monde."

making eighteen sail of the line in all. May 9, Villeneuve opened his sealed orders, and gave Admiral Gravina his instructions, which were to separate with his squadron, reinforce the garrison of Porto Rico and Havana, and rejoin him at a prescribed rendezvous. Villeneuve anchored at Martinique on May 14, and heard that Admiral Missiessy had just left the West Indies. Missiessy sailed from Rochefort June 11, his squadron consisting of six sail of the line, three frigates, and 3000 troops, his flag-ship being the *Majestueux*.

Napoleon said he was visiting the fortresses on the Rhine when he wrote the orders for these expeditions — the first to reinforce Martinique and Guadaloupe, and to take Dominica and St. Lucia; the second to take Surinam and its dependencies, and to strengthen San Domingo; the third to St. Helena. It was before he quitted Milan to visit the departments of the East that he learned of the return of the Rochefort squadron. He blamed the precipitation with which Dominica had been abandoned. He saw in this fortunate cruise the advantage he had gained; he felicitated himself in having concealed the secret of the destination of Villeneuve; still, he was uneasy about Nelson. In his despatch written at the moment of his departure from Milan he said: "It is uncertain what Nelson intends doing. It is very possible that the English, having sent a strong squadron to the East Indies, have ordered Nelson to America. I am, however, of the opinion that he is still in Europe; the most natural supposition is that he has returned to England to refit, and to turn his men over to other vessels, as some of his ships need docking." He impressed on the mind of the Minister of Marine the importance he attached to Villeneuve's having the means of victualing the fleet at Ferrol. He said, with respect to the Rochefort squadron, that the English would no doubt send a squadron after them. "One must not calculate upon what it is the duty of the admiralty to do, with 100,000 men at Boulogne, seven sail of the line in the Texel, with an army of 30,000 men and a fleet of twenty-two sail of the line at Brest. It may happen that Villeneuve will return suddenly; but he might also direct his course to India or to Jamaica. What responsibility, then, weighs on the heads of the ministry if they allow months to pass without sending a force to protect the colonies! It is scarcely probable that England can at any time assemble sixty-five sail of the line. Word must be sent to Villeneuve the moment he arrives at Ferrol, as nothing gives greater courage and clears the ideas so well as knowing the position of the enemy.

"It is true that the English have 111 sail of the line, of which three are guard-ships, and sixteen prison-ships and hospitals. There remain, then, ninety-two, out of which twenty are undergoing repairs (that is, not ready for sea); there remain seventy-two, the disposition of which is, probably, eight or ten in India, three or four at Jamaica, three or four at Barbadoes, making fourteen or eighteen, leaving fifty-four or fifty-eight with which it is necessary to blockade Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, and to follow Villeneuve and Missiessy. The following is the state of our force: Twenty-two at Brest, fifteen at Cadiz, twelve at Ferrol, twenty with Villeneuve, one at Lorient, five with Missiessy — total seventy-five. The fifteen at Cadiz occupy only five English; deduct ten from seventy-five, there remain sixty-five which could be united. It is scarcely possible that the English at any time can assemble sixty-five."

Villeneuve, having sailed to the West Indies, was pursued by Nelson. He left the anchorage at Martinique on May 21, captured a convoy off Barbadoes, and another off the Azores, fell in with and captured a privateer, with a rich prize, a galleon. He was afterward reinforced by Admiral Magon de Clos-Doré, with two sail of the line, and received from him instructions to proceed to Ferrol, where he could be reinforced by five sail of the line under the command of Rear-Admiral Gourdon, and six sail of the line (Spaniards, under the command of Grandelina), and a third squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Lallemand, consisting of five sail of the line (formerly under the command of Missiessy). It was with this fleet of about forty sail of the line that Villeneuve, driving away Admiral Cornwallis from Brest, would necessarily open the passage for Admiral Gautheaume, who had twenty-two sail of the line, and form at the entrance to the Channel sixty-two sail of the line, six 3-deckers, nine 80-gun ships, and forty-seven seventy-fours, for the purpose of covering the 2283 transports of which the flotilla consisted. Such was Napoleon's plan, the execution of which was defeated by Villeneuve, who after the action with Sir Robert Calder, went into Vigo, landed his wounded, and, leaving three sail of the line there, ran into Corunna, where he was reinforced by six sail of the line (French), and ten sail of the line (Spanish), making thirty-one sail of the line.

Napoleon was at Boulogne at that time, and learned from England the situations of the different squadrons. He ordered Gautheaume to anchor at Brest, and to be ready to join Villeneuve with the twenty-two sail of the line, three of them 3-deckers. August 21 Gautheaume anchored in the bay. August 10, the wind being easterly, Villeneuve, having been reinforced by the French and Spanish squadrons under Gourdon, Gravina, and Grandelina, anchored in the bay of Anas, near Ferrol, and put to sea. The 13th, nothing being then in sight,

he first steered northwest, suddenly changed his course to the south, out of sight of land, cruised four days off St. Vincent, and entered Cadiz the 21st, the very day that he was expected at Brest. Lord Collingwood was before Cadiz with four sail of the line; was surprised, and narrowly escaped.

While this was going on, Admiral Lallemand, with four sail of the line, was cruising in the Bay of Biscay. His orders were to cruise to a certain period, then to wait in a particular latitude for orders, and, if none reached him, to proceed to Vigo, the 13th, in order to reinforce Villeneuve. He executed his orders punctually, and anchored on the 16th, two days after Villeneuve had sailed, who, although he expected this reinforcement, had left no orders for Lallemand, compromising by this extraordinary conduct the safety of the squadron. Lallemand, finding no orders, put to sea again, and cruised till December 24. He took a 50-gun ship, a sloop of war, and anchored at Rochefort the 24th of December. Napoleon was at Boulogne when he learned from England the certainty of Villeneuve's arrival at Cadiz. He was furious, saying, "It is treason."

Villeneuve, before leaving Ferrol, said that he was going to Brest, and even wrote to Lallemand, who was to meet him at Vigo. Notwithstanding that he expected this squadron at Vigo, he passed the harbor without sending in. Napoleon ordered the Minister of Marine to make a report of these proceedings.

May 26. Napoleon had been so long expecting his troops, baggage, horses, etc., that he began at length to show signs of impatience, and to suspect the good faith of the French government; but when I informed him that our transports were engaged, and might shortly be expected at Elba, he seemed satisfied, complimented us on our generosity, and added that had he known that our ships were to bring his troops, he should not have had a moment's uneasiness. I dined with Napoleon the following day. While at table a servant announced one of my officers, who wished to see me. It was an officer whom I had stationed at a signal fort that I had established on a commanding height. He reported seven sail in the northwest quarter, standing toward the island. I had no doubt from the number of vessels, and the course that they were taking, that they were the long-expected transports.

Napoleon almost immediately rose from the table, and I accompanied him to his garden, which with his house occupies the highest part of the works, and has a commanding view of the sea toward Italy and the coast of France. Full of anxiety, he stopped at the end of every turn, and looked eagerly for the vessels. We walked till it was quite dark; he was very communicative, and his conversation highly interesting. It was now near midnight. I told him that with a good night-glass I should be able to see them; for with the breeze they had they could not be very far from the island. He brought me a very fine night-glass, made by Donaldson, which enabled me to see the vessels distinctly. They were lying to. He was much pleased, and in the highest spirits wished me good night.

At four in the morning he was out again giving orders. I was awakened by the beating of drums and cries of "Vive l'Empereur." He ordered the harbor-master and pilots out to the transports, made arrangements for the comfort of his troops, and provided stables for one hundred horses. At about seven o'clock the troops were landed, and paraded before Napoleon, who addressed every officer and private. They appeared delighted at seeing their Emperor again. Among the officers were several Poles, remarkably fine young men. At eight o'clock I ordered half the crew of the *Undaunted* to be sent on board the transports, and by four o'clock the whole of the baggage, carriages, horses, etc., was landed, and the transports were ready for sea. During the entire operation Napoleon remained on the quay under an excessively hot sun.

When I informed him that everything was landed, and that the transports were ready for sea, he expressed surprise, and said, pointing to some Italian sailors, "Those fellows would have been eight days doing what your men have done in so many hours; besides, they would have broken my horses' legs, not one of which has received a scratch." General Cambronne, who came in command of the troops, remained in conversation with Napoleon the whole time. At four the Emperor mounted his horse and rode into the country, and returned to dinner at seven. At half-past seven he rose from the table, and I accompanied him to his garden, where we walked till half-past eleven. It was during this conversation that I told him it was generally thought in England that he intended to rebuild Jerusalem, and that which gave rise to the supposition was his convoking of the sanhedrim of the Jews at Paris. He laughed, and said the sanhedrim was convoked for other purposes; it collected Jews who came from all parts of Europe, but particularly from Poland, and from them he obtained information of the state of Poland. He added that they gave him much useful information, that they were well informed as to the real state of the country on every point, and possessed all the information he wanted, and which he was able to turn to account, and found to be perfectly correct. Great numbers came to

Paris on that occasion, among them several Jews from England.

In talking of his marshals, he seemed to regret that he had not allowed some of them to retire. He said they wanted retirement. He ought to have promoted a batch of young men, who would have been attached to him, like Masséna. He considered Gouvion St. Cyr one of his best soldiers. He said Ney was a man who lived on fire, that he would go into the cannon's mouth for him if he were ordered; but he was not a man of talent or education. Marmont was a good soldier, but a weak man. Soult was a talented and good soldier. Bernadotte, he said, had behaved ill on one occasion, and should have been tried by a court-martial; he did not interfere or influence in any way his election by the Swedes. He had a high opinion of Junot, who stood at his side while he was writing a despatch on a drum-head, on the field of battle, during which time a shot passed, tearing up the earth about them. Junot remarked that it was very apropos, as he needed sand to dry his ink.

The following morning I requested an interview before taking leave, on my sailing from Elba to join the commander-in-chief at Genoa. He was alone at the time. He seemed affected, and requested me to prolong my stay at Elba, and asked me if the wind was fair for Genoa. He said, "You are the first Englishman I have been acquainted with," and spoke in a flattering manner of England. He said he felt under great obligations to Sir Edward Pellew, and requested that I would assure him of his gratitude for the attentions shown him; that he hoped, when the war with America was terminated, I would pay him a visit. I told him I had that morning breakfasted with the Comte de Montcabri on board the frigate *Dryade;* that he informed me that the Prince of Essling had had a dispute with Sir Edward Pellew, and that the French government had, in consequence, some intention of removing him from the command at Toulon. He remarked that he was one of his best marshals, a man of superior talent; but that his health was bad in consequence of bursting a blood-vessel. I said it was understood that he was so much displeased with the conduct of the Prince of Essling in the Peninsula that he had ordered him to Barèges. He replied that I was greatly mistaken, that at the time referred to the Prince's health was very delicate, and his physicians recommended him to go to Nice, the place of his birth, and that after his recovery he was given the command of Toulon, which was just then vacant. I requested the Emperor to allow me to present Lieutenant Bailey, the agent of transports, who had been appointed to embark his guards, etc., at Savona. He thanked Lieutenant Bailey for the attention paid to his troops, and for the care which had been taken of his horses, and remarked how extraordinary it was that no accident had happened to them (there were ninety-three) either in the embarkation or disembarkation, and complimented him highly on his skill and attention, adding that our sailors exceeded even the opinion he had long since formed of them.

During this conversation Napoleon gave a remarkable proof of his retentive memory, and of his information on subjects connected with naval matters. Lieutenant Bailey informed him that after the guards had embarked, a violent gale of wind arose, with a heavy sea, which at one time threatened the destruction of the transports, and that he considered Savona a dangerous anchorage. Napoleon remarked that if he had gone to a small bay (I think it was Vado) near Savona, he might have lain there in perfect safety. He requested me to inform the commander-in-chief how much he was satisfied with Lieutenant Bailey's kind and skilful conduct. He then thanked me for my attention to himself, and, embracing me *à la Française*, said, "Adieu, Captain! rely on me. Adieu!"[1] He seemed much affected.

In closing this, I may say that I have endeavored throughout to execute faithfully and zealously the somewhat difficult mission with which I have been charged, but at the same time with that deference and respect for the feelings of Napoleon which have appeared to me no less due to his misfortunes than to his exalted station and splendid talents.

THOMAS USSHER, *Captain R. N.*

[1] "Adieu, Capitaine, comptez sur moi. Adieu!"

LIST OF PERSONS ACCOMPANYING THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

General Koller, Comte Clam — Austrian Envoys.
Colonel Campbell — English Envoy.
Comte Bertrand — Grand Marshal of the Palace.
Comte Druot — General of Division and A. D. C. to the Emperor.
Baron Germanowki — Major of the L. H. Guards.
Chevalier Foureau — First Physician to the Emperor.
Chevalier Baillon, Chevalier Deschamps — Grooms of the Bedchamber.
Chevalier Pérusse — Treasurer.
M. Gatte — Apothecary.
M. Callin — Comptroller to the Household.
M. Rothery — Secretary to the Grand Marshal.
M. Gueval — Clerk to the Comptroller.
M. Pelard, M. Hubert — Valets de Chambre.
M. Sotain — Master of the Ceremonies.
M. Purron — Officer of the Ceremonies.
M. Rousset — Chief Cook.
M. Lafosse — Chief Baker.
M. Gaillard, M. Archambault, M. Poillett, M. Berthault, M. Villenaine — Valets.
Dennis — Keeper of the Wardrobe.
Gandron, Mathiers, Rousseau — Domestics.
Armaudrau — Rider.
Noverve — Body-servant.
Besson, Renaud — Grooms of the State.
Chauvin, Sentini — Couriers.

NOTE. When Colonel Campbell arrived at Marseilles on April 25, he informed me that, having been appointed by Lord Castlereagh to accompany Napoleon to Elba, he arrived at Fontainebleau on the 16th, at nine o'clock in the morning. He met there Comte Bertrand, who expressed the Emperor's anxiety to proceed to his destination, and his wish to change the place of embarkation from St. Tropez to Piombino, as there could be no certainty of his being received by the commandant of Elba, and by going to Piombino that would be previously ascertained. If refused, he might be driven off the island by tempest while waiting permission to land. He expressed the hope that Colonel Campbell would remain at Elba until his affairs were settled; otherwise an Algerine corsair might land and do what he pleased. He seemed much satisfied when Colonel Campbell told him that he had Lord Castlereagh's instructions to remain there for some time, if necessary for the security of Napoleon. After breakfast Comte Flahaut informed the commissioners that the Emperor would see them after he had attended mass. The commissioners were introduced in the following order: Russian guard, Prince Schoovalof, who remained five minutes; Austrian general, Baron Koller, the same time; Comte Truxo, Colonel Campbell, quarter of an hour. Napoleon asked Campbell about his wounds and service, where his family resided, and seemed very affable. Colonel Campbell received from Paris a copy of the order from General Dupont, Minister of War, to the commandant at Elba, to give up the island to Napoleon, taking away the guns, stores, etc. This displeased Napoleon exceedingly; he had a conversation with General Koller on the subject, and requested him to send his aide-de-camp with a note relating to it to Paris, wishing to know how he was to protect himself against any corsair, and saying that if this conduct was continued he would go to England. A note was presented to the commissioners by Comte Bertrand, who added verbally that the Emperor would not disembark unless the guns were left for security and defense.

April 20. The horses were ordered at 9 A. M. The Emperor desired to see General Koller. He spoke warmly against the separation from his wife and child, also of the order for withdrawing the guns from Elba, saying he had nothing to do with the provisional government; his treaty was with the allied sovereigns, and to them he looked for every act. He was not yet destitute of means to continue the war, but it was not his wish to do so. General Koller endeavored to pursuade him that the treaty would be fulfilled with honor. He then sent for Colonel Campbell, and began a conversation similar to the one on the 16th, speaking of service, wounds, etc., the system and discipline of the British army, necessity of corporal punishment, though he thought it should seldom be applied. He was much satisfied at Lord Castlereagh's placing a British man-of-war at his disposal, if he wished it, for convoy or passage, and complimented the nation. He then said he was ready. The Duke of Bassano, General Belliard, Arnano, and four or five others (his aides-de-camp), with about twenty other officers, were in the ante-chamber. On entering the first room there were only General Belliard and Arnano; an aide-de-camp suddenly shut the door, so it is presumed he was taking a particular leave of them; the door then opened, and the aide-de-camp called out, "The Emperor." He passed with a salute and smile, descended into the court, addressed his guards, embraced General Petit and the colors, entered his carriage, and drove off.

April 21. Slept at Brienne in a large hotel, a good supper being provided. The Emperor supped with General Bertrand.

April 22. Slept at Nevers. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" In the morning he sent for Colonel Campbell. The table was laid; so he desired the servant to lay another cover, and invited the colonel to stay and breakfast. General Bertrand also joined them. Napoleon asked Colonel Campbell who commanded in the Mediterranean. He said he did not know for certain, but believed Sir Sidney Smith was one of the admirals. When Comte Bertrand sat down, he said, laughing: "Que pensez-vous, Sidney Smith amiral dans la Mediterranée!" [1] He then related Smith's having thrown several thousand shot from his ships on them without killing a man (this was at Acre). It was his great source, for he paid much for every shot brought in by the men. "Il m' envoya des parlementaires comme un second Marlborough." [2]

April 23. Before the journey this morning, he requested Colonel Campbell to go on, in order to expedite the British man-of-war, and also to write to Admiral Emeriau at Toulon to expedite the French corvette. He sent off to Auxerre to order his heavy baggage, with the escort of 600 guards and horses, to go by land to Piombino; but if that was objected to, to go by Lyons, and to drop down the Rhone. Colonel Campbell proceeded on by Lyons and Aix, when he learned that I was at anchor in the bay of Marseilles, where he arrived the evening of the 25th. The morning of the 20th the commissioners communicated to Comte Bertrand the facilities which had been obtained in regard to the several difficulties presented respecting a director of posts for the horses, and a British man-of-war for convoy or conveyance, and a copy of the order given by General Dupont.

After the formation of the provisional government, a person was asked by Napoleon what he thought of his situation, and whether he thought there were any measures to be taken. He replied in the negative. Napoleon asked what he would do in a similar situation; his questioner said he would blow out his brains. The Emperor reflected a moment. "Oui, je puis faire cela, mais ceux qui me veulent du bien ne pourraient pas en profiter, et ceux qui me veulent du mal, cela leur ferait plaisir." [3]

Thomas Ussher, R. N.

1 "What do you think, Sidney Smith admiral in the Mediterranean!"

2 "He sent me parlementaires like a second Marlborough." ("Parlementaire" means "the bearer of a flag of truce.")

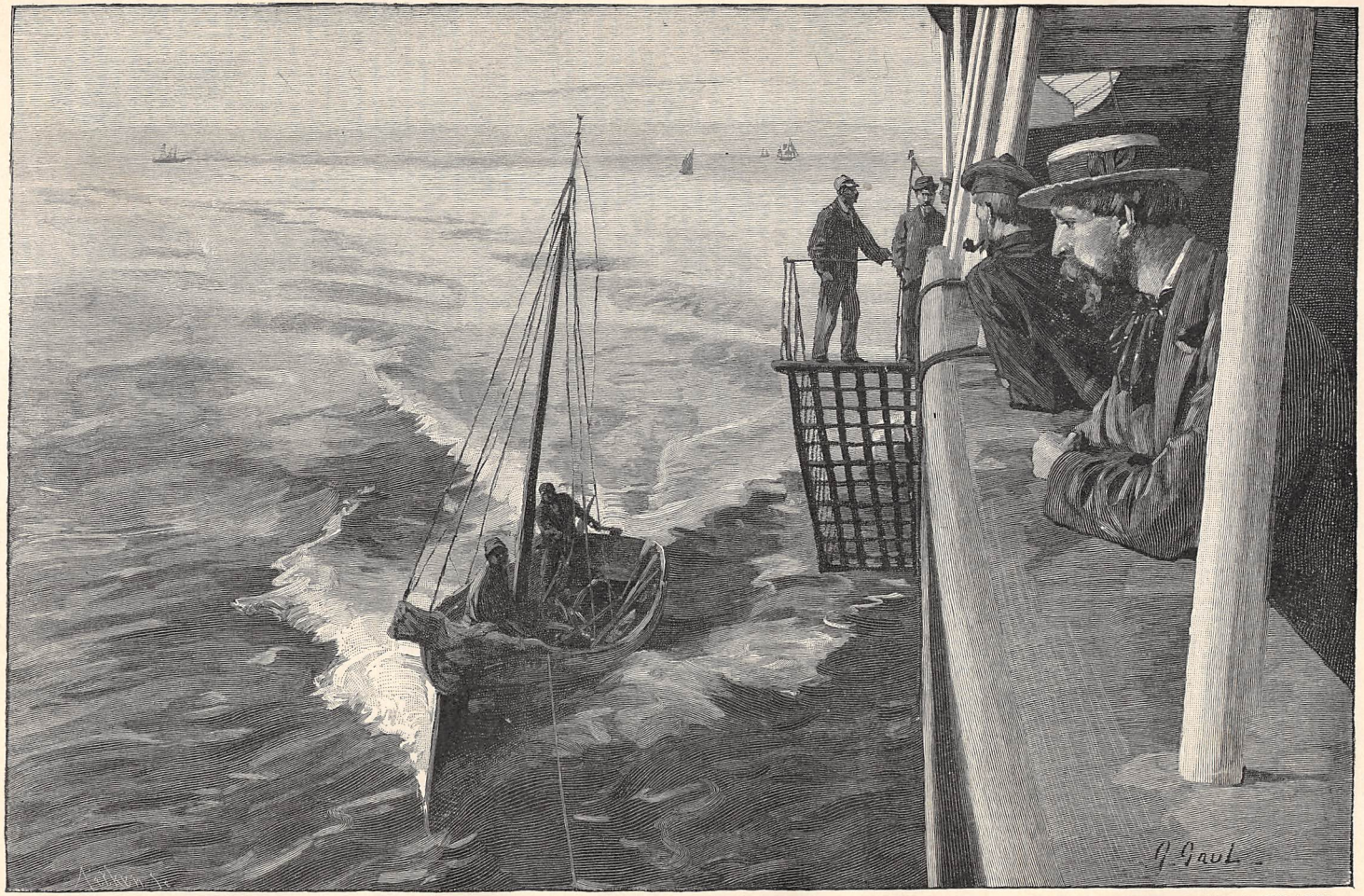
3 "Yes, I can do that, but those who wish me well could not profit by it, and those who wish me harm would be pleased."

JAMAICA.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

WE were bound for the tropics. No more overcoats, no more cold. We had been told that in three days' sail from New York we would be on deck in summer clothing. Could it be true? Then we were on the deck of the steamer *Aquan*, fruiter and freighter, at one of the Brooklyn wharves, the wind howling through the rigging, battling the boards on the side of the wharf building, reddening our noses, and obliging us to stamp up and down to keep alive. There was no steam turned on in the cabin, and it was as cold below as it was on deck. Every one was disconsolate. We turned on our heels to find, if possible, a warm place up by the boilers. It was of no use. We went between decks, and found a dark gangway where we walked up and down. At least we were out of the biting wind there, but the darkness was very oppressive, and the odors were not wholesome; so, after a time, we went on deck, and found all excitement. They were casting off the lines, men were hurrying here and there, officers were shouting, bells ringing, whistles blowing, and we thought we heard the propeller beginning to turn. It was so; we were off. Slowly we passed the end of the pier, and glided out into the open water, by the Battery, and by the forts on the island. The captain quietly remarked that we had better go and eat a good dinner while we were able.

At the table we found about thirty fellow-passengers, but only three ladies among them. That middle-aged gentleman, Major ——, was an American consul. He had been home to recover his health, and was going back now in good trim to try it again. Beside him was Mr. G——, second in charge of the works of the Nicaragua Canal Company. Yonder gentleman on the right was a miner from California, who was going down to see what there was in that gold-mining hurrah in Central America. That young man with the prominent nose and retreating forehead was known as Captain M——. He was not a captain, though,—only a salesman of cash-registers,—but was called captain as a mark of esteem, because he was



THE PILOT.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

able to advise the captain as to the vessel's management when required, and was always ready and willing to do so. We felt very fortunate in having him on board, and no uneasiness as to the successful termination of the voyage; but little did we know how fortunate we were. Only the next trip the fine little steamer ran on a coral reef, and became a wreck. The Warner Miller party were on board, and every one knows the particulars of the affair. Had they been as fortunate as we in having the Captain, the accident might not have occurred.

At that table was my room-mate. He was going to attend to the putting together of some cars at Kingston for the manufacturers. The cars were on the deck, and made the vessel, as some of the old travelers thought, a little too top-heavy to be comfortable; and they were right, as was afterward proved. That stout gentleman was going to inspect his cocoanut-walks in the Southern seas, and expected to be met by one of his schooners at Jamaica.

The meal served was really a good one; and in spite of the fact that the vessel was beginning to roll pretty heavily, we finished our meal, and retired to the smoking-room for our after-dinner cigarettes.

The cabins were by this time comfortably warmed. Dinner, coffee, and cigars had done the work well, and every one was at peace with all the world, and began to take a little interest in his neighbor. A general conversation soon sprang up, and the ice of a first meeting was broken.

Soon, however, all but the old salts retired, one at a time, as the ever-increasing motion began to tell. Some we did not see again until we reached Jamaica. A bull-pup, going out to the Padanca River with his master, rolled off the seat on which he had been sleeping, and after one or two more attempts finally took to the floor for good, but looking as though he did not understand it.

Every one's attention was fixed on the vessel's gallant fight against the storm and on the keeping of his seat. The cuspidors and the pup had a lively time keeping out of one another's way. In spite of the fact that we were in pretty rough water, the little steamer never groaned or creaked once, and gained the admiration of every one. The captain remained on the bridge, and we trustfully talked, smoked, and thought of the

> Shrieking of the mindless wind,
> And on the glass the unmeaning beat
> Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet,

until some one reminded us that it was New Year's eve and near twelve. Liquid refreshment and crackers and cheese were ordered, that we might celebrate the event, after which we retired to our bunks, only to find that it was impossible to sleep. No sooner would one drop off into a doze than a lurch of the ship would wake him with a start, and in a dazed condition he would grab wildly about him, knock his head against the slats of the upper berth, and do any number of foolish things, until, recovering himself,—if he did before finding himself on the floor,—he would take hold of the side of the berth and brace himself, only to go through the same experience again. A steamer trunk, some bottles, two pairs of shoes, brushes, hand-bags, clothing, and other things were having a romp on the floor.

In counting the revolutions of the wheel, and in watching the clothing that hung on the hooks swing backward and forward, the time passed slowly; but it did pass, and at last the gong sounded. After dressing, I took my place at the table, but nothing seemed to be to my taste. I was not in need of breakfast, I concluded. So, taking a cup of coffee, I made my way on deck, and found the captain, the major, and the doctor standing in the cabin doorway. The next minute the major and the doctor were in the scuppers together, wallowing in a foot of water, which soon ran away, and left them stranded. We pulled them back into the doorway, where they braced themselves. I did not laugh at them because I did not feel like laughing, and my coffee did not seem to taste just right; besides, I did not know how soon my turn would come. The major was the only man among the passengers able to eat his breakfast that morning, and was entitled to our respect for that reason.

The worst of the storm was over, the captain said; still, we were rolling guards under, and every wave looked like a mountain as one looked up to it from the trough of the sea.

But the captain was right. About ten o'clock the rain ceased, and all who could went on deck, and found a resting-place on the forehatch. The lookout was clothed in oilskins, and was standing in the lee of one of the deck-houses, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, as he kept turning, the better to see the whole extent of the horizon forward; but I noticed at the time that he looked at us frequently. I think we had been sitting there some fifteen minutes when a deluge of spray came over the boat, drenching us all, and causing us to make a very undignified retreat. By the twinkle in the eye of that man I knew that he had been expecting this to happen.

Yes; they were right about our soon having to discard overcoats and put on summer clothing. Of course we knew it would be so, but it did seem impossible. They might have said, as was the case, that we would find it so un-

bearably hot in our cabins that we would spend considerable of the night on deck, dressed only in our pajamas.

We sighted land several times, sometimes only banks of sand, and at other times long stretches, bright and white, in a sea of the deepest blue, with a few palms back from the shore, and possibly a lighthouse, but we saw no land of importance. The change in color of the ocean is very noticeable as you go south; it becomes bluer and bluer, until it is intense. Schools of flying-fish were constantly rising from the water, and I was surprised at the length of their flight—mentally, so to speak. It was about here that the miner gave us an opportunity to have a laugh at his cabin-mate, who took it good-naturedly, I must admit, and laughed as much as any one. Some one had remarked in the smoking-room that there were a good many rats on the vessel, and that night the miner was awakened by his room-mate, who told him that he thought it was true that the vessel was overrun with rats, for the cabin was full of them. He said they had kept him awake for a long time. "See!" he exclaimed; "there goes one now!"

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A JAMAICA STREET.

sometimes two hundred yards, to make a very safe estimate, distances over water being so difficult to determine. In its bewilderment, one flew in the wrong direction, and, striking a funnel, fell on deck, from which it was unable to rise.

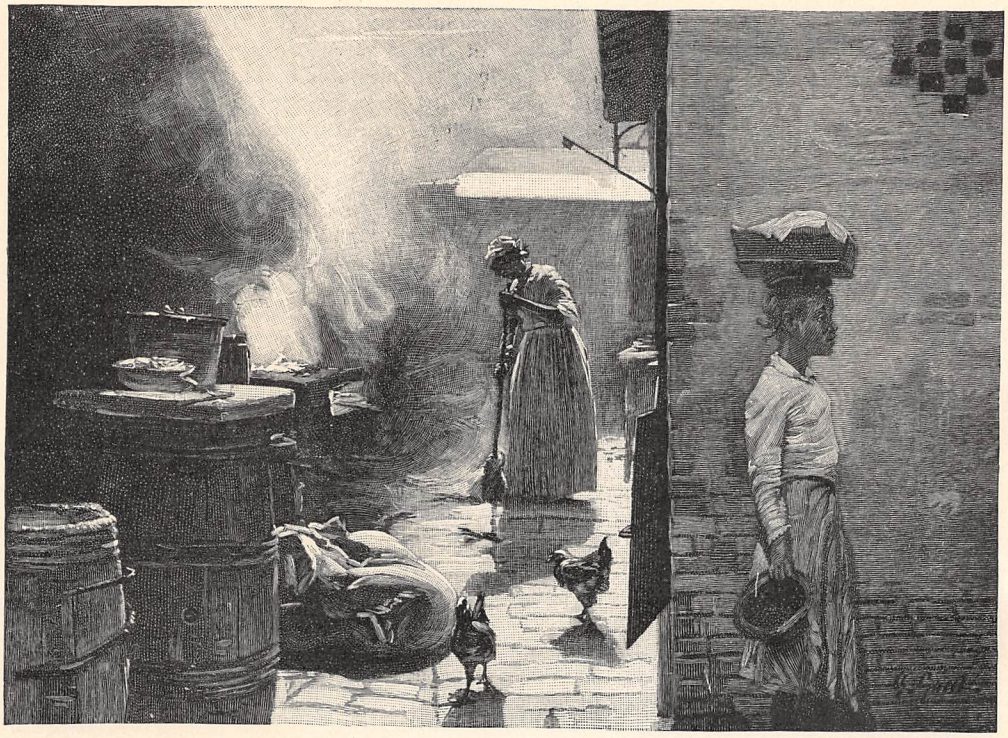
It was about eight inches long, rather heavy, covered with silvery scales, and resembled somewhat our cunner. Its wings were simply enlarged fins, and were as long as the fish itself.

The nautilus was also often seen, looking like a soap-bubble on the water, yet able to weather seas that would send our substantial vessel to the bottom.

All of these things, trivial as they seem, interested us intensely, as always with passengers who for days are obliged to live on themselves

The miner, reaching from his berth for a match, struck a light, and discovered that a paper bag containing oranges had given way, releasing the fruit, which was rolling from one side to the other of the cabin, impelled by the motion of the vessel. The rest of the night was disturbed only by chuckles, at intervals of about a minute, from the miner's berth.

At last we saw Jamaica, or believed we did; but soon we were certain. Larger and darker it grew, greener and greener; soon we could distinguish the palms on the lowlands along the shore. The mountains in the interior rise to a great height, and, when we saw them, were surrounded by masses of clouds that threw picturesque shadows over them. The scene was a beautiful one, and the sail down the coast to the harbor of Kingston charming.



THE KITCHEN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

The sun was low when the pilot came on board and his boat was taken in tow. As it grew darker, this boat and the steamer seemed to be in a sea of fire. I never saw the phosphorescent glow more brilliant than it was there. We dropped anchor outside the harbor, as it was too dark to get in, and in the morning steamed up by the old forts, and fastened to the pier.

The town is pretty well masked by the foliage, and not much of it can be seen from the harbor. Crowds of the inhabitants were to be seen, though, attracted by the arrival of the vessel. They were chiefly blacks; indeed, the population of the island is mostly made up of them, from coal-black to coffee-colored. There are some coolies brought here on contract to do plantation work, and once in a while one may be seen, in strange and picturesque costume, in the town.

The streets are usually narrow, with no sidewalks to speak of, and do not smell sweet. The houses of the better class are stuccoed, and are embowered in fruit- and flower-trees. All are inclosed by high walls. For this reason one feels the town to be inhospitable and uninteresting, except in the poorer districts, where the houses are built of poles, mud, or wattle, and where the people live at the door, with their dogs and pigs about them. They seem very happy, and I doubt if extreme destitution is known among them.

The races were on, and, taking a cab, as the heat was intense, we went up, more to see the people than the horses, although they have some pretty good ones here. We first went up to the grand stand to see the swells of the island; they came with their wives, their families, and some with their lady-loves. Many of the ladies were good-looking, and all of them languid; the vivacity and energy of the New York girl were absolutely wanting. The dresses were gay in color,—light blue, pink, or white,—in silk, linen, or gauze.

Elsewhere soldiers, candy-sellers, poor men, and beggars were happy, chattering to one another about the different horses in a language supposed to be English, making small bets, chewing sugar-cane, and otherwise amusing themselves. We walked back to town, selecting a street that we supposed to be one occupied by the middle class, followed it down to the business portion of the city, and began a search for a good restaurant. There are plenty of them, but none very good. In the one we selected, the kitchen was open to public view, and what we saw was not appetizing, though picturesque. However, there are some very good hotels. The kitchen in the restaurant at which we stopped for dinner was in the courtyard of the building, open to the sun and rain; the floor was of brick, and the chickens and dogs had the freedom of it, and it was littered

with corn-husks, straw, and bits of wood. There was no stove, the fire being built on a stone bench, or platform. The meal was a good one, but how they managed to cook it, with their conveniences, is a mystery.

An open-air concert was given that night, and of course the sight-seer followed the crowd. The grounds were beautifully decorated with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, and fireworks were set off in great quantities. Here one saw all complexions, black predominating. The music was furnished by the military band of one of the native regiments, and was fairly good. We tried to find a seat, but they were all taken; so, settling ourselves in a row on the rim of a large fountain, we chatted away pleasantly until one of our number jumped from his seat with an exclamation more forcible than polite, and began gingerly pulling from his coat-tail pockets a package of wet smoking-tobacco, a box of matches, and a dripping handkerchief, while a smile began to spread itself on the faces of the rest of the party, suddenly to die, however, as each man, with one accord, put his hand behind him, and then stood up. We had all been dangling our coat-tails among the goldfish for fifteen minutes.

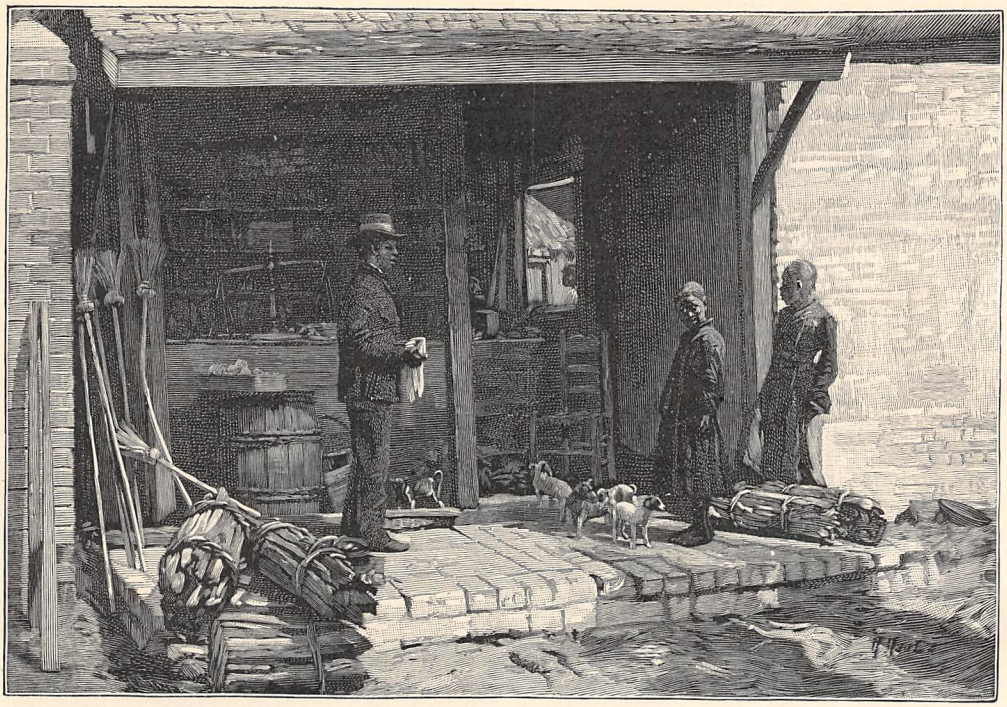
The streets were crowded. Every store seemed to be also a gambling-place, and the rattle of dice was constantly in our ears. Men and women were given to this entertainment alike; of course, they were of the lower classes.

In the morning we started out again, and saw more of the town. We were well treated by every one wherever we went, and carried away with us a very pleasant remembrance of the kindliness of the people. On our way to a restaurant to get dinner, we came to a park, at the entrance to which, on a large pedestal, was the statue of a dignified old gentleman. Our attention was attracted to this statue, as we approached it, by one of the party saying: "See that tablet on the front of the pedestal. What an odd way to inscribe a gentleman's name that is!" We looked, and read in large black letters on a white ground, "BILL-STICKERS." Below this was smaller lettering. Agreeing with him that it was rather odd, we went nearer to examine it, and found that what appeared to be a white marble tablet, placed exactly in the center of the front of the pedestal, was really a piece of paper pasted there as a notice to bill-stickers that they would be prosecuted if they made use of this base, and that the dignified gentleman was not the unfortunate owner of so undignified a name, inscribed in so undignified a manner.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

After lunch the miner and I, no one else wishing to accompany us on the expedition, concluded to take a carriage and drive out of town, to see, if possible, something of the life of the people in the country. The road over which the driver took us was a good macadamized one, and led along the harbor shore. For a short distance it ran between the brick walls surrounding the grounds of flower-embowered houses, then by the more humble homes of the poor, then through plantation grounds, seemingly deserted, with broken-down gates, pro-



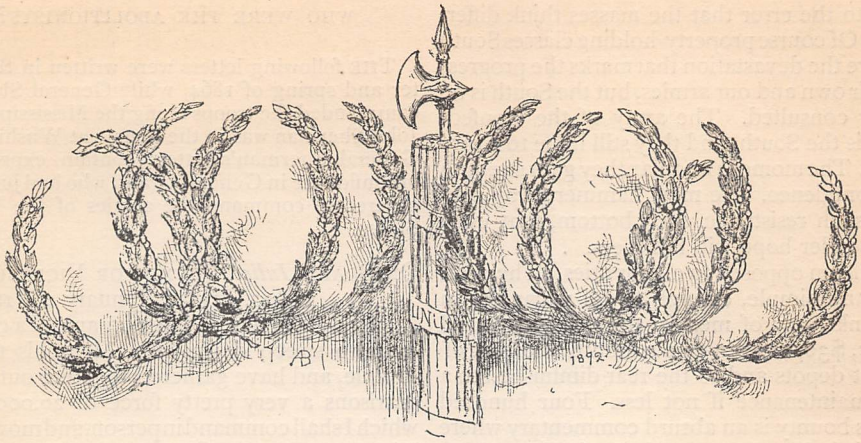
A JAMAICA SHOP. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

tected from encroachment by cactus hedges that looked much like logs of wood placed on end, to form such a stockade as was used by our pioneers to protect themselves from attacks of Indians. Every two or three miles a collection of small huts would be found, occupied by people who make a living by working on the plantations and by fishing. Some of them have little gardens, and raise fruit and vegetables, which they carry to town on their heads or on burros, to sell in the market-places. Along the streams, of which I remember two, were women and young girls washing and drying clothes, while naked little babies rolled in the sand or dabbled in the water. At one place we rode by the ruins of a most picturesque old fort, near which are the remains of an old vessel driven on shore by heavy weather, or condemned and left to go to pieces, and to take its time about it.

The prisons are located on this road near the quarry in which many of the prisoners are obliged to work. As we reached it, we saw a line of men in loose, ill-fitting gray costumes, with the number of the wearer daubed in large figures all over it, front and back, walking to and fro between the barge they were loading and the pile of broken stones at the base of the cliff, where they would fill wooden trays or boxes holding a little more than a large coal-hod, throw them up on their heads, and carry them to the boat. They made a very effective picture; the black faces, darker in the shadow of the boxes on their heads, relieved against the white limestone quarry, were spots in the blaze of light that fastened your attention instantly, and held it. Many of the men were superb physically, and carried themselves as erect and straight as arrows. We were not allowed to admire them long, however, as one of the guards came to tell us that carriages were not allowed to stop, but must drive straight through the ground, unless permission was obtained at headquarters. We gained some little time by asking many unreasonable questions, until we saw that the men were hoisting the square sail on their boat, and that there was nothing more to see.

At short intervals, stationed so as to form a complete circle about the quarry, was a guard armed with a rifle. Shortly after, we returned to town. This was the last we saw of Jamaica, as early the next morning the steamer took in her lines and sailed out of the harbor, bound for Greytown, Nicaragua.

Gilbert Gaul.



LETTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.

PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL AND SENATOR SHERMAN.

THE END OF THE WAR.

PROSPERITY OF THE NORTH IN WAR TIME.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, November 14, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . On Tuesday next I start for Gettysburg to take part in the pageant of a dedication of the battle-field as a national cemetery. From thence I will probably go to Washington — two weeks in advance of the session. The very first thing I mean to do is to press the enforcement of the draft. The long delay, and the various shifts and subterfuges by which the execution of the law has thus far been defeated, are disgraceful, and very injurious to the cause. . . . I notice in some of the Southern papers that a hope is entertained that the draft cannot be enforced. This is idle. The war was never more popular than at this moment. The new call will fall lightly. Ohio must send 35,000, or one to fifteen of her voters. The apportionment has been made even to townships and wards, and in very many places the quota will be made by voluntary enlistments, aided by large gratuitous bounties from citizens. There is no lack of men, or of a determination to send them. The wonderful prosperity of all classes, especially of laborers, has a tendency to secure acquiescence in all measures demanded to carry on the war. We are only another example of a people growing rich in a great war. And this is not shown simply by inflated prices, but by increased production, new manufacturing establishments, new railroads, houses, etc. . . . Indeed, every branch of business is active and hopeful. This is not a mere temporary inflation caused by paper money, but is a steady progress, and almost entirely upon actual capital. The people are prospering, and show their readiness to push on the war. Taxes are paid cheerfully, and the voluntary donations for our soldiers and their families are counted by thousands. . . . I confide in your entire success. Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN spent Christmas of 1863 with his family, then in Lancaster, Ohio, but missed seeing John, who had already gone to Washington.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Dec. 29, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . I hear you have gone on to New York, and therefore I must go off without seeing you.

I think the President's proclamation unwise. Knowing the temper of the South I know that it but protracts the war by seeming to court peace. To them it looks like weakness. I tell them that as they cool off, we warm to the work, that we are just getting ready for the war; and I know the effect is better than to coax them to come back into the Union. The organization of a civil government but complicates the game. All the Southern States will need a pure military government for years after resistance has ceased. You have noticed the debate in Richmond on the President's proclamation. That is a true exhibit of the feeling South. Don't

fall into the error that the masses think differently. Of course property-holding classes South deplore the devastation that marks the progress of their own and our armies, but the South is no longer consulted. The army of the Confederacy is the South, and they still hope to worry us out. The moment we relax they gain strength and confidence. We must hammer away, and show such resistance, such bottom, that even that slender hope will fail them. . . .

I still am opposed to all bounties. The draft pure and simple, enough to fill vacancies in the ranks, pay of men in the front increased to $25, $30, or even $40 a month and that of men at depots and to the rear diminished to a bare maintenance if not less. Four hundred dollars bounty is an absurd commentary where two thirds draw bounty and remain absent from the ranks, and are discharged for disability without hearing a shot. Deal with the army as you would if you were hiring men for special work. Pay those who do the work high; those who are sick, unfortunate, or shirking, pay little or nothing. The same of officers from the major-general to lieutenant. The President must make vacancies for the rising officers, the "creations" of the war. I am willing to quit if a younger and better man can be found for my place. . . . Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

LANCASTER, Dec. 30, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: I have been importuned from many quarters for my likeness, autographs, and biography. I have managed to fend off all parties, and hope to do so till the end of the war. I don't want to rise or be notorious for the reason that a mere slip or accident may let me fall, and I don't care about falling so far as most of the temporary heroes of the war. The real men of the war will be determined by the closing scenes, and then the army will determine the questions. Newspaper puffs, and self-written biographies, will then be ridiculous caricatures. Already has time marked this progress, and indicated this conclusion.

If parties apply to you for materials in my behalf, give the most brief and general items, and leave the results to the close of the war or of my career. As well might a judge or senator seek for fame outside their spheres of action as an officer of the army. We must all be judged by our own peers, stand or fall by their verdict. I know I stand very high with the army, and feel no concern on that score. To-day I can do more with Admiral Porter or the generals than any general officer out West, except Grant, and with him I am as a second self. We are personal and official friends. Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

WHO WERE THE ABOLITIONISTS?

THE following letters were written in the winter and spring of 1864, while General Sherman commanded the troops along the Mississippi, and John Sherman was in the Senate at Washington. General Sherman's letters contain expressions of confidence in General Grant, who had just been ordered to command the armies of the United States.

ON BOARD *Juliet*, BOUND FOR VICKSBURG IN A FOG, Friday, January 28, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: I have organized a cavalry force to sweep down from Memphis toward Mobile, and have gathered together out of my garrisons a very pretty force of 20,000 men, which I shall command in person, and move from Vicksburg down east, in connection with the cavalry named, to reach Meridian, and break up the railroad connections there. This will have the effect to disconnect Mississippi from the eastern South States, and without this single remaining link they cannot keep any army of importance west of the Alabama River. Our armies are now at the lowest point, and so many are going home as reënlisted veterans that I will have a less force than should attempt it, but this is the time, and I shall attempt it. It seems my luck to have to make the initiative, and to come in at desperate times, but thus far, having done a full share of the real achievements of this war, I need not fear accidents. . . .

You, who attach more importance to popular fame, would be delighted to see in what estimation I am held by the people of Memphis, Tenn., and all along this mighty river. I could not well decline an offer of a public dinner in Memphis, but I dreaded it more than I did the assault on Vicksburg. I had to speak, and sent you the report that best suited me, viz: that in the "Argus." The report of the "Bulletin," which may reach the Northern press, is disjointed, and not so correct. Indeed I cannot speak from notes, or keep myself strictly to the point, but 't is said that the effect of my crude speeches is good. . . .

I know that for us to assume that slavery is killed, not by a predetermined act of ours, but as the natural, logical, and legal consequence of the acts of its self-constituted admirers, we gain strength, and the enemy loses it. I think it is the true doctrine for the time being. The South has made the interests of slavery the issue of the war. If they lose the war they lose slavery. Instead of our being abolitionists, it is thereby proven that they are the abolitionists. . . .

The Mississippi is a substantial conquest; we should next get the Red River, then the Alabama, and last push into Georgia. . . . Your affectionate brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

U. S. SENATE, January 29, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . The general prosperity of the country is so marked that I am afraid of a reaction or a collapse. The currency is awfully inflated, and our ability to borrow and to pay interest has a limit. If the war continues two years longer we will be terribly embarrassed. Still we have the sure foundation of public credit, a great country, and a large and active population. Let me hear from you as often as possible. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GRANT AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY.

ON March 24, 1864, General Sherman writes from his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn.:

I went to Cincinnati with Grant to see Ellen.[1] I stayed but two days, and am now here. I go to Decatur, Huntsville, and Chattanooga, to be gone a week and then return here. I will have plenty to do. I am bored for photographs, etc. I send you the only one I have, which you can have duplicated and let the operator sell to the curious. Give Grant all the support you can. If he can escape the toils of the schemers, he may do some good. He will fight, and the Army of the Potomac will have all the fighting they want. He will expect your friendship — we are close friends. His simplicity and modesty are natural and not affected. Whatever part is assigned me I will attempt, cost what it may in life and treasure. . . .

And again he writes:

Grant encourages his juniors, and takes pleasure in supporting them. . . . Newspaper men are afraid of me, and I hope before the war is much older we will be allowed to conscript every citizen of good physique found about our camp, on the ground that he has fled to escape the draft. Such an order would have an admirable effect.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your movements have been so rapid of late that I scarcely knew where to address you. I have recently met with several officers who have been with you, among others General Grant and General Butterfield. General Grant is all the rage; he is subjected to the disgusting but dangerous process of being lionized. He is followed by crowds, and is cheered everywhere. While he must despise the fickle fools who run after him, he, like most others, may be spoiled by this excess of flattery. He may be so elated as to forget the uncertain tenure upon which he holds and stakes his really earned laurels. I conversed with him but little, as I did not wish either to occupy his time or to be considered his flatterer. The opinion I form of him from his appearance is this; his will and common sense are the strongest features of his character. He is plain and modest, and so far bears himself well. All here give him hearty coöperation, but an officer who does not like Halleck tells me that Halleck will ruin Grant with the President in sixty days, or on failure to do so will resign. . . .

We all here are disposed to take a hopeful view of the "status in quo." The enormous government bounties have been effective, but they are terribly severe on our finances. We can't forever endure such expenditures. Warning and caution as to danger are unheeded. Our people are so hopeful and energetic that they will bear more than any other. . . .

You are now in a position where any act of yours will command public attention. You will be unduly lauded and sharply abused. I hope you have seen enough of the base motives that dictate praise and blame to disregard both, but preserve the best of your judgment in utter disregard of flattery or clamor.

When any of your friends come to Washington give them notes to me. I may be of service to them. At all events I like to see them. Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, April 5, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Grant is as good a leader as we can find; he has honesty, simplicity of character, singleness of purpose, and no hope or claim to usurp civil power. His character more than his genius will reconcile armies and attach the people. Let him alone. Don't disgust him by flattery or importunity. Let him alone. . . . If bothered, hampered, or embarrassed, he would drop you all in disgust, and let you slide into anarchy. . . . Let us manage the whites and niggers, and all the physical resources of the country, and apply them where most needed. Let us accomplish great results, leaving small ones to conform in due season. . . .

I will be here about two weeks, and then to the front. Let me hear from you. I care no more for the squabbles about the presidency, than I do for the causes of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and Grant cares still less. . . . Your brother, W. T. SHERMAN.

THE FINANCIAL CAULDRON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . Our finances are bubbling up and down in that feverish state where a panic might easily come. Chase is a man of ability, but in recent measures he has

[1] His wife.

failed. I have been generally the laboring one in the Senate on these measures, though very often my judgment has been against them. I have felt like a subordinate officer, who, while he does not approve the plan of operations, yet deems it his duty fairly to execute his part of it rather than by fault-finding to impair it. The war is daily driving us to extraordinary measures, and our form of government is not *unit* enough to carry them out. We are embarrassed by State banks, State laws, and local issues and interests. The other day a determined effort was made in New York to run gold up to 200, but was promptly met by a free sale by the government of gold and exchange, and the movement failed. It was aided by this very bad news from Fort Pillow, not so bad from the loss of men, but from the question of retaliation raised by the massacre of negro troops. We all feel that we must either disband negro troops or protect them. It is fearful to think about the measures that may be necessary, but what else can we do? An investigation will be made by the Secretary of War and by Congress, and if the rebels are determined to massacre prisoners, then a new and terrible stage of this war will be commenced. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

ON THE WAY TO ATLANTA.

ON March 18, 1864, General Sherman relieved General Grant of the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. During the spring and summer of that year he was busily engaged provisioning and moving his great army into Georgia, following General Joseph E. Johnston, according to orders from General Grant. On May 20 and June 9, he writes from the heart of Georgia.

KINGSTON, GA., May 20, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: I have daily telegraphed to General Halleck our progress, and have no doubt you have kept pace with our movement. Johnston had chosen Dalton as his place of battle, but he had made all the roads to it so difficult that I resolved to turn it, so I passed my army through a pass 20 miles south of Dalton, and forced him to battle at Resaca. That, too, was very strong, but we beat him at all points, and as I had got a bridge across the Oostenaula below him, and was gradually getting to his rear, he again abandoned his position in the night, and I have been pushing my force after him as fast as possible, yet his knowledge of the country, and the advantage of a good railroad to his rear, enabled him to escape me, but I now have full possession of all the rich country of the Etowah. We occupy Rome, Kingston, and Cassville. I have repaired the railroads to these points, and now have ordered the essential supplies forward to replenish our wagons, when I will make for Atlanta, 59 miles from here and about 50 from the advance. Johnston has halted across the Etowah at a place called Allatoona, where the railroad and common road pass through a spur of the mountain, making one of those formidable passes which give an army on the defensive so much advantage, but I propose to cross the Etowah here and to go for Marietta via Dallas. Look at your map, and you will see the move. We expect to cross the Etowah on the 23d, when we will move straight on, fighting when opposed. Of course our labor and difficulties increase as we progress, whereas our enemy gains strength by picking up his rear-guard and detachments. Put forth the whole strength of the nation now, and if we can't whip the South we must bow our necks in patient submission. A division of our territory by the old lines is impossible. Grant surely is fighting hard enough, and I think this army will make its mark. Your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, ACWORTH, GA., June 9, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER: It is out of all reason to expect me to write much, and I know you do not expect it. Were I to attempt narration it would swell to unreasonable lengths, and even in my communications to the War Department I must confine myself almost to generalities. Suffice it to say that General Grant and I had a perfect understanding, and all things are now as near our calculations as possible, save and except that the Red River has clipped from the general plan our main feature, a simultaneous attack on Mobile from New Orleans. But the Red River expedition is out, and I have substituted a smaller force subject to my own orders, in lieu of the larger one contemplated made up by General Banks. . . My long and single line of railroad to my rear, of limited capacity, is the delicate point of my game, as also the fact that all of Georgia except the clear bottoms is densely wooded, with few roads, and at any point an enterprising enemy can in a few hours with axes and spades make across our path formidable works, whilst his sharpshooters, spies, and scouts, in the guise of peaceable farmers, can hang around us and kill our wagonmen, messengers, and couriers. It is a big Indian war; still, thus far I have won four strong positions, advanced a hundred miles, and am in possession of a large wheat-growing region, and all the iron mines and works of Georgia. Johnston's army is still at my front, and he can fight or fall back as he pleases. The future is uncertain, but I will do all that is possible. As ever, your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

After the adjournment of the Senate in the spring of 1864, John Sherman returned to Ohio, where he spent the spring and summer.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 24, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have not written to you for some time as I knew you were so well occupied, and hoped by this time you would have attained the goal of your present movements — Atlanta. We all feel that upon Grant and you, and the armies under your command, the fate of this country depends. If you are successful, it is ardently hoped that peace may soon follow with a restored Union. If you fail, the wisest can hope for nothing but a long train of disasters and the strife of factions. All our people cling to the hope of success, and seem perfectly willing to submit to taxation, bad administration, and every ill short of disunion. Whether it is the result of education, the constant warnings of the early Southern statesmen, or the reason of the thing, everybody here dreads the breaking up of the Union as the beginning of anarchy. The very thing they fight for in the South is, for them and for us, the worst calamity. What can be more terrible than the fate of Kentucky and Missouri? A man cannot go to bed at night, except in fear of the knife and torch. This lawlessness will extend all over the country if we do not have military success. All the clamor the copperheads can make about personal liberty don't affect the people, if they can only see security and success. Bad precedents in time of war will easily be corrected by peace. But the anarchy of unsuccessful war will reduce us to a pitiable state, in which we will easily fall victims to demagogism or tyranny. Every one feels that you have done your part nobly. Grant has not had such success. No doubt he has done as well as any one could with his resources and such adversaries. Still he has not taken Richmond, and, I fear, will not this campaign. . . .

I congratulate you on the ability and success of your campaign. I see many officers, and they all speak of it, not only as a success, but as a scientific success, evincing abilities of a high order. I found on a short visit to Cincinnati that you were very popular there. I saw Anderson, Swords, Dunn, and a host of others, all of whom entertained great kindness for you. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

PLAIN ENGLISH TO SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE following letter of August 12, 1864, written from Atlanta, Georgia, to Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in answer to a request from him to allow the soldiers to return to their homes to vote, shows the intense feeling General Sherman had regarding the political use of the soldiers during the war. This letter was sent through John Sherman, and is in his letter book.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, August 12, 1864.

SCHUYLER COLFAX, ESQ.,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

MY DEAR SIR: John Sherman has sent me your letter of August 2, in which you intimate a wish that certain nine regiments of Indiana troops should be ordered where they can be furloughed so as to vote in the fall elections.

Of course it is impossible. I have not now troops enough to do what the case admits of without extra hazard, and to send away a single man would be an act of injustice to the remainder. I think you need not be concerned about the soldiers' vote. They will vote; it may not be in the coming election, but you may rest assured the day will come when the soldiers will vote, and the only doubt is if they will permit the stay-at-homes to vote at all.

I hope you will be elected, but I do think the conscript-law is the only one that is wanted for the next few years, and if the President uses it freely he can checkmate the copperheads, who are not in favor of being governed by Jeff Davis, but are afraid to go to the war. Their motives are transparent. Jeff Davis despises them more than you do, and if he prevails in this war he will deal with copperheads with infinitely more severity than he will with men who fight for their country and for principle. I am, etc., W. T. SHERMAN,

MAJ.-GENL.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

ON December 18, John Sherman writes from the Senate in Washington after hearing news of the "March through Georgia."

I need hardly congratulate you on your magnificent campaign through Georgia. This has been and will be done so often that you will not need anything from me on the subject. We have watched with the deepest interest every step of your march that we could trace through the rebel papers. A very excellent map from the Coast Survey is posted in my room, marked with your stopping-places, and has daily been changed, as you progressed to the coast. No such anxiety has been evinced in any campaign by all classes as in yours. We now hear rumors of the capture of Savannah. I hope we will get official advices to-day. I live next door to Stanton, and he favors me with the despatches when they come. By the way, he is your fast friend, and was when you had fewer.

The election of Lincoln scarcely raised a ripple on the surface. It was anticipated. Even the Democratic Congressmen seem willing to acquiesce cheerfully, and silently submit to all measures deemed necessary. In Congress we have but little to do. New taxes and loans are the principal point of legislation. We will impose taxes enough. Hitherto New England influence has prevented suitable taxation, but now its necessity is imperative. I am assigned Fessenden's place in the Senate as Chairman of Finance, and have enough to do. Chase is Chief Justice. . . . I could send you letters from very distinguished persons, very complimentary to you, but you will have enough of that incense. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

No letters appear to have been written by General Sherman during the march from Atlanta to Savannah. In the next one, written from Savannah on December 31, 1864, ten days after its capture, he says:

I hear the soldiers talk as I ride by — "There goes the old man. All 's right." Not a waver, doubt, or hesitation when I order, and men march to certain death without a murmur if I call on them, because they know I value their lives as much as my own. I do not feel any older, and have no gray hairs yet. My health is good, and save a little rheumatism in my right arm during the last march I have not been indisposed a day, and even then I rode daily my march.

I do not fear want of appreciation, but on the contrary that an exaggerated faith will be generated in my ability, that no man can fulfil. . . . I cannot do anything looking to permanency till the war is ended. Thomas's success in Tennessee, which was part of *my plan*, will go far to assure the *safety* of the Ohio Valley. Love to all. Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The enthusiasm created in the North by the capture of Savannah, and the victory of General Thomas at Nashville, occasioned much talk of General Sherman's promotion, and even some political rumors concerning the use of his name in future elections. On January 22, 1865, he writes from Savannah touching upon these rumors.

I start to-day for the advance of my army at Pocotaligo, but we have had such storms and rains that the whole country is under water, but we will be off as soon as possible. No one is more alive to the importance of time than I am.

I wrote you that I deem it unwise to make another lieutenant-general, or to create the rank of general. Let the law stand as now. I will accept no commission that would tend to create a rivalry with Grant. I want him to hold what he has earned and got. I have all the rank I want. . . . .

If you ever hear anybody use my name in connection with a political office, tell them you know me well enough to assure them that I would be offended by such association. I would rather be an engineer of a railroad than President of the United States, or in any political office. Of military titles I have now the maximum, and it makes no difference whether that be major-general or marshal. It means the same thing. I have commanded one hundred thousand men in battle, and on the march, successfully and without confusion, and that is enough for reputation. Next I want rest and peace, and they can only be had through war. You will hear of me, but not from me, for some time. Affectionately your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The next letter from General Sherman is a short and hurried one of April 6, from Goldsboro, after he had completed the last and most difficult part of his march — 425 miles from Savannah to Goldsboro — through marshy land, during much rainy weather, following Johnston's retreating army, and with five large navigable rivers, with their bridges burned, to cross. He says:

Railroads work well, our supplies are well up, and we shall march on Monday, April 10. The next two months will demonstrate whether we can manœuver Lee out of Richmond and whip him in open battle.

In a note of April 11, John Sherman, writing from Ohio, incloses a letter from William W. Murphy, then United States Consul General at Frankfort. In this note John Sherman says:

The news from Grant is so glorious that the whole country is wild with joy.

HERO WORSHIPERS.

THE letters of the years following the war treat entirely of the difficulties of reconstruction. John Sherman, while firmly attached to the Republican party, endeavored through all these troubles to be moderate and conciliatory. But he believed it necessary to extend suffrage to the negroes, and was intensely opposed to President Johnson and his policies.

General Sherman, on the other hand, never acknowledged allegiance to any party, and resented all appearance of such allegiance. He opposed universal suffrage, and believed that extending it to the negroes was but adding to an existing evil.

After the grand review at Washington on May 24, 1865, General Sherman was ordered to

St. Louis to command the Military Division of the Mississippi, and writes from there on August 3, 1865:

Cox's letter on the subject of suffrage is a new bombshell in your camp. He has thought for himself, and come to a conclusion different from the new creed of the East, and will in my judgment be sat upon and badgered, but he is as near right as he can get. Negro equality will lead to endless strife, and to remove and separate the races will be a big job, so any way we approach the subject it is full of difficulty. But it is better to study the case and adapt measures to it, than to lay down the theory and force facts to meet it. . . . .

I think I will make that trip, and that is all this year. I did think of coming to Detroit to see Ord, but am bothered by people in traveling so much that I prefer to be quiet till the people run after new gods. In a short time new issues will drop us out of memory. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

And again after a few days, he writes from Ohio, where he passed part of that summer:

LANCASTER, OHIO, August 9, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: After I get fixed in St. Louis, I will cast about for some chance to be independent of our government, for I feel there is a desire to be rid of me. Stanton, in Grant's absence, has ordered one of my chief staff officers away from me (Beckwith), without as much as by your leave. Now this was never done, save by Jeff Davis, when he was secretary of war, for orders to the army officers always should go by command of the commander-in-chief, but Stanton orders about as though it was his lawful prerogative. I would resist publicly, but don't want to bring on another controversy. Of course if my staff officers are taken away without my being consulted, they will feel little dependence on me, and my influence will subside. But that is a small matter compared with turning the army into a machine auxiliary to politics. If the War Department is to give orders direct to the army below us, and not through us, you can see that we are dissolved from all control, responsibility, or interest. The true way is for the War Department to indicate to us what the Administration wants done, and then hold us responsible for the means used. But if the secretary handles the army behind us, how can we take an interest? My own opinion is, the Administration will either break itself down or drive us out. Grant is so anxious for harmony that he will not interfere until it is too late, when he will find somebody else commands instead of him. . . . Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., September 21, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I got your letters by Mr. Kinneard, and spent a whole day with him and his party,[1] first in a steamboat going up and down the river, then in carriages, and finally at a banquet. The whole party seemed much pleased with the courtesies shown them, and to me were sufficiently complimentary. General Grant was here also, and they expressed themselves more than usually pleased at the opportunity to see us together. In Europe they are settling down to the conviction that Grant and I accomplished the military problem, and now they look to you to bring order, system, and prosperity out of the wreck. I am well satisfied at the course things are taking. No matter what change we may desire in the feelings and thoughts of people South we cannot accomplish it by force. Nor can we afford to maintain there an army large enough to hold them in subjugation. All we can or should attempt is to give them rope to develop,—in an honest way if possible,—preserving in reserve enough military power to check any excesses, if they attempt any. But I know they will not attempt any, and you may look for outbreaks in Ohio quicker than in Georgia or Mississippi. You hardly yet realize how completely this country has been devastated, and how completely humbled the man of the South is. Of course editors and talkers may express opinions we don't like, but they will take good care not to reduce those opinions to acts. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, November 4, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I notice that foreigners are very anxious to see me, and all who come here come to call. I will be here all winter, and if you want anything I can do it. I hope you are sure of your reëlection. I have many inquiries as to your prospects, and cannot answer them. I think you have more influence and reputation out of Ohio than any man of the State. You observe that Mr. Johnson is drifting toward my terms to Johnston. He cannot help it, for there is no other solution. Any plan will have objections, but that least of all. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

On November 29, 1865, General Sherman writes from St. Louis:

I am going to start for Arkansas on Friday, and be absent some three weeks. I take it, nothing important can occur at Washington until after Christmas, unless it be on the question

[1] A party of Englishmen with letters of introduction from John Sherman.

of the admission of the Southern members. I have never committed myself on that point, and though everybody supposes that my terms with Johnston looked to that result, you will remember that those terms specially provided that the laws of Congress were to control all questions. Now the new oath is and was a law of Congress, and the members-elect must take the new oath, and if they cannot it is their fault or misfortune, not ours. If they take the prescribed oath I think they should be admitted, simply because you cannot expect to hold a people always without representation, and it will give them additional weight if they be denied now, and afterward received. It is always better when concessions are to be made to make them at once, and not seem to be forced to do it after contest. You can now simply say, "Certainly, come in by subscribing to the conditions and oaths already prescribed by law, the same oaths we take." Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, December 22, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER: I am just back from Little Rock, have read the message and all the reports, which seem satisfactory. Grant's report is all I ask, but no one ever has and may not agree with me as to the very great importance of the march north from Savannah. The march to the sea seems to have captivated everybody, whereas it was child's play compared with the other. All well with me — I will write soon.

And on January 17, 1866, he writes again from St. Louis:

I get a great many commentaries on the past, and have no reason to object to the exalted examples with which my name is connected. According to some enthusiasts Hannibal, Alexander, and Napoleon fall below my standard. I always laugh at these, and prefer to stand by the record, being perfectly satisfied with Grant's resumé of the campaigns of 1864–5. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

OPPOSED TO NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 19, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: The papers this morning announce your election by a strong vote, and settle that question. I am of course very glad, for it demonstrates not only your strength but that the people of Ohio approve your past. As to the future, of course in all things political you have far more knowledge than I, but I do believe that the extension of the election franchise is being pushed beyond the rule of right. All beings are entitled to the protection of the law, even "infants not born," but because of such natural right it is not to be inferred they must vote. To vote implies an understanding almost equivalent to the ability to make laws. It is legislative, not natural, right. Instead of enlarging the privilege, we must gradually curtail it, in order to have stability and security. On all these questions you can afford to lay low, and avail yourself of the experience of those who seem blind to present passions begotten by the war. It was this popular clamor for supposed rights that carried the South into rebellion. No people were ever more unanimous than they, and though now they concede themselves vanquished, yet on this and kindred subjects they are as unanimous as ever. To place, or attempt to place, the negro on a par with the whites will produce new convulsions. The country is in no condition to go on with such contests. Better pacify or acknowledge conditions than attempt new ones dangerous to the peace of the whole country. It will take ten years for the South to regain full prosperity, with the negro free, and that should precede any new complication. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, February 11, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: I had a pleasant trip to Detroit, reaching there in a snowstorm on Wednesday morning. I got a couple of hours of quiet, and then for two days was kept on the jump, visited and dined. When I got away I think I must have touched the hands of 10-000 people. At the dinner we had the best people of the city, who were even more eulogistic than usual. I saw Mr. Cass, who sat in a chair and was seemingly much flattered by my visit. He simply said that he hoped the present peace would not be disturbed by experiments. . . .We cannot shove the South back as territories, and all steps to that end must fail for many reasons, if no other than that it compels the people already there to assume an hostile attitude. The well-disposed of the South must again be trusted — we cannot help it.

You are classed universally as one of the rising statesmen, above mere party rules. And whilst you should not separate from your party you can moderate the severity of their counsels. . . . Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

THE question as to the burning of Columbia, S. C., having been raised by Wade Hampton, General Sherman writes the two following letters on the subject, and incloses an old order, given at the time.

I have no doubt myself, and Howard, Logan, Woods, and all who were in Columbia that

night concur with me. The fire which burned up the city began about dark after I had been in six hours, and I know that great exertions were made to stop it, but there had been all day, and continued to late at night, a perfect tempest of wind, and I saw hundreds of balls of cotton on fire flying hundreds of yards. It is barely possible some malicious soldier started the fire, but I rather think this devilish spirit grew as the fire progressed. I know that the general judgment of the country is that no matter how it began it was all right; still I know that the cotton was the cause of the rapid spread of the fire, and this resulted from the fact that the bales had been ripped open with knives, so that long before the fire began the houses and trees were white with it, and it was plain a spark would spread like gunpowder. It was not specially my business, for Howard was in actual command of the troops in Columbia, but being present in person the world holds me responsible. I would like you to introduce the petition, and to say that I have no doubt as to the parties responsible for all the consequences.

It was not until the day after the conflagration that I destroyed the arsenal, and other public factories, which were in the suburbs, and had escaped the fire that burned the town. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 2, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: I know the railroad depot and three large bridges were burned *before* a soldier of ours had entered Columbia, and I know that six hours before the real conflagration began I saw half a dozen piles of cotton *on fire*, in the streets, one large pile near the market-house where the great conflagration began, which fire our soldiers were putting out as I rode by it. . . . Wade Hampton defended Columbia as long as he dared, and then ran away, leaving the city full of cotton blowing about like flakes of snow, so that trees, and frame-houses, and garden fences, were literally white. Of course a mayor could expect no terms — being helpless he took what he could get. I told him of course I had no intention to burn or destroy anything, except what my previous orders defined. I saw Wade Hampton's cotton order printed in a Columbia paper, but kept no copy, as it was notorious, for he openly declared that Yankee footsteps should not pollute his threshold, and he commanded everything like corn fodder to be burnt lest we should get it.

They boasted that we would find a Moscow and its consequences. . . . The treatment of our officers and prisoners at Columbia was enough to have warranted its utter annihilation, and after the fire began it required all our efforts to prevent its extending to the suburbs, including the Old Hampton house,— now owned by Preston, brother-in-law of Wade Hampton,— which was saved by John Logan. Affectionately yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
IN THE FIELD, NEAR COLUMBIA, S. C.,
Feb. 16, 1865.

Special Field Orders, No. 26:

. . . General Howard will cross the Saluda and Broad rivers as near their mouths as possible, occupy Columbia, destroy the public buildings, railroad property, manufacturing and machine shops; but will spare libraries and asylums and private dwellings. He will then move to Winnsboro', destroying en route utterly that section of the railroad. . . .

By order of Major-general W. T. SHERMAN.
L. M. DAYTON, *Assistant Adjutant-general.*

This order was made the day before we entered Columbia, about the time the rebels were cannonading our camps on the west side of the Congaree, and burning their three splendid bridges (Saluda and Broad unite at Columbia and make the Congaree). During the 16th, Howard crossed the Saluda at the factory above Columbia, and that night crossed Stone's brigade to the east side of the Broad River, and under its cover laid the pontoon bridge, completing it about noon of the 17th. Stone's brigade went into Columbia about 11 A. M., the mayor having come out 3 miles and notified him that Beauregard and Hampton had evacuated. They evacuated because they knew that Slocum and Kilpatrick were moving straight for Winnsboro', 26 miles to their rear, and I wanted them to stay in Columbia another day. Their hasty evacuation was not to spare Columbia, but to save being caught in the forks of the Congaree and Catawba, which would have resulted had they given time for Slocum to reach Winnsboro'. Mayor Goodwin complained to me of the cotton-burning order of Wade Hampton — and especially that Hampton and Beauregard would not consent to his request that the liquor (which had run the blockade, and been transferred from the coast to Columbia for safety) was not [should be] removed or destroyed. This liquor, which our men got in bucketfuls, was an aggravation, and occasioned much of the disorder at night after the fires had got headway. We all know how the soldiers and junior officers hated South Carolina, and I can hardly say what excesses would have resulted had the general officers allowed them free scope. . . .

W. T. SHERMAN.

The latter part of March, 1866, John Sherman says in a long letter on family matters:

You may have noticed that I have been in Connecticut making two speeches. That at Bridgeport is reported in full in the "New-York Times" of yesterday. Our difficulties here are not over; Johnson is suspicious of every one, and I fear will drift into his old party relations. If so, he will carry with him but little peace and prestige, and will soon be in deserved disgrace. It is also evident that Grant has some political aspirations, and can, if he wishes it, easily attain the presidency.

And on April 23, he writes:

DEAR BROTHER: So little attention is paid to Wade Hampton's gasconade that I do not think it worth while to give it importance by an answer. Indeed, I do not find it printed in any Northern paper, and having sent you the only copy I have seen I find it impossible to get another. The materials of a reply are on hand, and are entirely satisfactory, but I will let it rest until the charge is taken up by some one else.

As for the civil rights bill, I felt it so clearly right that I was prepared for the very general acquiescence in its provisions both North and South. To have refused the negroes the simplest right granted to every other inhabitant, native or foreigner, would be outrageous; and to confess that our government is strong enough to compel their military services, and yet not strong enough to secure them the right to acquire and hold property, would involve a gross inconsistency. I hope this bill will be made the basis of a compromise. If fairly enforced in the South, the public mind will be satisfied for the negro to take his chances for political privileges. . . . Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

THE REVOLT AGAINST ANDREW JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I meet a great many from the South whom I knew before the war, and I confess I am gratified with their sentiments and conduct. If they could now see their manifest interests to accept the recent adjustment or amendment to the Constitution as a reasonable and fair settlement, the South would soon be resurrected into greater wealth and power. I only fear their political alliance with the pestilent copperheads of the North, and thus perpetuate sectional enmity. I really fear that Johnson, who is an honest man, will from sheer stubbornness and bitter dislike to Stevens and a few others lend himself to this faction. The very moment the South will agree to a firm basis of representation, I am for general amnesty, and a repeal of the test oaths. But the signs of the times indicate another tiring political contest. I see no way to avoid it. I will have to take part in it, but you can, and I hope will, stand aloof. Don't commit yourself to any political faction, and don't fail to remember that the republican or anti-slavery, and now anti-rebel, feeling is deeper and stronger than any other in the Northern States. We could surely contend with a manly fighting rebel like your friend, but never will with those who raised the white flag in the rear. . . . Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1866.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . I read your speech at Salem and like it. It is now wise for you to avoid all expressions of political opinion. Congress and the President are drifting from each other into open warfare. Congress is not weak in what it has done, but in *what it has failed to do.* It has adopted no unwise or extreme measures. The civil rights bill and constitutional amendments can be defended as reasonable, moderate, and in harmony with Johnson's old position and yours. As Congress has thus far failed to provide measures to allow legal senators and representatives to take their seats, it has failed in a plain duty. This is its weakness; but even in this it will have the sympathy of the most of the soldiers and people who are not too eager to secure rebel political power. As to the President, he is becoming Tylerized. He was elected by the Union party for his openly expressed radical sentiments, and now he seeks to rend to pieces this party. There is a sentiment among the people that this is dishonor. It looks so to me. What Johnson is is from and by the Union party. He now deserts it and betrays it. He may varnish it up, but after all he must admit that he disappoints the reasonable expectations of those who intrusted him with power.

He may by a coalition with copperheads and rebels succeed, but the simple fact that nine tenths of them who voted for him do not agree with him, and that he only controls the other tenth by power intrusted to him by the Union party, will damn him forever. Besides, he is insincere; he has deceived and misled his best friends. I know he led many to believe he would agree to the civil rights bill, and nearly all who conversed with him until within a few days believed he would acquiesce in the amendments, and even aid in securing their adoption. I almost fear he contemplates civil war. Under these circumstances, you, Grant, and Thomas ought to be clear of political complications. As for myself I intend to stick to finance, but, wherever I can, will moderate the actions of the

Union party, and favor conciliation and restoration. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

The political situation in Ohio made it necessary for John Sherman to return there soon after he had started on a trip to the West.

MANSFIELD, October 26, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 20th has been received. I thought and was glad to hear that you had a charming trip. I saw enough of the mountain region to give me a new estimate of its great value. In some respects I regret that I did not go with you, but, situated as I am, it was extremely fortunate that I returned as I did. My political position ought not to be misunderstood, but unfriendly critics took occasion of my absence in the canvass to attribute it to duplicity or cowardice. The President's course on the civil rights bill and constitutional amendment was so unwise that I could not for a moment allow any one to suppose that I meant with him to join a coalition of rebels and copperheads. Besides, Johnson was elected by a party upon professions before and after his election and inauguration so pointedly different from his recent course that it appeared to me a betrayal of those who trusted his profession, and therefore in the highest sense dishonorable. But worse than all, his turning out good men — sometimes wounded soldiers — merely because they adhered to their party connections, and putting in men who opposed the war throughout, is simply an unmitigated outrage that will stain the name of any man connected with such conduct. This was the deliberate judgment of *nearly every man in the Union party*, and this feeling was intensified by the President's conduct in his recent tour, when he sunk the presidential office to the level of a grog-house.

I do trust you will not connect your name with this administration. You lose in every way by it. Grant ought not to ask it, for in the common judgment it places you in equivocal relations with him. You will have all the odium earned by disappointment in the reorganization of the army, and will have a more difficult, delicate, and responsible duty to discharge, in which you can gain no credit and may lose much. Besides, it connects you as a partizan with Johnson — just what he wants, but what you ought to dread. What can you think of the recent telegrams about your private letter? If you wrote a private letter, what business had they to make it public in the most offensive way by innuendo. Grant and you are above the ephemera of party politics, and for the sake of the country I hope will keep so. Let Johnson take Cowan, or some one of the score that left the Union party with him, but my convictions are so strong that you ought not to play administrator "de bonis non" of Stanton that I write this freely. If you conclude otherwise I can only say I will deeply regret it. Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

CAPRICE.

I.

THE forest edge I wandered by,
While it was cool from night;
Out from the ferns a butterfly
Flashed fluttering into light,
Pulsing through the golden sky
In little thrills of flight.

II.

I followed — why, I could not tell;
Whither, I did not care:
The chimes of some far chapel-bell
Made tremulous an air
Fragrant with thyme and asphodel,
Too faint to lift a prayer.

III.

I marked the butterfly to where
The sea beat on the sand;
Its beating stunned the summer air,
Its gray breath chilled the land.
A little girl was walking there,
A prayer-book in her hand.

IV.

"Where dost thou go, my little maid,
So near the waves so high?
And art thou never, then, afraid
To hear the sea-fowl's cry?"
"Kind sir, I go to mass," she said,
"And the dear God is nigh."

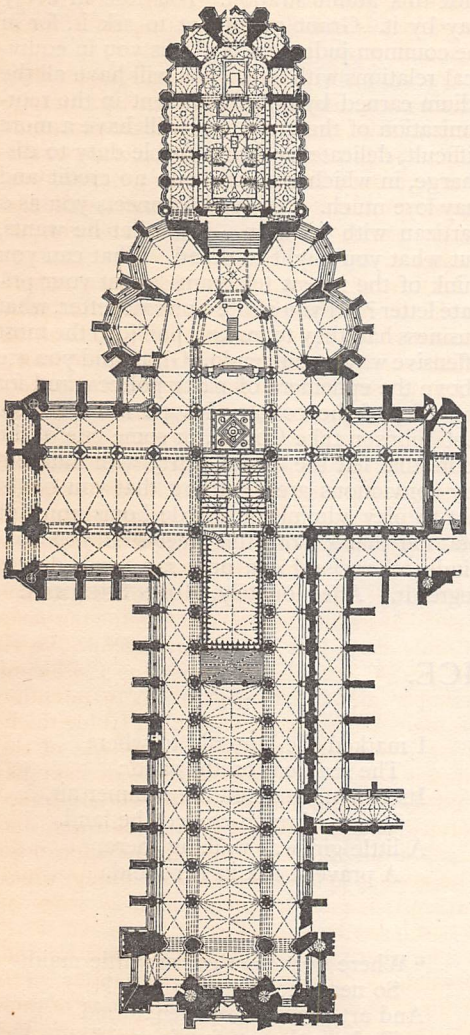
V.

"So — go to mass, my child," said I,
"With book and rosary,
Forget the sea-fowl's angry cry;
But shouldst thou pray for me,
Tell thy dear God his butterfly
Has fluttered out to sea."

N.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.



PLAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ADDISON, in a paper only too familiarly known, has expressed the pensive satisfaction which came to him through an occasional meditative stroll among the monuments of Westminster; and Irving, in his "Letters," records the delights not merely of strolling through the abbey's aisles, but of actually living within its cloisters. "Ensconced," as he finds himself, "in the very heart of this old monastic establishment," this "singular and monkish nest," he compares his residence here to his sojourn in the halls of the Alhambra, and wonders, reasonably enough, if he is always to have his dreams turned into realities. Since those far-away days others of the same race, on one side of the ocean or the other, have followed in the footsteps of these gentle academics, until the mental attitude proper to assume before the great historical fabric of the British Isles has come — thanks to the Englishman who established the precedent, and to the American who assisted in confirming it — to be not only pretty clearly determined, but tolerably well conventionalized.

In its general outline this attitude may be taken as tenderly emotional. However subject, indeed, to such modification as is likely to ensue from the introduction of historical, literary, and ecclesiological information, the pose is taken primarily with a view to reflection, reverie, and the general play of soul, an end which may be achieved or not, as fortune favors, but which assuredly should be attempted.

Times change, however, and we change correspondingly. The semi-suburban abbey of Queen Anne's day has long since been sucked up into the vortex of the great Babylon. The slow stage-coach known to the earliest of transatlantic pilgrims is superseded by another means of locomotion, which brings Manchester and Birmingham within three or four hours of the capital, and fills the aisles of the minster with endless throngs whose pressing consciousness of time-tables puts an effective bar to the meditative habit which had its vogue in an earlier and an easier age. Addison, strolling through the abbey in the present year of grace, might require a greater degree of abstraction than his utmost power could compass. Irving, keeping bachelor's hall among his monastic antiquities, might well doubt the inviolability of the curtain of seclusion hung up between him and the outside world. For the abbey with which we now have our account is a latter-day abbey; an abbey whose vis-à-vis is the Aquarium, where from eleven in the forenoon to eleven at night — hours longer than those permitted by the dean to his sculptured effigies — the acrobat and the skirt-dancer have things their own way; an abbey past the portal of which there races all day long the charioteering omnibus, vivid with praises of the last new soap, or infants' food, or illustrated monthly, and packed with bargain-hunters bound for the Army and Navy

Stores, or with excursionists headed toward Victoria; an abbey filled with processions of red-cheeked provincials who pay their sixpences, and who follow vergers—sad-robed and not inevitably grammatical in their searching sonority—through ranges of cluttered chapels; an abbey of multiplied and multiplying scaffoldings, of placarded requests, commands, explications, announcements, diagrams, illustrations, warnings, objurgations, prayers, and pious ejaculations. It is an abbey for which facile "drawing orders" have provided a special population of sketchers, painters, measurers, and note-takers; a dog-eared abbey every leaf of which has been fluttered a hundred times, making all talk of moldings and mullions the merest superfluity; an abbey where each succeeding season adds some new incongruity to a range of monumental sculpture the associated effect of which is much too incongruous already; an abbey that is still striving against fearful odds to be at once a Valhalla, a museum, and a house of prayer; an abbey wherein an abandonment to the serene and lofty emotionalism attained by gifted spirits in past days is as impossible as at St. Pancras or at Charing Cross; an abbey which, for the compassing of a body of harmonious and homogeneous impression, must regretfully be confessed as scarcely the equal of the General Post-Office.

II.

YET there is one view of Westminster which is not only harmonious, but singularly comprehensive as well, and it is the very view, fortunately, which is commonly presented first. It offers itself to you as your cab leaves Parliament street and sheers away from Westminster Bridge, and it may be enjoyed with more leisure and thoroughness through the broad windows of the tea-house on this corner—with more comfort, too, if the hour happens to fall late on an afternoon in January. From this point the imagination that is capable of being put into motion by the cup that cheers may find itself able to conjure up the beginnings of Westminster—to sweep away from the foreground the several little grass-plots inclosed by modern Gothic ironmongery, with their clustered lamp-posts, their rigidly monumental British statesmen, and their drooping, absent-minded cab-horses, and to look across and back to the mystical Isle of Thorns, from which, in the midst of wide marshes, the first abbey rose—an abbey the Benedictine brethren of which were equally solicitous for Saxon souls and for their own tithes in Thames-caught fish. The imagination incapable of so long a flight may satisfy itself with a picture of the abbey as it stood in the later days of Henry III., when the newly built choir in early English Gothic looked down in a high-shouldered fashion on the old Norman nave of the Confessor, and even topped the antique towers of the same severe and early day. A shorter flight still would take us back to the time of Charles I., when the abbey, a towerless torso, yet fully Gothic as far as it went, existed alongside of Westminster Hall and the Parliament House as one of an ineffective trio which rose from a swarm of mean and dingy houses fronting on a mean and dirty riverside.

But, after all, observation comes easier than imagination, and the average traveler, despite the faint flutterings of fancy, will see the abbey essentially as it exists to-day—a picture which, in the absence of anything like a general understanding, still "composes" fairly well, and which has in it many of the elements of greatness.

In this picture the right of the view is held by the towers of the abbey itself, and the left by the varied towers and multiplied turrets of the Houses of Parliament; while the center, which is a little weakened by the absence of the erection that should rightly crown the crossing of the minster's choir and transepts, is partly accomplished by the united effort of Westminster Hall, the chapel of Henry VII., and the church of St. Margaret. This latter is the principal aid—suggestive of a coach-dog attending a saddle-horse, or of a transport convoying a man-of-war. Its battlemented tower presents a decided feature, and serves, too, the purposes of scale as well as of companionship. To all this add a half fog, by which the Gothic of actuality and the Gothic by mere intention are fused and harmonized—a cold, blue thickening which puts the long ridge-pole of the minster almost at one with the leaden sky behind it, which tones down the glittering modernity of Parliament's great bell-tower, and which kindly drapes the dubious details of Sir Christopher Wren's west front; under which circumstances the general *mise en scène* of Westminster is perhaps at its best.

The west towers represent the last original work done on the fabric of the abbey. The chain of dates leading up to the time of their construction is easily followed through. The founding of the abbey, "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster," is credited traditionally to Siebert, King of the East Saxons, A. D. 616. Remains of his tomb are still shown near the usual entrance to the choir chapels. The first church on this spot actually known to history was that preceding the present one. It was erected by Edward the Confessor in the last days of the year 1065, a few days before his own death, and a few months before the Norman invasion. The present church was

begun by Henry III., with the idea of honoring the builder of the preceding one, and the choir, as it now exists, was opened for service in 1269. The nave, working westward from the transepts of Henry III., was continued by Edward I., Richard II., and Henry V., through a period ranging from the latter part of the thirteenth century to the fore part of the fifteenth. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII. was finished in 1519, in the expiring days of the Gothic style. The west towers were not undertaken until two hundred years later, and were completed about 1740.

It is customary to put the reproach of these towers on Sir Christopher Wren, without perfect justice, however. In feature and outline they are at least plausibly Gothic, and any dropping into the vernacular of the eighteenth century that they betray may fairly be attributed to the diction of those pupils of his under whom the actual construction was accomplished. In the first years of that century Wren himself went over the building pretty thoroughly, and his clear and painstaking report to the dean is still preserved. He also offered drawings for the completion of the west towers, which at that time were so low that the height of the gable between them intercepted the sound of the bells. He seems to have approached the enterprise in a spirit commendable enough. "To deviate," he says, "from an approved form is to run into a disagreeable mixture." It was his idea to undertake the work, "still continuing the Gothic humour of the tracery stone work; all this, too, without any modern mixture to show my own invention." He also recommended strongly the immediate construction of a heavy central tower, since the iron rods which the medieval builders had used as a makeshift had been removed, so that the vaulting of the cross stood in danger of springing, owing to the absence of a weight above sufficient to hold it in place. He furthermore exhibited a project for a spire for suitably finishing such a tower—a spire Gothic in intention, at least. However, it must be recollected that his façade for the north transept, now happily removed, was a complete fiasco, and it is likely enough that a tower in Queen Anne Gothic might have resulted merely in one more feature for charitable muffling by the friendly fog.

Yet his willingness, even desire, in that age of "taste" to renovate and to complete the abbey in a style harmonious with the original fabric has its own significance. It is easy indeed to select facts from English history that will illustrate the peculiar consideration, the preëminent sanctity, that the abbey has always enjoyed, and that will emphasize the centrality of its position as the rallying-point of English life and English sentiment. It would be necessary simply to cite the coronations and jubilees, the royal marriages and funerals, or to recall the processions and "Te Deums" that have celebrated the victories of English arms. Yet it would not be out of place to add to these the fact that in a day famous for its sodden self-complacency, its false feeling, and its feeble taste, an artist was found who showed himself willing to spare the exterior of this great monument any such mass of form and detail—puerile, dropsical, inept, inane—as disfigures and defaces the interior.

III.

But it is through such a "marble wilderness" as this—marble jungle, one might better say—that the visitor must hew his way to a conception of the architectural organism of the structure; a jungle the complications of which are hardly lessened by the guide-posts set forth so numerously. Were not the abbey one of the most lucid and symmetrical of England's great Gothic constructions (perhaps Salisbury alone is more so), the possibility of an immediate and convincing *coup d' œil* would be only slight. The general dispositions consequent upon the present arrangements for worship serve to show how widely architecture and archæology may straggle apart, while the arrangement of the monuments in many parts of the church impairs or altogether destroys the architectural effect. Thus the choir, architecturally speaking, is divided by a screen into two distinct parts for two separate purposes. The nave, too, is treated in the same fashion—a fashion nowhere rooted and general, fortunately, except in Spain, where the protrusion of the choir into the nave is one of the great fixed facts. Under this arrangement, the feature the length and height of which should be the chief glory of the abbey is as good as cut in two. Nor is the presence of the choir-screen made more grateful by the incorporation of the memorials to Earl Stanhope and Sir Isaac Newton, works which sum up only too capably the tastes and tendencies of the days of George I.

It is a matter for regret, too, that the symmetry of the transept aisles should have suffered an unfortunate break from the intrusion of the cloisters, since a full complement of aisles is a feature of such rarity that no treatment of it can be too considerate; while the apse (and nothing, assuredly, requires an increase of intricacy less than a pentagonal apse with a due attendance of chapels) has come to be crowded with an assemblage of gigantic and confusing monuments. The most gigantic and most incomprehensibly placed of these must be confessed to date from our own century—most incomprehensibly placed, that is, unless

the intrusion of Watt among the Plantagenets is to be accepted as a masterful statement of the fact that old things have passed away, and that all things have become new, noisy, and hideous. The introduction of this monstrous effigy into the small chapel of St. Paul began with the mutilation of an interesting and valuable tomb of the fifteenth century, and ended with the collapse of the vaulting beneath the floor and the threatened destruction of both work and workmen.

The great figure of Watt being once accepted, no one will find any incongruity in the small bust, close at hand, of Sir Rowland Hill, the promoter of cheap postage. We do not strain at gnats after swallowing camels. Where the steam-engine goes the penny post may follow.

But the greatest lack of appreciation of the normal tone and the structural integrity of the abbey is shown forth in the monument of a certain admiral whose time and place was the India of the last century — a monument that should have a peculiar interest for those who find the prototype of the Gothic cathedral in the forest-aisles of the north. Here the sculptor has obscured the beautiful shaftings and capitals of the thirteenth century by chiseled applications of tropical vegetation; so that the architecture that came in through the northern pine is seen passing out through the southern palm. Such are the ingenuities of Westminster.

When, through these and kindred difficulties, an apprehension of the structure is reached, it is seen that this building, the fame and functions of which are so English, is the result of influences decidedly French; indeed, there are few English churches wherein the French feeling is more strongly apparent. It might be going too far to claim broadly that all the best features of the church are distinctly Gallic; but the soaring, slender, reed-like grace of the nave is surely more suggestive of Rouen and Amiens than of York or even Salisbury, while the polygonal apse presents a means of rounding a corner which never obtained the same full measure of acceptance north of the Channel as south of it. This favorite Continental feature is indeed found in England — at Canterbury, for instance, or at Gloucester; but the square east end, with a large window, holds its own for the regular thing, as witness Wells, or Worcester, or, more noticeably still, Lincoln. Furthermore, the workmen at Westminster were indisputably Norman, and brought with them not only their own methods, but their own materials, as far as seemed desirable. The earliest critical examinations of the restorers made it plain that the work of carving was begun in Caen stone, being continued in Reigate, the nearest available substitute. So, too, with the oak and chestnut of the roofing.

And if one refrains from declaring that the best features of the church are distinctively French, one may also refrain from pronouncing the poorest features peculiarly English. But the one pet vice of English church-building comes out very strongly at Westminster in the low, narrow doorways. The English builders have always persisted in proportioning their church doors to the human figure, rather than to the façade in which they occur; not even the practical requirements involved in the processional use of banners have often been able to raise these low-browed archways. The French flock may be fancied as going up to the house of the Lord with a spacious expansion of spirit corresponding with the wide and lofty portal which admits them; an English congregation oozes in as humbly and as inconspicuously as their builders could possibly arrange for.

Yes, on the whole, the impartial traveler, whose plans include the most accessible countries of the Continent, may very well wait to enjoy his Gothic in the country where Gothic originated. It is only a day from Westminster to Notre Dame, and no one need be importunate for the left-handed Gothic of Germany, or the half-digested Gothic of Italy, or the overwrought and unduly individualistic Gothic of Spain, when the whole wide field from Rouen to Carcassonne is whitening for his sickle. It is there that one feels most poignantly the grace, the fluency, the protean pliancy of the greatest of the medieval arts — is most keenly aware of the one elusive, indefinable touch that France knows, and always has known, how to bestow; and it is pleasant to feel that this same dexterous hand has at least touched Westminster Abbey, if it has not, indeed, altogether transfigured it.

Yet the most magnificent portion of the abbey, the chapel of Henry VII., must be acknowledged as thoroughly English, and in no wise indebted to foreign influences. In the first decade of the sixteenth century, when the Flamboyant Gothic of France was making its forced compromise with the Renaissance forms just come up from Italy, the Perpendicular Gothic of England, as yet beyond the reach of the classic revival, was taking its own last and surprising development. While Louis XII. was busy with the Château of Blois, on the Loire, the first notable fusion of Gothic and classic in France, Henry VII. was pushing the now insulated Gothic of England to its culmination in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, King's Chapel at Cambridge, and the Lady Chapel of Westminster. Of these three the last is the most gorgeous, sensational, *éclatant*. It is a veritable *tour de force*. Its fan-traceries and fantastic pendentives almost defy the law of gravitation.

The excesses of its elaborate stone carvings almost transcend the limitations of material. This overwrought and determined creation shows, like South Kensington, what England can do in the arts when she sets her jaw, and tries.

IV.

But architectural considerations, even those of the broadest and most sketchy sort, are not insisted upon by the general visitor to the abbey; it is the monuments that he most anticipates, and to which he gives most heed. Nowhere else in the world can such a collection be found, no series so long, so varied, so continuous, so well preserved, so wide in range. The earliest and noblest group, the royal tombs in the Confessor's chapel, have indeed been surpassed in number and in splendor; but the misdirected energies of the French nation, whose political activities we may decline in favor of their artistic ones, have been so exercised all over the Continent that these have now no real rivals. For the French, it must be confessed, have not exactly shone as travelers. Their misconception of the rôle has been displayed most egregiously more than once; Louvois among the tombs of the German emperors at Speyer, and Soult among those of the Spanish kings at Leon, have not done much to increase the luster with which "toutes les gloires de la France" are commonly claimed to shine. Nor have the French done much better as mere excursionists, as must be acknowledged by any one who recalls their doings among the tombs of their own kings at St. Denis. However, they have never appeared within Westminster, except as builders and as individual and infrequent visitors; and there is little doubt that the presence there of a large body of them, acting with the unillumined vigor which they have displayed in so many other lands, would occasion considerable surprise. Perhaps only one other thing would occasion the English people a greater surprise—to emerge from an hour of frenzy and to realize that they had wrought such havoc for themselves. But this event is unlikely. Perhaps only one other event is more so—the doing of this for them by any other people, even with a Channel tunnel to assist. Westminster, in fact, is not merely a collection of monuments; it is in itself the one great and conspicuous monument to the self-control, general reasonableness, and common-sense ability of the race. All of which has been said before; but nothing prompts commonplace more than stability. Britannia may not be over-luminous in the arts, as the abbey itself all too plainly shows, but she knows how to apply to herself the governing force of her own hand.

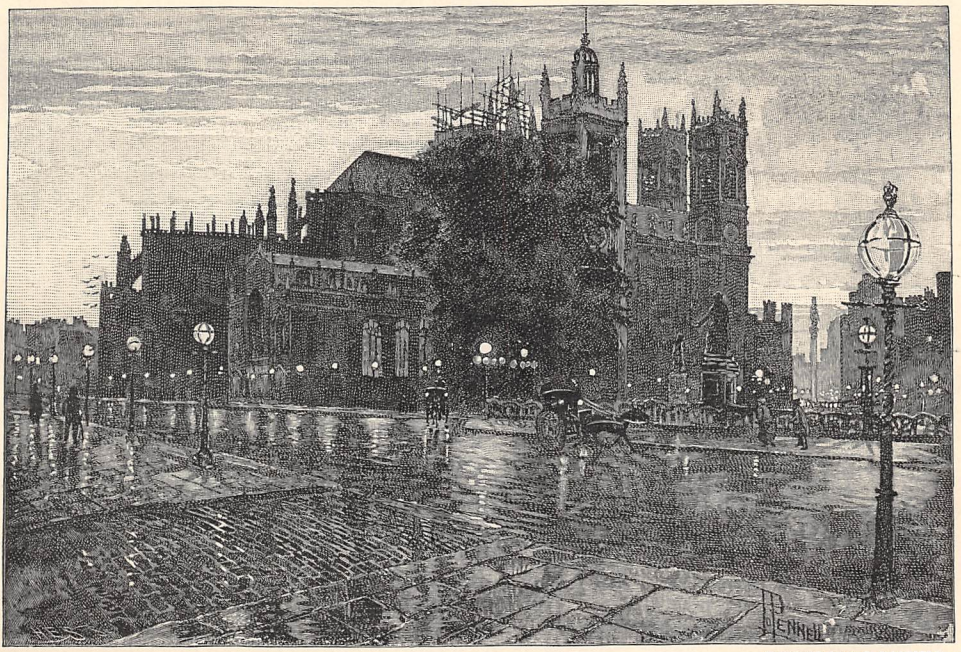
But the royal tombs at Westminster make only a beginning; take the abbey throughout, and no collection of epitaphs covers a wider range as regards the station, the fortune, the careers, the aims, the achievements, of those commemorated. And the nature, and taste, and artistic quality of these commemorations cover a range correspondingly wide. It is needless to cite many individual examples occurring in the wide pendulum-swing between pomp and puerility, between the lovely and the ludicrous; but the rise, and succession, and debasement of styles, along with the flux and flow of tastes, might present a theme almost trenching upon the inexhaustible.

If one were to execute a line of cleavage that would broadly cut into two sections the work of the six centuries of statuaries from Henry III. down to our own day, that line might fall within the later days of Elizabeth, and the basis of division would be established according to the manipulation of language for purposes of "epitaphy." In the later Tudor days the English language found itself, as we may say, and the skill in the use of one language widened itself to a greater readiness in the use of language generally. Thus, on one side of our line, we find three centuries of comparative reticence, and, on the other side, three later centuries during which a fluent readiness mounted only too often into a vainglorious verbosity. The reticence of earlier days sometimes retires into absolute silence; no contrast could present a wider chasm than that between the tomb of the first Edward, on the one hand,—a plain, chest-like assemblage of marble slabs, equally disdainful of art and of letters,—and that of almost any one of the ephemeral celebrities of the Hanoverian epoch, military or political, on the other.

In earlier years the beneficiaries of fame, however exalted, were content to adopt an attitude of passive and unconscious repose; even the most restless and irrepressible never rose beyond a posture of prayerful humility, and that rarely. But no man could be expected to turn an ear perpetually deaf and unresponsive to such fluency and facility in praise as became rife in the seventeenth century. Accordingly we find that the effigies rise to the inscriptions; they revive; they pose; they begin to enter into the spirit of the thing; they betray undisguisedly their appreciation of popular applause. And by the time the fore part of our own century is reached, they seem to say through their spokesman, the cross-legged and complacently smiling Wilberforce: "It is good, indeed, to be here; better to be conscious that we are here; but best of all to know how highly our presence here is prized."

After having called back these gentle shades

from another world, it becomes necessary to provide them with company. They come from a good place, most of them, and the company must be good, too—as good as can be got. So Virtue steps in, and Justice, and Benevolence, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the whole gentle sisterhood. And Glory comes, and Fame, and eke the British Lion—which last (commonly regarded as a ravening beast that goes about seeking whom he may devour) shows, in such society as this, the softer side of his nature. He is like enough to fall away into a lacrymose resignation, and often does.



ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

THE ABBEY, FROM PALACE YARD.

Now, has this beauteous band been invited hither to exist in a mere state of placid passivity? Is the great one whom all delight to honor called up from his dark retirement to remain still barred from all mundane activities? By no means. The "kneaded clod" regains the "sensible warm motion" so valued by the condemned brother of Isabella, and the same motion animates his attendants. Not all the acrobats and skirt-dancers of Westminster are to be found within the Aquarium; the darkling aisles of the abbey, too, are enlivened with fluttering draperies, swung in self-conscious grace, and with corresponding distortions of form and feature. These banded groups of marble strut, and simper, and sprawl; the honored brow is crowned with laurel; one's fame is flapped from stony scrolls; one's glory is blared through brazen trumpets. Such is the ideal of monumental sculpture as reared and realized in those drear days of Charleses and of Georges, such the result of "the taste of antiquity and politeness."

But it would be unjust to represent that the English people reached such depths as these unaided. Sculptors from the Continent have enjoyed conspicuous employment within the abbey. Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, and Dutchmen have found their best opportunities there, and have brought their own ideas and ideals with them. In the first half of the last century a great vogue was enjoyed by Roubiliac from France, and Rysbrack from Holland, and much of the bad work in the abbey is due to the influence they exerted on English pupils—Bird, Read, and others. To Read was due the monument to Admiral Tyrrell in the south aisle of the nave—that famous "pancake" affair (so called from the shape of the clouds involved in the scheme) which it was found necessary to cut down and partly remove. Bird designed the monument to another admiral—Shovel—in the same part of the church, and his failure to be picturesque, even with a Roman toga, a shipwreck, and a periwig, has been the occasion of much humorous comment.

But there is another ideal—an earlier one and a better one, and it is to be discovered long anterior to Roubiliac, and Rysbrack, and Read. It antedates, too, the Cecils, and Suffolks, and Somersets, and other great Elizabethan folk,

THE WEST FRONT, FROM PALACE HOTEL.

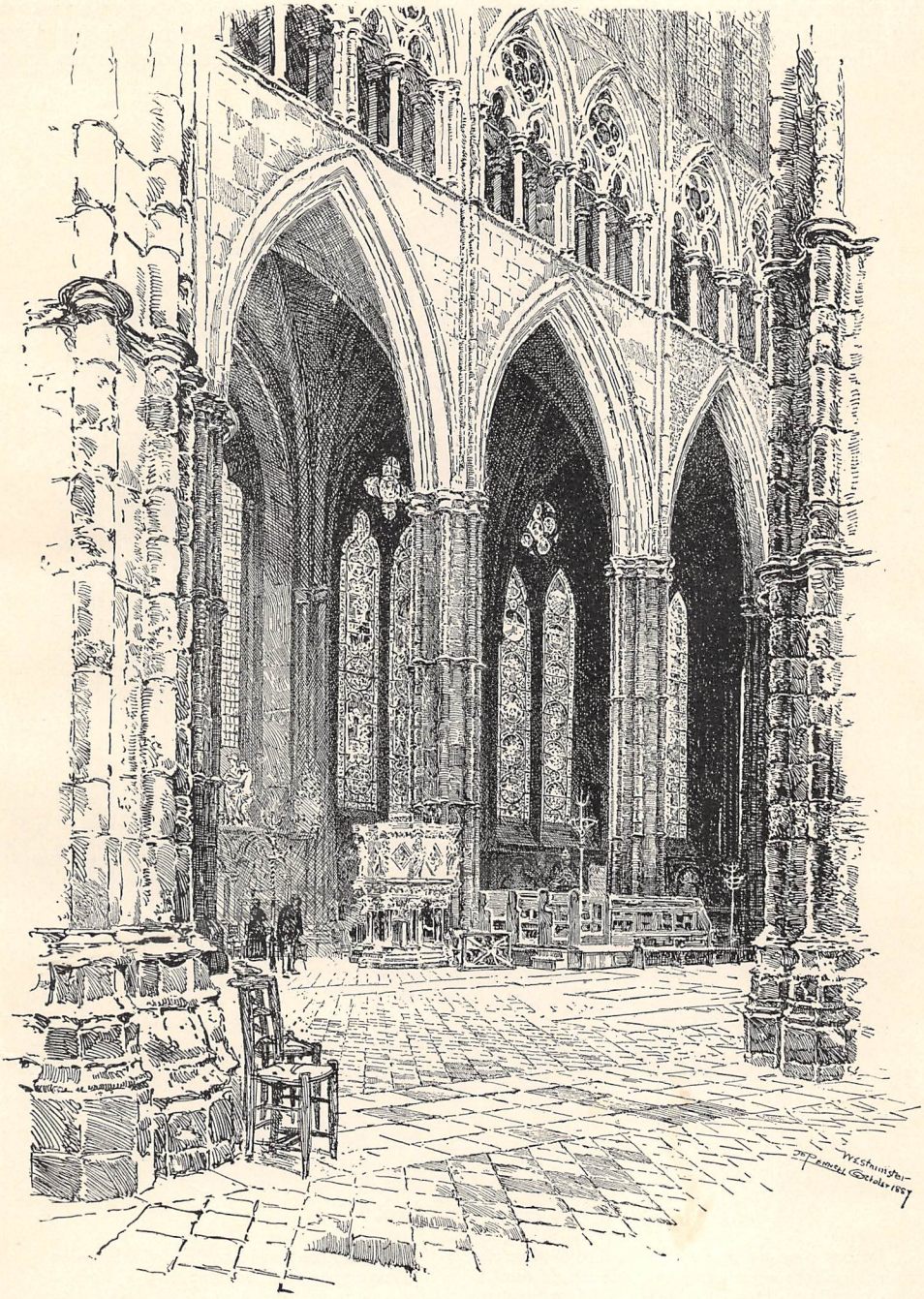
ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

whose tombs fill the clustering chapels of the ambulatory with a pomp almost comparable to the tombs of the doges at Venice or to those of the popes at Rome, and with an architectural verbosity almost sufficient to counterbalance the self-control shown in the use of engraved epitaph. And we may believe, too, that this earlier ideal was a purely English one. For there was in the earlier days of Gothic art a certain happy hour the felicity of which has been caught, and fixed, and perpetuated. It was not, indeed, the hour when the Gothic bud had just freshly opened, for the principal tombs of that date in the abbey are curiously exotic, and seem to suggest Salerno and Ravello rather than either England or Normandy; nor was it yet the later hour when the overblown Tudor rose, as shown in the chapel of Henry VII., was on the point of falling to pieces. It was the fortunate hour when the flower of Gothic art was fully expanding itself in its first freshness at the end of the thirteenth century, and it produced the triple group of monuments that stands just within Westminster's chancel-rail.

These are three Gothic canopies of varying grace and compass. They shelter three figures that recline on three altar-tombs decorated with little niched statues. Certain shields present certain discreet and appropriate devices in the way of heraldry; beyond this, surviving friends offer no remarks. "Aymer de Valence!" What should be the tomb of a man bearing such a name? What collocation of letters could be more instinct with grace, dignity, alertness, virility, chivalry? And what commemorative monument exhibits a more felicitous union of these qualities than his and that of his neighbor, Crouchback? Yet this is the beautiful group that it was proposed to break up, some hundred and twenty-five years ago, by the introduction of a monument, from the hand of the Bird already mentioned, to General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. Horace Walpole, however, protested against this violation; and the dean, assured that Aymer was not, as he had supposed, one of the Knights Templar, an order against which he appears to have held an inexplicable prejudice, became amenable to reason. So Aymer de Valence still holds his own, while Wolfe's monument, one of the major disfigurements of the church, was placed, less ruinously, elsewhere.

V.

To quarrel with the monuments is the time-honored privilege of the writer on Westminster Abbey, and one may perhaps be permitted

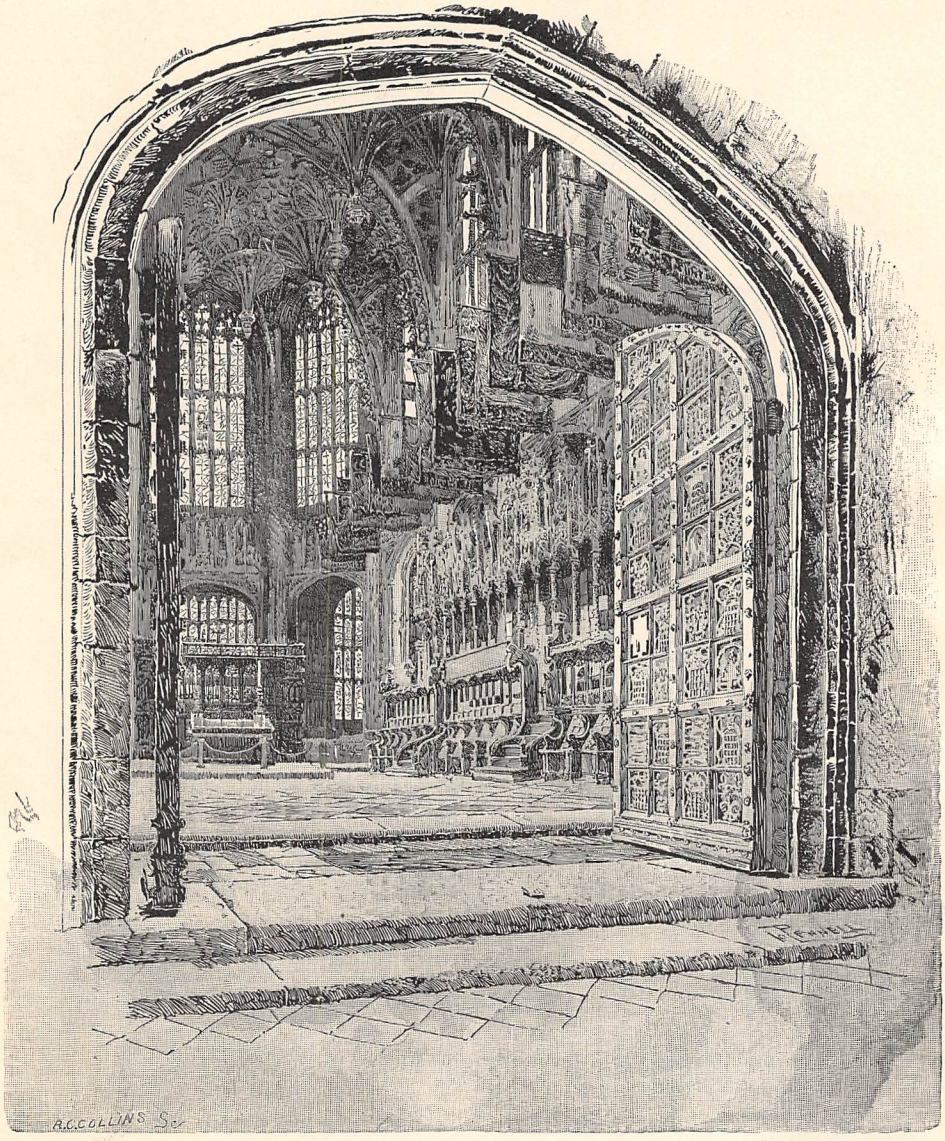


IN THE NAVE.

in addition a word of good-humored protest at the placarded explanations accompanying them; for the solicitous authorities have done their work only too thoroughly. Explication abounds. It is insistent—one might almost say vociferous. It greets you at the very doorway—as if the façade of the north transept had undergone its recent restoration only to make its recessed doors the better suited for a bookstand; it adds a ledgeful of books and pamphlets to the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots; it hangs a set of type-written verses near the cradle of the "abbey baby." And once in a while there comes a white, sprinkly fall of pla-

cards all over the place, and then we know that the "drawing orders" are being called in.[1]

But the printed matter put forward by the abbey authorities does not stop with mere explanation. Its wider range may be appreciated by a reference to the series of placards resting



HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

[1] A curious circumstance with regard to the inscription on the Shakspere monument in Westminster Abbey has been brought to light by Mr. William Bispham of New York. He wrote to the English "Notes and Queries" of March 10, 1888, the following note, which has been reproduced by Dr. Furness in his Variorum edition of "The Tempest," page 211:

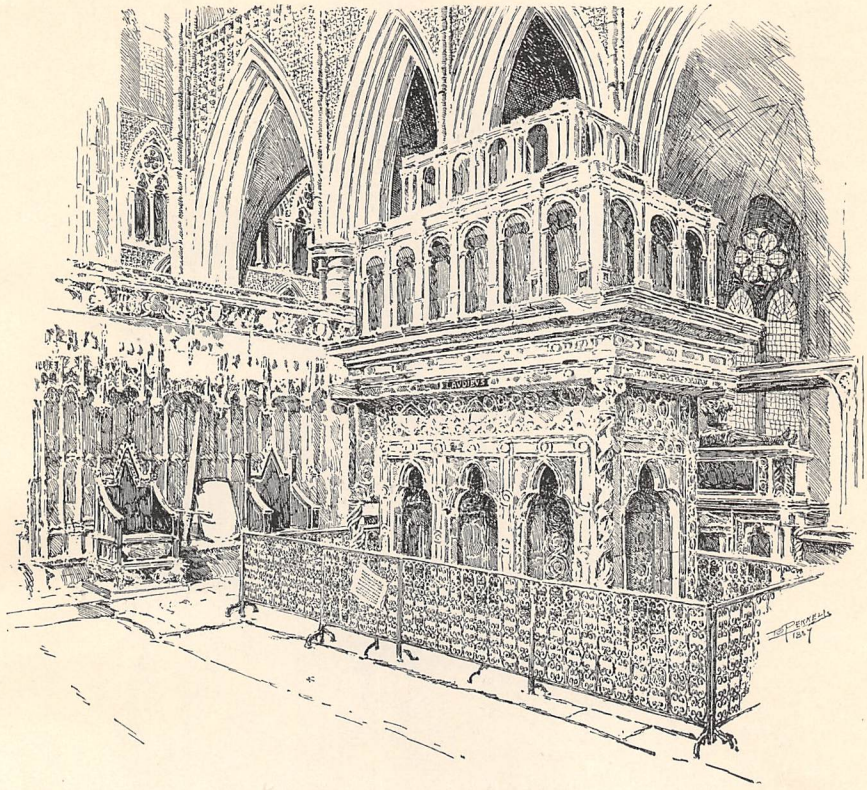
"Tempest IV. 1. On the Shakspere monument in Westminster Abbey are these lines from 'The Tempest':

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like the baseless fabric of this vision
> Leave not a rack behind.

"But in all the editions I have here the lines run thus:

> "And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.

"Can you or any of your readers explain why this transposition was made, or refer me to an edition of Shakspere's plays in which these lines are arranged as they are placed on the monument?"—EDITOR.

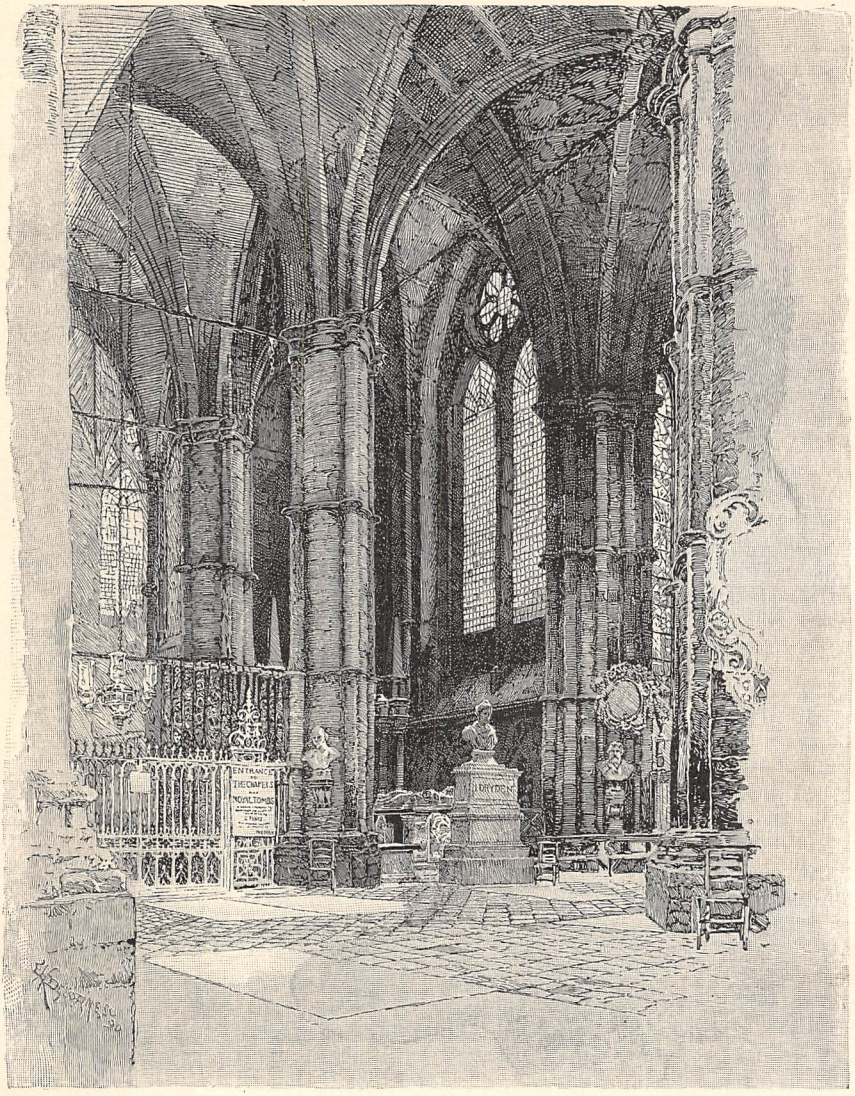


SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, AND CORONATION CHAIR.

on the tomb of John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, in the north transept. There are seven of them. The first gives directions for entrance to the chapels and royal tombs; the second is a "Whereas," and refers to divers complaints of damages and defacements; the third recites the hours of public worship; the fourth requests persons not to touch the monuments; the fifth directs persons not to walk about during divine service; the sixth presents a general plan of the transept; and the seventh declares that "surely this is none other but the house of God." If the executors of John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, could revisit earth in this present day, they might have a fellow-feeling for those short-sighted builders of ours who sometimes put up their residences in streets only too surely destined for a future of street-car and retail traffic. In fact, trampling feet and jostling signs frequently leave little choice between an aisle in the abbey and a hundred feet of shop front on the Strand.

Other monuments receive equal attentions — names, dates, diagrams, facsimiles. Others, again, receive none at all save through the handbooks. Any system by which each would receive a just and proper amount of official attention would seem deserving of consideration. One might wish to think twice, perhaps, before unequivocally recommending that the monuments be numbered, and that the seeds of information now so broadly and so unequally sown be gathered into one compact and convenient catalogue. Yet Titian's "Annunciation" and Murillo's "Conception" (both of them designed as objects of devotion, and originally placed as such, and both, too, more worthy of the devotee's regards than most of the things that Westminster can show) now bear numbers; and worse things might come to the abbey than the sightliness, decorum, and justness that meet in a well-managed gallery. The abbey *is* a gallery, a museum; nor does the travel-spirit that makes it such show any great sign of being on the wane.

The full recognition of the abbey as a great and permanent excursion-ground might have some effect, too, on the conduct of its services. No function there now but is hindered by the half-muffled coming and going of many feet; none that is not "assisted" by many whose rôle of quasi-worshipers is obvious enough. Now, there is a way of reconciling and harmonizing the devotional aspect of the abbey with its excursional aspect. One Spanish fashion — rather a bad one — seems to have been

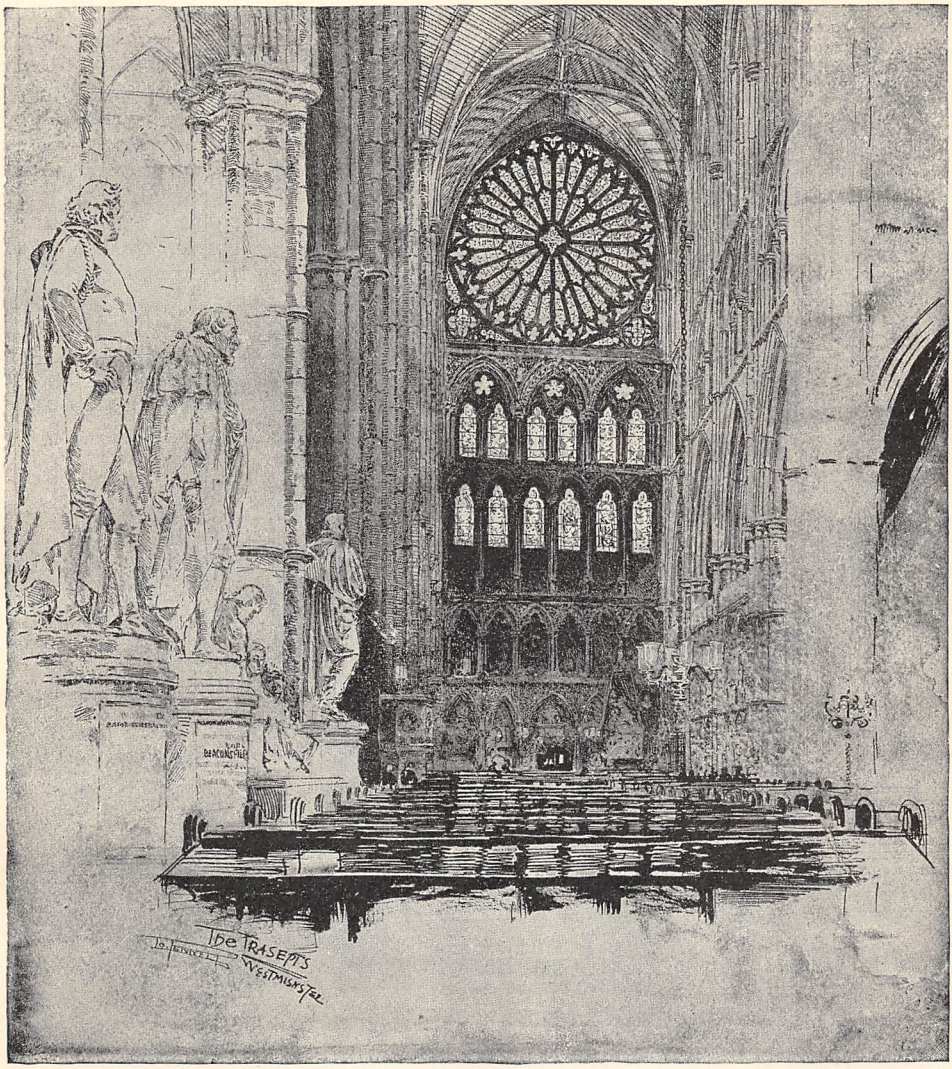


DRYDEN'S TOMB. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

followed in the choir arrangements; a second Spanish fashion — rather a better one — might be adopted as regards the functions generally. This idea considers every cathedral as a parish in itself, and provides it with a chapel to be used as its own parish-church. The abbey is not a cathedral, it is true, but it has been one, and it holds its own to-day against the real cathedral of London, and, indeed, against the cathedral of the Primate himself. Besides, its case is exceptional in many ways; so that the transfer of the ordinary week-day services to the church of St. Margaret close at hand, and the reservation of the abbey for Sunday services only, and for great and exceptional functions, might be to its advantage, considered either as a museum or as a minster.

Perhaps with this change, too, the housekeeping arrangements of the place would become a trifle less obvious. At present we ask for a reception-hall, and we receive a "living-room." Fewer brooms and dust-pans would please; the William IV. furniture might be acknowledged as *passé;* the numerous bars, ugly and exasperating at best, could be given an aspect not quite so rudely extemporaneous; and more care might be exercised in guiding those long strips of matting across the pavements. For truly, considerable saw-sharpening goes on at Westminster, and the teeth of the over-sensitive visitor are likely to be set on edge.

The matting and the benches, indeed, claim many distinguished victims. The visitor who brings flowers to the abbey to place upon the



THE TRANSEPT.

grave of Browning — or upon that of Tennyson, close by — can hardly be pleasantly impressed to find the very small and inconspicuous stone hidden under a wide sheet of lead which finishes the irregular course of a long strip of churchly carpeting. And one feels, too, that the welcome extended by the benches and footrests of Poet's Corner to the sheaves of flowers that still, after twenty years, come to the tomb of Dickens is only a scanty and a grudging one. In view of these considerations, it is easy to regret that this space — to many the heart and soul of the abbey — should be so intimately bound up with the daily services while other space so abounds. One becomes conscious, too, of a decided preference for wall over pavement, and sends down a silent thought toward Matthew Arnold in the baptistery, whose narrow ledge, however obscure, still places him beyond the reach of any such indignity.[1]

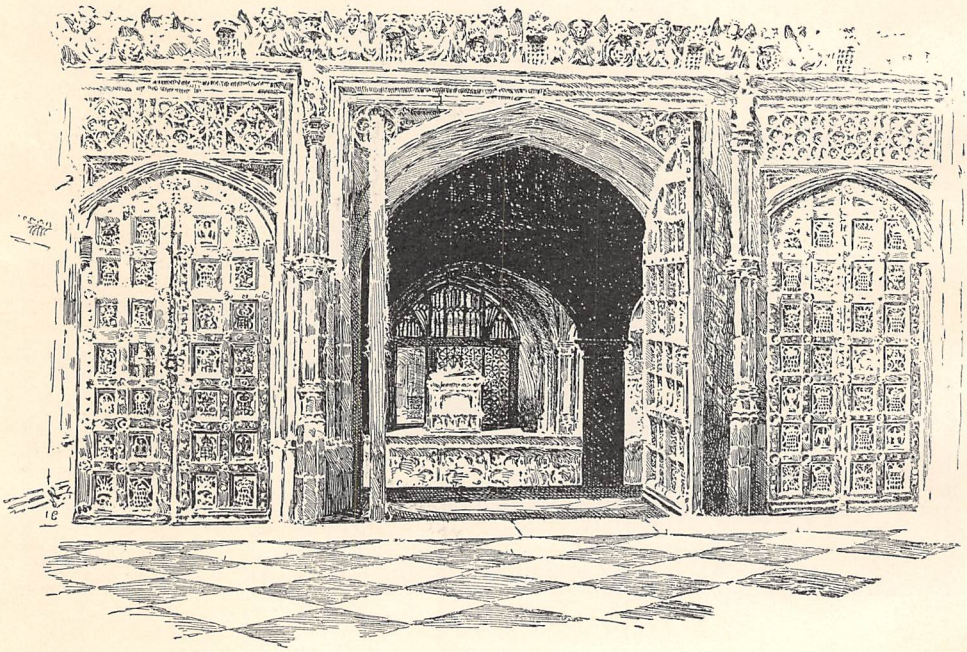
[1] The list of poets actually interred at Westminster is both brief and curious. It comprises: Chaucer (1400), Spenser (1599), Beaumont (1616), Drayton (1631), Ben Jonson (1637), Cowley (1667), Denham (1668), Davenant (1668), Dryden (1700), Nicholas Rowe (1718), Prior (1721), Gay (1732), "Ossian" Macpherson (1796), Campbell (1844), Browning (1889), and Tennyson (1892). The names of Addison, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay may also be mentioned. Spenser, Jonson, Davenant, Dryden, and Rowe were predecessors of Tennyson in the laureateship.

Beaumont is interred near Dryden without any memorial. Macpherson's burial at Westminster was provided for in his own will.

"Rare Ben Jonson" is commemorated in the abbey by three different inscriptions. In each the name is given as Jo*h*nson; the "h" is invariable.

VI.

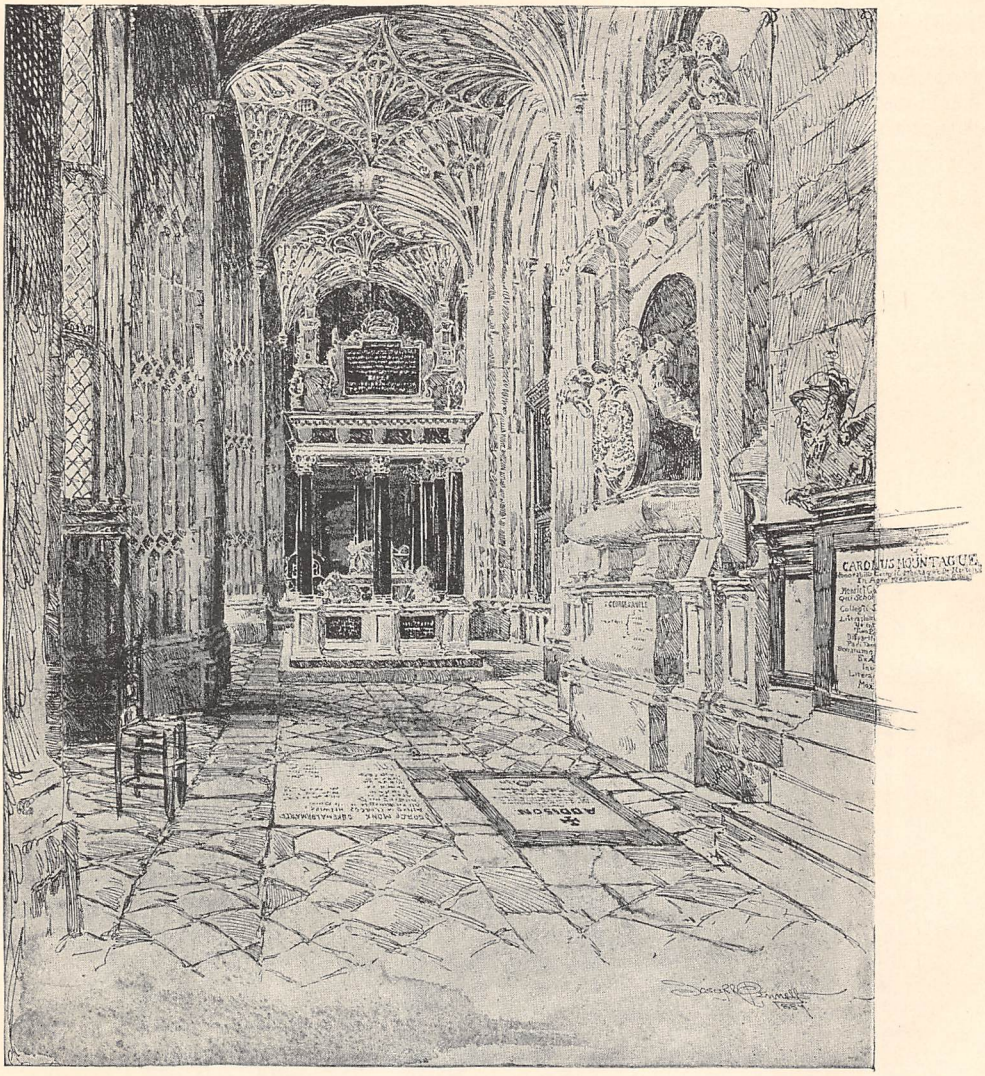
If the note of disparagement has sounded too plainly in some of the preceding paragraphs, it is only because the interest of America in Westminster Abbey is different now, both in degree and in kind, from what it could possibly have been a few years ago. The abbey, within the last decade, has been open to us not only for the conduct of passing ceremonial, but also for the reception of a permanent memorial, and the "difference which is one of the costs of separation," as the "Saturday Review" euphemistically phrases it, has come to be less keenly felt. In February, 1884, the bust of Longfellow was unveiled in Poet's Corner, in the presence of Mr. Lowell, who attended both as a friend and as the representative of our country. The poet's own daughters were also present, as were also many eminent Englishmen. Among the prime movers of the undertaking were Earl Granville and Sir Theodore Martin, and among the ladies contributing were the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.



TOMB OF HENRY V.

In the summer of 1885 the abbey witnessed the memorial service in honor of General Grant. Representatives of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales were present, and there was a suitable attendance from the ministry in general, and from the War Office in particular. Places in the choir were occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Archdeacon Farrar, in a sermon curiously penetrated by a vein of democratic — even republican — sentiment, dwelt not only upon the life of Grant, but upon the lives of Lincoln and Garfield as well. Such careers, he declared, were the glory of the American continent. He cited the declaration of a preceding President who had avowed that his coat-of-arms should be "a pair of shirt sleeves" as an answer showing "a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, and not for the prizes of birth and accident." The burden of the sermon was the essential unity of the American and English people.

Six years later, in the summer of 1891, the same voice pronounced a discourse equally appropriate in honor of James Russell Lowell. No recognition could be more sincere; none can be more complete until England, in the course of the shifting changes of her political future, comes perhaps to see in the man thus eulogized not merely an ambassador, but also an evangelist. So when the proposal to honor Lowell within Westminster as Longfellow has already been honored encounters objections and raises difficulties, and promises to result, even at the best, in a hospitality but clipped and qualified, it rests with us not to protest, but simply to understand — to find reason for



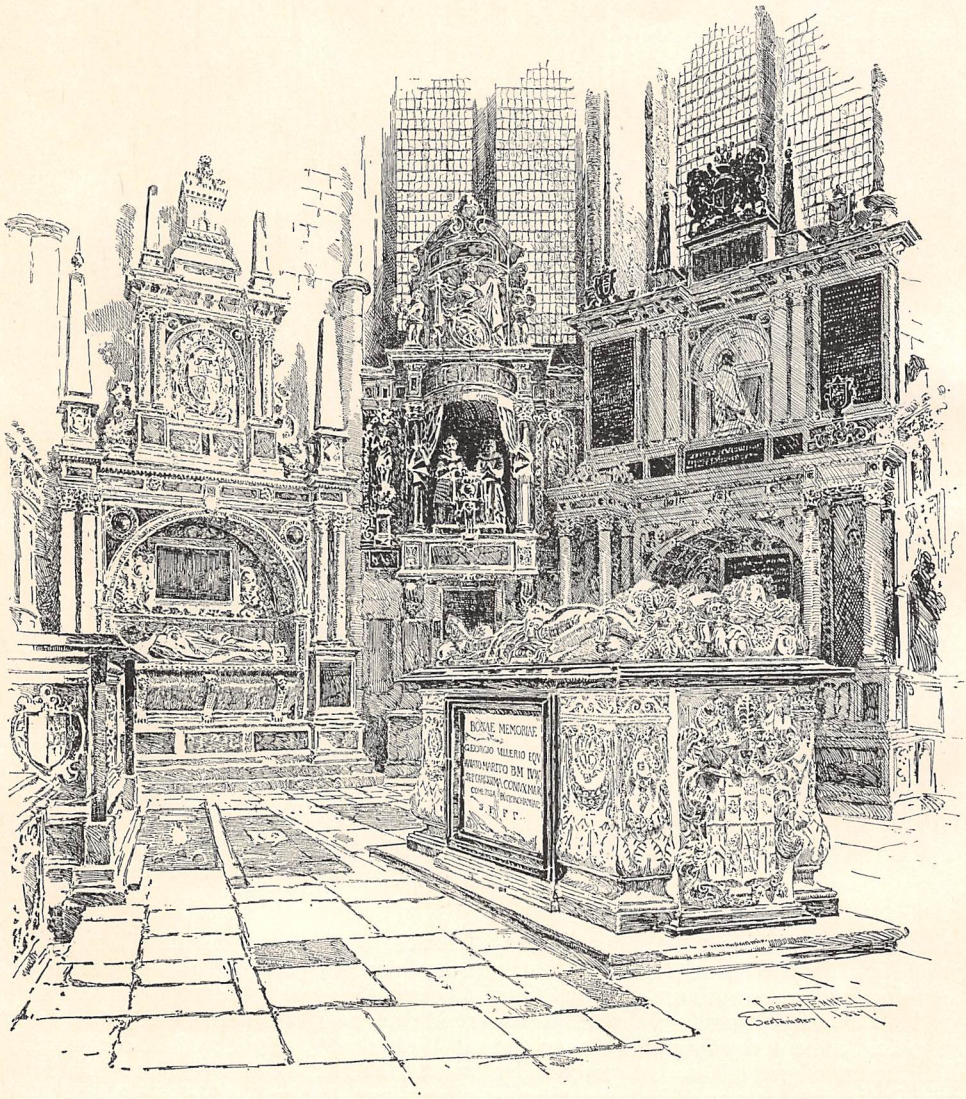
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TOMB.

a half concession which may be only an intimation of denial for the future.

Nothing is more powerful in England than precedent. Nothing, therefore, should we expect to find more jealously guarded than the establishment of precedent. Let us consider some of the precedents as regards commemoration in the abbey. Edward the Confessor was interred at Westminster not because he was king of England, but because, being as much monk as king, and having in view his own death and burial, he chose to be the refounder of the edifice, favoring it because his own residence was near at hand. It was the burial of Henry III., after a long interval, which established the regal precedent, and made the choir of Westminster the tomb-house of kings. Again, Chaucer was interred in the abbey not because he was a poet, but because he had held offices in the royal household, and because his residence, near at hand, as clerk of the works at Westminster, made such a course convenient. It was the burial of Spenser, after another long interval, which established the poetical precedent, and made Poet's Corner of Westminster a sanctuary of song. So, Longfellow, we may reasonably believe, was honored with a bust in Westminster not because he was an American, but because he was a poet, and because, like Edward the Confessor and like Geoffrey Chaucer, he too was "near at hand"—so near, indeed, that his verse is as well known as the late laureate's own, and within as easy reach; so near that the

British journalist or reviewer, in making his facile quotation, does so with complete disregard of differing nationality; so near that in Westminster itself the visitor will frequently chance to hear, in the course of a sermon, a line or a stanza from a friend as close and dear

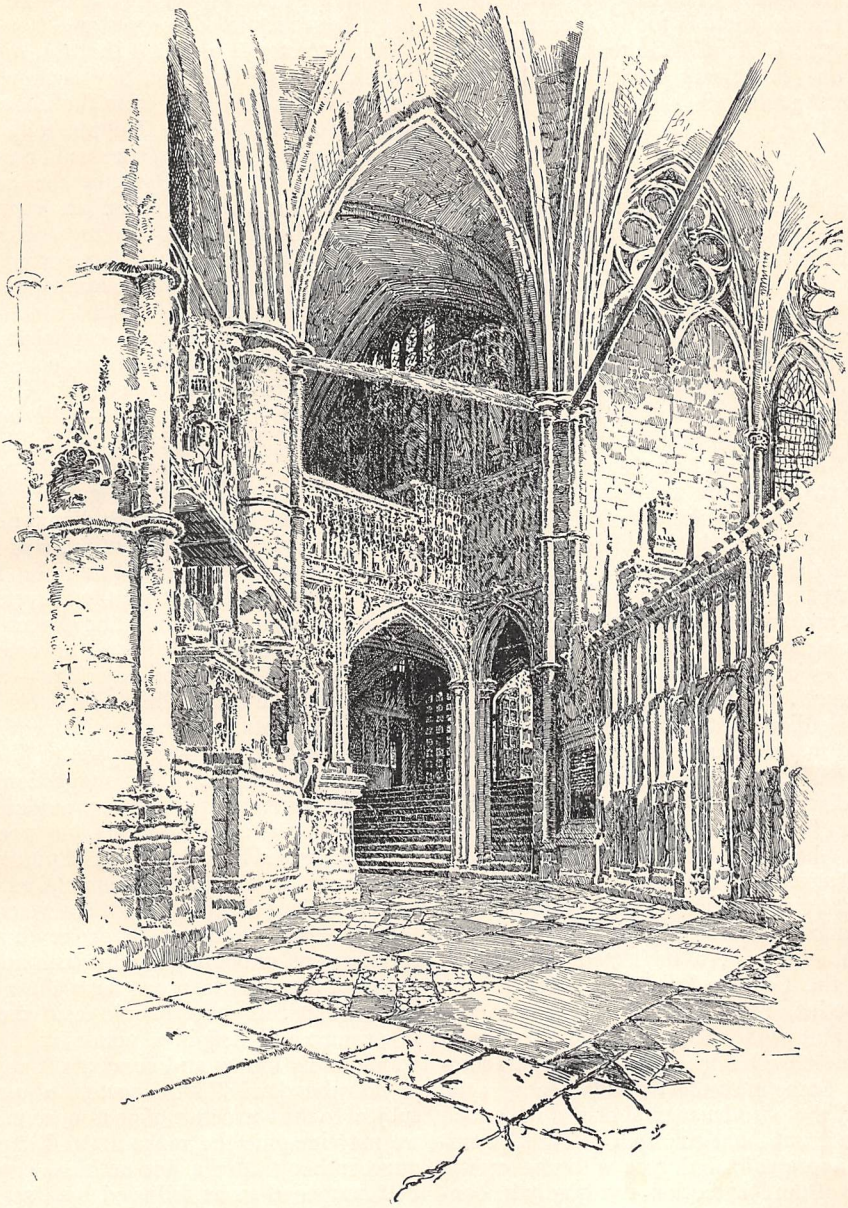
Yet as regards any course of action to which an inference so drawn may give the clue, we of America can have no just cause for complaint. We can trust ourselves to discriminate between a favor and a right—between a hope and a demand. We should remember that while



TOMBS OF LORD BURLEIGH AND THE BUCKINGHAM FAMILY, ST. NICHOLAS CHAPEL.

to one half of the race as to the other. But just as the coming of the second king made the first one more a king and less a builder, and established the royal precedent, and just as the coming of the second poet made the first more a poet and less an official, and established the poetical precedent, so the coming of the second American, be he poet, essayist, politician, what you will — but the inference is easy.

Longfellow is the only one of our great dead honored by a bust in the abbey, he is not the only one to whom has been accorded the almost equal honor of a memorial service. If the movement to commemorate Lowell in the abbey assumes the compromise form of a window in the chapter-house, as at present contemplated, instead of a bust in Poet's Corner, as originally desired and proposed, this substi-



SOUTH AISLE OF CHOIR.

tute will be accepted with the proper degree of satisfaction, but can hardly be looked upon as (to quote further from the journal already referred to) "the one mark of honor which an Englishman holds the highest attainable by mortal man."

Is not the attitude of America too suggestive of that of a daughter who, after setting up an establishment of her own, continues longer than she should to make demands upon the parent roof? I am young, she seems to say, and my affairs are not fully in order, and there are two or three little matters that I should like to be helped out with. I have several attractive daughters whom I should like to put advantageously before the public eye; oblige me with the use of your court ceremonial. I have numerous sons, too, whose careers I desire to honor; place at my disposal a part of the great hall of fame in which you are accustomed to honor your own. And patient Britannia replies that as concerns Buckingham Palace there is

room and to spare, but that as regards the abbey of Westminster there is too little even now for her own needs. Part of her reason, yet not all; but in any event, will America kindly make other arrangements?

VII.

THE English prospectus for a future American Westminster as set forth by Archdeacon Farrar is decidedly not without its attractive features. It suggests the "pictures of the lengthening line of presidents"—a suggestion prompted by the series of mosaic medallions of the popes at San Paolo Fuori, Rome; it reminds us that there would be a propriety in cenotaphs to Raleigh and to Penn; it brings up to us the "sculptured faces of our sweet singers," Bryant and Longfellow; of our great theologians, Edwards and Channing; of our historians, Prescott and Motley; and it reminds us that in such an edifice niches would be waiting for the great figures of the generation now passing away. Of the last names thus brought up to our recollection, three are names of those already gone, and the fame of one of them is even now waiting at the portal of Westminster.

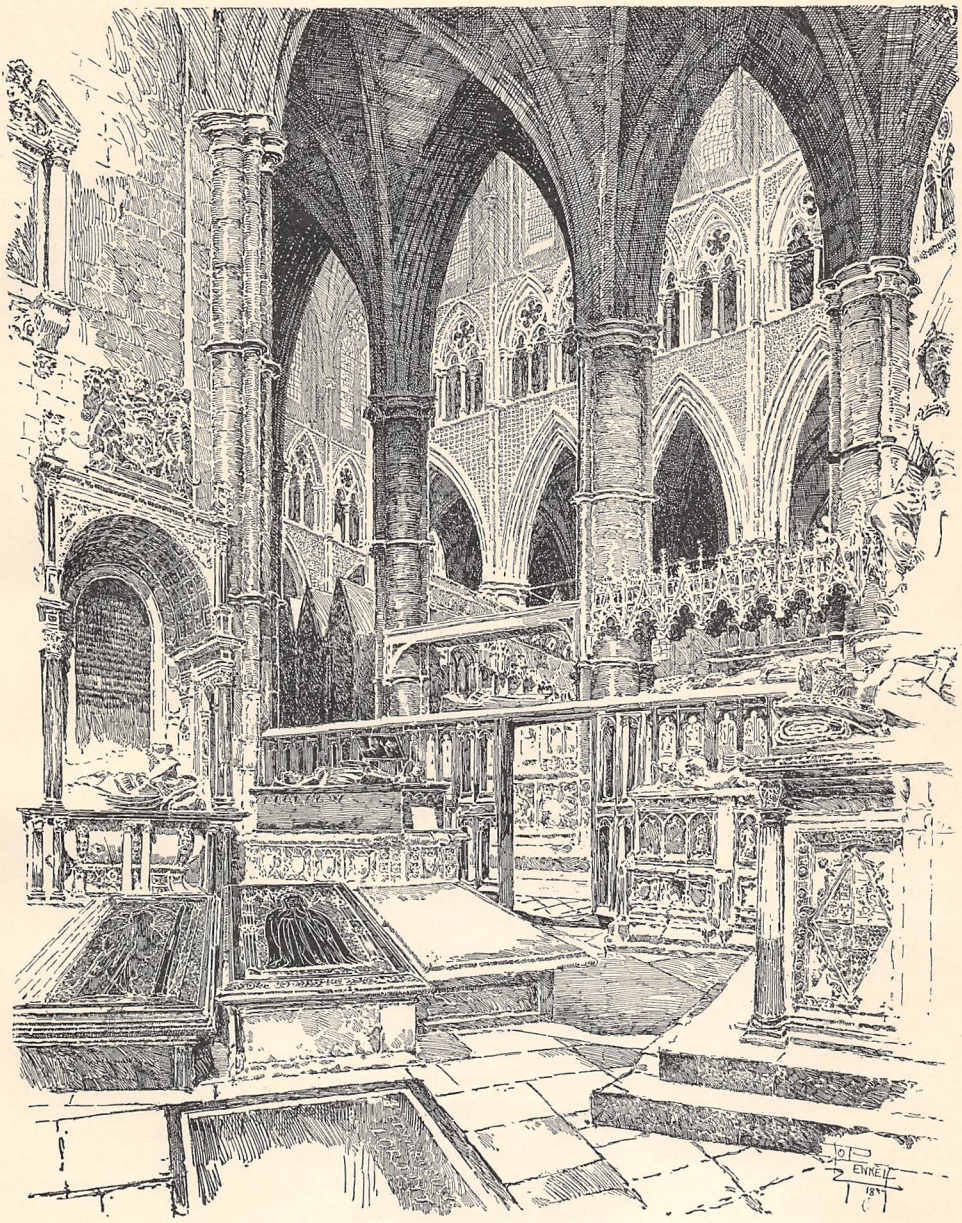
But the disadvantages and drawbacks of a Valhalla made to order have not received as much consideration from Archdeacon Farrar as the discussion of the subject immediately produced from other quarters. Various other countries have tried the same idea, but with no great success. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of inertia; that of Ratisbon, for instance, has existed for years in all the cold immobility of a neglected refrigerator, though the German nation has never been more active, more progressive, more consciously and vividly alive, more fruitful of great men, than in the half century following its completion. Sometimes the Valhalla becomes the victim of the peculiar mental bias of the epoch in which it was founded; that of Paris, identified to a prejudicial degree with the erratic thinkers of the Revolution, can hardly be considered as figuring in the dying wishes of the great Frenchmen of to-day. Sometimes the Valhalla falls a victim to the peculiar mental make-up of the nation; that of Madrid affords a striking case in point. In the brief period between Isabella and Amadeo a pantheon in the capital was determined upon; the rotunda of San Francisco was set apart and bedizened with a glittering contemporaneousness of gilding, fresco, and marble wainscoting; and the entire country was ransacked for illustrious dead to deposit there. But such transference was extremely unpopular in the provinces,—"the Spains,"—and most of the bodies, even within the short space of twenty-five years, have been reclaimed and restored.

It is not to be assumed that the American pantheon would run on any such rocks as these. We should learn from the German example not to place our Ruhmeshalle near a minor provincial town. Nor would our course be complicated, as in Paris, by the existence of an Institute which confers an immortality on those already living. Neither, despite the great and growing rivalry of large cities, should we have to contend with a rampant sectionalism—such as that of Spain, which would deny the dignity of the very capital itself.

But there are other objections, nevertheless, and they are numerous and cogent. One alone is apparently insurmountable—the necessity of a political basis and the inevitability of a political bias. The voter swarms; the practical politician is abroad. If the guiding and restraining sense of high church dignitaries, supposedly sensitive to the continuity of history and to the force of hallowed tradition, has not always proved sufficient for the prevention of jarring *faux pas*, what might be expected from a rawly extemporized board or committee working on the yea-and-nay plan—a body certain to have the qualities of its active creators and perpetuators and to be provided at the start with a very large space to fill? Our English well-wisher, in his suggestions for a National American pantheon, provides for our early explorers and colonizers, our poets and theologians and historians; but he does not lay equal stress upon our "statesmen," as we are fond of calling them. Now, when we consider that the one character to evoke the vivid, spontaneous, unbounded enthusiasm and sympathy of the American people is the political orator, that this same people is in the habit of prompt and definitive action in a matter which really moves and concerns it, and that in no other land is ante-mortem abuse more subject to the corrective of post-mortem praise, we may imagine the make-up and aspect of our pantheon after a hot political campaign that happened to be followed by a season of severe mortality. It might, at first, give us considerable complacency; shortly it would displease us, presently it would disgust us; and in the future we should be well enough satisfied to bury our illustrious dead near their own families and amidst the scenes with which they were associated during life.

VIII.

THE only abbey, then, with which we are likely to have much concern is the abbey of Westminster. It is not, indeed, the harmonious whole that the heart might wish, but it is much



ST. EDMUND'S CHAPEL.

better than anything else of the kind in which, for some time to come, at least, we are likely to claim an interest. And those of us who cannot resolve its discords unaided may compass this end by calling in the one art capable of dealing with such a problem. Not that there exists any music absolutely fitting for a Gothic cathedral, since the two great arts of northern Europe were four hundred years apart in the course of their development. Had the music-makers of the fourteenth century enjoyed the technical knowledge and the varied resources of the eighteenth, we should now possess in sound some equivalent for the piercing beauty, the panting aspiration, and the free-handed intrepidity of an age the chief manifestation of which remains only one of structural form. For the music of the great classic days is only wig-music, after all, whether we take the perky cheerfulness figured by the Haydn peruke, or the labored and majestic graces conveyed by the mighty head-dress of Handel. Still, there

are happy moments when the powder and horsehair of the great German art seem reduced to a minimum. One of these comes when the clear-voiced choir-boy of the abbey sings sweetly the great aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; and another such moment (repeated more than once in the course of the past fatal winter) comes when the strident chords of the Dead March in Saul are rained down in a fiery shower—chords the spirit, poignancy, and daring of which seem almost an intimation of what music might and should have been in those passionate days which reared the angel choir of Lincoln, the soaring front of Strasburg, and the defiant apse of Notre Dame.

Music, too, produces a pleasant pianissimo in a certain small and retired court that lies buried deep within the abbey precincts—a court which is at once the home of musicians long dead and the residence of others yet living. This inclosure (the same, by the way, which was once the residence of Irving) is embellished with a fountain, and in May there is a pleasant show of greenness. Quiet reigns. Even the occasional organ-peal that sometimes sounds through the cloister proper dies out before reaching here. The very names on the brass black-letter door-plates blur themselves into a modest illegibility. For such a spot as this there is no Aquarium; the omnibuses rumble by in vain; monumental vain-gloriousness expires; and the dim roar of London comes to be not a matter of sense, but merely a matter of memory. The pilgrims set out for Canterbury only yesterday; Barnet, perhaps, will be fought to-morrow; one stands quite prepared to assist in a resumption of the daily monastic activities of the elder day—a resumption that seems not only proper, but imminent and inevitable.

Henry B. Fuller.

THE ROUSING OF MRS. POTTER.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

THERE were peach-trees all around the house. In front they were planted in rows, but at the back and sides of the house they were growing without order. The long, shining leaves glistened in the sunshine, and all among the leaves the peaches hung ripe, and ready to be picked. There were a great many peaches lying about on the ground under the trees. Hens were wandering about picking wasteful holes in them, and others were wallowing idly in the dry, ungrassy soil.

There was a narrow, worn path leading down between the trees from the front door to a rough rail-fence. There was no gate. At the end of the path two of the rails had been taken away, and the people who lived in the house, when they wanted to go beyond, climbed over or crawled under. Beyond the fence, in front of the house, the prairie stretched away smoothly for half a mile to a narrow belt of woods along a stream. The public road ran through the yard at the back of the house. There were two gates to be opened when any one wanted to pass through; but few passed, and they opened the gates unquestioningly.

The house was built of logs. It had been whitewashed, but the wash was chipping away in many places, leaving it spotted and rain-stained. A large grape-vine almost covered the back of the house, and ran out on poles fastened to the roof, forming a green-covered porch. All around the back door, under the grape-vine porch, flat stones were laid. A girl was kneeling on the stones, picking out the weeds that were growing between them. The odor of stewing peaches came pleasantly out to her.

"There, that makes six cans already."

The girl got up and went to the door. She had on a light calico dress, with a brown spray running over it, and a pink calico sunbonnet on her head. Her small feet were without shoes or stockings. The woman standing by the stove, stirring the cooking fruit, turned toward her.

"I wish to gracious, Addie, you 'd put on your shoes. You 'll get your feet all spread out, going bare. You would n't go that way if we was living in Dayton yet, to save your life."

The girl laughed. "Well, we ain't living in Dayton; that makes the difference."

"You 're too big a girl, anyhow. Supposing some one was to come?"

"I 'd skip in and get 'em on."

There were several tin milk-pans, full of peaches cut up and ready to be cooked, standing on the table with the glass cans for the canning. Addie went over and took one of the pieces and put it into her mouth. The six

"MRS. WOLCOTT HAD BEEN THREADING THE MACHINE."

jars of newly canned peaches were on a shelf that extended along the wall back of the stove.

"I should think we'd have enough for a dozen cans with just what we 've cut up. We 'd been glad enough to have had some of the peaches we can't use, back in Dayton," Addie said.

"Yes; I rather guess we would. I want to rush and get done before dinner. I 'm going to ride up to the store with your father after. I have n't been off the place for two weeks."

Addie took another piece of peach, and went out to the weeds again.

"You 'll have to get dinner, so I won't be interrupted," her mother called out to her.

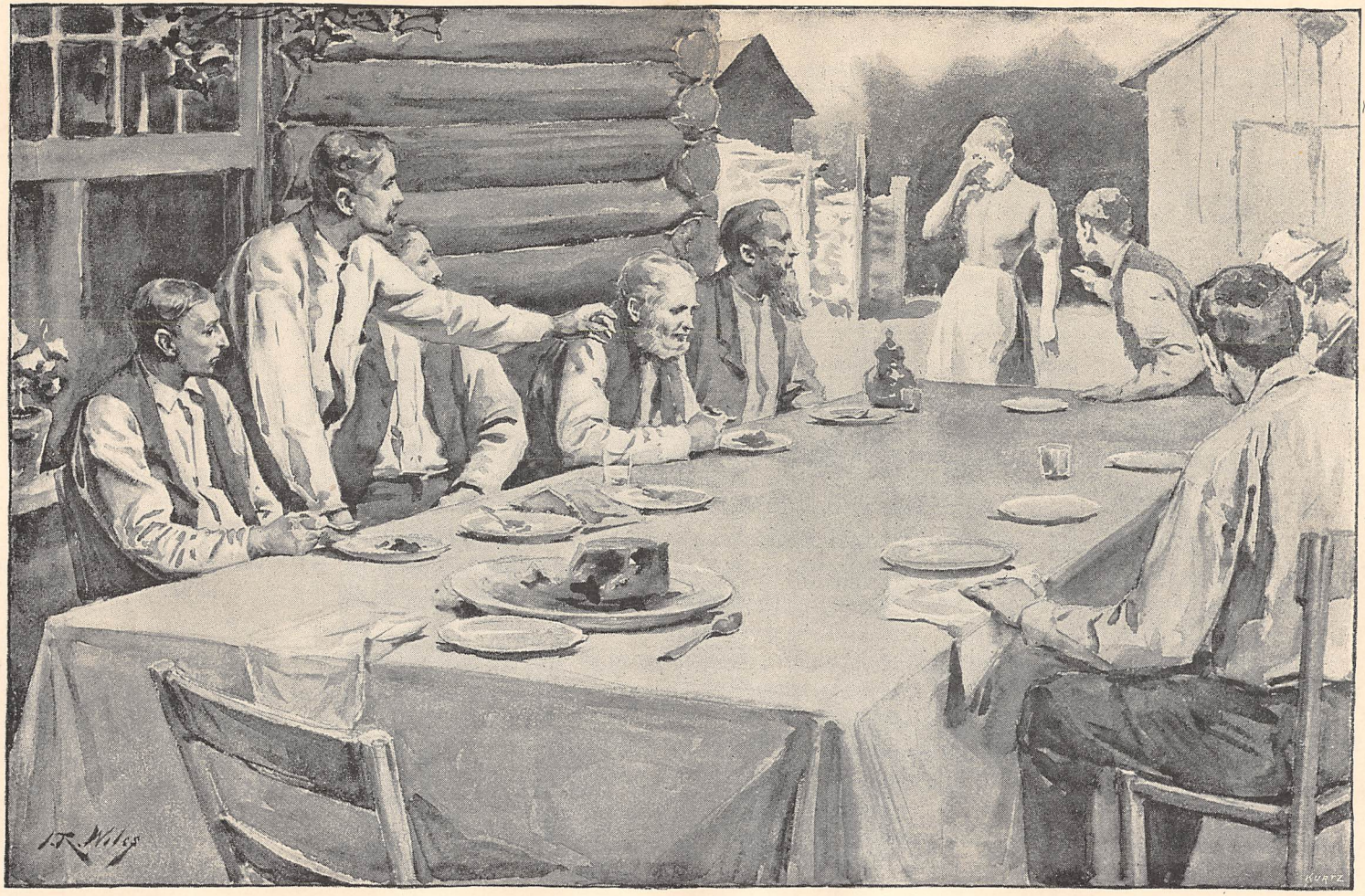
"Well!" She jumped up and ran into the house quickly. "There 's a wagon coming down the rise. It 's a light spring-wagon."

"Do get on your shoes, and keep them on. The idea of keeping yourself so you 're ashamed to be seen!"

The girl sat down on the door-sill, drawing her bare feet under her dress.

"They 'll pass through in a minute. I don't want to stop now. I 'm going to fix up after dinner. There, they 're opening the gate. Why, there 's a sick woman in behind on a mattress!"

Mrs. Wolcott came to the door, and looked out over her daughter's head.



THE DINNER.

The man, who was driving, got out of the wagon and opened the first gate; and now, instead of driving straight on to the second, as they had supposed he would, he turned the horses' heads toward the house.

"Whatever is he going to do?" Mrs. Wolcott whispered. "Can't he see the other gate?"

"Hello!" the man called out, seeing them. "My wife wanted to make you a visit, and I 've brung her over. She heard you was from Ohio, and that 's where we hail from, so nothing could n't keep her to hum."

Addie stood up, forgetting her bare feet. These people were strangers, whom they had never seen nor even heard of before, but the neighbors for ten miles around had been coming unexpectedly to welcome them ever since they had arrived in the early spring. They had come with their families and had spent the day, and had generously and hospitably invited the Wolcotts to do the same.

"What 's the matter with your wife?" Mrs. Wolcott asked, going out toward the wagon. Addie followed her.

"She 's had some trouble with her spine like for six years or more. She 'll tell you all about it. She knows more about it than I do."

The woman sat up, leaning on her elbow, and looked at them.

"Well, I 'm glad we 're here. I thought we 'd be all day. I 'm about dead. Now, when you get me off, Joe, you want to hurry back and get the children's dinner. I told 'em you would. They 'll be about starved to death."

There was a wonderful amount of vigor and native force in the bedridden woman's voice. Her full face bore no trace of her long suffering, and her eyes were large and bright; but she lay quite helplessly across her husband's shoulder, when he had let down the end board of the wagon and lifted her out.

"You 'd better go ahead and get your bed ready," he said to Mrs. Wolcott; "she 'll have to lie right down."

"Addie, run on and take off the spread and the pillow-shams. Be sure you fold 'em in the creases. Don't it hurt you?" Mrs. Wolcott added, following her visitor into the house.

"No; not much. Joe 's learned to tote me quite easy, he 's had so much practice."

They went on through the kitchen into the sitting-room. This was the only other room in the house besides the large loft bedroom above. There was a bed in the corner of the room, with a white spread and ruffled pillow-shams, which Addie was hastily disarranging for their guest. Everything in the room had an atmosphere of other days. There was a worn Brussels carpet on the floor in red and greens, and a carpet lounge in harmonious shades of blue and gray. The walls had been covered with brown building-paper, and bulged or sank irregularly with the logs. There were white lace curtains at the two windows, and a sewing-machine and a cottage organ stood in the room.

Their guest, when she was finally established on the bed, and Mrs. Wolcott had taken her bonnet and shawl, sat up and looked curiously about her. Her husband stood in the center of the room looking also.

"Well, I heard you was fixed up pretty fine, and I should think you was. There ain't many in these parts brung so much West with 'em." She pointed to a small picture that hung on the opposite side of the room. "I suppose that 's the picture of the house where you used to live back in Ohio that I 've heard so much of?"

Mrs. Wolcott went over to the picture, and started to take it down.

"Oh, you need n't bring it to me. I can see it from here. I don't see whatever you wanted to leave a nice home like that for, and come out here and live in a log house. Do go along, Joe Potter. Those children will be starved."

Mr. Potter said good-by, and reluctantly went out of the door. Addie followed him out into the yard. He lifted the mattress from the wagon, and leaned it up against the side of the house, and Addie opened the gate for him, and he drove away. No word had passed between Mr. Potter and his wife of the intended length of her visit. Addie heard Mrs. Potter telling her mother her plans as she went back into the house.

"I told Joe he could bring me over, and I 'd stay until we 'd had our visit out; then I guessed Mr. Wolcott would hitch up and bring me home. It 's a good ways for Joe to run back and forth, and I don't like the children left to themselves nights."

Addie went to the stove and took off the peaches, which had cooked down into a kind of jelly, and were beginning slowly to burn on the dish.

"Well, we have n't but two beds," she heard her mother answer. "I don't see how we 'll manage without Addie sleeps on the lounge, and we sleep in her bed. Mr. Wolcott could never carry you up-stairs."

"Oh, you know I brung my mattress, so there 'll be room enough. Some one can sleep on that." She lay comfortably back on the soft pillows, and laughed easily. "It 's quite a convenience, taking your bed with you; you 're sure then not to put people out."

"Well, I hope we can make you comfortable, I 'm sure. I 'm canning, and I 'll have to finish, or the peaches will spoil. I 'll leave the door open between, and Addie 'll be in and out if you want anything."

Her guest looked slightly aggrieved. "You

can put 'em down in sugar, and they 'll wait canning. I 've done that a good many times when anything came up to hinder me."

Mrs. Wolcott knew that this suggestion was not to be lightly considered. She excused herself, and went out to the kitchen.

"Well, I never in my life!" she said to her daughter in an undertone. "The way she throws herself around on that bed! She 's so heavy-looking, I feel as if she 'd break the springs every time she turns over."

Addie smothered a laugh behind the cupboard door. Mrs. Wolcott emptied the peaches into earthen jars, sprinkling them freely with sugar.

"I was ashamed enough to have them catch you barefooted. Do get on your shoes, and then begin on the dinner. I 'll work on your underclothes. I can sew and entertain her, too, I suppose."

The dinner-table was set in the sitting-room that day, close by the side of the bed, and Mrs. Potter watched the bringing in of the dinner with the greatest interest. Everything reminded her of the days when she lived in Ohio. She boasted of her own cooking when she was strong. The pudding was one she had often made in Ohio; but she had forgotten the receipt, and Mrs. Wolcott brought in her cook-book, and she copied it, while they were waiting for Mr. Wolcott to come in to dinner.

He was rather late. While he was washing himself in the tin basin on the bench under the grape-vine porch, Addie told him about their visitor, and where they had set the table. He laughed out at the description of her arrival, and her purpose of staying until he could take her home.

"Well, she 'll have quite a spell to stay, then, I 'm thinking. I 've got to take a grist to the mill this afternoon, and to-morrow morning early I 'm going to that sale over to Brockton, and won't be home till late; so she won't get away before day after to-morrow, in the evening, if she waits for me."

Mrs. Potter, when she was told of the prolonged visit she would be forced to make, took it cheerfully.

"I 'm sure I can stand it if you folks can. I 'm no particular good to home, and this ain't a bad place to be found in. I ain't tasted nothing so good as this dinner since I come to Kansas." She was sitting up quite straight and unaided.

"What seems to be your trouble?" Mr. Wolcott asked, looking at her quizzingly from under his eyebrows. "You sit up quite strong."

"I have n't a bit of strength to me. I ain't walked a step for more 'n five years."

She sank back among the soft pillows, and lay very quiet during the remainder of the meal.

All that afternoon Mrs. Wolcott and Addie sat in the sitting-room sewing, and ready to entertain their guest. Mrs. Wolcott was running the sewing-machine. The front door stood open, and the warm sunshine streamed in across the floor. There was a faint breath of ripe peaches wafted in from time to time. A bumblebee had found its way into the room, and tumbled crazily about the ceiling.

Mrs. Potter was taking a long nap. Her breathing was regular and heavy.

"I have a feeling about me I never had, as I know of, about anybody else," Mrs. Wolcott said in an undertone, nodding toward the bed. "Perhaps I 'm wronging her,—I hope I am,—but I feel as if she just had the will she could get up as well as anybody, and walk too."

There was a slight movement on the bed. Addie shook her head at her mother.

"You better keep still."

Mrs. Wolcott waited a moment. Mrs. Potter's regular breathing continued.

"If she 'd use some of that strength in trying to get up, that she uses in bouncing about on the bed, I can't but think she could."

There was a decided movement on the bed. Addie smiled at her mother, and bent over her work.

Mrs. Wolcott had been threading the machine, and now she began sewing again. They both were certain that Mrs. Potter was awake, and had probably heard all that Mrs. Wolcott had said. The next few minutes were decidedly uncomfortable ones. In the silence the bumblebee tumbled against the door, and flew out and away.

"Go out and get a nice plate of peaches, Addie. Mrs. Potter will like some, I know, when she wakes up, and I would n't mind having one myself. I don't know what I 'll do when they 're gone."

Mrs. Potter sat up, and looked over the rather high foot-board at her hostess.

"No, Mrs. Potter would n't like none of your peaches when she wakes up, and Mrs. Potter 's heard every word you 've said, and, you can depend upon it, if she had the use of her legs she 'd use 'em to get out of this house pretty quick."

Her face was white with excitement. Mrs. Wolcott turned a hem, and looked at her calmly over the top of her spectacles.

"Well, since you heard me, I believe you *could* do it if you set your will to it." She drew her lips tightly together, lengthening the muscles at the corners of her mouth. "Sometimes it 's the saving of a person when some one dares speak out the truth to them."

Mrs. Potter lay back among the pillows with a moan of real pain. After a few minutes Mrs. Wolcott began to talk of other things. She felt

keenly the unpleasantness of making a guest uncomfortable in her home. She spoke of things back in Ohio that she was sure would interest Mrs. Potter, and Addie with a quick understanding talked, too. There was no response from the bed, and when Mrs. Wolcott finally put some question directly to her, Mrs. Potter still remained silent.

The afternoon wore slowly away. Mrs. Wolcott ran the sewing-machine, and Addie basted for her, and kept up a cheerful little strain of conversation on her own interests.

"There 'll be a full moon to-night, won't there? I 'm glad."

Mrs. Wolcott stopped the machine, and turned her work.

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Why, I 'm going riding; you know, I told you."

"Are you going on horseback or in the buggy?"

"Horseback, I hope. It 's lots more fun."

"I don't want you staying out late. Your father lets you go, so I 've nothing to say; but I think you 're too young for such things, myself."

"Well, I 'm sixteen; I guess that 's old enough."

Mrs. Potter listened with interest. She wanted to ask Addie with whom she was going riding, and to tell her that she herself was married when she was sixteen.

"You was n't sixteen till last week. You 'd better learn to keep on your shoes and stockings if you 're going to think yourself a young lady," Mrs. Wolcott answered.

When it began to grow dark, Mrs. Wolcott and Addie had their supper alone out in the kitchen, and afterward Addie rode away with the young man who called at the kitchen door for her while she was washing the dishes.

Mrs. Potter strained her ears to catch his name, or to recognize the sound of his voice. She had refused the supper that had been brought in to her, and had turned her face stubbornly to the wall, and would not speak.

Mrs. Wolcott thought with real alarm of the prolonged stay that her visitor would be forced to make. Mr. Wolcott would not be home from the mill until late. She stood in the door and watched Addie as she galloped away, and then went in and stood by the bed.

"I don't know whatever I 'm going to do with you, Mrs. Potter, if you won't eat nothing, nor say what you want. You can't go home till my husband 'll take you, and that 'll be day after to-morrow at the nearest, he 's so drove with work just now. I 'm sorry I spoke out what I thought, if that 'll do any good."

Mrs. Potter rolled over on the bed, and flashed her eyes at Mrs. Wolcott.

"You don't catch me staying here any three days!"

"Well, you heard what my husband said. I suppose he will take you home if you 're set on going, but it would convenience us more to have you stay."

"If I 'm such a hypocrite as you say I am, the sooner you get me out of your house the better."

"I don't know as I said you was a hypocrite. You just ain't roused yourself, that 's all."

Mrs. Wolcott drew up a chair by the bed, and sat down. "We was always renting back in Ohio, because we did n't rouse ourselves and get out here where land is cheaper; and here I am an old woman almost before there 's any sign of my having a place of my own. We 'd been back there yet if we had n't just been drove out by bad luck. I always say if we 'd only roused ourselves while we was younger, we 'd been well-to-do, now."

Mrs. Potter looked over at the picture of Mrs. Wolcott's former home.

"You 've been giving out that was your house."

"Well, it was while we lived in it. Addie was born there, but there was a double mortgage on it. I don't tell this to many. We never could have raised it; still, I looked on it as home more 'n any place I ever lived."

"Well, you own this place, don't you? People said you give out you was well off."

"We never gave out anything as I know of. People who come asked if that is where we used to live, and I said it was. I did n't see no need in going into particulars with everybody that come in. We about own this place, and we will own it clear in a few years; then we will have a home in our old age, and Addie 'll have something when we 're gone. It was n't easy tearing up at our age and coming out here, neither. It was beginning again when I thought I was through."

"I don't see what that 's got to do with my getting up," Mrs. Potter answered, turning her face away. After that she refused to speak again.

At half-past nine Mr. Wolcott drove into the yard, and Mrs. Wolcott went out and talked with him while he was unhitching the horses from the wagon.

"Well, I 'm too tired, and the horses are too tired, too, to go any further to-night; but I suppose I 've got to take her if you can't get along with her. You hold the horses, and let me go in and have a word with her."

He threw the reins to his wife, and went in through the kitchen, and stood in the sitting-room door.

"Well, my wife says you think you can't spend the night with us," he called out cheer-

ily into the moonlit room. "You better think better of it. I 'll try and take you home to-morrow, when I get home from the sale. I 'd take you home in the morning first thing, but there 's going to be a lot of pigs go off cheap, and I want to be there in time to get my bid in, sure. Come, now, you better let my wife give you something to eat, and content yourself till it 's more convenient to take you home." There was no answer from the bed. "My wife will like to have you stay, and will do her best to make you comfortable."

"I guess she 'll like my room better 'n my company. I suppose I 've got to lay here till you 're ready to take me, but I ain't any mind to stay where I ain't wanted."

Mrs. Potter smothered a sob under the bedclothes.

"Bless your heart, no, you don't have to stay. I 'll have you out of there before you can say Jack Robinson, if I can lift you. I ain't over and above strong; you 'll have to help yourself what you can. I 'll go out and get your mattress into the wagon."

A feeling of disappointment settled around Mrs. Potter's heart. She was very comfortable. She thought of the long ride, and her springless bed at home, and longed to stay where she was.

Mrs. Wolcott came in and brought her bonnet and shawl, and helped her into a rocking-chair, and drew her to the door; and Mr. Wolcott, with great difficulty and real suffering on his own part, finally succeeded in lifting the decidedly heavy invalid up to her mattress in the wagon, and climbed up on the seat in front, and drove away. Mrs. Potter maintained her injured silence to the last.

As they drove out of the gate, Addie and the young man she had been riding with came up on horseback, and Mrs. Potter from her position on the mattress had the satisfaction of seeing that the young man was Henry Avery, whose father's farm joined theirs. As the young people passed, she heard them laugh out and whisper together.

The ridiculousness of the situation was far from Mrs. Potter's mind. It was equally far from the mind of Mr. Wolcott. His back ached miserably with the heavy lifting, and the six-mile drive, after the hard day, stretched out drearily before him. The horses, with ears laid back, resented this additional tax on their strength and good nature. The night was bright and beautiful, and full of living sounds. The long prairie grass waved brown and green about the wagon wheels.

After a long silence Mr. Wolcott turned around. "You better keep that quilt over you. This night air is full of malaria."

"I don't suppose I ought to make you bring me home to-night." Mrs. Potter spoke for the first time. They had nearly reached her home. "I suppose you 're tired." She had had the worn, stoop-shouldered little man before her all the way, and she had been thinking of what Mrs. Wolcott had said of their rousing themselves in their old age to come West and make a home of their own.

"Well, it 's too late to think of it now. You wanted to come, and here you are," Mr. Wolcott answered.

The small frame-house stood unfenced and unpainted on the prairie. There was no welcoming light shining out from the windows. There was a dreariness about it all, and the thought of the unkept interior pressed heavily on Mrs. Potter's spirits. She would have given a great deal to be back in Mrs. Wolcott's bed, in the cheerful, neat little sitting-room that she had thought she was so anxious to leave.

Mr. Wolcott rapped, and after some time Mr. Potter came half-dressed and half-asleep to the door.

"Well, I 've brought your wife home to you; she could n't bide us another minute," Mr. Wolcott called out cheerfully.

"What in thunder do you want to come home this time of the night for, routing me out?" Mr. Potter growled, going out to the side of the wagon.

"I did n't care about the way I was treated," Mrs. Potter answered, her anger awakening again. "I don't care about visiting with people who begrudge you the victuals you eat, and make fun of your being sick and helpless to your face." She began to cry.

"We had some more Easterners come out here that was stingy with themselves and their grub," Mr. Potter began, excitedly taking up his wife's complaint, "and we made it so warm for them they had to move on. It 'll blow your canvas cover when this gets out, now I can tell you!"

"You don't know what you are talking about, Potter," Mr. Wolcott answered calmly, as he climbed into the wagon.

Mr. Potter turned. He had his helpless wife in his arms.

"I know all I want to know about all you stuck-up Easterners, what 's making money with your close-fisted stinginess."

"Why, I thought you bragged of hailing from our State yourself. What are you talking about?"

"I 've been away from there long enough to get the meanness all rubbed off me, anyhow. Now you move on!"

Mr. Wolcott touched the horses with the whip, and drove away. He heard the door close heavily after the reunited husband and

wife, and their voices, loud in abusing him, for some time.

The next day, when Mr. Wolcott stopped at the store on his way home from the sale, he was met with decided coolness by the farmers who had reached the store before him. No one raised a welcoming voice, and the storekeeper, who was also the postmaster, handed him his mail with an absence of his accustomed joke on Wolcott's getting more than his share; and no one shouted out to him that he ought to be made to share it with the rest.

Joe Potter sat on a sugar-barrel with an ugly scowl on his face, and presided over the silence. Mr. Wolcott went out, and climbed into his wagon, and drove away, feeling more the newcomer than he had since his first days in the country. The two pigs that he had bought at the sale squealed dismally in the wagon behind him all the way home.

The weeks passed, and no other visitor came to spend the day at the Wolcotts'. Mrs. Wolcott and Addie were received with such marked frigidity when they made the attempt, that they gave up trying to return the numerous visits that had been made them before the unpleasantness occurred.

"They 're too stuck up to visit you. They are afraid you 'll want to return it," Joe Potter was saying in the store one evening.

It was threshing-time, and the farmers had been arranging for the exchange of work, and settling the date on which they would thresh for the different farmers. The date for Mr. Wolcott's threshing had been arranged for the next day.

It was the first overture that had been made to the family, this invitation to Mr. Wolcott to exchange work at threshing-time; but his services were needed too greatly to stand in the way of their prejudices.

"You need n't expect to get any kind of a feed at Wolcott's," Joe Potter continued. "You 'd better take a lunch along with you. You 'll need it. You 're going to get a dinner at my house this year that you 'll remember; my wife 's been planning it for a week. You 'll get a chance to sample genuine down-east cooking, and no skimping on the butter."

The young man who had taken Addie Wolcott riding the day of Mrs. Potter's visit at the Wolcotts' was sitting on the counter. He had taken her riding a great many times since then. He was the only one who knew why Mrs. Potter had been taken home at ten o'clock at night, and it was only his promise to Mr. Wolcott that had kept him from making a good story of it in the store for the ridicule of Mr. Potter.

"Hello! Has your wife got the move on her?" some one called out.

"I guess it 'll be the days of miracles come back before she leaves her bed, if that 's what you mean; but she 's setting up some every day, and looking out for things more. We 'll have a woman in to do the cooking same as always, but my wife 'll see it 's done up to the top notch."

Young Avery tossed a couple of potatoes, which he held in his hands, alternately into the air, and gave a shrill whistle, indicating surprise.

"She 'll have to be up and jumping if she makes an Indian pudding as good as the ones I 've eaten at the Wolcotts'. Mrs. Wolcott says she 's going to make Indian pudding for the threshers." He commanded the instant attention of every one in the store. "She can make punkin pies that 'll make you wish you were in an ocean of 'em and had to eat your way out. And if you can get anything this side of the equator better 'n them things they make called blamanges, I 'll give a dance Thanksgiving time and pay the fiddlers."

"Go on, Avery; what else are they going to have? You seem to have got the bill of fare by heart," yelled the storekeeper.

"Paid to advertise, ain't you?" sneered Joe Potter.

"Paid with kisses, I guess," cackled some one in the back part of the store. The young man sprang to the floor.

"You look out, if you don't want your teeth knocked out. I won't stand none of your small talk."

"Well, what else are they going to have? You make my stomach anticipate, and my mouth water so I can't stand it," some one said, pushing him back against the counter.

"You 'll see what else to-morrow, and the next day, and as long as you 're threshing there, and the feller that don't like what he gets, and says so, will settle with me. But I tell you now, you 're going to get such a feed as you won't forget in a hurry."

Mrs. Potter had a cook-book that she had brought with her from Ohio. It had never been unpacked since they moved to Kansas, eleven years before. When Mr. Potter came home from the store that night the cook-book was hunted out from the old tin trunk up under the rafters, and Mr. Potter and his wife held a long conference over it.

"You jest make up your mind what we can get up that beats their bill of fare all holler, and I 'll see you have things to do with, if it takes every cent the grain comes to this year. We 'll have Mrs. Burns in to do the work, same as always."

"I don't know as it could rightly be called down-east cooking if Mrs. Burns does it." Mrs. Potter was sitting up in bed. A sudden deter-

mination came into her face. "I 'm going to cook that dinner myself! I 'm getting more strength in my legs every day. I 'll show Mrs. Wolcott that when I do get up, I get up for some purpose."

Mr. Potter drew away from the side of the bed in alarm. "Do you mean you 're going to get out of the bed to do it?"

"I mean our threshing-dinner ain't going to be beat by that one to-morrow to the Wolcotts' if it 's the last act of my life."

"Well, if you was fool enough to try to get up and cook for threshers, I guess it 'u'd be the last act of your life. But what am I talking about? You could n't do it, of course; you could n't do it. Mrs. Burns 'll cook this year as she always has, and I 'll help. You 'd better go to sleep. You 've got yourself all nerved up. I 'll wind the clock, and quiet down, too."

Mr. Potter came home late from helping to thresh at the Wolcotts' the next day. The children were asleep, but Mrs. Potter was awake, and listening for his return.

"Well, why don't you go on and tell about what they had?" she asked, as he stumbled around the dark, disorderly room in search of the lamp.

"I don't feel like talking. Go to sleep!" he growled.

"Was the dinner anything to brag of?"

"I 've eaten just as good. Go to sleep! I ain't going to talk."

"When are they going to thresh here?"

"Begin Monday week. Can't you keep still? You 'll have the children awake."

"Have you given up beating on the dinner?"

"I ain't thinking anything about the dinner. I guess they 'll get enough; they always have."

"You think we 're beat, I can see that plain; but we ain't!" As she said this, Mrs. Potter slipped off the edge of the bed, and stood on the floor before him. "Now do you think we 're beat?"

Mr. Potter ran to her, and caught her in his arms; but she shook him off.

"Go away; I 'm not going to fall; I 've known for some time I could stand if I wanted to; but I was ashamed to do it. I know what everybody 'll say, but I can't help it."

She sat down on the edge of the bed suddenly, alarmed by the look on her husband's face. "What on earth 's the matter with you, Joe Potter?"

He dropped down on the bed beside her, and put his arms around her. "O Clarinda, you stood on your feet! You ain't stood on 'em for 'most six years. I 've done the work, and tended you and the children, and I never expected it could be no other way. It 's a miracle, that 's what it is!" He began to cry, leaning up against her.

"Don't be silly, Joe Potter. If it was a miracle, I guess I 'd know it. I did n't think I could get up; but after Mrs. Wolcott made me mad about it, I begun trying. I 've known I could for some time; but I was ashamed to let it be known. I did n't like to give her the satisfaction. But I 'm up now, and I 'm going to stay."

She took his arms away from her, and got back into bed again.

"Are you going to get breakfast in the morning?" he asked after a few minutes.

"Yes; I suppose I 've got to begin again," she answered reluctantly.

"Well, if daylight comes, and I see you moving around the kitchen like you used to, I 'll believe anything."

The day on which they began threshing at the Potters' was very warm. Mrs. Potter had set the table out-doors in the shade of the house, and the men, as they washed themselves for dinner at the pump, came over and sat down on the wooden benches around the table. Mrs. Potter, assisted by her husband, was bringing out the dinner.

"Well, I call this better than eating in the house on a day like this, Mrs. Potter," some one called out to her; "you 're the first woman that 's thought of giving us a cool place to eat in. By hunkety! and palm-leaf fans! Hand over one; I call this something like."

Mrs. Potter felt that her triumphs were beginning. She had had Mrs. Burns over to help her all the day before, and Mr. Potter and the children had done what they could; but the heat and the excitement were beginning to weigh terribly on her strength.

Each new dish, as it was brought on the table, was received with the warmest appreciation and praise. At last, everything had been carried away, and Mr. Potter, at the head of the table, was dishing out great saucerfuls of pudding.

"It 's stone-cold," he was saying. "Been hung down the well since last night, and you need n't be bashful. There 's enough so every man of you can have his third helping."

The young men of the party all at once began to cheer, and the two who sat on each side of Henry Avery lifted him by the shoulders into a standing position.

"Speech, speech, Avery! Are you going to give us that dance Thanksgiving time you promised if you lost your bet on them Wolcott blamanges? Don't this pudding beat 'em? Come, chirp up! We don't let you set down till you do."

"Well, I guess you 're going to get the dance," the young man answered, looking over

at Mrs. Potter, and smiling. "I guess when a woman that 's been as sick as Mrs. Potter has gets out of bed to cook a dinner like this, I ain't — look out there, Wolcott! Catch her — she 's going to fall!"

Mr. Wolcott turned and caught her as she swayed toward him, and her husband came around quickly and carried her into the house. She came to herself almost immediately.

"Go on and 'tend to 'em; I'm all right. I've been a little too smart, that 's all. I 'll have Mrs. Burns to help all day to-morrow, I guess."

Mrs. Potter stood in the door as the farmers drove out of the yard that night, on their way home. She had fully recovered, and her face was bright with pleasure over the farewell cheers they were giving over the success of her dinner. She had a large basket in her hand neatly covered with red napkins. When Mr. Wolcott's wagon passed, she motioned for him to stop.

"I hope you won't feel offended," she said, going out to the side of the wagon. "I thought I 'd like to send your wife and Addie a little of my cooking." She lifted the basket into the wagon. "It ain't much. If they don't want it, you can bring it back." And then, without giving him time to reply, she turned and went quickly back into the house.

Gertrude Smith.

THE PRESENT STATE OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

OLD TESTAMENT criticism, as the term is generally used, is concerned with the literary structure, date, authorship, and historical credibility of the books of the Old Testament. The interest in this subject centers in the historical books, and especially in the Pentateuch. The question of its analysis and authorship has become almost as familiar and burning in the religious world as the problem of protection or free trade in the political. It is the purpose of this article to give the present features of this question, with their bearing on the Old Testament as a record of history and of a divine revelation.

Criticism has shown that the historical writings of the Old Testament are essentially compilations. "The method of the Hebrew historian was not that of a modern writer of history. The modern writer borrows his materials from ancient sources or documents, but rewrites them in his own language, except where quotation is expressly introduced. The style of his history is thus homogeneous throughout. A Hebrew historian, on the other hand, excerpted from his sources such passages as were suitable, and incorporated them substantially as he found them; sometimes adding comments of his own, but as a rule only introducing such alterations as were necessary for the purpose of harmonizing and fitting them together."[1] This method of historical composition is at once apparent in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. It is clearly seen in the accounts of Saul's election as king (I. Sam. viii–xii), of David's relationship to Saul (I. Sam. xvi: 21–23 compared with xvii: 55–58), in the last four chapters of II. Samuel (which are of the nature of an appendix), in the various stories of Elijah and Elisha in the books of Kings, and especially in the history in Chronicles compared with its earlier parallel in the other books. Indeed, it is safe to say that all critics concede this to be the method in which all the historical writings of the Old Testament (not considering the two small books of Ruth and Esther), with the single exception of the Pentateuch, were composed. But even in regard to these five books, those who contend for their unity and Mosaic authorship make certain striking admissions. Dr. W. H. Green has said: "It is freely conceded that certain phenomena, particularly in the earlier chapters of Genesis, seem to be best explained by the supposition that it was based in whole or in part upon preëxisting written sources. Before the publication of Astruc's 'Conjectures,' the Dutch theologian and commentator Vitringa expressed the belief that 'the various writings of their fathers were preserved among the Israelites, which Moses collected, digested, embellished, and supplemented.' Such an assertion considered in itself, so far from invalidating the record, rather tends to give it additional confirmation, since it increases the number of witnesses, and, to a certain extent, replaces oral tradition by documentary evidence. And it does not in any way affect the question whether the book in its present form is to be ascribed to Moses."[2]

Dr. E. C. Bissell also says: "It is a mistake

[1] "Notes on the International S. S. Lessons," by S. R. Driver. New York, 1887.

[2] "Hebraica," Vol. V., p. 141.

to suppose that those who do not agree with the advocates of the current analysis of the Pentateuch reject altogether the theory that ancient documents may to some extent lie at the basis of the so-called Mosaic books. On the contrary, they regard it not only as possible, but as highly probable. It is a reasonable supposition in itself considered, and at the same time a tolerably safe conclusion from the literary phenomena of the books, especially of the introduction to Genesis." And he further adds: "It is nowhere stated in the Bible that every specific law in the Pentateuch arose *de novo* in the time of Moses. Israel can not have been wholly without laws of its own in Egypt. The terse, laconic form of the first code (Ex. xxi–xxiii) favors the view that in principle it had been to some extent previously observed. And there is documentary confirmation of this (Ex. xviii: 16, cf. 20; Deut. iv: 5). The two other codes, that which respects the tabernacle and its worship and that of Deuteronomy, have on their face wholly different objects in view. The one is for the priests, and is technical in character; the other, in the form of a popular address given near the close of Moses's life, is meant especially for the people, and touches upon the first and second only where emphasis was called for, or where changed circumstances required a modification of form."[1] Dr. Cave, the leading representative of the ultra-conservative critics in England, freely grants and defends a duality or plurality of authorship of Genesis on the following grounds: "The use of the divine names assuredly does point to a duality of authorship. The manifest differences of style unmistakably point to at least two hands; the very phraseology employed as manifestly indicates more writers than one."[2] He says also that in the Pentateuch there are three strata of laws. "The first stratum of laws — Exodus xx–xxiii — is the rough sketch of the coming theocratic government to be announced by Moses. The second stratum of laws — the remaining laws of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers — was given by Jehovah as the permanent code of theocratic rule in the wilderness. The third stratum was Deuteronomy, a popular presentation of this law made forty years after, immediately prior to the entrance into Canaan."[3] Professor Beecher of the Auburn Theological Seminary has proposed a theory of Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch which allows its compilation out of any number of documents differing in literary style. He says: "Moses is the author of the Pentateuch; and Moses and Joshua of the Hexateuch, in the sense of being responsible for the literary existence of these books in their present form. But they may have been, and most likely were, authors of them in the way in which one would naturally expect public leaders, such as they, to be the writers of such writings. That is to say, they are likely to have written some parts personally, some parts through amanuenses; to have caused other parts to be written by directing secretaries to write them, or by accepting documents prepared to their hand, or to have taken other parts from the works of earlier authors. In such a case, whether they themselves gathered their writings into their present form, or left that for their successors to do, is an open question until it is settled by evidence. Their claim to authorship would not in the least be impaired if it could be shown that the writings were collected into a whole, and parts of them written by men of the generation that had been associated with Moses and Joshua, and had survived them."[4]

The present question, then, before Old Testament critics is not that of codes or documents existing in or underlying the Pentateuch. This fact may be regarded as decisively established, and in view of the admissions made by ultra-conservative scholars one may well go a step further, and receive as a most probable result of criticism that the Pentateuch, or, with the book of Joshua, the Hexateuch, is a compilation from three if not four original sources, known as the Priests' Code, the narratives of the Jahvist and Elohist, and the Code of the Deuteronomist, and usually designated by the letters P, J, E, and D. The consensus of all scholars in favor of this view, except those who still maintain the Mosaic authorship and unity of the Pentateuch, is practically unanimous, and even many of these latter, as we have seen, virtually grant the fact. Dr. C. H. H. Wright, the author of the well-known Bampton Lectures defending the unity of the book of Zechariah, in his recent "Introduction to the Old Testament," says: "The composite character of the Pentateuch [from four documents] may be regarded as fairly proven."[5] So likewise Professor Kirkpatrick of Cambridge University, England, another conservative scholar, as may be seen from his commentaries on I. and II. Samuel, and on the Psalms, in a recent volume says: "A vast amount of labor and ingenuity has been spent on the critical analysis of the Hexateuch, with the result that there is a very general consensus that four principal documents have been combined to form the Hexateuch as it now stands."[6]

1 "Christian Union." December 26, 1891.

2 "Inspiration of the Old Testament," p. 205. London, 1888.

3 "Contemporary Review," p. 896. December, 1891.

4 "Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica," Article Pentateuch. Philadelphia, 1889.

5 "Introduction to the Old Testament," p. 100. New York, 1890.

6 "The Divine Library of the Old Testament," p. 44. London, 1891.

We might refer also to the list of 146 scholars "who stand in a solid phalanx against the traditional theory that Moses is responsible for our Pentateuch in its present form" given in Professor C. A. Briggs's latest work.[1] Professor Briggs is also undoubtedly correct when he says, "The number of professors in the Old Testament department who hold to the traditional theory may be counted on one's fingers."[2]

The acceptance of this documentary composition and analysis of the Pentateuch or Hexateuch does not mean, however, that we are to receive the frequently verse-splitting partitions of the laws and narratives as fixed with perfect accuracy, or that we are to be at pains to recognize not only the writers or documents known as J, E, D, and P, but also the work of the editor or redactor, R, and R1, and R2, and J1, and J2, and so on, which are given by many critics. The example of Professor Driver, who, in the analysis of Joshua and Numbers, does not attempt to separate the work of J and E, is well worthy of imitation.[3] While a compiled document of great age may unquestionably contain the work of many authors, and while, as an exercise of critical ingenuity, it may be well enough to point all this out, yet the publishing of such refined minutiæ as the well-assured result of critical investigations serves to bring such work into derision. "The criticism of the Pentateuch is a great historic drama which needs to be put upon the stage with appropriate scenery and circumstances. When performed by a company of puppets called J, E, D, and P, with their little ones down to J3 and Px, it loses its impressiveness. It will not be strange if some spectators mistake the nature of the performance, and go home with the impression that they have been witnessing a farce."[4]

In respect to the date of the documents scholars widely differ. Professors Cave and Bissell endeavor, as has already been said, to crowd them all into the Mosaic period of forty years. This is improbable, owing to the accumulation of evidence against it. And just here we would remark that of the various explanations offered for the phenomena of the Pentateuch, the one which is to be accepted is a question of probability, and that the proof for any view depends not upon any single line of evidence, but upon a combination, and the result is reached by the impression made by this combination as a whole.

The reasons against the documents all originating in their present form within the forty years of the sojourn in the wilderness are as follows: first, the documents themselves in their literary and theological differences naturally suggest a greater length of time to explain their origin; secondly, extending through the book of Joshua and forming a Hexateuch, they include the history of a later period; thirdly, they abound not only in incidental references to a post-Mosaic period, but the historic tone and coloring, especially of the Priests' Code, are of a later age; fourthly, the laws, in their differences, imply different historical backgrounds; fifthly, Israel's history furnishes different eras corresponding to these different laws; sixthly, Israel's literature of these different eras corresponds likewise to these different codes and narratives; seventhly, the exceeding improbability that a single legislator within the short space of forty years should give to the same people different codes of legislation, all embracing the same essential laws, and yet each having marked peculiarities, and increasing their differences in an ascending ratio. These reasons, combined with the entire lack of positive historic evidence the other way, present so strong an argument against the traditional view of the Pentateuch, that no counter considerations seem able to break its force. *Did such phenomena appear in any other writings, no one for a moment would think of maintaining that the writings originated in their present form, either in the time of Moses, or within the short space of forty years.* And if no definite conclusion could be reached in reference to their later date, this negative conclusion would yet hold good.

It is true that the scholars who regard these documents as post-Mosaic are not altogether agreed as to their date or order of appearance; yet among them there is not that divergence of view which one might expect. The documents J and E are almost without exception allowed to be the oldest, and not later than 750 B. C., and perhaps one or two centuries earlier. Deuteronomy is by all assigned to the period of Josiah, or to the preceding reigns of Manasseh or Hezekiah, *i. e.*, 725–625 B. C. The only real question in dispute is in regard to the Priests' Code, whether it is earlier or later than Deuteronomy. It has been assigned to the age of David, and regarded as the oldest document of all. But the prevailing view now is that it is the latest document, and belongs either to the exilic or post-exilic period. On this assumption the Pentateuch in its present form dates from the fifth century B. C., or from the age of Ezra. This coincides to a certain degree with the old traditional view which held that Ezra edited and made some annotations in the Pentateuch, and also with the Jewish

[1] "The Bible, Church, and Reason," pp. 236ff. New York, 1892.

[2] Ibid., p. 247.

[3] "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 32.

[4] Professor A. B. Davidson in the "Critical Review," January, 1892.

story that the law of Moses, lost during the exile, was supernaturally revealed to Ezra.

But more important than the differences of date assigned to the origin or composition of these documents, and their final welding into a completed work, are the differences among the critics respecting the age of the essential elements or the underlying teaching and laws of the Hexateuch. Here, among those accepting the documentary analysis and the post-Mosaic origin of the Hexateuch, we find two schools, a conservative and an advanced one. The question at issue between them is that of the germ of the Old Testament religion, or what is historic Mosaism. The advanced school, represented by Wellhausen, Stade, W. Robertson Smith, Cheyne, and many others, while they give Moses a place as "the founder of the law," "the founder of the nation," regard all the special features of Israel's religion as of later growth. "Moses," it is said, "gave no new idea of God to his people." And it is asserted to be "very difficult to believe that the religion of Israel from the outset was one of a specifically moral character."[1] In short, this school believes that the religion of Israel "may be traced from the lowest stages of animistic worship up to ethic monotheism, and from custom up to the authorized divine law, within the period embraced distinctively in Israel's history as a people." All, then, of the distinctive religious ideas and institutions of Israel are of a relatively late date, and hence all those portions of Scripture which portray them must be of equally late origin. Thus, the great bulk of the Old Testament writings, and even laws, is held to belong to the exilic or post-exilic period. No Psalms, for example, save one or two, are pre-exilic; at any rate none belong to David. And the striking affinity between the earlier chapters of Genesis and the Babylonian literature is due to the contact of Israel with the Babylonians from the period of Ahaz onward. Indeed, we are gravely told that the Israelites were taught of God by their heathen captors. Professor T. K. Cheyne, for example, in his recent Bampton Lectures on the Psalter, says: "If the Canaanites could poison Israelitish religion, should not the Chaldeans have contributed to purify it?"[2] "May we not reverently think that Israel was brought to Babylon to strengthen its hold on lately acquired truth, just as the Magi from the East, according to a Jewish-Christian tradition, were led by the star to Bethlehem to do willing homage to the infant Christ? And may I not add that Nebuchadnezzar, and Darius, and their wise men, were prophets, not only like Epimenides relatively to heathendom, but also, in some degree at least, relatively to the central people of revelation?"[3]

We do not believe that this view of Israel's history, which denies to it any great creative epoch at its beginning, which allows no parallel to be drawn between Christ and Moses, will be able to maintain itself. It stands in too clear contradiction to the accounts given in the Bible itself. It does violence to these sacred writings considered simply as the religious memorials of an ancient people, requiring the assumption of their editing and reëditing in all ages, until not only the Pentateuch, but all the Old Testament writings, become veritable Joseph's coats of many colors — all sentences and paragraphs which are opposed to the critics' theories being regarded as the insertions of later editors. It presents the strange psychological phenomenon of the prophets, whose official basis is said to rest on heathenism, lashing with invective and threatening their contemporaries for forsaking the religion of their fathers. It is not in harmony with discoveries of ancient literature in the East. "The curious spectacle," says Professor Whitehouse,[4] "is presented by the advanced criticism in that while its tendency is to postdate the literature of the Old Testament by centuries, archæology is antedating the origin of Semitic culture by millenniums."[5] In a word, the criticism of this advanced school is too subjective, being based upon the assumption that "the rudimentary initial stage in a process of religious development cannot possibly anticipate the features of a more advanced stage, but must necessarily present the religious element in human nature under its rudest form." This, however, is not true. Some of the purest and noblest religious ideas are the oldest, as is seen in the beautiful penitential psalms of Babylonia. First thoughts may be better than the second, and the third a return to the first. The Christian church returns to-day to Paul's description of charity, and to John's conception of God, as the highest and best in ethics and theology.

The present situation has been well stated as follows: "At the present time, if we mistake not, there is especial need for the observance of a critical attitude toward the more advanced school of higher criticism. Just now the wheel has come half circle round, and the religious world, as reflected in many of its organs and reviews, is willing to accept all that the most advanced Bible critics will tell them, with a docility most uncritical. May we venture to remind our readers that the day for proving all things, even though they come under the ægis

[1] "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th Edition. Article Israel, by Wellhausen.

[2] "Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter," p. 267. New York, 1891.

[3] Ibid., p. 270.

[4] Translator and editor of Schrader's "Cuneiform Inscriptions."

[5] "Critical Review," p. 13. January, 1892.

of the authority of our most renowned scholars, is not yet past? Certain results in Pentateuchal criticism Kuenen and Wellhausen have, I admit, attained. Nor will a serious scholar venture to assert that the book of Daniel in its present form is pre-Maccabean, or that Isaiah and Zechariah are not composite books. But let not these admissions involve the weakness of yielding to Kuenen's conclusions as to the antiquity of much of the contents and ideas of Israel's literature, and especially of that ethical spiritual monotheism which it is the fashion of the hour to regard as the startling product of the eighth century. And let it be remembered that there are eminent Semitic scholars like Dillmann, Schrader, Nöldeke, König, Baudissin, Bäthgen, Strack, and Kittel, whose views respecting the evolution of Israel's religion are very different from those now in the ascendant." [1]

With these scholars representing the conservative school of critics is evidently also to be placed Professor S. R. Driver, for in his recent "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," in which he accepts and defends the documentary composition of the Hexateuch, and places its final compilation in the post-exilic period, he also says: "It cannot be doubted that Moses was the ultimate founder of both the national and religious life of Israel; and that he provided his people, not only with a nucleus of a system of civil ordinances, but also with some system of ceremonial observances designed as the expression and concomitant of the religious and ethical duties involved in the people's relation to its national God. It is reasonable to suppose that the teaching of Moses on these subjects is preserved, in its least modified form, in the decalogue and the 'Book of the Covenant' (Ex. xx–xxiii). It is not, however, required by the view treated above as probable to conclude that the Mosaic legislation was limited to the subjects dealt with in Exodus xx–xxiii: among enactments peculiar to Deuteronomy there are many which likewise may well have formed part of it. It is further in analogy with ancient custom to suppose that some form of a *priesthood* would be established by Moses; that this priesthood would be hereditary; and that the priesthood would inherit from their founder some traditional lore (beyond what is contained in Ex. xx–xxiii) on matters of ceremonial observance." "The principles by which the priesthood were to be guided were laid down, it may be supposed, in outline by Moses." "The laws of the Priests' Code, even when they included the later elements, were still referred to Moses — no doubt because in its basis and origin Hebrew legislation was actually derived from him, and only modified generally." [2] Professor Driver thus leaves a genuine Mosaic foundation for the Old Testament religion, and is here in hearty accord with the devout and now sainted Professor Delitzsch, who said: "And though in determining the dates of the composition of the codes we should have to advance to more recent times than the Mosaic, yet this does not exclude the fact that the narrative is based on tradition, and that the codified law grows from Mosaic roots. Dillmann, too, acknowledges ancient foundations in the Priests' Code and Deuteronomy." [3] Thus, in the light of this criticism, there is preserved to us the Old Testament religion as one grounded and based upon a historic Mosaism. The order of the law and the prophets has not been entirely reversed; they represent not successive developments, but synchronous ones. This conservative theory allows a place for low stages of belief, for customs rising into law; but the essential things which were finally reached — the belief in a moral deity, the one ruler of the world, and a law divinely given — are there in germ and substance to start with at the threshold of the nation's life.

With this view of Israel's fundamental belief there is no place for the charge of pious fraud, if we hold that the codes ascribed to Moses in their present form are of later date. Deuteronomy was not a forgery, for, to quote again from Professor Driver: "The new element in Deuteronomy is thus not the laws but their *paranetic setting*. Deuteronomy may be described as the *prophetic re-formulation and adaptation to new needs of an older legislation*. It is highly probable that there existed the tradition — perhaps even in a written form — of a final address delivered by Moses in the plains of Moab, to which some of the laws peculiar to Deuteronomy were attached." [4] Professor James Robertson of the University of Glasgow, in a work defending the traditional view of Israel's religion, calls attention to the fact that the Hebrew language has not developed indirect speech, — a peculiarity which necessitates the regular introduction of speeches or addresses, the characteristic feature of Deuteronomy, — and he then adds: "It is easy to see how a writer, soon after or long after Moses, recalling the events which we may suppose tradition preserved in the nation's mind, and using we know not what documents, produced a book like Deuteronomy. The situation was not one of active events, but of reflective pause and

1 Professor Owen C. Whitehouse, "Critical Review," p. 15. January, 1892.

2 "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," pp. 144ff. New York, 1891.

3 "New Commentary on Genesis," p. 28. New York, 1889.

4 "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 85.

consideration, preparatory to the arduous work of the contest, and hence the literary form of the book is different from that of the other books of the Pentateuch. Not by any fiction, not by inventing a story for a purpose, but in perfect good faith, he represents the lawgiver surrounded by the people whose welfare lay so much at his heart, giving them such counsel, warning, and encouragement as were suited to their circumstances. It was but natural that a writer setting himself to such a task should mingle much of his own in the composition. No writer can divest himself entirely of his own personality, or write entirely without reference to the time in which he lived. And a writer succeeding Moses, at a greater or less interval, could not but see the development of events which were only in germ in Moses's time, and could not help representing them more or less in their developed form." [1] Thus there is no place for the charge of fraud or forgery if Deuteronomy did not receive its present form until the time of Josiah, or the Priests' Code until the period of the exile. This accusation, which is most frequently urged as the great and final reason for not accepting the results of Old Testament criticism, has place only as a reply to those critics who hold that the new legislation was assigned to Moses as a device to enhance its respect.

The school of conservative critics, besides differing radically from the advanced school in reference to the question whether the germs of the Old Testament religion belong to the Mosaic age, differ also in their explanation of the similarity between the Babylonian traditions and those of the earlier chapters of Genesis. This similarity is not regarded as due to contact with the Babylonians during the exile or the preceding century, but because the Hebrews brought these primitive legends with them when they came from Ur of the Chaldees. "And hence there are elements in the Hexateuch of vast antiquity coming down from the twilight ages of the childhood of the world before the call of Abraham." [2]

But if in the light of modern criticism we can still maintain the substantial correctness of the Old Testament as a record of Israel's history and religion, it is very evident that our conception of these writings must differ somewhat widely from the traditional one in the Protestant Church. According to this view the historical books were written either by contemporaries of the main events which they describe, or if by writers of subsequent periods, these latter had access to records made by contemporaries, or else were supernaturally inspired to discern the truth of old oral traditions, if not receiving past history by direct revelation. This view made these books practically without error of any kind, and required a continuous miracle for their composition — a supposition which, unnatural in itself, in the light of sober reason falls to pieces beneath the weight of the artifices required to bring into harmony with it the varied facts of Scripture; which facts, upon any other field of investigation, would call for different explanations than those given to square them with the traditional theory of composition. To endeavor to maintain it is labor lost; the price is too high. "Were the difficulties isolated or occasional, the case, it is true, would be different; it could then, for instance, be reasonably argued that a fuller knowledge of the times might afford the clue that would solve them. But the phenomena which the traditional view fails to explain are too numerous for such a solution to be admissible; they recur so *systematically*, that some cause or causes for which that view makes no allowance must be postulated to account for them. The hypothesis of glosses and marginal additions is a superficial remedy: the fundamental distinctions upon which the conclusions of the critics depend remain untouched." [3]

What theory of historical composition do we find, then, taking the place of the traditional one? "Early history is essentially artistic. Its object is more to charm the fancy, and warm the emotions, than to instruct the understanding. History written under these circumstances has much the character of a prose poem — *carmen solutum*, as Quintilian called it." [4] This statement illustrates the character of the Old Testament histories. They were written not primarily to give a record of human events, and an understanding of the human course of history, but to reveal God, to give religious instruction, to stir religious emotions, to lead men through repentance and faith into a new and higher life. Their purpose was homiletical. And thus while these historical writings in their great underlying facts are trustworthy and reliable records, yet, in the presentation of those facts, they assume at times what may be called an ideal character, or, in other words, their authors were not kept entirely from viewing the past in the spirit of the age in which they lived. This is especially clear in the case of the author of Chronicles, where we have an opportunity of comparing the record with the earlier one in Samuel and Kings. Here the conclusion is irresistible that the author has interpreted past

[1] "The Early Religion of Israel," pp. 424ff. New York, 1892.

[2] Kirkpatrick, "Divine Library of the Old Testament," p. 48.

[3] Driver, p. 10.

[4] "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th Edition. Article History.

history in the light of his own time. So conservative a commentator as Zoeckler says: "A marked subjective coloring of his narrative in the direction of the priestly Levitical standpoint may be ascribed to our author." [1] Fuller and firmer is the statement of Professor Driver: "The Chronicler reflects faithfully the spirit of his age. A new mode of viewing the past history of his nation began to prevail: preëxilic Judah was pictured as already in possession of the institutions, and governed—at least in its greater and better men—by the ideas and principles which were dominant at a later day; the empire of David and his successors was imagined on a scale of unsurpassed power and magnificence. The past, in a word, was *idealized*, and its history (where necessary) rewritten accordingly." "In these and similar representations there is certainly much that cannot be strictly historical; but the Chronicler must not on this account be held guilty of a deliberate perversion of history; he and his contemporaries did not question that the past was actually as he pictured it, and the Chronicler simply gives expression to this persuasion. It is not necessary to deny—on the contrary, it is highly probable—that a traditional element lies at the basis of his representations; but this element has been developed by him, and presented in a literary form, with the aim of giving expression to the ideas which he had at heart, and inculcating the lessons which he conceived the history to teach." [2] When one carefully reads the book of Judges he will also be led to a similar verdict. Professor A. B. Davidson, writing on this subject, says: "The histories preserved in the book of Judges are for the most part external: they are probably traditions preserved among the individual tribes who played the chief part in the events described. That in some instances we have duplicates presenting divergences in details is natural, and does not detract from the general historical worth of the whole." "Besides the main substance of the book, there is a frame in which the histories are set. This frame is probably younger than the histories, and its point of view may be that of a later time. It connects the histories together by giving a summary under the form of an ideal *schema*, in which the same steps are regularly repeated: 'The children of Israel did that which was evil and served Baalim, and provoked the Lord to anger, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies. And when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, he raised up a savior who saved them, and the land had rest so many years.' This regular movement of apostasy, subjugation, penitence, and deliverance is hardly strict history. It is rather the religious philosophy of the history. It is a summary of historical movements written under the idea that Jehovah presided in the history of Israel, and to bring it down to our level we must read second causes into the movements and operations of the people's mind. We shall not misunderstand it if we put ourselves into the author's point of view, and remember that he speaks of Israel as an ideal unity, and attributes to the unity defections which, no doubt, characterized only fragments of the whole; and finally that he uses the nomenclature of his day, calling by the name of Baalim and the like all objects of worship and practices in his view improper in the service of God. Without these considerations the history would not be intelligible; for a falling away of a whole people to Baal, and then a conversion to Jehovah, to be followed by a falling away again twenty years after, is not according to the operations of the human mind." [3] Undoubtedly we are compelled to hold a somewhat similar view of the narratives of the Pentateuch. This has, in a sense, been recognized even by those holding tenaciously to the Mosaic authorship and the strictest views of inspiration. Thus, for example, while the older commentators felt called upon to defend the universality of the flood, some of these later ones tell us that the language only means that the deluge appeared universal to those who witnessed it, and that they described it accordingly.[4] In other words, these eye-witnesses related the event, not as it actually occurred, but as it appeared to them. Their description, given according to their conception or idea, and not according to the actual facts, is, then, an ideal one. A limited flood has been idealized into a universal one. It is only a further application of this view of the narrative of the deluge, when we hold that Old Testament historians described the past according to the ideas of their own time. As the language describing the flood is not strictly accurate, inasmuch as the flood was not universal; as, in short, the fact of a limited flood has been idealized, so likewise we can say of the author of the Priests' Code: "His aim seems to have been to present an ideal picture of the Mosaic age constructed upon a genuine traditional basis, but so conceived as to exemplify the principles by which an ideal theocracy should be regarded. That he does not wilfully desert or falsify tradition appears from the fact that even where

1 Lange's "Commentary," p. 27.

2 "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," pp. 500ff.

3 "The Expositor," pp. 48ff. January, 1887.

4 "In all probability we have in Genesis the very syllables in which the patriarch Shem described to the ancestors of Abraham that which he himself had seen, and in which he had borne so great a part." Canon Cook, in the "Bible Commentary." Genesis, p. 76.

it set antiquity in an unfavorable light, he does not shrink from recording it (Ex. xvi: 2; Lev. x. 1; Num. xx: 12, 24, xxvii: 13 f.). It is probable that, being a priest himself, he recorded traditions, at least to a certain extent, in the form in which they were current in priestly circles." [1]

Thus the conclusion of modern conservative criticism respecting the historical writings of the Old Testament is that they contain an ideal element. This does not mean that these writings are fictions. They are not. They are sober and carefully composed histories. From the frequent references to authorities, such as the Book of the Wars of Jehovah, the Book of Jasher, the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah and Israel, the Book of Samuel the Seer, the Book of Nathan the Prophet, the Book of Gad the Seer, we may be sure that, as far as possible, the Old Testament histories were based upon contemporary records of the events which they describe. Compared with other ancients' writings, their statements are of wonderful accuracy. Repeatedly, and in the most unexpected manner, have they been confirmed by modern exploration.

An ideal element enters also into all historical narratives written for a moral or spiritual purpose. No orator who, on the Fourth of July or on Forefathers' Day, would stir the emotions of his hearers by a recital of early American history fails to idealize, in some degree, the past. Otherwise eloquence would be wanting; patriotism and religious devotion could not be awakened. Old Testament history was written for the same purpose, and necessarily partakes of the same characteristic.

This conclusion respecting the historical writings of the Old Testament is thought by many to impair it as an embodiment of a divine revelation. This, however, is not so. The divineness of the Old Testament resides not in historical accuracy. It lies in religious teachings; in promises of redemption. These are unimpaired by the results of modern criticism. The protevangelium (Gen. iii: 14), "the Magna Charta of human history," is prophetic of Christ, whether written by Moses or a writer of the exile. The moral quality of the Ten Commandments remains the same, at whatever time, or under whatever circumstances, they were first uttered. The truth of the words, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," [2] does not depend upon Isaianic authorship. Its verification is found in the experience of the forgiven soul. The Old Testament is one with the New; the historical outlines of each are firmly established by criticism, but the touchstone revealing the divine quality of each is found in the precept, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." [3]

Edward Lewis Curtis.

[1] Driver, p. 120. [2] Isaiah lv: 7. [3] John vii: 17.

CHICAGO.

THE blue lake ripples to her feet,
The wind is in her hair;
She stands, a maiden wild and sweet,
With sinewy form and fair.

No stress of age her hope restrains,
Nor checks its high emprise;
The blood of youth is in her veins,
Youth's challenge in her eyes.

She seized, with movement swift as light,
The hour's most precious spoil;
Now, glowing with her promise bright,
Her strength makes joy of toil.

With dextrous hand, with dauntless will,
Her pearl-white towers she rears,
The memory of whose grace shall thrill
The illimitable years.

O'er leagues of waste, in sun and storm,
Their proud pure domes shall gleam,
The substance, wrought in noblest form,
Of Art's imperial dream.

Here shall she stand, the Old World's bride,
Crowned with the Age's dower;
Toward her shall set the abounding tide
Of life's full pomp and power.

She hears the nations' coming tread,
The rushing of the ships,
And waits, with queenly hands outspread,
And welcome on her lips.

The races, 'neath her generous sway,
Shall spread their splendid mart;
And here, for one brief perfect day,
Shall beat the world's great heart.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

MERIDIAN.

HARK! Like some sudden, wild, mysterious chime,
Striking the startled ear with measured beat
Of deep pulsations, melancholy-sweet,
Life's horologe, that marks an arc of time,
Peals out high noon — a warning voice sublime.
I hear its music, and my weary feet
Pause on a mount where many pathways meet
That downward slope, and few that upward climb.
Look back! There lie the valleys of delight
Wherein I 've loitered since the day began,
Forgetful of the journey and the night.
Look up! The desert sears the eyes that scan,
And far, ah, far above me frowns the height
I should have reached at life's meridian.

Charles T. Dazey.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

SINCE it is not the contemporary public but the critical historians who write down the names of the partakers of immortality (the term in musical history meaning a period of from 25 to 150 years after death), it is safe to say that Charles Camille Saint-Saëns will appear to posterity as the greatest French musician of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. I make the distinction between the verdict of the public and the judgment of the critics with a special purpose; for, though the fame of M. Saint-Saëns is now at its zenith, I have been unable to discover that his music is more popular than it was ten, fifteen, or even twenty years ago. Then Paris was glad to do honor to the brilliant performer on the pianoforte and organ, and listened with pleasure to his "Danse Macabre" and "Rouet d'Omphale," but would have none of his operas. The attitude of the city is the same now, though the press records *succès d'estime* where formerly it wrote down failures. Even the stirring events connected with the "Lohengrin" struggle nine years ago, when it seemed as if M. Saint-Saëns must profit because of his patriotism where he had failed with his art, left no lasting results. To those who were enabled, by distance from the field of battle, and by non-relationship with the combatants, to judge impartially both the merits and the conduct of the struggle, it seemed at the last as if France had missed an opportunity, and was resolved not to benefit by her experience in the case of the composer whose artistic career in many respects resembles that of M. Saint-Saëns. It was Dr. Hanslick who made the observation that the Berlioz cult, which sprang into such sudden and hectic life in France twenty years ago, was less an artistic than a political phenomenon. It followed hard on the heels of the Franco-Prussian war, and was promoted by the desire to find a French instrumental composer who might supplant some of the Germans who till then had held undisturbed possession of the French concert-rooms. The step could not disturb the equanimity of the Germans, who reflected that the tool chosen for their discomfiture was the same Berlioz who throughout a long life had sought in vain among his countrymen for the appreciation, understanding, and encouragement which he had received, almost without the asking, from the traditional enemies of his people beyond the Rhine. At that time M. Saint-Saëns was strongly tinctured with Teutonism; but when in 1884 he took sides with Rochefort and the Parisian mob against the proposed production of "Lohengrin" at the Opéra Comique, and, in consequence, was insulted in Berlin by the wild young men of the Wagner Verein, and provoked the promulgation of a *tabu* against his operas by the director-general of the German Theaters Royal, it seemed only natural that he should be hailed in France as the successor of Berlioz. And so he was; but not by the public. Evidently the wise men of the East and the farther West had overlooked the one great lesson of Berlioz's life, which is, that it is only in the opera-house that a French composer can win popularity in France. Neither "Henry VIII.," produced in March, 1883, "Proserpine," produced in March, 1887, nor "Ascanio," produced in March, 1890, won an enduring success. A few months ago the National Academy of Music performed a long-neglected duty, and placed "Samson et Dalila" on its list. After failing with "La Princesse jaune" (1872), and "Le Timbre d'argent" (1877), in Paris, Saint-Saëns had sent this opera to Weimar for its baptism of fire. Meanwhile Wagner has

conquered the privilege of being heard in Paris, and the largest and most fascinating repertory possessed by the modern lyric theater has thus been opened to the Grand Opéra. Possibly the circumstance will help in the long run to an appreciation of the scores of M. Saint-Saëns, but for the present he must content himself, as well he may, with the contemporary reputation which neither German nor Briton, neither Italian nor American, will deny to him as the first of living French composers of orchestral and chamber music. And if posterity adds a degree to the honor, and pronounces him the greatest French musician of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it will still fall short of the opinion once expressed in the heart of the enemy's country. It was in the early '70's, at Wagner's villa, that Dr. Von Bülow, after hearing M. Saint-Saëns read the score of "Siegfried" at the pianoforte, declared that he was then the greatest living musician save Wagner and Liszt.

It is interesting and instructive to note the resemblances and differences between Berlioz and Saint-Saëns. The parallel is confined to their artistic careers. No two men could be more dissimilar in their personal attitude toward the public, or in their training. Saint-Saëns was a musical prodigy as a child. He began the study of the pianoforte before he was three years old, and at twelve (when Berlioz would have us believe that he discovered his musical talent through jealousy of his uncle and the black-eyed divinity in pink boots whom he loved, and who was six years his senior) Saint-Saëns entered the Conservatoire a sound player. The wisdom of a good mother and of a sage greataunt prevented the introduction of abnormal elements in his intellectual development. As a little child he edified his guardians by analyzing the differences of pitch and timbre in the various clock-chimes at home, and announcing his discovery that a visitor in an adjoining room walked in trochees. He was born in Paris, October 9, 1835; won the second prize at the Conservatoire for organ-playing at fourteen, and the first at sixteen, at which latter age he composed his first symphony. After failing twice to win the much-coveted Prix de Rome, he won the prize offered by the Commissioners of the International Exposition of 1867 with a cantata entitled "Les Noces de Prométhée," and was declared by Berlioz to be one of the greatest musicians of his epoch. From 1858 to 1877 he was organist of the Madeleine, and in February, 1881, he was elected member of the Institute in the place vacated by the death of Henri Reber. The most distinguished musicians of France are his colleagues in that august body, but he enjoys a distinction among them similar to that enjoyed in his time by Berlioz: in the department of orchestral and chamber music his compositions outnumber those of all his fellow academicians combined. Like Berlioz he has sacrificed popular applause to lofty ideals. Like Berlioz he followed the lead of romantic Germany for a space, then thought it necessary to the salvation of his own individuality to turn back with a cry of protest; yet again, like Berlioz, he achieved his finest successes in the field where Germany has always been supreme. Like Berlioz he has hungered and thirsted for the rewards which the lyric theater bestows, and has been turned away empty-handed. Like Berlioz he has supplemented his work as a creative musician with critical writings for journalistic literature. Like Berlioz he found comfort in admiration for Liszt when constrained to disagree with Wagner.

Unlike Berlioz, however, he is the most secretive and elusive of public characters; ever and anon even his whereabouts is a Parisian mystery. When not in hiding he travels from place to place, playing the pianoforte and conducting performances of his orchestral compositions, but always modestly, unassumingly, indifferent to public *réclame*. He has gone the length and breadth of France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia, Portugal, and England, and is now expected in the United States. In characterizing him as the best grounded of living musicians, with the possible exception of Brahms, I have reference not only to his more complete knowledge of the mechanics of composition, his marvelous mastery of harmony, counterpoint, construction, and orchestration, but also to his wonderful assimilation of the spirit of all the great musicians from Bach to Wagner. That there has been a devouter student, or a more ardent lover, of the music of Bach than M. Saint-Saëns since Mendelssohn, I do not believe. No other composer has given such beautiful and convincing testimony to that study and love as has he in the introduction to his concerto for pianoforte in G minor, and in the all too little known "Psalm XIX." They are the fine flower and fruit of his early organ study. Nor has there been a more learned and versatile composer. If he follows Berlioz in extravagance of instrumental apparatus and looseness of form in his symphony in C minor, he leads him in dignity and solidity of constructive invention, and uses like a master the instrumental devices to which Berlioz pointed the way. Schumann's dictum concerning Wagner, on hearing "Tannhäuser" in 1847, is singularly applicable to Saint-Saëns: "Were he as melodious a musician as he is an intellectual, he were the man of the period."

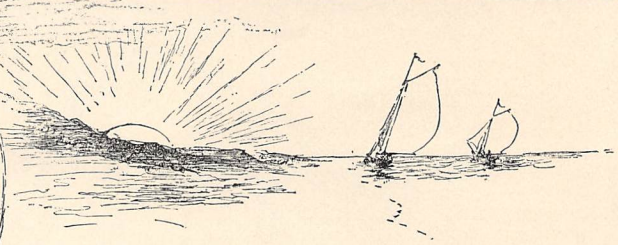
H. E. Krehbiel.

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL MATHEY, IN THE MUSEUM AT DIEPPE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

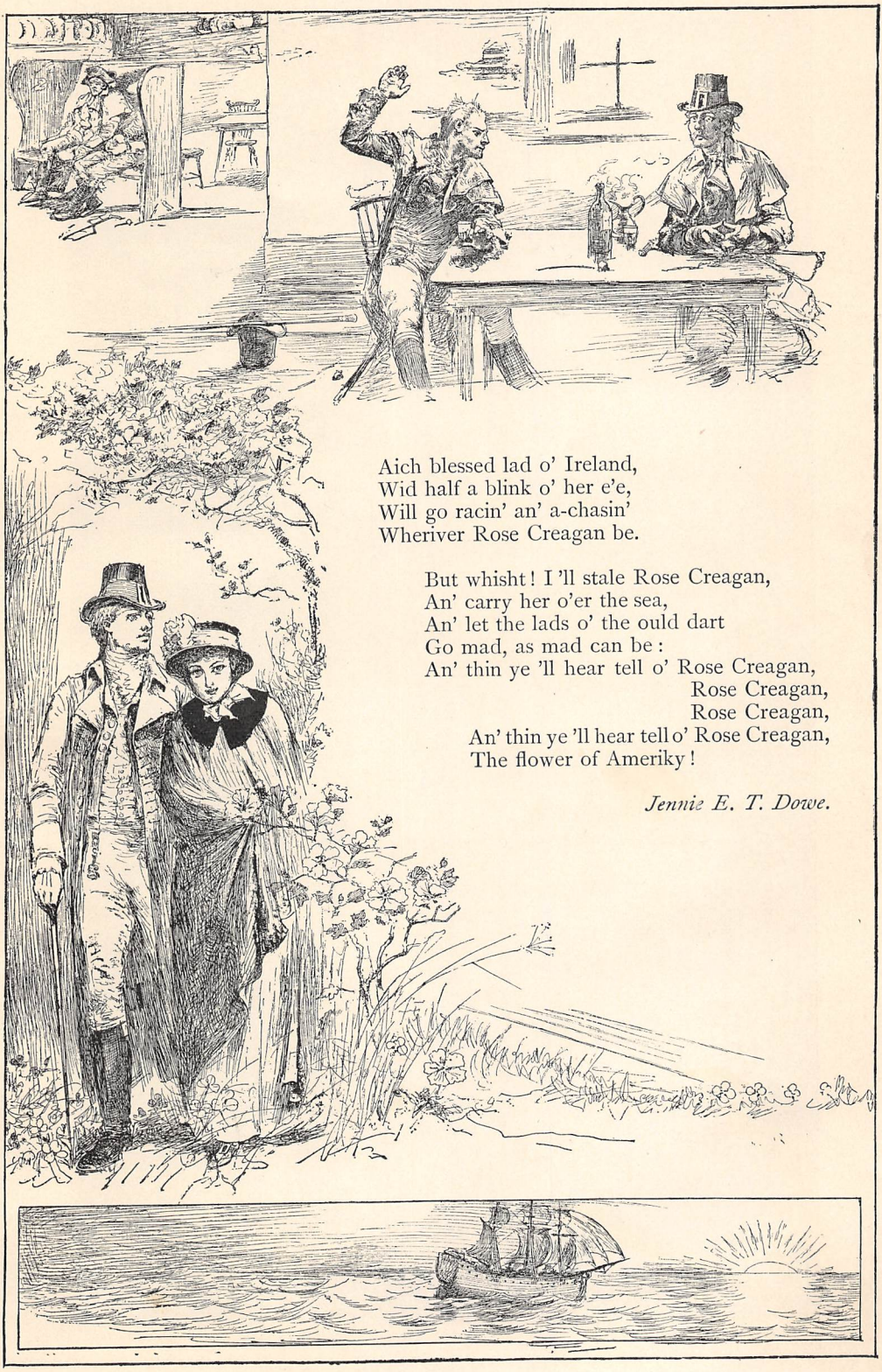
HA YE NIVER HEERD TELL O' ROSE CREAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED BRENNAN.



ROSE CREAGAN is a fisher-lass,
A fisher-lass is she;
I met her as the ling-boats
Went pushin' out to sea:
Have ye niver heerd tell o' Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Have ye niver heerd tell o' Rose Creagan,
The flower o' the ould counthrie?

Her eyes are like the summer skies,
Her bosom like the blea,
Her shadow puts the sun to shame—
Wisha that she loved me!



Aich blessed lad o' Ireland,
Wid half a blink o' her e'e,
Will go racin' an' a-chasin'
Wheriver Rose Creagan be.

But whisht! I 'll stale Rose Creagan,
An' carry her o'er the sea,
An' let the lads o' the ould dart
Go mad, as mad can be:
An' thin ye 'll hear tell o' Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
Rose Creagan,
An' thin ye 'll hear tell o' Rose Creagan,
The flower of Ameriky!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

PAINTED BY EDMUND C. TARBELL. SEE "OPEN LETTERS." ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

MY SISTER LYDIA.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

X.

IN the weeks that followed her first perception of Gerald's intention to falsify his actions to her, Eleanor tried to persuade herself that the fault was on her side in demanding that he should sacrifice for her those pleasures of outside companionship she was so eager to give up for him. With the rest of the unsought knowledge the young woman was daily absorbing, came a relentless conviction of the inherent difference in their natures that made it impossible for him to be happy without perpetual movement, variety, change of occupation. If he had been thrown upon his own exertions for their livelihood, he would have been better balanced in this community, where work is the rule, and an idler is by public opinion forced to herd with a little band of his kind, more or less held in reproach for the gifts of fortune. Jerry would have made a capital man of business. His natural industry, daring spirit, gaiety, quickness of intuition, surface good temper, eminently fitted him to deal with American leaders of affairs. For politics he had little taste, but the whip-and-spur atmosphere of modern commerce or finance would have suited him thoroughly. Soon after leaving the university, Jerry had showed symptoms of weariness of the vacuity of his life in New York, and, to his mother's dismay, had made a movement to join the ranks of those men noted curiously by aliens to the metropolis — men who, possessing long purses, addict themselves to money-making through heredity, and toil all day in office or counting-room, returning tired at night to houses that are palaces, and to wives better equipped in luxury than are most princesses. Mrs. Vernon, in dread of a return to hated "trade," protested vigorously. And Jerry, who, but for a few thousands a year left him by his father, was dependent upon her for means, was overcome, and contented himself with making time pass merrily, as did the others of his class.

After Eleanor found out that the world — the sharp-tongued world that must have food for talk, and thought it no ill nature to discuss the relations of this conspicuous pair — was openly commenting on her Gerald's early return to his allegiance to Hildegarde, who was neither invited nor petted the less, the young wife ventured upon the common resource of a proud, wounded creature under such circumstances, and went out of her way to include Mrs. De Lancey in their domestic intimacy. Jerry's passionate protests that Eleanor alone had power to sway his love (uttered in their reconciliation after bursts of impatient anger that terrified his wife), that for Mrs. De Lancey he felt only the sympathy all men must feel for a dear sweet woman whose sorrows had made her sacred, that Hildegarde thought Eleanor the most charming, noble, generous being in the world, and valued her friendship beyond all earthly boons — these assurances the wife often hugged to her heart to soothe its aching.

Sometimes, when puzzling over the contradictions of her married lot, Nell felt inclined to ask some one of wider experience if there had been anything her ignorance had left undone in her relation to her husband. She could not speak to her mother, or even to Betty, for that would be to reveal Jerry's deficiencies, and them she would have shielded from her own people until death. It would have been a relief to talk to Jerry's mother, who, whatever her faults of judgment, loved him fervently. But Mrs. Vernon, in the aroma of plutocracy upon its travels, had steamed away in the *Teutonic* weeks before, and was heard of as in the act of establishing herself in Prince's Gate as a householder among the aristocracy of London; and Eleanor had not been long in realizing that intercourse between the son and mother seemed to result rather in pain to both than pleasure to either, and that separation between them was the price of peace.

No; the wings of appeal to the sympathy of fellow-beings must lie folded in a case like this. All that Eleanor prayed for was that her own love for Jerry might not be strained. In silence, in the night, abroad in gay gatherings where a chance word summoned it, this feeling was ever vigilant.

"OH! I AM GLAD THAT TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT IS OVER."

Aunt Tryphena allowed—and Tryphena was a virgin of uncompromising hostility to modern fashionable life—that Jerry had drawn a prize in Eleanor. The colossal lady, who, always at odds with her sister-in-law, lived alone in a great, tasteless house, was accounted queer and stingy, and would take offense when one least expected it, displayed in her way quite a liking for Mrs. Gerald.

"But for that weak-minded, stand-off mother, and the insufferably sharp Betty, and little giggling Trix dragging about that monster of a dog," Miss Tryphena Vernon would aver she considered that "Jerry had done better than Luella Ann had any reason to expect." Nell, delighted at an opportunity to expend a little tenderness upon anything that came to her from Gerald, was kind and forbearing with the cross old woman, but Miss Tryphena was too wont to burst into invective against Gerald's surroundings and pursuits to make her society a thing to be desired.

There was one of Eleanor's friends of girlhood who seemed intuitively to fathom the young wife's embarrassments. Mr. Theobald, who came to her house infrequently, found her one afternoon, after a little difference with Jerry over the luncheon-table, sitting alone with a book in her hand, but her thoughts evidently scattered. He could not deny to himself that her face was more lovely than on the day when, as a bride, she embodied the one passion of his life-time. He wondered, with a sort of fury against Fate, if it could be that those eyes of hers were made so bewilderingly soft by unshed tears. But he sat down, hat in hand, in commonplace fashion, in a three-cornered carved chair, talked of the book she was reading, of pictures in the Spring exhibitions, of a sale of curios, advised her to keep up her French by subscribing for the "Revue Bleue," and complimented her successful costume in the late Centennial Minuet.

"Oh! I am glad that tempest in a tea-pot is over," said Eleanor, smiling. "They say our ball has set the women and half the men in

society at war. Fortunately, my share was limited to allowing Elsa to put on me a 'grandmother's gown' made new for the occasion, and standing up in it like a fraud to dance where Mrs. Van Loon told me to go. You 'll believe me when I tell you how tired I am of parties, how I 'm wearying for the summer and life out-doors. I always told you that I am a gipsy at heart — in the days when you lent me your copies of 'Lavengro' and the 'Bible in Spain,' don't you remember?"

Did he remember? The staid, conventional man sitting opposite her felt his heart thump at an unjustifiable rate of speed. Theobald made haste to lead the conversation back to its safer channels.

"If you were sovereign, Trix was a formidable rival at the ball," he said. "I could not imagine the little witch would come out such a stunning beauty as she was that night. Everybody has been talking of it."

"Trix is a darling," Eleanor said, affectionately proud. "But, Tony, she 's begun to mystify even me, of late. It looks — I don't like to think so, but it looks — as if she means to feed the flame of Timothy with fuel. When I question her, she evades me, laughing and jesting. Oh! I shall owe a grudge, indeed, to the world we live in, if it colors Trix to make her tolerate that man."

"They are making bets at the clubs she 'll take him," Theobald said grimly.

"Trix and I have seen less of each other recently," said Eleanor. "I 'm afraid I have been more absorbed than I meant to be in my own affairs, and Betty, — Tony, you know Betty as well as I do; you have always had such an influence in 'quieting her down,' as mama says — Betty 's such an oyster about herself, — do you think she can't be well?"

"I think you were always one to distress yourself with imaginings about those you love. I remember, when you were a little girl, going once to your mother's house to find you walking up and down the floor hushing a doll to sleep that you said had scarlet-fever, and your eyes filling with real tears as you implored me to make no noise."

"I suppose I am foolish," Eleanor answered, her eyes deepening with the remembrance. How dim and far away that play-time seemed! How clear the present! How vast, how surcharged with realities!

Betty, arriving on the moment, answered their speculations by an appearance of plentiful good spirits.

"I am just from a final meeting of the ball committee," she said gaily. "Such high jinks! Every one was flurried, and we voted every way the cat jumped. The chairman and the treasurer don't speak, and the secretary cried with vexation when she announced a letter from the Bureau of Authorized Charity warning us against Mrs. Calliope Duncombe as an egregious impostor. Mrs. Duncombe was missing, there was a general row, and what conclusion we arrived at I have not yet found out. But I *think* we are certainly pledged to keep the matter out of the newspapers."

"And the 'Fund for Oppressed Wives'?" asked Eleanor.

"What Mrs. Duncombe has got — if she has any — will no doubt be made up quietly out of the pockets of the heads of the committees; and it seems to me we voted the rest, after expenses shall have been paid, to the Baby Hospital. But one comfort is, there won't be very much to give. Oh, it was beautiful!" said naughty Betty Halliday.

"It 's lucky summer is at hand to afford you indefatigable workers a rest," said Theobald.

"I don't know what you call rest. Talk, in the intervals of business, to-day, was just like one of those newspaper columns called 'Summer Plans of the Four Hundred.' I was worn out with listening to the trials of people with cottages to rent, and of people who have rented cottages. One really has enough, in the course of time, of the holes in other people's saucepans. And I 'm free to say, I don't care a rap whether Mrs. Bullion is going to try Bar Harbor, or whether Hilda de Lancey has taken that tiny box of the Willie Witherells' at Newport. Nell, you are actually pale; it is this warmish weather, and that bunch of heliotrope too near. Tony, put it away, and open another window, please."

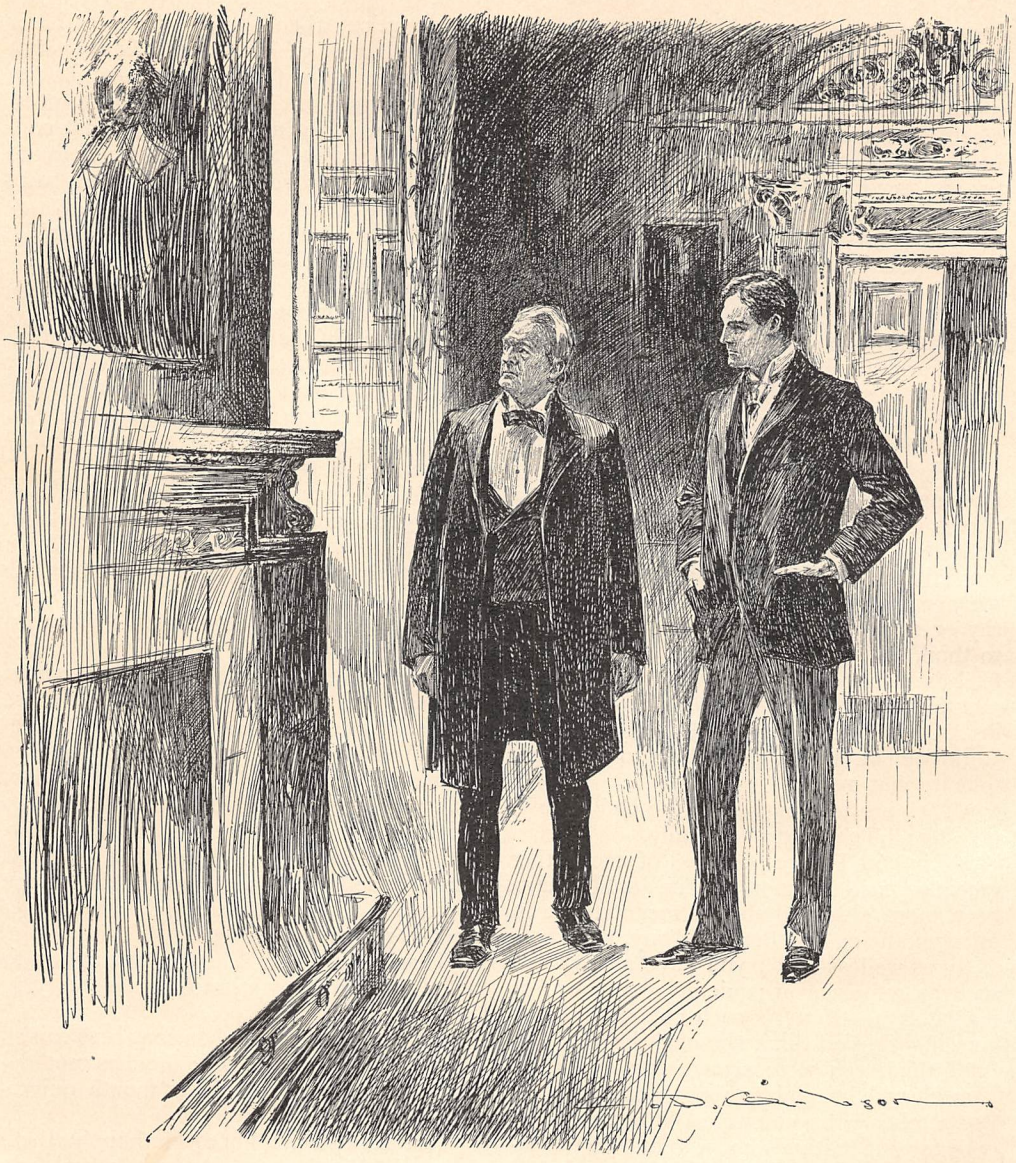
"Thank you," said Eleanor, attempting to smile. "I told Tony just now, I am wearying for the open."

"Has Jerry told you when you are to sail?"

"No — it is not settled; he has not decided," Eleanor answered, her mouth quivering a little.

"Not Newport, I hope? I thought there was no doubt of your summer of roaming in Switzerland. It is just what you need; you have talked of it so long," said Betty in a vexed tone. "Tony, do help me to make this pair of weathercocks decide on their plans."

"You show the influence of your meeting of 'Oppressed Wives,'" said Theobald, rousing a little, to shake off a sort of apathy. "Perhaps, if there 's time, you 'll both come with me now to the gallery where they 've that picture I was just telling Nell about, — the swan-song of a young artist who died on the threshold of his fame, — and you must, of course, see the 'Carmencita, 'an astonishing piece of execution. Some one calls Sargent the Paganini of modern painters. Come, Nell; a walk will do you good."



"YES; IT IS TOO BAD."

It was like old times, this hurrying on her bonnet, and setting out between Betty and Theobald to look at pictures, and Eleanor enjoyed it. They strolled down the avenue leisurely, the soft air of May inclining them to indolence, and the brightly tinted groups of saunterers offering amusement to the eye. Within the gallery, they paused for a while before the dazzling "Carmencita," and then went back to a frame shrouded in black, with a tablet to show the name of the artist and dates of his birth and recent death.

"Surf and Fog" was the title. Billows crowned with foam rolling in at the feet of the looker-on, the sun, a disk of orange, striving to burn its way through a veil of sea-fog. Only that; but the power and color and life in it had fixed a masterpiece upon the canvas.

Betty, captured by a bright-eyed little man with hair like a pony's mane, to whose lightest utterance about art she listened with respect, went off to make the round of the gallery. Nell and Theobald, busy in conversation which had drifted back into their old untrammeled familiarity, wandered on till they paused before a breezy bit of landscape called "Grouse-Cover," and there remained, waiting for Betty to find them out.

Neither noticed that they were the objects of scrutiny from two people who stood back of them, then abruptly crossed in front of Eleanor, and went to the other room.

"Do you bow to that woman, Nell?" asked Theobald, surprised.

"I — my husband has known Major Shafto for a long time. They were old comrades traveling in the East," she answered, coloring deeply. The sight of Mrs. Shafto's face brought to her so much she fain would have forgotten.

"And that cad, Leeds. When did you give him the right to speak to you? Have you done anything to affront him? I should like to kick the little beggar for the way he glowered at you out of those mean eyes of his."

"Oh, Tony, I will tell you. He thinks I set Friar Tuck on him." And, half-laughing, she gave him a recital of the episode with Trix's big St. Bernard.

"It served him exactly right, and Tuck should be awarded a new collar for his good judgment. But it made Leeds ridiculous, and humbled his enormous vanity, so I am not surprised at his vengeful look. Keep out of his way, Nell — that fellow would stoop to anything; and I may as well put you on your guard about Mrs. Shafto. I 've known her always, and in addition to her other shining qualities she is brimful of spites against women. I happen to know that she hates your good mother as the devil hates holy water."

"My instincts have been all against her," Eleanor said, with a sigh. "I wish we had not met those two, to spoil such a pleasant old-timey afternoon as you have given me."

"I have made the circuit," Betty said, rejoining them. "For the last ten minutes Carver has been pointing out to me the beauties of an impressionist landscape where they have upset a mustard pot on the lower part of the canvas, and laid on pink plaster with a trowel up above; and I have sworn it is inspired, and he 's gone home to write it up for his paper. But, on the whole, I must agree with you, Tony; this is a brilliant and creditable show."

Betty was cheerful and kindly; her dark face full of animation; her *pince-nez* did not conceal a sparkle in her eye. Eleanor's fears for her health and spirits must have been figments of a fancy disordered by over-search for hidden motives!

AWAY from the stir and bustle of the town, its activity made languorous by one of those bursts of heat that so often come to New York in spring, a young man was speeding as fast as the Washington express could carry him — and that went no more rapidly ahead than his eager fancy, released to revel in the thought of a glimpse at home and mother. Brock Vyvan, going off for a two-days' holiday, put away moping thoughts as every station brought him nearer to the one he desired to see — a stopping-place whence a way-train presently would jog him leisurely into a country as green as Eden, and as quiet, too.

The little old station, of which one half was a country "store"; the few, shabby, mud-splashed, slow-speaking loungers who stepped up to greet the sole descending passenger; the store-keeper, who was also station-master, and who saluted Brock sociably, shifting his quid; the two or three negroes who hung about at train-time, looking the epitome of the old South's decay, — as much as the passing traveler generally sees of the South *in transitu*, to prejudge all accordingly, — Brock viewed with forbearing eyes. Passing out to the rear platform, he saw the old buggy coated with red mud, containing a patriarchal negro — attired in a Confederate army-coat, from which the brass buttons had been removed, and wearing an ancient Panama hat — who smiled a toothless welcome, as he controlled the quivering pair, Flash and Starlight, that Brock's own hand had broken to harness. The young man stopped to caress his beauties, and to fancy them in Park array, drawing some shining vehicle with rubber tires over perfect roads. If they lacked proper grooming to bring their coats to satin, it was because old Enos had been at work in the field since "sun-up."

Putting his portmanteau into the trap, the young man sprang up beside Enos, and took the reins. Obedient to his voice, the horses went forward with a bound, coming down, despite themselves, ere long, to a snail's speed through mire sometimes hub-deep in holes.

"You 'll have to be a mite keerful here, honey," the old negro said, as they plunged down a steep incline to a valley where a yellow current rioted, sweeping their way from sight. "'Pears like I disremember ever seein' Goose Crik git up so high. It was for fear of her gittin' wet, I done 'suaded Miss not to come to de deepo to meet you. You knows de best crossin', Marse Brockenbro' — close long o' dem stakes. Hol' in Starlight, suh; dat filly 's kind o' feared o' water to dis day."

"Look out for my bag," called Brock, and in a minute they were in the midst of the fierce little river, battling smartly against its rush, the water rising in mid-stream to the horses' necks, and washing to the seat, where the two men had gathered themselves up into a bunch.

"Dat ar little fresh' save me a-cleanin' off de buggy," grinned Enos, when they emerged dripping on the farther side.

Brock's spirits rose. He knew every nook and dingle of the flower-besprinkled woods,

every landmark of the rich farming country forsaken by modern enterprise. Beguiling the way with the old negro's talk about plantation and quarter incidents, he, in turn, brought many a stare of wonderment to Enos's eyes by chance disclosures of the scale of New York's magnificence in things of every day. It was when they finally pulled up at a venerable gate, which Enos scrambled down to open, that the patriarch lost a little of his sprightliness.

"You mout take de lower road to de Gret Hus, suh," he said. "It 's easier on de hosses."

"It 's a good mile longer, you old humbug," answered Brock, looking over-head and before him into the green arcade, filtered with sunshine, and sentineled with boles of ancient trees. These woods were to be his own, and of their witchery nothing he had ever seen elsewhere had robbed them. He had his way, and followed the customary road leading to the house, until ringing sounds of the axes of busy woodcutters made him rein in the horses shortly.

"What 's that, old man?" he asked, a frown coming upon his face.

"Oh, Marse Brockenbro', suh," Enos said mournfully, "it was 'cause o' dis I was wantin' you to go de udder way, an' let Miss hab de breakin' o' de news. Old Marse has done tuk a contrac' to supply de new railroad wid ties, suh, what 's goin' to run nigh heah. Farmin' 's powerful po' down dis a-way, an' we ain' been flourishin'—we needs de money mightily, Marse Brockenbro'."

"That 'll do. Don't say any more about it," Brock answered, biting his lip. He drove through the hollow in which the men were at work, and vouchsafed not a glance at the clearings where unwonted sunlight peered into nature's hiding-place for a lush growth of ferns and mosses. The piles of wood, already cut and stacked, seemed to him so many funeral pyres for the sacrifice of things beloved and reverenced. When they had gained the higher land beyond, and were trotting briskly along under a forest archway, his quick eyes saw at the end of it, waiting by the roadside beneath a huge old cherry-tree, lately a pyramid of bloom, a tall figure clothed in black, at her side a couple of hounds, and a hearth-bred lamb that followed like a dog.

Brock uttered a boyish shout as his mother waved her hand. She was in his arms, and the trap sent forward, a moment later. There was no frown left upon his brow as they strolled toward the house, her thinner blood pulsing a glad answer to the rich current in his young veins. In the perfectness of love between these two was to be found the religion of Vyvan's life.

THE old dwelling of Mount St. Dunstan stood near the summit of a hill crowned with an orchard, its famous gardens sheltered from the wind. Farther down the slope were the quaint colonial stables where tradition said many grandees of early American society had sent their steeds (which must have been giraffes) to be tied under racks suspended high upon the walls, while their masters enjoyed the good cheer of the mansion-house. Here Enos, who was already engaged in unharnessing Flash and Starlight, looked from Brock to his mistress with an imploring gaze, as the young man paused at the stable door.

"One minute, mother, till I 've had a peep at Houp-la," he said.

"Brockenborough—my dear boy," she answered, holding his hand within her own, "I hoped you would wait till to-morrow. We have sold the colt to Rhynders for a gentleman in Washington, at a price we could not afford to refuse."

Brock's lips were compressed, but he said nothing. He could not bear to visit the empty stall, and squeezing his mother's hand, he walked on with her past the house to the terrace above, and stopped by a moss-grown sundial to look back.

Built of substantial brick, with white stone groins and mullions, the two advancing wings to the house formed a central court where the turf grew fine and soft over vaulted wine-cellars beneath. Tall old trees stroked the hipped roof with their branches, and ivy, long unpruned, curtained the walls. Pigeons wheeling and circling in the air, a collection of dogs of assorted breeds and values, the distant view of wagons following a farm-road from the fields, the sound of negroes whistling—all served to relieve the almost somber influence of the scene.

"We shall find him in the garden," said Mrs. Vyvan's low voice, breaking Brock's reverie. "You will be glad to see your dear grandfather so wonderfully well. The spring, when he can live out of doors, seems to bring him a new lease of life."

They passed through a turnstile set in a hedge of box, and lo! they were in a fairy-land of bloom. Fled away were the young man's thoughts of sorrow. The declining sunlight here lay cradled on verdant spaces of turf, alternating with flower-beds of ancient pattern aglow with fragrant color. Leaning over a plot of late-blooming tulips, the aged master of Mount St. Dunstan was descried, his familiar, the golden collie, swept by his faded coat-tails.

"Brockenbro', my dear boy, you are welcome home," the old man said in a reedy voice, his blue eyes filled with merry twinkles. "Just look at my tulips, will you? It 's the first year I 've made 'em jostle the roses. Ah, building houses to last for all time is very well for you,

sir, but give me the planting of flowers that come fresh every season, and that have a thousand freaks of beauty you can never count upon."

It was no wonder the county was proud of old Mr. Octavius Brockenborough, his grandson fondly thought, while surveying the lines of the cameo-face, the long silver locks that fell upon his slightly stooped shoulders, the genial kindness of his smile. Eighty-four, and the survivor of a once numerous and influential family, his sons had dropped away before him, and of his daughters, married and scattered, only Mrs. Vyvan, the youngest of his children, had presented him with a descendant. "A fine type — a fine specimen of our best old stock," his neighbors would say on the rare occasions when the old gentleman showed himself in public, at church, or court-house. "No business sense," they would add reluctantly. "Never had any idea of holding on to his money, or of running his farms to pay. And, to sum all up, he 's been giving and putting his name to notes, and letting dead-beats prey on him, all his life. And that 's what 's become of the fine Brockenborough property, once as good as any in the State."

There was no pinch of fortune visible in the old man's face to-day, as he led Brock hither and thither among his darlings, showing their various perfections and shielding their defects. The young fellow could not help thinking how somebody he knew would like to patter about these blossomy walks, and listen to their kind old master's talk. How it would make her laugh — one of those hearty, ringing peals — to see all of the dogs, save Colin Clout, the privileged, stand in a ring around the turnstile, eying the insider with abject envy!

When Mrs. Vyvan, with her store-room keys and her pet lamb, had betaken herself away on supper thoughts intent, the old man led his grandson in-doors to the best parlor, where, throwing back the shutters, he admitted the full light.

"You 'll be sorry to see dampness has played the mischief with the Vandyck," he said, pointing to a portrait in a tarnished frame hanging above the chimneypiece — a cavalier in court-dress, whose lip and cheek were overspread by a stain like a lichen upon a stone.

"Yes; it is too bad," went on old Octavius, answering his grandson's comment. "But I believe your mother has been writing to an artist in New York, who will come down to set it straight when we can raise the money to send for him. What 'll ye think, Brockie, my boy, of a Senator's wife in Washington, who 'd heard of our pictures, sending me an offer for the Vandyck? Well, well, they and the land and the books are about all we 've got left. Those two portraits Woolaston painted of my father and mother — no great value as works of art, perhaps, but I 'm fond of them. And my Aunt Dolly, in hunting costume, yonder, over the door, was married in the very spot where you 're standing. Dead and gone all! Such a fine frolic as we had — I was a boy of nineteen, and, during the week of merry-making over her wedding, danced out a pair of pumps. The house full, and the neighbors' houses full, plenty of wine in our cellars, and the stalls of the stables filled — heigh-ho! Did I tell ye, boy, when the locust-tree blew down a month ago, we found upon one branch nests of half a dozen different kinds of birds? Recently your mother was troubled by bees in her pantry-window, and we could find no trace of 'em. At last old Tom took off a plank or two of the clapboarding outside, and, by George! sir, he got five pounds o' delicious honey up under the eaves. And I 've laid hands on the Camerarius Plautus you wanted,— it was tucked away on the shelf with the 'Sporting Magazines,' where you left it yourself, you rascal,— meant to send it by express, but it passed out o' my mind, there 's so much to do, and so much going on —"

With the old man's voice in his ears, Brock stepped out of the moldering room full of phantoms of long-gone solvency. In the corridor beyond they found an aged negress, tidily dressed, and bobbing droll courtesies to the gentlemen.

"Dilsey, what you want, girl?" said old Octavius. "Why, Brockie, it 's you Aunt Dilsey has come in to see, of course."

"Sarvant, marsters, hopin' you 's well. I 's uncommon po'ly, thank de Lawd. I des drapped in to pay my respecks to Marse Brockenbro', en brung him two guinea-eggs for his brekfus. Ain't you got no news to tell de plantation folks, Marse Brockie, 'bout some mighty rich lady what we 's spectin' you to git married to, so 's to fotch de old Moun' St. Dun's'n times back ag'in?"

"No news, Aunt Dilsey," Brock answered, trying to smile; but the question hit him hard. When, before bedtime, at an hour they had always chosen for mutual confidence, the mother and son were alone together, he sternly put away the desire to tell her of his bewitchment. He even repressed the intended request to his grandfather for a box of the "rarest, fairest" of Mount St. Dunstan roses, to take back to "a friend who had been kind" to him in New York.

XI.

"My dear Trix," said Miss Halliday to her youngest sister, one June morning when they were sitting together in their second-story room

looking into the Square,—Trix, with her "Promessi Sposi" and dictionary, Betty, who had been writing the usual notes, emerging from a darkling reverie,—"you may as well pay attention, for I 'm about to be hateful."

"Don't bring me back to things of every day, please. Here am I doing my best to forget my gnawing anxiety as to Jack's getting into the boat. I think it 's positive cruelty to animals to keep the men—and their sisters—waiting on the anxious bench this way, and never to know till the last minute whether he is going to row in the race or not."

"I have a vague idea the universe will keep on about the same if Jack does n't row this year. There are matters more important nearer home, my dear. I wonder if you know how abominably poor we are."

"I 've heard it ever since I could think," said Trix, carelessly. "Everybody in New York who is n't rich is abominably poor."

"It has come to a crisis, now."

"I thought so, when the stair-carpet is so worn it is n't worth sending to be cleaned again; and our dinners,—it 's a mercy, with my appetite, that we 're invited out so much,—and I really don't know how I 'm clothed. I 'm quite aware that in spite of our dear little mummy's plotting and piecing to turn me out a credit to the family, I never am equipped from head to foot like other girls. When I get a good jacket, there 's no skirt to wear with it, and my winter hats have to go with spring costumes. Just think of Nell, Betty—what richness! Mama was very liberal with her trousseau, and Jerry has made her buy such a lot more. Nell wanted to give me her new marron cloth that just came home; but I would n't hear of it—would you?"

"No, certainly. Let us be independent of wealthy brothers-in-law, or perish. But do you know what the mother has gone to her lawyer's again this morning for?"

"Something about that mortgage, that 's like Poe's raven on our door, I suppose. It 's been there forever, but we still keep along."

"She 's been eating up her capital for five years past, and thought she could hold out, poor dear, until you—I 'm hopeless, and don't count."

"Until I—what have I got to do with eating capital?"

"Till you follow Nell's example, and supply yourself with a somebody to give you such an establishment as mother thinks a Halliday girl should have."

"I don't know why a Halliday girl should n't be easy her own way," said Trix, still lightly, but sitting more erect and looking more woman-like.

"That 's mother's weakness, and she 's had it so long we can't alter matters now," went on Betty, persistently. "She—she asked me to have this talk with you. She thinks we have kept you long enough in ignorance of the real state of affairs. There 's been an offer to buy the house."

"This house—my father's house!" said Trix.

"It is too big for ordinary people, and would cost immensely to do over in modern fashion. But the —— Club has had an eye on it for a long time, it seems, and mother got their offer yesterday."

"She will never accept it!" protested Trix.

"The money would free her from a load of care, and pay Jack's way through college, and —oh, a hundred things."

"It would break Jack's heart to sell this house. We have always planned how he is to live here with his wife,—at least I have,—and I could see Jack was pleased."

"Jack, like the rest of us, will have to submit to common sense. Of course the matter won't be decided immediately, but mother thought you ought to know; and, Trix, I believe she wants, too, to warn you a little—against —we see what outsiders do not, of course—how much is depending upon you."

The smooth-spoken Betty was actually hesitating, nonplussed for proper words. Trix, with the impulse of a colt in a paddock, wanted to shy off and gallop away to the other end of it.

"I don't know—yes, I won't tell a lie, I do know what you mean," she said suddenly, turning scarlet. "But you may just tell mama she 's no cause to warn me,—I have n't been running the risks she fears,—it is n't likely I 'll go after a man who don't want me. And if he did, does n't every soul I know tell me that to marry a young professional man in New York is putting a clog on him that holds him back? Who wants to hold anybody back?" our Trix ended, dangerously near to tears.

"It was n't only that," Betty said, for her, wretchedly embarrassed. "People have been talking to her a good deal about the encouragement you 're supposed to be giving Timothy Van Loon—"

"O girls, how good to find you in here and alone!" cried Eleanor, who, interrupting Betty, saved her from a stormy answer. While they gave her glad welcome, Nell's sisters read in her face traces of recent disquietude. It had not taken long for the young wife's family to find out that her life was not all on velvet, and they had wisely agreed to invite no confidences. And so Mrs. Gerald's entrance, preceded by old Andrews, who had never walked before Nell Halliday up to the second floor, had about it just the right amount of flutter and importance the movements of the brilliantly

successful member of the family should have. Betty got up to meet her, and Trix gave her the best arm-chair, sitting down on a stool at her feet prepared to admire indiscriminately all that Eleanor said, or did, or wore. And old Norah, arriving in a clean cap and apron, hovered in the background, casting fond looks upon her former nursling.

"You dear thing, how good of you to come!" said Trix, hugging her sister's knees. "You 're just in time to prevent Betty and me from squabbling."

But she took care not to tell the subject of their difference, nor was Mrs. Gerald Vernon admitted into the family discussion about what Betty called their "crisis." It was tacitly understood among them that no possible representation should be made to Eleanor that might seem to appeal for aid from Eleanor's husband. Until and after the arrival of their mother, pale and jaded, from her expedition down-town, the talk was as cheerful as the sisters three could make it. Trix could not but note how, in gazing at her comfortable, smartly dressed daughter, whose carriage and footman stopped the way, Mrs. Halliday's face relaxed from its lines of settled care.

Before Nell arose to go, it was clear she had something particular to say. Her sisters, who knew every expression of her candid face, watched a blush come into it as she divulged the object of her call.

"Jerry has made a plan. He says all the boating-men think there is no doubt Jack will be on the Yale crew. And in any case it will be a treat to Trix—"

"Don't say to go up to New London for the race, or I shall lose my senses with delight!" ejaculated Trix.

"Yes; he thinks we shall all enjoy it—mama and Betty too."

"Count me out," said Mrs. Halliday, promptly. "I could n't bear to see my poor dear boy strain himself in any such dreadful way. And if he don't get 'on,' he 'll be so blue I had rather not be with him."

"I had," said Trix. "Jack will need me, in any event. And if Jerry knew how I 've been turning over in my mind every respectable way of getting to New London for that day—oh, he 's a perfect dear to have thought of it!"

"He had already talked of it to me," went on Eleanor, visibly embarrassed, "and I was planning a surprise for Trix. And then, it appears, Jerry found out that Mr. Van Loon considered *us* engaged to go up for the Yale-Harvard race in his new yacht, the *Incognita*."

"So we are to meet you there?" exclaimed Trix, beaming. "That 's not quite so good as going with you, dear, but still—"

"No; Mr. Van Loon asks Jerry to—ask mama,—he wants you both to come on the yacht,—and if mama won't go, he thought you would be satisfied to be chaperoned by me—"

"I like being chaperoned by you," said Betty, to bridge over the awkward silence and the effect of Trix's altered face. "You will find me such a giddy little thing!"

"I am awfully sorry," Eleanor went on. "I said everything I could to Jerry; but he feels bound,—you know men are so punctilious about engagements with each other—are they not, mama? He says he really could n't consent to throw over Mr. Van Loon; and the trip is a short one—we need n't be on the yacht more than three days. Mama, tell Betty and Trix whether you want them to go or not, and we 'll all abide by you."

Poor Mrs. Halliday's eye at that moment lighted upon a pigeonhole in her desk that she knew to be full of unpaid bills. The talk with her lawyer had sent her home with a driven feeling. The big house they lived in could not be maintained upon air. If they sold it, the mortgage would absorb all but enough of the purchase-money to give her a pittance of additional income. By the necessity for keeping appearances up to the mark of gentility in New York of the present day, she had to acknowledge herself badly beaten. And, now, by shifting her gaze she could again see the reassuring spectacle of Eleanor's carriage and Eleanor's servants in the street. Only that morning she had made some excuse to old Andrews in telling him that he must leave her service.

"I think when Jerry and Eleanor are so much put out about it, you had better make no difficulties, girls," she said vaguely, her tongue dry in her mouth.

"You will go? It is settled," said Eleanor, rather hurrying the thing. "I shall tell Jerry. It will please him so much, you can't think. I shall take care that the whole affair is made pleasant; I believe I can promise that—"

"Are we to be the only women on board for the race?" asked Betty, Trix remaining obstinately glum.

"Oh, I think so, certainly," said Eleanor. "It is my party, Jerry says. There will be another man or two, of course. But, dear me! it is nearly a quarter past, and I 'm due at Fiftieth street at half past one. Good-by, and come to me soon to lunch or dinner. Good-by, mammy darling. I have had such a mean little glimpse of you. Oh, I must n't forget to tell you it is settled we 're to sail about the middle of July."

With Eleanor, Trix also vanished from the room.

"Jerry meant Nell to bring us into this," said Betty to her mother. "That is the reason I made no spoken objection. I should n't be surprised if our consent were the price she

pays for getting him to say they will positively sail."

"Jerry is an only son, and accustomed to domineer a little over women. I can't understand why he has wavered about their plans. Nell will be happier traveling with him, and it has always been intended they should spend this summer in England and Switzerland, and the autumn in the East," said Mrs. Halliday, dwelling comfortably upon schemes for her favorite child that involved such liberal expense.

"I won't tell mama," thought Betty, "that everybody says Jerry 's completely in the toils of Hildegarde again, and that is the reason he wants to make Timothy secure with Trix."

"It 's all one to me, mother," she said, with a whimsical attempt at gaiety. "But this much you must understand. I 've had my talk with Trix, and I felt like a sneak-thief all the time. If it were anybody but that—Timothy Van Loon—"

"Who a month or so ago was ready to marry another woman if she would throw her handkerchief to him, and was driven off the field by Jerry's occupation of it," was what passed through her mind—to be suppressed.

"Every one says Mr. Van Loon is a devoted son," ventured poor Mrs. Halliday, forlornly. "And our families have long been allied—since his great-grandaunt married your father's great-uncle's brother-in-law. It has always been considered a safe family," she added; and Betty, wrung with sudden pity, bent down and kissed her mother's brow.

"As if any one were satisfied with married life—or gets exactly what she wants!" she meditated, further, in her room. "If I had even a medium-sized purse, I 'd begin to think a spinster's lot the only 'happy one.'"

One beautiful moonlight night in the end of June saw Mr. Van Loon's much paragraphed new yacht, the *Incognita*, steal away from her moorings near the foot of—— street on the East River, and glide in a ghostly manner out into the Sound. On her deck was a small, not particularly well assorted party of guests, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vernon, Betty and Beatrix Halliday, a couple of club-men, hangers-on of Timothy, a new Swedish attaché in process of illumination about the States, and the owner of the boat. Down in the women's cabins, with their wondrous modern upholstery and brass beds, Elsa was engaged in laying out her ladies' belongings for the night, as if it were some country-house at which they had arrived for a three days' visit.

Van Loon, in naval blue, and with gold-laced cap, treading his own deck by moonlight, Betty decided to be Van Loon at his best. He did not obtrude his attentions upon Trix, and yet somehow she, and every one else, was made to feel that this floating fairy palace under the snowy sails was waiting that lucky young woman's nod to dip its colors into her keeping. "Oh, if it were always moonlight on a yacht, and Timothy were always thus subdued!" Betty wanted to whisper in her sister's ear, yet dared not. The next day found them at anchor off the far-famed hostelry known as the Pequot House, near the staid old town of New London, where on the morrow the annual race between Yale and Harvard was to be won and lost. Electing to go ashore, the ladies found themselves at once in the merry turmoil of Regatta week. The halls and verandas of the hotel were thronged with brilliantly dressed women—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and general admirers of the rival crews. Collegians from both universities swarmed in attendance on their fair, but the handsome young Harvard men seemed to predominate in numbers.

Trix, upon landing, began to look about her for somebody to whom she might confide her growing emotions about the question of the hour. To be so near her brother Jack,—now, without dispute, exalted to be an actual member of the great Yale crew, and about, for the honor of his university, to row at number 2,—and to hold no intercourse with him, not even to hear how he was passing these last trying days in that mysterious stronghold up yonder at Gale's Ferry, tantalized her cruelly. It was absolutely of no use, the girl had made up her mind, to expect the right sort of sympathy aboard the yacht. Jerry and Van Loon were Harvard graduates; Nell basely took sides with her husband; Betty made fun of everything; the other men aboard had no bias either way. Among the numbers of people encountered at the Pequot, it was her ill fortune to know only those who claimed Van Loon and Nell and Jerry as sympathizers with the crimson.

It was, therefore, with a throb of keen joy that she beheld Mr. Brock Vyvan, with a knot of dark-blue ribbon in the buttonhole of his neat tweed coat, and a band of dark-blue ribbon around his straw hat, walking up and down the veranda in attendance upon a mother and daughter, the latter vivacious and pretty enough to give Trix a sober second thought. Her first impulse was to thrust herself upon young Vyvan's attention, to lean forward, to fix him with a bow and smile that should be followed up at his earliest convenience by his adjournment to her side. The next moment Trix drew back, and hid herself behind her sister Nell, in a blaze of color at her own indiscretion. Mr. Vyvan had indeed seen her, had bowed with the rather pronounced courtesy of the Southerner—but he

had not smiled. Trix fancied he did not want to avail himself of her implied permission. What—oh, dreadful thought!—if he wanted to rebuke her forwardness?

The gala-day was darkened after that. The Van Loon party, observed of all, passed up and down the promenade; the ladies had taken their cups of tea, and were about to return aboard, when Trix fell in with a young woman she had known casually in town, and had ignored hitherto—a plain girl, with no especial points to praise or to decry. At this juncture, if she had had, in girls' language, "every hair of her head strung with diamonds," Trix could not have valued the plain girl more. For she wore a tarpaulin hat with a broad blue band, and five minutes' conversation developed the fact that she owned a cousin on *the* crew. Eager as Trix was to ask was she to answer. The very latest news from Gale's Ferry was hers, thanks to an undergraduate brother, who had brought word that their men were as "fit as fiddles" and "regularly smooth."

"Thank Heaven!" Trix said, kissing the plain girl, fervently. In the relief of the moment she almost forgot Mr. Brock Vyvan. "You see, I don't know a single Yale person here to ask," she explained.

"There are plenty, and the very nicest," answered the plain girl, bridling. To which Trix answered: "Oh, of *course!* I shall know *thousands* of them to-morrow," and kissed her new-old friend again.

When they walked down to the wharf to get into the yacht's boat, she ahead with Timothy, Beatrix again saw Mr. Brock Vyvan—a back view only. He had parted company with the pretty girl and her mama, and was striding away as if shod with seven-league boots. She did not see him turn, after their own little party was embarked, and gaze over at the *Incognita*, lying at anchor and flying under her official colors a crimson flag.

"Blank him! I should like to strangle him," murmured this peaceful young Vyvan.

Gerald, after dining on the yacht, went ashore for the dance, as did the other men, the women preferring to save themselves for the excitement of the morrow. But they were not without a visitor. A small boat, coming alongside, sent up a dapper youth, who presented himself, following his card, as a reporter for a New York daily newspaper.

"I will not intrude on you, ladies, for more than a moment," he said in a businesslike manner. "I merely wanted to ask if Mrs. Gerald Vernon, as an exponent of the Four Hundred of New York, would object to giving 'The Planet' her opinion of the Bob Cook stroke."

"My opinion?" gasped Eleanor, fairly astonished. "Why, I have n't any. And if I had, what possible value or interest could it have to the editor or readers of the 'The Planet'?"

"It is a special thing, gotten-up for the issue of our paper that announces the result of the race," he said, unabashed. "We think ladies should have a voice in every question, nowadays, and I have quite a list of society leaders known to be visiting New London to interview."

"You must excuse me," said Eleanor, and, bowing and smiling, the dapper man, who had no time to lose, took himself away to glean in more remunerative fields.

AND now the day has dawned that is to crown and quench so many hopes on the New World Thames. Bright and early the yacht, flying every pennant and oriflamme on board, waits orders to push ahead to follow the race, to be rowed at eleven, down-stream. A smart little breeze is blowing, and the choppy sea causes the yacht's boat, returning from the hotel, to dance up and down merrily, to the excitement of her cargo of womenkind.

For, to the strong disgust of Eleanor and Betty,— Trix just now is above details,— Gerald has announced to them that Mr. Van Loon, having met Major and Mrs. Shafto and their party at the Pequot dance, could not get out of inviting them to pass the day on the *Incognita* to see the race. Who makes up the party, Eleanor does not ask, or Jerry say. All too soon there arrive Miss Kitty Foote, the vague young Foote her brother, Mr. Carteret Leeds, and — Mrs. de Lancey!

"And I shall expect you to be civil to these women," ends Jerry, remonstrating against his wife's too plain distaste. "I don't want your offish ways with them, any more than Betty's infernal spitefulness."

"But, Jerry, you gave us no idea—"

"Who had an idea?" he answered, his face flushing. "Nell, if I were you, I should try to bear in mind that, however much he loves his wife, no man can stand petty jealousies and heavenly superiority. No man, I say."

"I make neither charge nor assumption," Nell replied, fronting him haughtily.

"Oh! I know what a jealous woman is. Suppose I were such a goose about Theobald?"

"Theobald?" she repeated faintly.

"Yes. Do you imagine people have n't tried to put it into my head that he 's still in love with you? Now, I 've no time to say more, for here they are; but mind what I have said."

"O Gerald!" her pale lips syllabled. The next moment this bit of tragedy of every day is crushed out of sight; the young couple are advancing from where they had walked

aside for a brief conjugal talk, and are greeting the newcomers as if nothing had occurred.

OVER the course steams the little white launch *Yale*, bearing the referee with the unwelcome tidings that because the water is so rough the race has been postponed till 6 P. M., and is to be rowed up-stream instead of down. While the party on the *Incognita*, and other pleasure crafts lying around them in the stream below the Shore Line Bridge, solace themselves with luncheon and the popping of champagne-corks, steamboats, tugs, sloops, every variety of water-vehicle, go hither and thither in vexed confusion.

Trix, who has nerved herself with real heroism to bear the delay, makes an excuse to leave the cabin, and goes again on deck. With her blue silk shirt belted around her slim, maidenly waist, her close-fitting blue serge skirt, her white straw sailor-hat with the blue band and bit of white tulle tied across her bright eyes and blooming cheeks, she presents a captivating image of fidelity to Yale. In vain had Timothy tempted her with a bunch of Jacqueminot roses supplied by his steward from the unromantic ice-box. She had almost stamped her foot at him as she waved the insidious crimson beauties off. Oh, for one who has the impulse and the thought to give her a little posy of Yale *bleuets* to wear on her loyal breast! But there is none, not one in that band of jesting folk around the long cabin-table a-glitter with glass and silver, to understand the yearning of her heart! As she walks out toward the railing, and strains her eyes in the direction of the crew's quarters, and longs to have speech with Jack, dear, eager Jack, who must be suffering so cruelly with the delay, a step is heard behind her, and she turns to confront little Mr. Foote, exquisite in a costume invented for the day.

"I 'm going ashaw for an hour," he said. "A little business at the Crockaw House."

A drowning man in his extremity is said to clutch at a straw, and into Trix's wilful head pops the idea of utilizing Mr. Foote.

"Would it trouble you very much to drop me at a friend's house in the town?" she asked, oh, so sweetly!—"and to pick me up on your way back to the yacht?"

"Delighted, I 'm shaw," said the flattered youth, never doubting that her plan was prearranged.

Trix pencils a note to her sisters, and without delay descends into the boat in waiting to take off Mr. Foote. She has a delicious sense of escape from bondage, a childish tremor lest she be overtaken and called back. It is her purpose to repair to the home of a certain kindly matron, an old friend of her mother's, who is sure to have a houseful of wearers of the blue, and in a half-hour's chat relieve herself of some of the pent-up emotion of the day. Nell and Betty certainly can't take her to task for the civility of a call on Mrs. Mordant, who had invited her for the whole Regatta week.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE DEAD KING.

THE king was dead. His body lay
In splendor, stern and grim,
While round him fell the solemn day
Sifted through windows dim.

His sword was clasped within his hand
As firm as when in life
'Mid battle-clouds that dreadful brand
Had flashed, and led the strife.

Beside his gray and stately head
His jeweled crown was set
In readiness, as though the dead
Had need to wear it yet.

And flags from many a battle-plain,
Standing about his bier,
Told of rebellious chieftains slain,
And nations taught to fear.

And there, with plumes of tufted snow
Cresting their figures tall,
Stood steel-clad sentinels, arow
Like pillars of the hall.

And all day long with curious stare
And timid, bated breath
The people passed, and eyed him there,
Dead, yet defying death.

Right royal seemed his upturned face,
For on it lingered still
The majesty of all his race
And of his own high will.

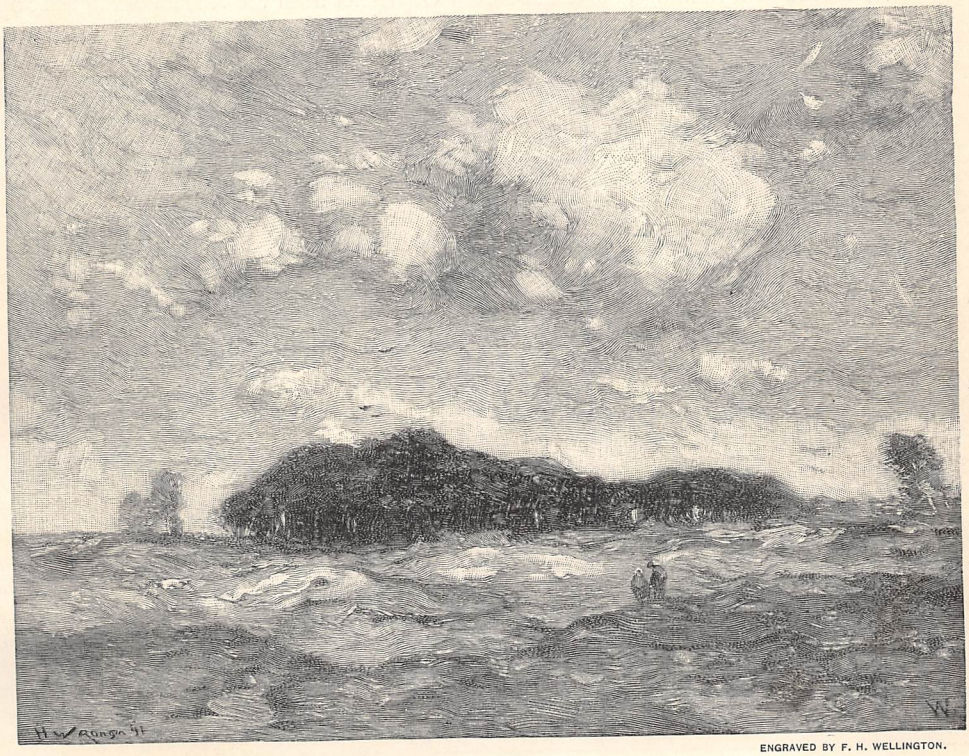
. . . . . .

The king was dead: before God's throne
A soul stood in the light,
Shriveled, misshapen, stripped, alone,
And trembling with affright.

George Horton.

ARTIST LIFE BY THE NORTH SEA.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

SAND-DUNES.

ONE of the most ideal spots which it was ever the pleasure of a painter to discover, is a little village, two hours' journey from Amsterdam, called Laren by Hilversum, to distinguish it from the other Laren by Zutphen. It is in itself one of the most insignificant hamlets of Holland—nothing, in fact, but a succession of thatch-roofed cottages strung along a few intersecting roads and lanes, and surrounded by waste lands the only growths of which are heather and stunted pines. On the edge of the Zuyder Zee, its sand-dunes have not yet become soil, so only the most promising spots of ground, made fertile by centuries of incessant labor, are cultivated. On the not over-frequent oases in these wide wastes, one comes upon the little villages of Laren, Blaricum, and Huizen, near together, yet separated by a strip of heath. The people are all peasants, and both they and their homes are very picturesque.

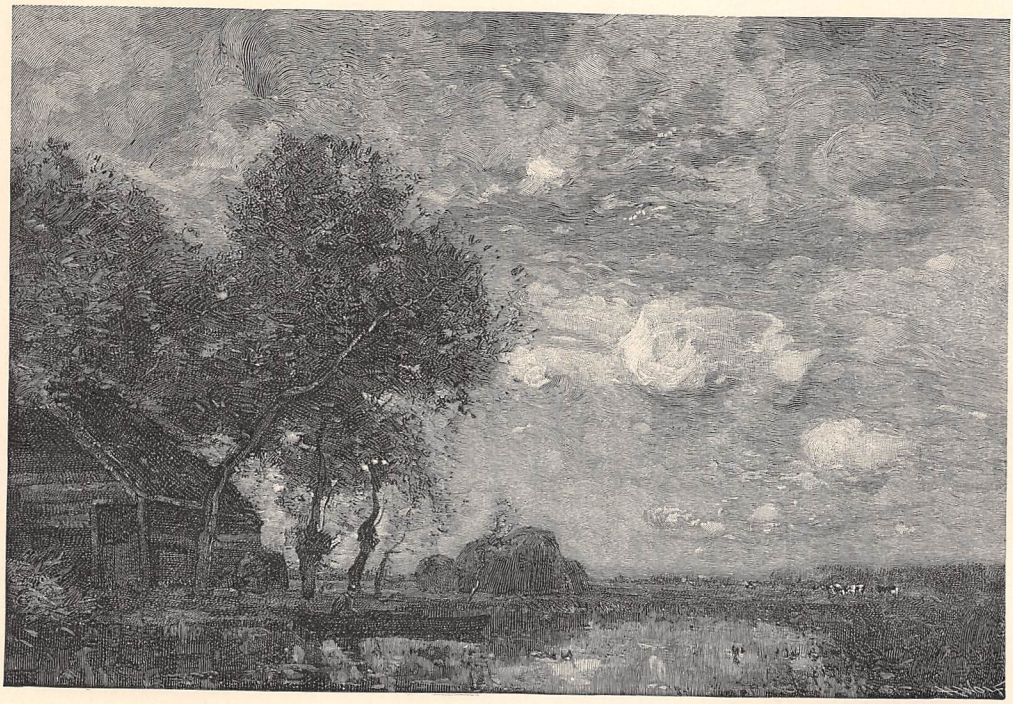
When the artistic explorers first found out Laren, its only accommodation for strangers was a little inn that gloried in the name of "The Gilded Post Wagon." The peasant proprietor, finding that the painters were coming more and more numerously, built addition after addition to his house, and each addition made it more rambling and prettier. Now each season finds it full of artists from all parts of the earth, and the desolation of Laren contributes materially to the luxury of the art-loving world. The inn is the center of the village life, and may well be called the pulse of the place. It has two large rooms, one on each side of the central hall. The easterly room is reserved for the painters, who use it as a dining-room and, incidentally, also as a salon. The other apartment is the public room, containing the bar, which is delightfully decorated with old delft and rows of bottles, the billard-table,—for the Dutch peasant is a

tireless if not skilful amateur with the cue,—and the little tables devoted to the games at cards that take place each evening between a choice coterie consisting of the village blacksmith, the village tailor, and a few peasants. These play interminable games for infinitesimal stakes.

In this room the "vergunnings," or auctions, take place. The waste lands surrounding the villages are held in common between them; each village has a right to graze a certain number of sheep upon the downs. There are also some reclaimed patches of soil that are the property of the village, and the rights of these are disposed of under the hammer. The sale is a village event. The spectacle of the rival peasants bidding for a half-acre of ground has for this quiet world the flavor of a gladiatorial combat, and furnishes material for conversation a month afterward.

Even if the quaint and simple charm of nature and native life did not spur the sympathetic appreciation of the painter into activity, he would drift into a regular system of labor to avoid being bored to death. Some enterprising spirits will arise at daybreak to study sunrises; others struggle with previously secured models; some are off to the heath for sheep subjects, or toward Naarden for the polder country, after canals and ditches and pastures with black-and-white cattle; while others are saving their energies for a go at the evening sky. The routine may be condensed into coffee from five to ten, lunch at one, dinner at six. After dinner come gossip, exploring strolls in the neighborhood, and a return for the tea, which is served under the trees at nine. A game or two of cards or billiards finishes the day.

One relief from the tedium of amusing ourselves is in the kermess, an annual event which takes place in the market-town of Hilversum, and for which the peasant scrimps a few guilders from his wages, that he may have a few days of wine and fleshpots, though he fast for the rest of the year. As good wages are here only one guilder (about forty cents) a day, and not steady work at that, it may be inferred that the margin for feasting is narrow; in some cases whole families — man, wife, and children — pool their labor for this sum, and, though poor, are yet content. At the time of the kermess the market-town gives up its public square for the erection of booths of various kinds, interspersed with merry-go-rounds and swings. Here are to be found troupes of acrobats; "ladies" who possess second sight, and tell your future for a *dubbletje;* itinerant theaters that perform a comedy or a tragedy every twenty minutes, invariably winding up with a ballet in which three generations — grandmother, mother, and daughter — pose and smirk; the marvelous boy without arms who writes with his toes; in



LANDSCAPE. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

short, every variety of the cheap or freak show that travels on wheels. At convenient intervals appears that great Dutch institution, the bakery of waffles "cooked in the open air before your eyes." This and its rival, the pancake-booth, do a rushing business. These booths are very gorgeous in white and gold, ornamented in the highest style of the art, with paper-lace trimmings and mirrors everywhere. It is a bewildering dream of magnificence to the humble peasant who, seated in one of the cupboard dining-rooms, engaged in putting out of sight plate after plate of waffles, feels that he is for once, at least, dining in princely state. The waffle is really an institution of Holland. It presents a temptation which no healthy Dutchman with a guilder in his pocket can resist. If Alva, instead of beleaguering Leyden with cannon and cantonments, had erected waffle-bakeries outside the moats, I verily believe the city would promptly have capitulated.

On the second day the crowd really begins to swarm, and by evening all the avenues of the fair are jammed. The gasoline-lamps shed a flaring light over the sea of heads; the hurdy-gurdies of the different merry-go-rounds try to drown one another; the managers of the theaters, with their companies in tights and spangles on the platforms beside them, are bawling through speaking-trumpets descriptions of the wonderful pieces about to be performed inside, occasionally giving short sketches as alluring samples; parties of young peasants and their sweethearts "charge" through the crowd. This "charge," which is peculiarly Dutch, is accomplished by from ten to twenty persons locking arms, with the weight forward, and acting on the principle of a battering-ram. It is very effective, and will open a lane through the densest throng. The chargers sing cheerfully during the onset, and the collisions are generally taken as neat bits of pleasantry. When the chargers reach, or have created, a comparatively open space, they form a ring, and jump up and down, shouting, "Hustle! Hustle!" in time to the steps, while the tempo is accelerated till the feet give out and the breath is gone.

What the Donnybrook Irishman would term "a fine bit of a fight" now follows. A cry has gone up from two combatants who have squabbled about nothing — "Laren! Laren! Laren!" from one, and from the other, "Huizen! Huizen! Huizen!" Our village (Laren) is Catholic; Huizen, just beyond, is Protestant; and the feuds of the rival creeds, though mild in comparison with those of the past, are bitter yet. No decent and self-respecting Larenite would dream of marrying into Huizen, and vice versa. The women's caps and earrings are of another pattern; so are the sabots, even those of the children. There is absolutely no social communication between the communities. In the olden days there was constant fighting, and many a head was broken and many a knife-stab given; but in these times, except on special occasions, the towns preserve a surly peace. But hot blood boils at kermess time, and the old trouble breaks out again, and the war-cries bring the reserves hurrying to the field, clearing for action as they come. In this case the police separate the brawlers, taking one to one end of the fair, and the other, with a handsome cut on his head from his opponent's wooden shoe, in the opposite direction. It may be well to state, by the by, that a wooden shoe of the size worn hereabout, snatched off and used either as a club or projectile, makes a weapon of great effectiveness, and one very convenient to get at upon the first call of necessity.

The cafés adjacent to the main square have done a quiet, conservative business in smoked eels, hard-boiled eggs, and Schiedam during the fifty-one weeks preceding the kermess. For the fifty-second they adopt quite another policy, savoring somewhat of the wholesale line of trade. Dancing is really the base upon which the kermess rests, and the crafty café proprietor caters to the demand by clearing his large room, inclosing the verandas with canvas, and converting the garden into a restaurant. A band, usually of brass and of four pieces, of which the trombone plays the leading rôle, is stationed where it can best be heard and take up least room. In the old days "The Hoplen of the Kettle," "The Ship and Sail," "The Karen of the Dom," danced in wooden shoes, and full of pantomime, were the only dances seen; now these alternate with the waltz. The natives dance with vigor, and manifest determination to get their half-guilder's worth out of the exercise. Under the excitement of the

WINTER AT LAREN.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

dance and the gin-and-water, they gradually lose the air of sheepishness that hung over them earlier in the day; the boys' arms steal round their sweethearts' waists, and finally each cozy or convenient nook contains a pair of lovers entirely oblivious of the rest of the world, her helmeted head resting confidingly on his shoulder.

The multitude of little lanes and footpaths which environ the village are always presenting fresh beauties and invitations for pictures, and as it is also the custom to drop in at any peasant home and look about *sans cérémonie*, one finds subjects indoors as well as out. Their houses — barn, living-rooms, and all — are under one great roof. The barn occupies most of the space, while the living-rooms are cubby-holes partitioned off at one end. The barn part is always interesting, with its cemented floor, the beams and rafters going off into the gloom overhead, the grain and hay hanging down from platforms. The cow and goat have one corner to themselves, and the spinning-wheels and loom take up another.

One night in October we were startled by the ringing of the alarm-bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants, as they tumbled out of their doors, shouted, "The cows! The cows!"— which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand-dune with sand-dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance, and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasturage, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass-patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately, this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all. It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum, and Huizen, of that date, has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be bought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and

it necessitates two daily milking-trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight. The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night; but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt or potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land many feet under water. Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters, and drowned. So, at the beginning of September, watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea, the man on the dike hangs up a lantern; if the sea rises more, he hangs up two, which is a danger-signal; but if it rises fast, three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm-bells are rung. This was the alarm we heard, and in ten minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This year none were drowned; but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details, and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.

Jan, the waiter who presides over our meals, has bought a new pair of trousers. As they are of unusual material and color, it is really a great event in the village, where for centuries the successive village tailors have worked from plain cloths and from one shape. We have tried to trace this shape to its origin, but the trail vanishes in the obscurity of the sixteenth century. It would be impossible to describe it with exactness, but the general effect is to make the straightest legs seem bowed. The only measure the tailor takes is the circumference of the body and the length of limb, and the result is always the same. It is also a local tradition, which goes with the trousers, that an honest man shall have three pairs, one of black cloth, for Sundays, marriages, and funerals, which shall last him his life, and which he can will to his eldest son; the other two, which form a never-ending cycle, are made of cheap, strong cloth for working purposes, a new pair being ordered when the second-best will hold no more patches.

ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

COTTAGE YARD.

Jan is a very good boy. In addition to waiting on us, he keeps our boots presentable, runs our errands, transacts our small business arrangements, takes a sincere interest in our artistic progress, and delivers our mail. He is

THE ZUYDER ZEE.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

studying English with the aid of a dictionary and our postal cards—the latter portion of his method sometimes keeping us waiting an indefinite period while he struggles with a hard word or a complicated sentence. Our grammar evidently gives him trouble, but he smiles contentedly when he finally permits us to have our mail, remarking: "This is a card from Mr. So-and-so, who says," etc. He is the son of a respectable peasant in the neighborhood, and is learning how to run an inn of his own. He is also in love with a very pretty young thing of some twenty summers whose father sells ounce packages of tea, spools of thread, wooden shoes, etc., in a room of his house which he has converted into a store. The trade is not extensive, so between calls on the shop she keeps the kettle boiling and digs in the garden. One evening when we saw Jan steal out of the side door, wearing his new trousers, and with a package done up in tissue-paper sticking out from under his coat, and pass in the direction of Mynheer Watels, we must confess that our curiosity so got the better of us that we were base enough to follow and look in at the window. We had heard of the betrothal custom, and now we saw it for ourselves. Jan entered, and said, "Queen Avand." The girl's father and mother responded, "Queen Avand," and then she said, "Queen Avand." Then Jan pulled a half-guilder from his pocket, and laid it on the table, and the girl hung her head, and blushed a pleased sort of blush, after which she took the half-guilder and a pitcher from the shelf, and disappeared. In an incredibly brief space of time she was back with the pitcher full of beer—plain, every-day sort of beer to outsiders, but to them, no doubt, true nectar, for when they had each drunk a glass they were betrothed. Then the cake came out from under Jan's coat, and all took a piece and ate it, and the betrothal ceremony was complete. The old folks having discreetly gone off to bed and left the young couple to build plans for their future life, we too beat a retreat. The next afternoon Jan's father and mother were over to see her father and mother, and the old ladies took tea, and the old men something sharper; while Vrouw Watels showed the chest of sheets and pillow-cases and caps and helmets which went with the match, and the old men arranged how that two-year-old black heifer should be balanced by a pig, nine hens, and a stock of hay, and discussed starting Jan in a little inn over at Amness.

But here is the cold weather: outdoor work is no longer possible, and we break up, some

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MOONLIGHT.

for Paris, some for London, and some for New York. As one looks over the long rollers with which this strange, humble, patient, and heroic people wage a perpetual war of self-preservation, the charm of the life grows stronger as the life itself recedes.

H. W. Ranger.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

I BELIEVED thee, friend, with unflinching faith, I revered and loved thee well,
Till the foe drew near whom I need not name, with his hints like sparks from hell.
He showed me a blot that I dared not doubt on thy large unsullied soul;
He tore from the sacred head of my saint its illumining aureole.

Oh, strange by the shattered statue's form to watch where its fragments lie!
From the lute's half-ruptured strings, oh, strange to hear the old music sigh!
Oh, strange where the bounteous lamp once beamed, its enfeebled flame to scan!
In place of the white-browed god, oh, strange to behold but the earthly man!

And yet is perfection always rich in the rarer, the subtler charms?
Would the Venus of Melos lure the same were she reëndowed with arms?
Has the speckless pearl a delight to match the pearl that must always bear
Its pathos of one little birth-mark flaw to remind us it still is fair?

So now, while I feel thee fallible thus, I find (as 't were fate's choice boon!)
That reverence had keyed my love too high, and that sympathy sets it in tune.
Nay, the fault I have loathed for the stain it stamps on a purity such as thine,
Makes thee dearer still to my human heart, since it leaves thee less divine.

Edgar Fawcett.

THE DANCE.

AT THE KEITH RANCH.

By the Author of "Pratt Portraits," etc.

THE dance was in full swing — a vehement, rhythmic, and dead-in-earnest ranch dance. Eight couples on the floor tramped or tiptoed, as the case might be, but always in perfect time with the two unmelodious fiddles. The tune, if tune it might be called, went over and over and over again, with the monotonous persistency of a sawmill, dominating the rhythmic tread of the dancers, but not subduing the fancy of the caller-out.

The caller-out for the moment was a curly-headed lad of twenty, with a shrewd, good-humored face. He stood in a slouching attitude, one shoulder much higher than the other, and as he gave forth, in a singsong voice, his emphatic rhymed directions, his fingers played idly with the red-silk lacings of his brown flannel shirt. To an imaginative looker-on those idly toying fingers had an indefinable air of being very much at home with the trigger of the six-shooter at the lad's belt. So, at least, it struck Lem Keith.

"Swing him round for old Mother Flannigan!
You 've swung him so nice, now swing him again, again!
On to the next, and swing that gent!
Now straight back, and swing your old man again!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp went the rhythmic feet; diddle-diddle-dee went the fiddles. There was not much talking among either dancers or sitters-out. Occasionally one of the babies in the adjoining bedroom waked and wailed, but on the whole they were well-behaved babies. There they lay on the bed, six in a row, while their mothers eagerly snatched their bit of pleasure at the cost of a night's sleep.

Lemuel Keith, joint host with his brother on this occasion, sat on a bench against the wall, contemplating with wonder the energy of these overworked women. Beside him sat the husband of one of them, a tall, gaunt ranchman, with his legs crossed, poising upon a bony knee an atom of humanity in a short plaided woolen frock.

"How old is your baby?" asked Lem, mindful of his duties as host.

"Four months," was the laconic reply; and as though embarrassed by the personal nature of the inquiry, the man rose and repaired to a remote corner, where he began a solemn waltz with his offspring in his arms.

It was an April evening, and the windows were open to the south. A cool night-breeze came in, grateful alike to dancers and lookers-on. Lem sat watching his twin brother Joe, who was taking his turn at the dance. Lem usually watched Joe when he had the chance; for if the brothers were bewilderingly alike in appearance, they were animated by a spirit so unlike, that Joe's every look and action was a source of interest to Lem. Indeed, it was his taste for Joe's society that had made a Colorado ranchman of him. Nature had intended Lemuel Keith for a student, and then, by a strange oversight, had made him the twin-brother of a fascinating daredevil for whom the East was too narrow.

Lem sat and watched Joe, and observed the progress of the dance, philosophizing over the scene in a way peculiar to himself. For his own part, he never danced if he could help himself, but he found the dancing human being a fruitful subject of contemplation. Joe's partner, in particular, amused and interested him. She was a rather dressy young person, with a rose-leaf complexion and a simpering mouth. Rose-leaf complexions are rare on the sun-drenched, wind-swept prairies, and the more effective for that. The possessor of this one, fully aware of her advantage, was displaying, for her partner's delectation, the most wonderful airs and graces. She glided about upon the points of her toes; she gave him her delicately poised finger-tips with a birdlike coyness which the glance of her beady black eyes belied. Joe was in his element, playing the bold yet insinuating cavalier.

Lem Keith found a fascination in this first ranch dance of his. He liked the heartiness of the whole performance; he enjoyed the sharp-cut individuality of the people, their eccentricities of costume and deportment; he was of too sensitive a fiber not to feel the dramatic possibilities of the occasion. "Tenderfoot" as he was, the fact could not escape him that a man in a flannel shirt, with a pistol at his belt,—and most of the men were thus equipped,—was more than likely to have a touch of lawlessness about him.

There was a pause between the two figures of the dance. Joe had taken his partner's fan, which he was gently waving to and fro before

her face. She stood panting with affected exhaustion, glancing archly at her new "young man" from under studiously fluttering eyelids. The gaunt father, having stopped waltzing, had discovered that the woolen-clad baby was fast asleep on his shoulder. Over in another corner, under a window, was a red-faced cowboy, slumbering as tranquilly as the baby, his head sunk on his breast, a genial forelock waving lightly in the breeze. The fiddles resumed their function. "Swing your pards!" cried the curly-headed boy; and once more all was commotion.

The room seemed hot and crowded. Lem had shifted his position, and was standing opposite the windows. He looked toward them, and his glance was arrested. In the square of light cast outside by the lamps within was a sinister, malignant face. It was the face of a man whom the Keith boys had seen to-night for the first time. He had paid his seventy-five cents, and had received his numbered ticket like the others, by which simple ceremony all the requirements of ranch etiquette were fulfilled. Bub Quinn they called him — Bub Quinn from the Divide. Rather a nice-looking fellow, the brothers had agreed, attracted by his brilliant smile and hearty hand-shake. It was Bub Quinn who had brought the girl that Joe was dancing with, and now that Lem came to think of it, he could not remember having seen her dance with any one else, besides Quinn himself. Lem's heart gave a heavy thump almost before his brain had grasped the situation. Yet the situation was very plain. It was Joe and his little fool of a partner that those malignant eyes were following.

They were light eyes, looking out from under level light eyebrows, and Lem frankly quaked at sight of them. The man's face was clean-shaven, showing high cheek-bones and a firm, handsome mouth. He stood in an indolent attitude, with his hands in his pockets; but all the reckless passion of the desperado was concentrated in the level glance of those menacing eyes.

"Meet your partner with a double *sashay*," cried the curly-headed boy. Diddle-diddle-dee squeaked the fiddles. Lem looked again at his brother. He was flirting outrageously.

A door opened behind Lem, and a woman called him by name. He stepped into the kitchen, where two of his prairie neighbors were busy with the supper. It was Mrs. Luella Jenkins who had summoned him, kind, queer, warm-hearted Mrs. Luella. The "Keith boys" were giving their first dance, and she had undertaken to engineer the supper.

"We 've got the coffee on," she remarked, pointing over her shoulder at a couple of gallon-cans on the stove, from which an agreeable aroma was rising.

"That 's first-rate," said Lem, who had a much more distinct vision of Bub Quinn's eyes than of the mammoth tin cans. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Well, I dunno," Mrs. Luella ruminated. Her speech was as slow as her movements were quick. "I was thinkin' 't was 'most a pity you had n't had bun sandwiches." She looked regretfully at the rapidly growing pile of the ordinary kind with which the table was being loaded. "The buns taste kind o' sweet and pleasant, mixed up with the ham."

Through the closed door came the scraping of the indefatigable fiddles. "Hold her tight, and run her down the middle!" shouted the voice of the caller-out.

"Over to Watts's last fall," Mrs. Luella rambled on, slicing ham the while at a great rate, "they had bun sandwiches, and in the top of ary bun there was a toothpick stickin' up. If you 've got toothpicks enough about the place, we might try it. It looks real tasty."

"Mrs. Jenkins," Lem broke in, "do you know Bub Quinn?"

"No; nor I don't want to," Luella answered curtly.

"Why not?"

"He 's too handy with his shooting-irons to suit my taste."

Then, resuming the thread of her discourse: "You don't think, now, you 've got toothpicks enough? They 'd set things off real nice." But Lem had departed.

"I s'pose he 's kind o' flustered with givin' their first dance," she said apologetically to her coadjutor among the sandwiches.

Lem was a great favorite with Mrs. Luella. She liked him better than she did Joe. She was one of the few people who could, at a glance, tell the two brothers apart. She always spoke of Lem as the "little chap," though he was in fact precisely of a height with his brother; and she gave as the reason for the preference, that "the little chap was n't a ramper." Unfortunately for Lem, perhaps, she was right. He was not a ramper.

As Lem stepped out into the other room the caller-out was shouting, "Promen-*ade* all — you know where!" The sets were breaking up, and Joe with his best manner was leading his partner to a seat. The face had vanished from the window. Bub Quinn was striding across the room, and now planted himself in front of the recreant pair.

"You 're to come with me, Aggy," he growled.

"Pray, don't mention it!" cried Joe, relinquishing the girl to Quinn with a mocking reverence.

Shrugging her shoulders, and pouting, Aggy moved away with her captor; not, however, without a parting glance over her shoulder at

Joe. The two brothers met at the kitchen-door.

"I say, Joe," Lem begged, "don't dance with that girl again."

"And why not?"

"You would n't ask why not if you had seen that ruffian's face at the window."

"Did n't I see it, though?" scoffed Joe, in high spirits, and Lem knew that he had blundered.

A new caller-out had taken the floor, and was shouting, "Seventeen to twenty-four, get on the floor and dance!"

The pauses are short at a ranch dance, for each man, having a right in only one dance out of three or four, is eager for his turn. The women on this particular occasion might have been glad of a rest, for there were only ten of them to satisfy the demands of all the men, and steady dancing from eight o'clock to three is no light task. Nevertheless, each one rose with sufficient alacrity in response to the polite inquiry, "Will you assist me with this dance?" and in a few minutes the same many-colored woolen gowns, and much befrizzled heads, which had diversified the last sets were lending luster to the present dance.

Neither Bub Quinn nor Joe Keith was included this time among those admonished to "get on the floor and dance," and Lem, thankful for the respite, stepped out on to the piazza, where a group of men were lounging and smoking. The air outside was sharp and invigorating; the moon was full, and in its cold, clear light Pike's Peak glimmered white and ghostly.

Lem strolled off the piazza, and over to the group of sorry-looking broncos, in saddle or harness, standing hitched to the fence. He pushed in among them, patting their heads, or righting the blankets of the few that were fortunate enough to have such luxuries. He felt as though he should like to enter into confidential relations with them. They seemed, somehow, more of his own kind than the rough, jostling, pugnacious beings passing themselves off as men and brothers within there. He poked about from one to the other of the sturdy, plush-coated little beasts, till he came to a great white plow-horse harnessed to a sulky, and looking like a giant in contrast with the scrubby broncos. The amiability which is supposed to wait upon generous proportions proved to be a characteristic of this equine Goliath, for at Lem's approach he cocked his ears and turned his head with marked friendliness. Lem looked across the creature's rough neck to the firm, strong outlines of "the range," showing clearly in the moonlight; he drew his lungs full of the keen, thin air. But neither "the strength of the hills," nor the elixir of the air, could restore his equanimity. He could not throw off the weight that oppressed him. There was no shirking the truth. He was deadly afraid of Bub Quinn; the sight of that lowering face at the window had caused in him a horrible physical shrinking; the dread of an undefined mischief brewing weighed upon his spirit like a nightmare.

"Great heavens! What a coward I am!" he groaned aloud.

The white horse rubbed his velvet nose in mute sympathy against the young man's shoulder; but there was no solace that the white horse could give. Lem leaned against the friendly neck, and shut his teeth hard together. A lifelong chagrin welled up in him, flooding his soul with bitterness.

If Lemuel Keith had not adored his brother, he would have hated him — hated him for possessing that one quality of rash courage beside which every other virtue seemed mean and worthless. Presently he found himself looking in at the window again. Joe had disappeared from the scene. Bub Quinn and his Aggy were sitting side by side in stony silence. The fiddles had fallen into a more sentimental strain; hints of "The Mocking Bird" might be heard struggling for utterance in the strings. In this ambitious attempt the pitch would get lower and lower, and then recover itself with a queer falsetto effect. Charley Leroy, the crack "bronco-buster" of the region, was caller-out this time. He was less inventive than the curly-headed boy, but he gave out his commands in the same chanting measure, and the tramp, tramp of the feet was as rhythmic as ever. The curly-headed boy was having his turn at the dance, "assisted" by a sallow, middle-aged woman in a brown woolen dress, who made frequent dashes into the adjoining room to quiet her baby. Lem noticed that the hands of the curly-headed boy were so tanned that the finger-nails showed white by contrast. He also observed that Aggy's neck was as pink as her cheeks, which had not been the case half an hour before. In his effort not to look at Bub Quinn, Lem's attention had become vague and scattered. He fixed his eyes upon an elderly man of an anxious countenance, with a shock of tow-colored hair sticking straight out in all directions. The man was having some difficulty in steering his partner through an intricate figure; he was the only person on the floor who did not keep step, and his movements became at every moment more vague and undecided. When, at last, the wiry, determined-looking "bronco-buster" sprang upon the company the somewhat abstruse direction:

"Lady round the gent, and the gent don't go;
Lady round the lady, and the gent so-*lo!*"

the "gent" in question became hopelessly bewildered, and stood stock still in the middle of the floor. By the time the set was disentangled, the dance seemed to be over, and the "bronco-buster" dismissed the dancers with the cynical prophecy, "You 'll all get married on a stormy day!"

At this juncture, midnight being well passed, supper was announced. The kitchen door swung open, and the fragrant smell of the coffee took possession of the room, and floated out through the open window. As some one closed the window in his face, Lem followed the other loungers into the house. The men had all made a stampede for the kitchen; the women sat on chairs and benches against the wall, some of them leaning their heads back wearily, while others fanned themselves and their neighbors with vigor, not relaxing for a moment the somewhat strained vivacity which they felt that the occasion demanded. Bub Quinn's Aggy—no one knew her last name—sat a little apart from the others. She was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of her pocket-handkerchief, a piece of coarse finery, which she held by the exact middle, flirting it across her face in lieu of the fan, which had slid to the floor.

Lem paused on his way to the kitchen, and observed her closely. He saw the pink of her neck take on a deeper tinge, and at the same moment Bub Quinn and Joe brushed past him and stood before the girl, each offering her a plate on which reposed two sandwiches and a section of cucumber pickle.

This was Aggy's opportunity. She shrugged her shoulders, which were incased in red velveteen; she lifted and then dropped her eyes, poising her head first on one side and then on the other; she clasped her hands and wrinkled her forehead. Lem felt as though he were watching the capricious sparks which mark the progress of a slow match toward a powder-train. Bub Quinn, meanwhile, stood rooted before the girl, while Joe, having possessed himself of the fallen fan, met her coquetry with blandishments of the most undisguised nature. At length, hesitatingly, deprecatingly, she took Quinn's plate, but at the same time she moved along on the bench and offered Joe a seat. He promptly took it, and Quinn went away with the calmness of a silently gathering thunder-cloud.

Quinn did not dance again that night; he withdrew to the piazza, where he kept guard at the window hour after hour. Joe danced with no one but Aggy, and sat beside her between whiles. Lem wandered about, trying not to watch Quinn. He knew his brother too well to remonstrate with him again by so much as a look.

As the night wore on, the hilarity of the company increased, nothing daunted by the sight of a man lying here and there under a bench with a telltale black bottle protruding from his pocket. When the favorite figure of the "Bird in the Cage" was danced, and the caller-out shouted, "Bird flies out, and the crow flies in," everybody in the room cried "Caw! caw!" in excellent imitation of the sable-hued fowl thereby typified, and the dancers, conscious of an admiring public, "swung" and "sashayed" with increased vehemence. Toward three o'clock Joe was again dancing with Quinn's Aggy, and as the caller-out chanted:

> "Swing that girl, that *pretty* little girl,
> That *girl* you left *behind you!*"

he advanced toward her with an air of mock gallantry. At the same moment Bub Quinn stalked into the middle of the set, a sombrero planted firmly on his head, a long cowhide whip in his hand. He seized Aggy by the arm with a grip that must have hurt her, and said, "I 'm going home now; you can do as you d—— please." A pistol-shot could not have made half the sensation caused by this breach of etiquette; indeed, it would not have been half so unprecedented. Aggy turned with a startled defiance, but at sight of Quinn's face she recoiled.

"I 'm all ready to go," she said suddenly; and too thoroughly cowed to cast even a parting glance at Joe, she hurried away to get ready for her twenty-mile drive. Joe, meanwhile, with perfect composure, provided himself with another partner, and the dance went on. And so the thunder-cloud had withdrawn, and the bolt had not fallen.

It was not until the gray dawn was in the sky that the last of the revelers drove through the cow-yard, and out across the prairie to meet the rising sun.

By the time a second dawn had come the daily routine at the Keith ranch was running in its accustomed grooves. The cows had already been milked, yesterday's butter already packed for shipment, and Joe, surrounded by bustling men and barking dogs, was attending to the departure of the milk-carts for the town. The Keith brothers had a young but thriving dairy-trade, and Joe was a great success in his character of "boss."

In a field bordering upon the highway, a mile away from the ranch-house, Lem Keith was plowing. There was something about this pastoral labor which was peculiarly congenial to Lem; perhaps because he did it well. Not one of the ranch "hands" could guide the plow with such precision through the loose prairie soil. Certainly, very few of them would have taken the trouble to set up a stake at the end

of the furrow, with a flying bit of red flannel to steer by. Lem had the habit of plowing with his eyes fixed upon this stake, his shoulders slightly stooping. Yet the sense of what was going on in the sky and on the prairie was never lost. To-day the sun rose as clear as a bell, flooding the fields with gold. Lem was plowing from east to west, a quarter-mile furrow. Whether he faced the mountains, answering the sunrise with a crimson glow, or the yellow prairie sea, with bold buttes standing out upon it like rock-bound islands, he could not go amiss. His eye met nothing, his thoughts touched upon nothing, which could jar upon his peaceful mood. The horses plodded steadily on with hanging heads; the plow responded like a live thing to his guidance; he knew that the long narrow furrow he was leaving behind him was as straight as the wake of a boat in still water. After all, ranch life was a fine thing. A man must be the better for breathing such air; a man must be the wiser for living so close to good old Mother Earth; a man must be—hark! Was that Joe's pony galloping across the field? Lem turned. No; the pony was a strange one. And the rider?

Bub Quinn had leaped to the ground not ten feet from him. He had flung the rein over the neck of his steaming bronco; but he himself was as calm and as cool as though he had not ridden twenty miles before sunrise at a break-neck gallop.

"I 've come to settle accounts with you, mister," Quinn remarked in a drawling voice.

If the fellow had raged and cursed, if he had seemed to be in a passion, if his fists had been clenched, or the muscles of his face set, it would not have been so appalling. But this deadly composure, the careless indifference with which he held his pistol in his right hand, while his left hung loosely at his side, was more than terrifying; it was fairly blood-curdling.

Lem's hands had let the reins drop, and the horses had gone plodding on, the plow lurching and swaying at their heels.

For an instant Lem's brain whirled.

> Swing that girl, that *pretty* little girl,
> That *girl* you left *behind you!*

His brain seemed to be whirling to the tune of that jingle.

"If you 've got anything to say," drawled Quinn, fingering the trigger, the pistol pointed at Lem's forehead—"if you 've got anything to say, now 's your chance. Sorry I can't allow you time to make a will," he added facetiously, "but I 've got to get back to my work."

Lem's brain was clear now. There were no more jingles in it. Nothing was there but an overwhelming conviction that, if the man did not shoot quickly, Joe might arrive, and show Quinn his mistake. That must not be. Joe was too fine a fellow to end like this—like this!

Lem Keith was shuddering from head to foot, and his lips were stiff and blue, yet there was an odd, masterful ring in his voice as he cried, "Make haste, will you, and shoot!"

A shot rang out, and Lem fell, pierced, not by Bub Quinn's bullet, but by the living horror of death. On the furrows beside him Bub Quinn lay stretched, with blood oozing from his right shoulder.

That shot of Joe Keith's, as his pony tore across the plowed field, was long talked of on the prairie. The echo was still ringing in his ears when he sprang to the ground, and knelt beside his brother, searching for a wound. He could find none. He pressed his hand to Lem's heart; his own pulse was pounding so that he could feel no other motion. He lifted his brother's head and laid it against his own breast; he loosened his shirt and chafed his hands. The sun shone straight into the white face, and the eyelids moved.

"Lem! Dear old pal! Speak! Do speak!"

Lem's consciousness returned slowly, reluctantly; but he knew his brother's voice.

"Joe!" he muttered; "Joe!"

He made an effort to look about him; and first his eyes followed vaguely the wanderings of Quinn's bronco, which had strayed far afield, and he strove feebly to account for the pang that the sight gave him. Suddenly his consciousness adjusted itself, as a lock falls into place. He turned his eyes on Quinn, lying where he had fallen, the blood still flowing from his wound; and then he knew that he himself had only swooned.

He sat upright, clasping his knees with his two hands, and Joe stood over him, tenderly brushing the earth from his shoulder. At last Lem spoke, while a dark flush mounted slowly up into his temples:

"Joe!" he said, "I 'm not hurt. You may as well despise me. I *am* a coward."

A look went across Joe's face, half-assenting, half-indulgent.

"Never mind, old boy," he said, with patronizing good-will; "we can't all be cut after the same pattern."

He extended his hand to help his brother to his feet. A movement caused him to turn. Quinn had gathered strength to speak. He was leaning on his left elbow, staring at the two brothers. His face was ghastly, but his voice had lost none of its drawling scorn as he said to Joe, slowly and distinctly, "You in-fernal idiot!"

Then a great light broke in upon Joe Keith's mind, and he knew the truth.

Anna Fuller.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

VI.

S Philip asked for his father at the hotel which Deed was accustomed to make his home during his frequent visits to Leadville, it was in his heart to wish that he had not always been the unsatisfactory son. The day before he might have wished it in a spasm of contrition for the necessity of asking his father for more money; but he was wishing it now because the things they were saying about Deed at Maverick pained and angered him. He was sure his father was in trouble, and he had come up to Leadville with an impulsive desire to help him if he might. He had telegraphed him from Bayles's Park of their safety, and from Maverick, as soon as the rumors reached him, that he was coming up to Leadville.

He wanted to help his father in the trouble he merely guessed — he had not stayed to hear the story: but to speak to him as he would like to speak, their relation should be more equal; it ought to depend less for its harmony on his father's forbearance. He wished heartily that he had always persevered in some particular occupation; or, lacking that, that his failures had cost his father less. In these moods he always denounced his failures to himself as the result of crude and silly experiments which he should have known enough to avoid; but when he was as sensible as this he was usually a little more sensible, and perceived that the whole fruitless drama of his life, thus far, was inevitable; a fellow like him, he supposed, had to make an appointed degree of fool of himself.

In this light the restless longing of his boyhood to possess himself, to lay hands on the charter of his life on his own account; his refusal to please his father by going to Columbia; the unquiet wish for a different, a freer life, another set of conditions — a man's, say; his aimless and resultless year in Chile as a civil engineer; his six months of orange-growing in Florida; his other six months in which he saw a fortune in evaporating peaches in the Southern States, — it was the fortune which had evaporated, — and this last empty-headed folly at Piñon — all seemed foolish indeed, but necessary, like the stages of a disease. He always said to himself in these contemptuous reflections on his doings that he knew better now, had learned a lesson. And this was in so far true that he seldom made the same kind of fool of himself twice.

He was thinking how glad he should be to see his father again, as he followed the bell-boy out of the crowded hotel office along the creaking hallways, and up the swaying stairs (the hotel had been built of unseasoned timber, when sawmills were fifty miles away, and money was worth four per cent. a month, and the structure had begun to fall apart); and was adding to himself that since it was in his blood to do undesirable things, it was trebly undesirable that they should be destined to be the disappointment and trouble of so good a fellow as his father. He treated him so handsomely, always, that his disappointment was seldom in evidence; but Philip knew that it existed, and knew — he recalled the fact now with a bitter smile — that it had been left for Jasper to realize his father's ideals.

Jasper had been a cautious and conservative investor at ten, a patient, thoroughgoing man of business at seventeen. He sold foreign stamps at school while he was in the first reader, and drove hard bargains in marbles and decalcomania pictures before he knew his Latin paradigms. He was eight when it occurred to him that he might as well turn a penny by serving the morning paper to his father, and to the gentlemen whom he knew on the block (it was in New York), as to let the regular carrier earn it. He rose at five o'clock in the morning to look after his papers, and he had been getting up early ever since.

Philip never got up early unless to go hunting, or bird-nesting, or fishing, or to catch the train at the end of the term when he came from boarding-school. He was glad to be going home then, and did n't mind: it was always a happiness to see his father again. He was not merely his father, but a kind of hero to him. Jasper often got home rather late; there were trades to be settled with the boys at school. As the elder brother (he used his advantage of a year for all it was worth) he was properly reserved in his feeling about the coming. And when the time came, Jasper went into business, liked it, stuck to it, succeeded in it; and then took charge of the ranch, and made a success of that.

Jasper had known what he wanted to do from the beginning, and was entirely capable of doing it. Philip had known clearly only what he did not want to do, and thus far had not done much. It was this that made him hesitate as he came to the door of his father's room. He wished again that he could feel that he stood near his father, that the invariable kindness which he remembered in him from boyhood had nothing to forgive in him, that he had not disappointed him.

But he turned the knob and went in. His father was sitting under the ineffective light of a huge bronze chandelier wound about with a brambly wreath of gilt. He was absorbed in work upon a heap of legal documents scattered over the table, and did not hear Philip's entrance. When the son touched him on the shoulder, he turned hastily, and for a moment did not perceive who it was. When he saw, he rose hastily, stretching both hands out to him. "Why, Phil! Phil!" he cried, and stopped, choking and not knowing how to go on. "I — the fact is — I thought we should n't be seeing you — should n't — O Phil," he broke off, dashing his hands to his eyes, "what luck — what blessed luck! I had given you up. I — find a seat, will you?"

Deed sat down hastily, and buried himself in his papers. His lip shook.

Philip found a seat on the bed. He himself was much agitated. He had not counted on this at all. He had allowed for his father's anxiety, and had telegraphed him as soon as they reached Bayles's Park; but that he would think him lost in the storm was outside all his thoughts. Yet no one knew better how near they had all actually been to death in the snow. "Dear father!" he said to himself, as he watched him making his poor feint of going on with his work. "It 's awfully good of him to care!"

Deed glanced up at him once, venturing a smile, and looked down again forthwith. When he was done with the last practicable pretense, he folded his papers slowly. Philip had never seen him so careful about adjusting them.

He rose at last, clapping the bundled documents on the table briskly, and came over to where Philip was sitting on the bed. Deed dropped down beside him, laying his arm lightly about his shoulders.

"Well, boy, how goes it?"

Philip dropped his eyes. "Why, that was what I came up to ask you, father. How does it go?"

A spark lighted in Deed's eye. He drew in his breath sharply. He came back and stood before Philip after a nervous turn across the floor.

"Phil?"

"Father?"

"You got my wire at Laughing Valley?"

Philip nodded. His father regarded him for a moment in pained question of his face. He thought he read his condemnation in it.

"Say it, Phil! Say it!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't sit there dumb! I know what you think. You 're right. I sold you out. I signed away your rights. I did you out of your future with a foolish, amiable stroke of the pen. I trusted a scoundrel, and you 've to pay for it. I wanted to do the handsome thing by Jasper, and I did it — at your expense. It 's been your treat all along, Phil," he said with a miserable smile, "though you did n't know it."

Philip leaped up. "Great heaven, father! you have n't been thinking that I was shouting around about my miserable little share in that business? Surely you don't think that I could name it beside your trouble, much less be fooling with the poor question of blame? I should think Jasper was enough to blame for half a dozen."

His father smiled sadly. "What Jasper has done can't excuse me. He could n't have done it if I had n't thrown the way open to him. If I had n't trusted him —"

"And you expect me to accuse you of having trusted him? Would n't a father trust his own son, I should like to know? Is it a thing he must answer for?"

"My God, Phil! has n't he answered for it, is n't he answering for it, will he ever get to the end of answering for it?" He covered his eyes.

"I know, father," said Philip, taking a turn across the room. "Ingratitude is like that. It hurts — it keeps on hurting."

"Yes," owned Deed grimly; "it hurts."

"Surely it 's enough then. Pray don't bother about me. You would have done it for me in the same situation. Do you think I don't know that, or that I don't know that I never gave you the chance? I 've not been doing the approved thing. I never have. When I do, it will be time enough for me to trot out grievance."

"O Phil, I 've not been fair to you." It was the expression of his sense of his whole course toward him from boyhood; but Philip took it to refer to the contract.

"Pshaw, father, I shall rub along for the few years left of the partnership. What difference can it make? I shall be all the better for having to make my own way for a while."

"Few years?" exclaimed his father.

"The partnership — it 's five years, is n't it?" said Philip, dropping on the bed again, and curling his legs up comfortably. "You won't mind my smoking?" he asked, producing a cigarette.

His father did not speak, as he drew a match

across his boot. "You have n't given Jasper anything. I could understand your feeling that unfair. He has nothing permanently that is mine. At worst, you 've lost me nothing, father; merely postponed it. It 's only five years, and if it were ten or fifteen, it 's not your act; it 's Jasper's. Don't talk of my loss; there is none. And if there were, what would it be to yours? I could only lose money by him. I 'm — well, I 'm not his father. I have n't protected him, and worked for him, and kept him from every sort of harm, and done all I knew for him since he was a child. I never gave him a father's love and trust to wound me with."

Deed groaned. "Oh, stop it, Phil! Stop it! You make it impossible to tell you." He rose and wandered about the room aimlessly, picking up the rose-flushed vases on the mantel, and studying their red and gilt flowers, turning up the gas, and leaving it hissing, detaching the loop that caught back the window-curtain, and returning it to its bracket again. Philip watched him wonderingly. His cigarette went out.

"Oh, come, father!" he said at last, smiling. "One would think you had been putting up some infernal job on me."

His father looked up, eying him haggardly. "You 've said it."

"Said what, father? I don't understand."

Deed paused with the poker in his hand to say over his shoulder, as he stooped to the fire, "They did n't tell you at Maverick, then?"

"I gathered you were in trouble. I heard that your marriage was postponed. I thought you would rather tell me?"

"Oh, so I would! So I would!" exclaimed his father, absently, as he turned from the fire. He looked remorsefully into the eyes that met his. "Why did n't somebody tell you!" he cried. Philip made a place for him by his side, as he came meditatively toward him, with his head down. Deed guessed the grease-spot on the carpet, clouding one of the fruit-bearing boys in their ovals, to be kerosene, as he paused a moment in study of it.

He had decided it was champagne, as he looked up and faced his son again.

His voice melted. "How the deuce am I going to tell you, Phil?"

"What 's the use, father?"

"Oh, use!" exclaimed Deed, impatiently. He tapped his foot above the curly head of one of the dove-colored boys. "You 've got to know. Pshaw! Why did n't some one tell you!" He strode away to the other corner of the room, snapping his fingers noiselessly.

"Tell me, father—" began Philip.

"You won't believe it! She did n't." He breathed a heavy sigh. "I suppose it is n't very credible," he said, staring into the air. "I don't understand it myself all the time."

"But—"

"It 's infamous, I tell you. You don't want me to tell it. Better go hear it from the gossips, Phil. I supposed they knew about it by this time; I trusted to your having heard it from them. They will know what to think about it. I don't. I think it magnificently right one minute, and the other thing the next. It 's cost me enough to be right; it 's cost every one else enough to be wrong."

"Tell me, father," insisted Philip, "what coil has Jasper got you into?"

"Ah, now you have it, Phil! That 's something like! Stick to that! That 's what I say to myself when I 've accused myself black and blue. I say it was Jasper. It *was* Jasper; and it was Adam, too, in the same way. Things have got to have a beginning. It would be a poor sin that had n't some sort of provocation to its back."

"You forget who you 're talking to, father. You don't think you can make me believe you have done anything wrong."

"I don't know what I can make you believe. Suppose, Phil, you are fool enough to trust a man to wear a diamond. He is n't only wearing your diamond, you see, but your trust. One day he simplifies things by pocketing the stone. In a wrestle for it, you snatch it from him and throw it into the river. You are not strong enough to get it back for yourself and keep it; only just strong enough to keep it from him by losing it yourself. You see how you could n't let him have it, don't you, Phil?"

"Yes, I see," said Philip, thoughtfully.

"It 's not the stone, you know."

Philip stroked his mustache thoughtfully. "No; it is n't the stone."

"You could bear that; the other you can't. I 've sold the range for $25,000," he said abruptly.

Philip started. "But it was worth $150,000."

"Yes," said his father, drily; "that 's the point."

"My dear father—you can't do this."

"Why not?" demanded Deed.

"It 's illegal, for one thing. You can't sell even a partner's property out from under him."

"Certainly I can—this sort of property. I can sell the cattle as if they were dry-goods or drugs—things a partner is as free to sell to an innocent purchaser, without the knowledge and consent of the other partner, as if they were altogether his own. They 're chattels. And as to the range, whose land is it in Colorado? Not mine. Not the partnership's. You don't suppose I 'm conveying a fee simple to four or five thousand acres of land, I hope. I have n't

got it to give. The purchaser holds it as he can. Of course there is the question of damages with Jasper. But I 'll risk that. Trust me for the law of it, boy."

Philip stared at him. "And what does Jasper say?" he asked, in a voice which he seemed to hear speaking in the tones of some one else from a distance.

His father glanced up at him doubtfully. He caught his hands behind his big head as he crossed his legs and threw himself back in the deep sleepy-hollow chair. "Jasper? Why, that 's just the pity of it. We have n't heard what Jasper thinks. It 's too bad, because that 's where all the fun comes in — what he thinks. The fun has been rather slow so far in other quarters."

"Do you mean that you have ruined yourself to even things up with Jasper?" demanded his son, making no answer.

Deed glanced at his nails. "I should n't put it that way," he said huskily; "but that 's what it comes to."

"And Miss Derwenter — Mrs. Deed, my mother who is to be!"

His father looked steadily into his eyes a moment. "I meant to ruin her too, but she objected."

"And that is what —"

"What parted us? Yes," said his father.

Philip turned suddenly upon his heel and strode away to the window, brushing aside the lace curtains, and vanishing within the embrasure. The street was alight with the night gaiety of Leadville. He bent an unseeing eye on the spectacle.

As his father gazed after him, a look of desolation settled on his face. The lightness he had forced fell away from him, and he fixed a glance upon the spot where his son had disappeared — bitter, doubting, wistful.

He saw suddenly how the self-accusations of his loneliness — the miserable loneliness which had overtaken him since he had broken with Margaret — had instinctively looked to Philip for contradiction all along, how he had relied on Philip's comprehension. At his lowest he had said to himself that Philip, cruelly injured as he was by his act, must see how he had come to do it, must recognize its inevitableness. Jasper had always had his admiration, his approval — Philip was right about that. But he had always understood Philip better. He was more like himself. And now he trusted him to understand him, to make allowances for a thing which he had known well, even in his passion, must need some allowance from anybody, and would never be understood at all by more than one or two. One of these he had supposed confidently would be Margaret. To repeat his disappointment in her with Philip would be merely killing: he could not bear it. Why, he began to ask himself, had he done this thing?

"Oh, come out of that, Philip!" he cried at last, in an irresistible burst of impatience. "Come out, and say what you 've got to say! I can stand it, I guess."

Philip obeyed slowly. He paused just outside the curtains, fastening his eyes on the floor.

"There 's nothing to say, father. You 've done it, have n't you?"

"Do you wish I had n't?" asked his father, quickly.

"Why, it 's hardly my part, is it, father, to question what you do?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his father, contemptuously. "I 'm not asking for criticism. I ask about your feelings. You know about them, I suppose. You understand, I dare say, how it feels to lose $50,000?"

Poor Deed! Why should the wrong which he was conscious of having done Philip and Margaret make him hard toward both of them, where he most wished to be gentle?

Philip winced, but controlled himself to say: "What has my feeling to do with it, father? It 's the thing itself that matters, is n't it?"

"You mean on high moral grounds?" asked Deed, the color rising in his face threateningly. Philip knew the approaches of one of his father's bursts of passion too well to feel guiltless in provoking one of them, however remotely.

"Do you want me to say I like it, father? I don't. But would my liking better it? Surely you see, father, that the thing is wrong in itself."

"Oh, I don't know what I see," cried Deed, gnawing at his bristly mustache as he paced the floor. "I know it seemed the only right thing there was when I did it. I know I had to do it. That 's my safest ground, perhaps — I had to do it. Good God, Phil! you see that! You would n't have had me leave him with his plunder?" He sat down, and instantly leaped up again. Philip wandered restlessly about. "I have n't it, it 's true; but he has n't. It 's cost the whole subject of dispute to beat him; but I *have* beaten him. I have rounded on his devilish falsity. And I would do it again. Yes; rather than have to think that he had done such a thing and prospered in it, I would do it twice over. Why, Phil, I 've beaten him! Could I pay too much for that?"

Philip bit his lip. "Why, since you ask me, father, I 'm bound to say that I think you could. I think you have. His being a blackguard does n't help it. It makes it worse."

Deed's face darkened. "You mean that *you* have paid too much. You mean that I let you in for enough in making you pay for

my whim of pleasing Jasper without making you pay for my squaring of accounts with him?"

"No," said Philip, looking in his father's face; "I don't mean that. They are my accounts, too. It 's against me that Jasper has done as much as against you. Heaven knows," he said, as his face darkened, and he doubled his fist under his sleeve, "I 'd be glad to square my account with Jasper. If there is going to be a settlement, I 'm ready to pay my share. But, father, there must n't be a squaring of accounts on this basis. The thing 's wrong, it 's indefensible, it 's impossible."

Deed drove his clenched hand into his open palm. "Impossible? For whom? For you? For Margaret?" he demanded. "Or perhaps you mean for Jasper?" he asked mockingly.

"I do mean for Jasper. It 's a wrong to him."

"A wrong to Jasper!" cried Deed, in scornful amusement, kicking a chair out of his path as he walked back and forth. "T—s—s—s!"

"See here, father, I 've no love for Jasper. You must know that. But I can't be part of a scheme for burking him like this."

"Burking him?"

"Well, selling him out, wiping out his share while he 's away. You don't want me to help you do a wrong like that to yourself, father?"

"Did I ask for your help?" inquired Deed, in a tone of offense.

Philip flushed. "Why, I should have said that you had used it."

"In wiping out *your* share?" said his father, with threatening calmness. "Do you object to that?"

"I suppose I must say that I object to the purpose you are wiping it out for. Why, father, you see it yourself. You 've as much as owned it. The thing 's not fair!"

Deed's mouth fell. He stared at him in an amazement that gave way to a look of inexpressible grief, as he came and stood before Philip, and laid a doubting hand on his shoulder. "Phil, *Phil!*" he cried, miserably interrogating the eyes which his son let fall. "*You 're* not going back on me!"

"Going back on you, father?" Philip snatched the hand hanging by his side. "I 'm trying to save you. You 're letting yourself in for a lifetime of remorse. You 'll kick yourself for this thing before you are a week older. Think, father! Can you afford to do a wrong like this to Jasper?"

His father gave an inarticulate grunt of contempt, and bit his lip as if he feared what he might be tempted to say. It had been in his mind to tell Philip that he had done his best to buy his word back about the range, in order to keep his word with Margaret, and that he had had his trouble for his pains. But he would not give him so much satisfaction, now. It had not been done for Jasper's sake, at all events, he said to himself scornfully.

"Drop it, Phil!" he said suddenly, at last. "This is n't a safe subject between us. I know what I 've done. I 've never had a doubt—not one single moment's doubt, mind you—about this as far as Jasper is concerned. He 's done me the cruelest wrong that a son can do a father. Do you think it 's a time to be nice about what I do to him?"

"Why, father, is n't it the time of times? If he had never wronged you, one might afford a luxury like that. One can do it with best friends. But to do an indefensible thing,—you own that, father: it *is* indefensible,—and to choose Jasper for the object of it!—you see, yourself, it won't work. When you put him in the right by putting yourself in the wrong with him, you 're simply taking a permanent lease of torment. There 's no end to the mess, this way. Don't you see it? Aggression of some sort becomes his right. It will be almost a virtue in him. Where will there ever be an end to it? It will make you unhappy, father. That is what I 'm thinking of. And the unhappiest part of the whole business will be when you see that, after all, it *was n't* fair."

"Fair!" cried his father, hoarsely. "Fair! Oh, the devil!" He sat down, clenching his hands. The blood rose in his face.

"Did you wish to be unfair?"

"Yes!" shouted Deed. "Yes! I wished to be all that you imply! I wished to be unfair to both of you!"

"Both of us!" exclaimed Philip, turning pale.

"Oh, I know what you think! I wished to be unfair to Jasper, and to do it I must be doubly unfair to you, and I did n't care. You don't say it. You talk of Jasper."

"Father, can you think —?"

"Yes — more than you say."

Philip grew white about the nostrils. "I have said all that I mean. I say it 's shabby to freeze Jasper out in his absence; I say that you are free to use whatever share I may claim in the range as you like. But not for that. I won't be a party to it. I won't stand by and see you do such a wrong to yourself."

"Say what you mean!" cried his father, with an implication in his voice which maddened Philip beyond control.

"Father!" he cried warningly.

Deed thrust his hands into his pockets, and, facing him with deliberate bitterness, looked into his eyes. "I will pay you every penny of your d—— fifty thousand dollars before you are twenty-four hours older."

For a moment Philip stared at his father in speechless anger. Then with a cry of rage he burst from the room.

VII.

THE clerk in the office spared a single gleam of the eye, which was busy challenging the newcomers by the evening express from Denver,—looking them into the earth and pardoning them into existence again long enough to send them aloft in the care of "Front,"—to observe Philip's quick push through the office. The crowd parted before his blind look and determined arm, and in a moment he was in the air, reeling up the street, with his veins aflame and his tongue hot upon his lips.

His anger bore him on through the mob that commonly fills the sidewalk to its edge at night in Leadville. They gave way before his white face and set look. He did not know where he was going until a sharp ascent on the outskirts of the town took his breath in the manner of lesser elevations at the altitude of Leadville. He paused on the summit, and, snatching off his hat, bared his moist forehead and beating head.

The sweet, strong, uplifting keenness of the mountain air swept through his brain. He pushed back the thick hair about his brow, and stared up at the stars, shining down upon him through an atmosphere fined to an ethereal rarity. The intolerable exaltation of the air played upon his fevered spirit.

Standing there, he said to himself that he could never forgive his father; the affront was too deep, the misconception too gross. That he should think him capable of such meanness; that he should be ready on the suggestion of an instant to class him with Jasper; above all, that he should asperse him with the thought that he could use a pretended impulse of fairness to a man who had done him a wrong—an impulse of generosity, if one liked (standing out there in the air Philip said to himself that, after all, it was generous), to cloak a low appeal for himself—it was too much! It was not what any man could be expected to forgive another. He repeated to himself often that he did not care that he was his father. No human relationship could give a man the right to insult another like that.

And then, in a moment, he laughed at the boyish self-assertion, and could have wept for his father. The air was really too tense; he could not think in it.

He recalled inconsequently that he had meant to ask his father to lend him $400. The recollection was a fresh pain. It seemed to him that his father could not have suspected him in just that way if he had not given him good cause to know that he was always in want of money—that the whole question of money ruled him, at times, in a way which he himself could not reconcile with better things in his nature. No wonder his father had thought his urgency interested. Had he ever shown himself disinterested where money was involved?

As he went back through the town he thought he would go straight to his father and make it right for him. But the low instinct of pride, which Philip was disposed in heated moments to take for the noblest thing in himself, withheld him. He could not do it. Finally, perhaps, he would do it—indeed, the subtle second consciousness knew very well that in the end he must do it, for he could not live unreconciled to his father; the amiable need, mixed of generosity and selfishness, to live at one with those nearest him would force him to it at last; and he knew that he could never let his father make the advance. That would be too shameful; yet he must refuse himself the happiness of going to bed with it righted.

He knew for a folly the honor that he did the shallow conceit of dignity, in waiting; but he could not get himself into the door of the hotel and up the stairs to his father's room when the time came. He crossed over to the other side of the street when he reached the hotel, and then he saw that his father's light was out. He told himself, now, that he had probably meant to do it to-night, after all; that he had been postponing it until he should have had a glass of something at Pop Wyman's to clear his head; and he believed that he was sorry his father had gone to bed. But when he found him playing at the faro-table, where he paused for a moment, after his glass at the bar, he sheered away hastily, avoiding his eye; and went unhappily down Chestnut street, plunging into the first dance-hall he passed, and suffering one of the "beer jerkers" to wheedle him into treating her to a mint-julep. She said she never took anything but mint-juleps. He saw again remorsefully the look on his father's face as he bent over the faro-table (he was losing heavily), while he chaffed the girl vaguely, from some exterior nimbus of intelligence, on her fad for mint-juleps. When she would have dragged him upon the floor, however, to join the quadrille that was forming, he broke away without ceremony, and made for the door.

The miners in their blue shirts and brown, copper-riveted trousers stuck into their boots, and with their armories belted around their waists, beat time to the music which was just beginning in the hot and reeking hall, dimly lighted by kerosene-lamps. One of them shouted after him by name to come back. Philip, as he turned for a moment at the door, recognized the speaker for a man he had known at

Piñon. It was young Hafferton, the tutor who had given up his post at Dartmouth to come West for consumption, and, recovering, had not yet found enough money to take him back. He had been the single reporter of the daily paper at Piñon. He had a long nose and a thin, straggling beard, and wore glasses. Philip supposed he was working the mine he used to talk to him about taking, with half a dozen other impecunious young men of his own sort, on a lease.

"Oh, hello, Hafferton!" he said, in listless recognition. He went back for a moment to shake hands with him over the rail dividing the dancing-floor from the drinking-bar. Hafferton told him that, as he had supposed, he was working the "Come to me Quickly" on a lease. They were hiring no labor, but putting in their own. They had found good pay dirt, he said, and were doing well. He hoped to start for home in the spring, and to have a little left when he got back to keep him going until he could find something to do again. He was tired of mining. He had given up all the brave hopes with which he had begun. He was content to take a fair day's wages out of their leased claim day by day, if he might.

"I suppose we shall think of this as a stereopticon view we 've seen, rather than as a real experience, a year or two hence, when we 're back East," said Hafferton, glancing about the dingy room. "But we must take what fun 's moving. 'Everything goes in Colorado,'" he said, repeating the current slang phrase.

Philip refused the inclusion of himself in this point of view with a glance which should have explained to Hafferton what an ass he was. But Hafferton went on, undisquieted:

"You 're down on your ranch, now, I suppose?" Philip's plans for leaving Piñon had been known before Hafferton left for Leadville.

"I 've no ranch," growled Philip, ungraciously.

"Why, but I thought—" began Hafferton, doubtfully, beginning to feel the distance in Philip's manner.

"I know you did. So did I."

"Somebody jumped your claim?"

Philip surveyed him a moment, wondering if he could have heard anything. "No," said he, truculently, as if Hafferton was likely to dispute it; "I sold it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hafferton. He had a chirpy manner, and a polite little voice which twisted every nerve in Philip. "I hope you got a good price for it."

He looked at Philip uncertainly. "I think they 're waiting for me," he said, glancing behind him, where the three sets on the floor were making the preliminary bows to their partners. His own young lady was beckoning to him. "So long!" he said, waving his hand lightly as he disappeared.

At the theater across the way Philip made out, through the cloud of tobacco-smoke hovering between him and the stage, an elderly woman in a ball-dress, the skirt of which reached to her knees. She was describing to the audience from the footlights in song how she met her "Harry" on Carbonate Hill every pleasant afternoon at the change of shifts. The burden of the matter was that Harry was "such a *nice* young man!" Philip found himself waiting for the wriggle with which the cracked voice attacked this phrase at the end of each stanza; and came to wonder dully, as she would begin the amorous tale afresh, how she was going to connect the sense of this stanza at the end with her central truth, while the thought went buzzing in his head: "He means to raise that money to-morrow. How?"

The epithets which he would use against himself on ordinary occasions of remorse did not enough blacken his act. How could he have allowed the talk with his father, which he had meant should console him with the knowledge that he, at least, remained faithful to him, to issue in an estrangement between them, and in this miserable resolve of his father's to pay him a foolish debt of pride? His father had been trying. Oh, of course. But might he not have guessed that he must be trying? He knew his temper. Knowing the fine, the good, the generous man behind it, had he ever cared for that before? And remembering the trial through which he had just passed, recalling that he had found him still trembling from the hurt that Jasper had dealt him, should he not have forborne? Should he not, at all events and at all costs, have avoided losing his second son to him? But what he had implied was intolerable; he turned hot at thought of it. Yet if to be imagined so base was maddening, what must it not be to his father to think him so? He rose with the determination to hunt up his father, and to make him know his thought before he slept. They could settle the Jasper question another time. Just now his only anxiety was for reconciliation.

He refused the return-check offered him by the frowzy being who guarded the exit to the theater. The assurance that Harry was "such a *nice* young man" followed him with a dying quaver and simper into the street.

On the sidewalk he encountered Vertner. It appeared that the latter had come up to Leadville from Maverick to see Deed about a mine they were interested in together—to speak accurately, a mine which Vertner had induced Deed to join him in purchasing. The mine was filling with water, and it was a question between putting in expensive machinery to

pump it out, and abandoning it. Vertner had in his pocket an assay of the vein they were working.

"Your father says we can't afford to go on with it; says *he* has n't got any money (I believe him, for he was just trying to borrow $25,000 when I struck him); but I say we can't afford to give it up. Taber might; we can't. It 's a chance in a lifetime. With dirt like that in sight, it 's only the rich who can afford to economize. You don't happen to have $10,000 in your clothes, do you?"

"No," said Philip; "I was just going to ask you if you knew where I could borrow $50,000."

Vertner stopped short (they were walking together toward Harrison Avenue), taking Philip unceremoniously by the arm. "See here, put me on to this thing! What are you and your father up to? Is there a dollar in it?"

"Are n't you in schemes enough, Vertner?" he asked, to turn the subject.

"No, my boy. There are not schemes enough in the cosmos for the energy I feel in myself when I get up any of these fine mornings. And the mints don't manufacture the money that I feel I could use. What 's the use of living if you have n't a new idea for the new day, as it comes along? These fellows that get an idea when they are eighteen, and spread it thin over the rest of their lives, to make it last, give me a pain. Come, whisper it to your uncle! What are you up to — you and your father?"

"Oh, drop it, Vertner!" cried Philip, wearily.

Vertner's quick ear caught the accent of pain in his voice. "Oh, well, *now* you 've *got* to tell me, or own up that you won't let a fellow help you. The scheme is dropped with pleasure. I 'm starting a popular subscription that 's worth two of it. I call it 'Vertner's Grand Popular Subscription for the Presentation to Philip Deed, Esq., of a Nickel-Plated Derrick to be Employed in Elevating Him from some Confounded Muss.'" He wrote the words on the air with a fluent hand as they walked up Harrison Avenue toward the hotel. The crowd had begun to disperse; the shops were dark, and the gambling-houses cast the only light, save that of the electric lamps, upon the street from behind their glass fronts. "There 's going to be one subscriber to my fund — just one. If you want $50,000, you 've got to have it, and I 'm going to get it for you."

"It 's deuced white of you, Vertner," said Philip, with gloomy gratitude; "but you can't do it. I want it to-morrow." He threw away his cigarette and began rolling another. "Try something possible. Prevent my father from borrowing $25,000. It will do me the same service."

"Oh, come! I call for a show-down!" cried Vertner. "*I* don't know what you are driving at."

"My father has a crazy notion of paying me $50,000 to-morrow. Other men would threaten it. He will do it. He fancies — he thinks —" Philip gulped down the lump in his throat — "he has an idea that I am kicking about that business with Jasper. You know about that?"

"No," said Vertner, a quickening glance of curiosity passing over his shrewd face; "I don't. What was it?"

Philip told him fully, as they paused under an electric lamp, the knife-edge glare of which showed their faces, and would have tempted an observer to note the contrast between them — to remark how Philip's sinewy bulk made more than its impression by the side of Vertner's slight, wiry build, thin, alert little face, and medium stature; and how Vertner, who, in his own way, was as sufficient as the driving-wheel of an engine, took an aspect of ineffectiveness from the power expressing itself in every line of Philip's frame.

The deceptive outward look of ineffectiveness, which was accented by contrast with Philip, was always what impressed those who met Vertner for the first time; and coupled with the still, sleepy gaze habitually dwelling in his eyes while he was engaged in the approaches to "talking business," it had often encouraged men with whom he dealt in his early Colorado days to trade on the unsophistication of an under-endowed young innocent, — as, with a twinkling eye, Vertner said, in, the Western slang that often displaced the inadequacies of his Massachusetts English, "It was the kind of case where a man picks you up for a sucker, and lays you down for a shark."

To the casual eye Vertner looked about Philip's age, not because he was not seven years older, but because Philip's superior height and weight, his tanned cheek, heavy mustache, high-growing hair, lips closed firmly on each other from habit, and a certain look of manly self-command in his quiet eyes, added five or six years to his twenty-three summers; while Vertner, who went always clean shaven, whose hair was fair and thin, whose smooth, clever, keen, good-humored face had the incurable boyish look through all its shrewdness, that every one will remember in some man-boy he knows — Vertner, I say, procured a diminution of his thirty years by six or seven in the eyes of the casual observer. The observer, when he

came to know him better, would have perceived the shrewd lines beginning to gather at the corners of his mouth. By this time he would have liked Vertner, or he might have gone on to add that it was a sophisticated, even a calculating mouth; and might have found something hard in those shrewd lines.

"Father imagines," concluded Philip, as they moved on,—"something I said gave him the idea,—that I feel myself swindled by what he did—selling Jasper out. You know my father. He does n't need facts for his anger, and what I said was easily misunderstood. It was in the nature of the thing. One word for Jasper looked like two for myself. It ended in his swearing that he would pay me my third share in the ranch within twenty-four hours. That was to-night. He has the $25,000 by him from the sale of the ranch. That 's plain enough from his trying to borrow only $25,000. But he can no more raise $25,000 more by to-morrow, as things are with him, than you can, Vertner. He 'll do it though. You know that. And he 'll do it at a cost that he will pay for with every moment of his life afterward."

"Um. You would n't need the—the trifle you mention very long, would you?"

"Long enough to lend it to my father, take it from him, and pay it back."

"You 're not thinking of lending it to him yourself, I take it. There is to be somebody in between?"

"Certainly. I suppose it would n't be hard to find a man generous enough to lend father $25,000 of my money without security if I could get the $25,000."

They were at the door of a saloon. Philip said he had just been drinking, and wanted nothing; but he went in with Vertner, who ordered vermuth, and insisted on his taking something with him. Vertner had learned to drink vermuth in the fast set into which he had fallen at the preparatory school from which there had once been an intention of sending him to Harvard.

"No; no more," said Philip, shaking his head in answer to Vertner's urgence, after their one glass together.

"Well, then, take my good advice," said Vertner, as they went out into the street together. "Take *something* with me. If I were in your shoes, I 'd skip."

"Oh, no, you would n't, Vertner. You 'd know my father if you 'd lived in my shoes as long as I have, and you 'd see the folly of it. He 'll pay that money over to me just the same, you know, whether I am here to take it in person or not. It 's not difficult to deposit a check to my credit at his bank, and notify me by wire. If I am going to attempt refusing it, I can do it better by staying. The other way I should be helpless. If I stay, though I can't really refuse it, perhaps I can manage what will come to the same thing."

"Oh, all right," exclaimed Vertner, good-naturedly abandoning the point. "Count on me!"

They walked Harrison Avenue for an hour or more, discussing plans for preventing Deed from borrowing the money. Philip could not have given a name to his fears. He merely knew that since his father had stripped himself of the ranch he could not lay hands at such notice on $25,000 of his own; and he knew no less well that somewhere, in some way, he would lay hands on it, and would pay it over to him, if he would let him, next day, together with $25,000 more. He was haunted by a strange dread.

They went into one saloon and another. Philip was restless. At several places they overheard talk about Deed. It was one o'clock, and they had dropped into St. Anne's Rest, when Philip, as he put his glass to his lips (he was drinking too much, and was conscious of it, but was incapable of stopping), heard a red-faced man standing next him at the bar, say, with an oath:

"Just my luck! Deed and I are on this here Church Building Fund together. Our committee subscribed the square thing, and now Deed 'll shirk his share when the time comes, and the committee 'll have to make up his subscription among themselves. I always said we ought to have subscribed it separately 'stid of as a committee; but Hank Jackson wanted to keep his subscription dark. He was n't ponying up as much as usual. Should n't wonder if he was going same way as Deed. 'Iron Silver' or 'Morning Star,' did you say?"

His companion, whose florid face was supported upon a bull neck, and whose mustache had been trained to wanton in a grandiose curve, and to hang its spreading boughs within easy twirling distance of his collar, said that it was the "Iron Silver" he had spoken of.

"He *must* be hard up! Men in this town ain't putting up 'Iron Silver' stock even when they want to borrow $25,000 pretty bad—not very brash!"

Philip had put down his glass. His muscles grew rigid. The impulse to seize the bull neck, and to choke the man until he denied it, was a mastering need; but he forbore. Perhaps the man spoke the truth. He turned pale, and pinched his eyes with his fingers, and beat his head to clear his brain of the fumes of the liquor he had drunk. "Come!"

he cried to Vertner, clutching his arm. Vertner stood still, listening. "Come!" he repeated hoarsely.

"You heard?" he said, when they were outside, in the cold, strong air.

"Yes. The thing 's got to be stopped! I 'm with you."

"Stopped!" exclaimed Philip. "Stopped! My God, man, do you know whose 'Iron Silver' shares those are?"

"Your father's."

"Humph! Listen!" He whispered in his ear.

Vertner started. Under the ghostly glare of the electric light his face paled. He repeated Philip's word in the same whisper. He caught his arm vehemently, inquiringly.

Philip nodded. "Come!" he said.

"Where?"

"To the telegraph-office."

"It 's closed."

"They 'll open it for a thing like this."

"What are you going to do?"

"*Do?* I 'm going to get that money."

Vertner went with him.

VIII.

BEATRICE did not wholly respect her fancy that she occasionally saw a look of dogged repression or patient pain in Dr. Ernfield's eyes lately. She had fallen into the wifely habit of seeing things a little qualified by her husband's probable comments on her observations; and she knew that Vertner would make fun of her if she told him of this fancy. But the listless step, which had replaced the briskness prevailing through the worst of his former weakness, and the growing haggardness of his whole outward aspect, were things which any one must see, she said to herself after a day or two. She wondered that Margaret, who saw so much of him, appeared to be blind to them; but then, Margaret *was* blind. For her part, she resolved to say nothing. It was not her affair.

Fred Kelfner, his stable-boy and factotum, the warmth of whose affection for his employer was one of the jokes of the town, noticed the change, at all events, immediately, and told at home that, "Doc was growin' peaked ag'in, and losin' all he 'd gained." Fred drove Ernfield about, and was frequently at the house. Beatrice and Margaret often exchanged a word with him: his loyal adoration of the doctor, taking no account of the derision it won him among boys of his own age, touched them.

"It don't make no difference to a feller what he does for a *brick!*" he had said at some intimation from Beatrice on one occasion that his fealty might lose him caste among the boys. He said it with the exaltation of a noble of King Henry's at Ivry, chanting,

> And be our oriflamme to-day, King Henry of Navarre!

And Beatrice gladly abandoned him to the consequences of his faith to his liege.

His talk about Ernfield's health, reaching Beatrice at last through her kitchen, suffused her prophetic soul with a glow of confirmation not all pain. When it finally reached Margaret, through Beatrice, she took shame to herself for having leaned on him so much. She recognized that, in the week since Deed's departure, she had fallen into a habit of dependence upon him for part of her daily support —a habit which she could not help seeing was growing upon her. A perception of the way in which others must have leaned on his generous strength, if she, so entirely accustomed to stand alone, could fall in a few days into the habit, overwhelmed her at the same moment. In the light of this she seemed to understand how he had come to his present condition.

When Margaret had worked so much out in her own mind, she had a conscience about suffering him in any way to help her bear the weight of her own misery. But her resolve to deny herself the support of his strength was found to be less easily carried out by a mere exertion of will than some of her other resolves. If she was to see him at all she discovered that he must constantly lend her a part of himself unconsciously. It was not a question whether she could feel free to accept the beneficent sturdiness that walled her about from the poignant world that she dared not yet take a look at, and sustained her from day to day in her own sense of the duty that remains, though pleasure goes. It existed for her, as the sun exists; if she put herself in the way of its rays she could not be less than warm if she would.

When, at length, she took this scruple to Beatrice, she was openly scorned for it.

"But what a girl it is!" cried Beatrice. "Poke, poke, poke at a fire that even *your* conscience could n't prod into burning a fly; and let a regular conflagration—a Chicago fire—kindle under your very nose! O Margaret!" she exclaimed with an indescribable accent of despair.

"Why, what in the world have I done?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know whether you *have* done it yet; but if you have n't, it 's his character rather than your carefulness that 's to be thanked for it. You remember what I used to tell you before—before the other day. You would n't believe it then. You would n't tell him, or let *him* tell him, of your engagement. But I 've seen

it going on this five weeks. A week ago it might n't have been plain to a girl whose modesty won't let her believe that she can matter to anybody. But even to her it must be plain now. Maggie! Surely you 've seen!"

They were seated in the room above the parlor in Beatrice's little two-story house. Beatrice was running a long seam on a pinafore of green gingham for her baby, and, bent over the sewing-machine, in this motherly occupation, and delivering herself of these sagacities, the air of matronly wisdom seemed to have descended upon her.

When Margaret took her meaning, after a moment, the shame of it seemed as bad as the newspaper article — worse indeed, for of that she had read only a dozen lines, which it was possible to forget; but of this she tasted the entire ignominy. She did not know what to say. She wanted to fall on Deed's shoulder, and to beg his protection from such thoughts. Why was he not here to shield her from them? But her next reflection was for Ernfield.

"Beatrice!" she cried. "I wonder at you!"

"I thought you would," Beatrice answered calmly. "But it is really time, dear, I made you wonder. I often try to fancy what such people as I can be made for, you know, Maggie. But I never wonder when I am with you. It 's our business to cut a path for the feet of people like you, who are made to walk with their heads in the clouds."

"It 's an insult to him!" breathed Margaret, irrelevantly.

"Of course; and an indignity to you, and an open affront to Mr. Deed. Don't imagine I don't know that. But it 's necessary to say it, all the same."

"How can you think such a thing of him?" cried Margaret, indignantly. She was scarlet. She put back the lock that habitually strayed into her eyes with a gesture of self-control, and went on with the crocheting on which she was engaged.

"Dear Maggie, he is only a man," returned Beatrice, convincingly. "What makes you think him so different from other men?"

"Because he is, I think, for one reason," Margaret returned, studying attentively the baby sack she was making for Beatrice, for a lost stitch. "But if he were ever so like, it would not be cause to suppose him capable of such —" She paused inconclusively, and bent her eyes upon the work again. It had been a fortunate resource since she had been unable to fix her mind on reading or any of her usual occupations. One could think, one could even be as miserable as one liked, or as one must, while one crocheted. "You seem to forget, Beatrice," she went on quietly, after a moment, "that he is very ill — dying, perhaps, and that I am —" She did not know how to say what she was.

"Why, you dear, crazy, heavenly-minded, impractical thing!" cried Beatrice, trying not to laugh. "Since when did men love women less when they were ill? The people who are most against woman — who won't have her on any terms — agree that she is a famous nurse! O Maggie!" she exclaimed, at a look of deep pain on Margaret's face, "I don't mean that. I mean only that men are just as capable of falling in love with a woman on a death-bed as on horseback, or on a front piazza, in the bloom of health. What has that to do with it? And as to your other objection, it 's just no objection at all. He can't know that you hold yourself no less bound to — to *him* because — because of things. He can't be expected to imagine that you are abhorring him and being loyal to him in a breath. Come! Be fair, Margaret! You must own that there is no reason why the man should n't have tumbled into love with you. The next thing is to rescue him."

"If you mean that I am to show him by my manner that I know him to have such a feeling, if you mean that I am to insult him, I 'm sure you must know I could never do it. To think it would be bad enough; and I don't think it. To give an idea like that the sanction of a word, a silence, a look — Beatrice!" she cried, in an indescribable tone of injury, "there are things which even you must not say!" She went on with her crocheting in silence; the quiet, steady little push of her forefinger, as it ran along the needle and caught the stitch, seemed, for the moment, the embodiment of her sober view of life. Beatrice remained quelled, but unconvinced.

Margaret's judiciousness could not keep a certain change out of her manner toward him, of course, when he came again. Beatrice, though she had retired from the contest defeated, had contrived to poison her thought of him with consciousness. But it was pleasant to see that he seemed to have no sense of the change.

Ernfield continued to come, and Margaret allowed herself without a prick of conscience to look forward more and more to the cheer he brought into the desolate days on which she had fallen. It was certainly true that Margaret always saw her own point of view so plainly, and was so simply faithful to it, that she was in danger of reckoning too confidently upon the counterpart of her own feeling in another. It was at least a faith that any one understanding it must have abused with reluctance; and in so far she was protected by her very rashness. But Beatrice was probably on unassailable ground in thinking it the reverse of worldly wise.

Yet if Margaret had been bothered by two consciences about him, instead of feeling quite free with her one, her need for distraction from the gnawing of her thoughts must have been equally real and equally irresistible. She could not turn over in her mind the scene with Deed on that morning quite every moment in the day. She must have gone mad if no diversion had offered from the circle in which she had come to argue about her conduct on her wedding-day. Sometimes, in desperation, she would go into Maverick with Beatrice — the Vertners lived just outside the town — and wait about while Beatrice did her marketing. She still hesitated before the thought of returning the calls which had been made upon her, in her capacity of stranger, during the month preceding her wedding-day. When she said she did not care what people said, she exaggerated as little as any one who has made that hardy statement can ever have done; but she owned to herself that, just at first, she could not like to court the questions, and the polite and indirect, but not the less rasping, comment that she must meet if she made these calls.

It was different with Dorothy, who had reached Maverick after that fatal day, and might be supposed not to be privy to her shame. Of course Margaret knew that she must know; but it was quite possible between them to sustain the convention that she did n't. Dorothy would sometimes come to the house, as they became better friends, and sit for an hour or more accepting Beatrice's advice about arranging the house they had taken, while she was really listening to Margaret's silence. Sometimes she would find Margaret alone, and would make certain modest and doubtful advances. She liked her without being sure she understood her. They exchanged many confidences short of the real ones. They never spoke of Deed, of course.

Maurice had preached a trial sermon, and was staying on at Maverick in the hope of receiving a call to the pulpit of St. John's.

Ernfield did not cease to be a question between Beatrice and Margaret; but it was not until Margaret accepted an invitation from him to ride up Ute Pass with him, that Beatrice definitively washed her hands of her.

Ernfield and Margaret skirted the town, and directed their horses toward the gulch that opened beyond the railway round-house between the small, bare red hills that lay just without the limits of Maverick to the north. These hills, which rose from the plain abruptly, cut off the view of the great mountains behind them unless one climbed to their summits, when the horizon was seen to be populous with snow-peaks.

The town, after they had passed out of the narrow belt that was really "city," and which was densely populated by as many as five families to the acre, strayed lackadaisically along their road, until it reached the edge of the hills, where it paused at an Irishman's cabin so suddenly that, after turning the first curve leading into the ravine, Ernfield and Margaret seemed to themselves as much alone as if Maverick were not engaged in rustling for the mighty dollar just around the bend.

The bridle-path, followed by their ponies at a canter, turned with the windings of the ravine, at the bottom of which a stream might once have run. The rocks, rising in varicolored masses to the high, brown hills above their heads, would sometimes fall back, and leave a space a hundred yards wide or more, in which the grass grew rankly, but not greenly, in the manner of the herbage of the West. In the early morning it had seemed cold enough for snow; but that was no hindrance to weather which habitually takes the Indian summer bit between its teeth just after breakfast every morning and makes a break for the sparkle, the keenness, the unfailing sunniness of the typical Colorado day. It was December, but in the sun at this hour it seemed like a day in June.

Half an hour after they had entered the ravine their horses stood upon a height. The path wound up to this point out of the gulch on its way to the pass. Indeed, this was the beginning of what was known as the pass — a road between the hills, which if one followed it far enough and high enough would bring one to Colorado Springs. They were on the summit of the first considerable rise of the foot-hills toward the mountains, and their station commanded the beautiful valley in the center of which Maverick spread its shabby architecture and sprawling design. Behind, at their feet, lay a small park, into which the hills dipped from all sides, and through the midst of which a thready brook ran. Margaret, who had seen nothing so vast as this bewildering prospect, running on all sides to the horizon, caught her breath at the expanse.

The sunshine, bathing with an enchanting radiance the tops of the white peaks far on the thither side of the valley, danced above the plain on which Maverick sat. The kindling air that breathed about them on their height seemed, as always in Colorado, to be drinking the sunshine and making it part of its substance, as one is sure the nobler wines must have done, in their grape days.

In this atmosphere everything was seen afresh, and Margaret found all her thoughts of the time since she had parted with Deed discovering themselves in new aspects, as she and Ernfield looked out on this great world — this world thrilled with its own silence. In the

face of the boundless light and air and earth, and the limitless sweetness of the sunlight, her world, too, seemed large and serene again.

"We talk of dying when we are sorry," she said to him. "Suppose we should be taken at our word, and remember too late that *this* is life. Whoa, pony!" She leaned over and patted the restive animal's neck. She circled the hills with her eyes as she looked up again. "I believe I am accustomed to think that all the hard things are the real life; and I 've been sure of it lately." The tacit reference to her trouble escaped her unconsciously. "But when one sees things like this, one is not sure."

"I don't know," said Ernfield. "I should think one might be sure they are not. The other things are nearer — the miseries and pains and disappointments; and I suppose they keep tugging at every one's skirts, and crying that *they* are life. But it 's an awful whopper, you may be sure. If they are, the moon is our day, and the sun is the dead body."

He alighted to tighten the cinch of his saddle; the pony went through a series of obstructive manœuvers that gave pause to the conversation for a few moments.

"I wish I could be as confident," said Margaret when the animal was still. "But the things you speak of, Dr. Ernfield — don't you see that in one fashion or another they are so many ways of disabusing us of our cozy conceit that personal happiness is the main affair? And that, at least, we must be sure is not true. Can the wretchedness through which we learn that the world is not a contrivance for ministering to our self-love, but has other business in hand, such as crushing it, for example, be anything but very right?"

"Oh, I suppose not," returned Ernfield, smiling; "but how about the pink light on Ouray over there? Is n't that right too?" He shook his head. "I shall never believe, Miss Derwenter, that the sun in eclipse is the normal thing. I have an endless faith — since you speak of contrivances — that the sun was mainly invented for shining purposes; and I 'm sure we were n't meant to grudge ourselves its shining."

"Perhaps," murmured Margaret. "Perhaps!" Then, after a moment, she added, "You have a cheerful view of life, Dr. Ernfield."

Ernfield laughed. "Rather necessary, don't you think? I 've not enough left to waste in quibbles." It was the first time that he had referred to his condition.

"Don't say that," she begged. "You are going to get well. Since you talk of not grudging ourselves the sun's shining, you must n't grudge yourself that certainty. It has to be. Surely we have not all the responsibilities. And would it not be a shameful thing to believe that all your — your helpfulness and strength, Dr. Ernfield (I must speak plainly if I speak at all, you see), should be taken from the world, while there are so many thousand drones and incapables left to go instead, and so many thousand tired bodies and minds left behind to weary for the help that you might give them? I can't believe that, Dr. Ernfield, any more than you can believe what — what you were just saying," she concluded, with a sense of having said too much, yet with a pleasure in having let him know her feeling.

"Why, what an abandoned moralist you are, Miss Derwenter!"

He caught his rein upon his arm, and made his pony stand where he could tighten the cinch on her saddle, as he said: "Who was it who was saying a moment ago that the teaching of life seemed to be that it did not exist for us? And here you would have me flatter myself with the old fiction that I — that any man — can count, that fate ought to clap its eye on me and save me forthwith to be a comfort to the world's declining years. The world will decline nicely, thank you, without me — are n't you sure of that?"

His head was down against the pony's side, as he gave the cinch the final twist. Pulling up a cinch takes the breath. But she fancied the long inspiration he drew, as he exclaimed "There!" and put the strap at the end of the cinch through the last ring, was more like a sigh.

"And besides," he went on, after a moment, "there 's a thing or so to be said in favor of death. I wonder the poets don't try to say it more, instead of gasping before it in the craven rhymes that seem to please them so awfully. It 's a pity, I grant you, that other people have to die; but I never could see why it should be so intolerable a thought to one's self. I mean, of course, if you have a certain thought about death," he added gravely — "the Christian's thought, I suppose we should call it."

"But —" she began, and stopped impotently.

"Ah, yes," he owned; "I admit the 'but.' The slow ignominy of this stupid trouble of mine, you were going to say — the creeping weakness. It 's true. I should have chosen a great deal better if I 'd arranged my own way of going: any one who knows what a luxurious dog I am down at the bottom of my shirking heart would believe that of me, I hope. But I was n't asked." He glanced at her with a smile. "No, no!" exclaimed he, as she opened her lips to reply; "don't try to deny it for me. It 's very good of you; but it 's no use, you know. I am a physician. I don't deceive myself. If I could only believe in your denial, you know, I should be glad enough to let you deny it for me by the hour. Or rather, I should be glad to have you affirm the other thing for me. To affirm," he

said dreamily; "it 's the only thing in the least worth while."

Margaret hesitated a moment. Then she said shyly: "Do you know, Dr. Ernfield, I believe that is what has worn *you* out — affirming for other people. Nervous prostration — it 's a kind of physical agnosticism, don't you think? It seems as if we did n't even believe in our own bodies any more."

"You are at least twice too acute for comfort, Miss Derwenter," he said, smiling. "My breakdown was n't due to anything so amiable. It was really because I had n't the temperance to stop there. The habit of absolute power is an irresistible one, I suppose. It made a despot of me, I know; and whatever my subjects might tell you of *their* awful case, — for I assure you I showed no pity, — it is an exhausting thing to be a despot."

"What nonsense!" She smiled.

"No, no!" he disclaimed; "it 's only right that my beastly satisfaction with myself should be taken down a peg or two. I accept this as my punishment." Margaret's lips framed a sound; but he stopped her. "No; it 's not gammon, what I tell you. It 's fact. I was outrageous about the whole business. I was young when I began, and I had a little success quite soon. It made me sure — infernally, intolerably sure. I led my patients a devil of a life. Don't think I 'm inventing. That would be too shameful. Any of them would tell you as much — even those I have done something for; those more than the others, perhaps. Oh, I was a brute, Miss Derwenter, whatever you think. But I 've got my pay. It 's wearing — being a brute." He smiled at her; but she saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"I don't know what you were, of course, Dr. Ernfield," she said simply, "though I don't believe you were anything like that. Only one thing is clear to me — you must live to be more of the same sort."

He bit his lip, and turned his head that she might not see his face. "I assure you," he said huskily, "you must stop wishing me so well, Miss Derwenter. I 'm not worthy of it. If I were, I should be able to bear it better."

The too ready tears started to Margaret's eyes. "What shall I wish for you, then?" she asked. "I will wish anything you like."

"Wish the impossible, please. That is the only thing that can do me the slightest good. Wish me the man I was six months ago; wish me the love of the only person who matters. Come, don't be close, Miss Derwenter! Wish the never-will-be for me! I might get well on the mere hope of it!"

"Do you mean — ?"

"Oh, mean!" he cried. "I *don't* mean to be rude, for one thing."

"No, no!" exclaimed Margaret, her face full of earnestness; "I only meant to say —" She had not an idea what she had meant to say.

"The kindest and sweetest thing you could invent. Great heaven! don't I know that? And don't I loathe myself for letting you even think it for me!"

He glanced suddenly at her face, and saw the tears in her eyes. He bit his lips; an inrush of emotion mastered him. The uncommon mood in which the expression of feelings habitually restrained had left him was defenseless before the impulse of love which sprang up in him at sight of the sweet tumult of compassion for him in her eyes. He was standing at her saddle-pommel. Her arm hung by her side. He caught her hand to his lips in a long, blind, reckless kiss. Margaret gave him a swift, scared look as he relinquished it. Then, gathering her reins hastily, she turned the pony back down the road they had come up.

"Pride, ignorance, sufficiency, folly!" she said to herself with smarting eyes, thinking of her rejection of Beatrice's warning. Must she always be so grossly wise? She said to herself that Ernfield was not to blame, and shrank from the thought of him with terror, in a breath. It was her position — her intolerable no position — that made such things possible.

As Ernfield followed her, she gave him a fleeting glance in which he read a reproach that cut him to the heart. He felt like spurring his horse over the edge of the precipice along which they were riding. But he decided to see her safely home first. There were always precipices if one needed them.

He kept her in sight with difficulty. She pushed her horse down the steeps at a pace which made him fear for her. A single thought was in her mind — Deed. Her heart went out to him in a passionate appeal for shelter and defense. The silent loyalty which she had kept for him, in the midst of all resentment of his act, had leaped to flame at the touch of Ernfield's lips; and she could not think how she could live until she could stand at his side again where he could protect her from the world and from herself. Pride and bitterness fell away from her like the properties of a dream. Her eyes were wet with joyous tears.

Ernfield wondered at the radiant look of resolve upon her face as he helped her to alight at her own door. She did not care what he did for her now.

Wolcott Balestier.

(To be continued.)

THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB.

III. WHAT THE CLUB ACCOMPLISHED.

VIII.

IF Mr. Reginald Payne's committee on Charter Reform could have heard the conversation among the authorities at the city hall, reported in our last chapter, they would have been confirmed in their conviction that the first thing to do was to reorganize the city. With that business in hand the committee is now assembled in Mr. Payne's private office. The other members of the committee are Mr. Graves, a retired lawyer who has given much study to municipal questions, and Mr. Davis, a wealthy banker; the three officers of the society are also present, their wisdom having been sought in this important matter. The meeting is purely informal; it is hoped that talk may help to clear the question of some of its obscurity, and to lead toward some practicable plan.

"We might," said Mr. Tomlinson, "get a new charter with no trouble to ourselves, as they did in Vinopolis last winter. The political "outs" of the city had the majority in the legislature; so the managers of the municipal machine proceeded to fabricate a new form of government for the city, took it down to the capital, and rushed it through the legislature, changing the entire system of government, removing all the old officers, and providing for the appointment of the new officials by a local magnate of their own party."

"Perhaps you have n't heard," answered Mr. Payne, "that since the majority of the legislature was changed at the last election, the ejected Vinopolitans are now before that body with a bill simply 'reversing the ripper,' as they call it—pitching the incumbents out of office, and reinstating their own gang. This is a game that the legislatures of several of our States are learning to play; it begins to look as though the reorganization of cities for partizan purposes would soon become a large part of the legislative program."

"They will not try that little game on us," said Judge Hamlin. "It is only when the people are utterly apathetic that any such scheme will be attempted. The people of this city are too wide awake just now to permit such an imposition."

"And yet," answered Mr. Payne, "the legal assumption is that the corporation of a city is the creature of the legislature. May not the legislature do what it will with its own?"

"It is not only a legal assumption," replied Mr. Graves, "it is a constitutional provision. By the constitution of our own State, and of several other States, the legislature has unlimited authority to make, unmake, and remake city charters, and the people of the cities have no power whatever to the contrary."

"That is very true," answered Judge Hamlin. "The legislature has this power. It is, in my judgment, a dangerous power. I hope to see the constitution amended so that the legislature shall have power only to enact a general law, with certain wise limitations, under which all cities must organize. Such a general law is needed, and its provisions and prohibitions should be well studied. But having laid down the general principles on which all local communities should do their business, the legislature should be compelled to take off its hands, and to permit the people to govern themselves. This means that they shall have the power, by conventions which may be held periodically, and for which the general statute shall provide, to frame their own charters; these charters to be submitted to popular vote. The courts of the State could decide whether these charters were in harmony with the general statute. Home rule, to this extent, must be given, as I believe, to American cities."

"But would not this be dangerous business?" inquired Mr. Davis. "Would you dare to give so much power as this to the hordes of foreigners who crowd our cities? Would it not be safer to leave them under the control of the legislature? Are not the morality and intelligence of the State at large rather higher than that of the cities? Has not the State an interest in having the cities well governed?"

"One question at a time," answered the judge. "The State at large has an interest in good municipal government, but the people of the rural districts are not competent to regulate the business of the cities. Whether the political morality of the country is higher than that of the city, I will not venture to decide; my experience with country members in the legislature is not altogether reassuring. As to the question whether it is not safer to leave the cities under the control of the legislature, there is this to say: we

have tried that policy for a good many years, and the result is before us—'the one conspicuous failure of the United States.' I do not think that our cities could have been in a much worse condition if they had been permitted to govern themselves. It is dangerous, no doubt, to give power to the denizens of our cities. Democracy involves a good deal of risk. I do not pretend to believe that we have yet passed the danger-point in city or nation. I don't know that we shall ever pass it. Jackson was probably nearer right than he knew when he said that the vigilance which guards our liberties must be eternal. Home rule in cities is dangerous, but it is the principle on which our institutions rest, and I, for one, am not going to admit that democracy is a failure until it has been fairly and thoroughly tried. It is the American idea — the Anglo-Saxon idea, indeed — that local communities shall be responsible for their own order and peace. There is no other way, that I know of, by which local patriotism and public spirit can be aroused and kept active. When the business men of any community know that their salvation from anarchy and financial ruin depends wholly upon themselves,— that they cannot call upon the legislature to deliver them from the bandits into whose hands they have suffered themselves to fall, but must either bestir themselves or be plundered,— they are likely to take a more serious view of their responsibilities. Therefore, I hope to see the day when such interventions of the State legislature in local affairs as are now practised in many of our States shall be impossible everywhere. We must prepare and push a constitutional amendment to this effect. But meantime we must make the legislature understand that it must not interfere with our government for party purposes; that we propose, not as partizans, but as citizens, to reshape our own charter; and that they must give us what we ask for. The power is all theirs, but they must exercise it at our behest. I think that it will be possible to make such a demonstration before them that they will be constrained to yield to our demand. If we have n't the form of home rule, we can get the substance of it, if we stand together and fight for it."

"That is what we are here for," said Mr. Payne. "And now we want to consider, I suppose, in a general way, what form this new charter shall take; what shall be its leading features — its constructive ideas. Any suggestions along that line are pertinent."

"What do you say," inquired Mr. Davis, "to the plan of substituting for our present boards of Police, Public Works, Public Health, and so forth, non-partizan boards, with an equal representation of each party on every board? Would not that do away with some of the worst evils?"

"What makes you think so?" inquired Hathaway.

"Well, it seems that partizanship is the source of many of our miseries, and this ought to muzzle the partizans. I know that some of our cities have non-partizan police boards, and I have heard that they are working well."

"Possibly," answered the carpenter; "but in Oleopolis, where I lived for ten years, they tried it, and it did n't work at all. Everybody said that the police were more inefficient and corrupt under that scheme than they had ever been before. Instead of shutting partizanship out, it brought it in bodily to control the administration. The bill seemed to recognize the fact that places on the force were spoils to be distributed among the heelers, and they were divided accordingly. No man stood any chance to get a place on the board unless he was an active political worker in one party or the other. It is ridiculous to call such a board "non-partizan"; its main business is the service of party. You might call it bi-partizan — that is the proper name for it."

"Mr. Hathaway is quite right," responded Graves. "I have studied the history of these bi-partizan boards, and it is, as a rule, precisely what he has described. An additional weakness is the failure to fix responsibility. Neither party is responsible — nobody is responsible — for the administration. It is far better that the party in power should have the entire control of the different departments of the government, and then the people know whom to punish if there is inefficiency or corruption. I trust that we shall have nothing to do with so-called non-partizan machinery."

"I trust," said Tomlinson, "that we shall have nothing to do with boards of any kind. I believe that the whole scheme of executive boards in municipalities is a device of Satan. In nine cases out of ten the board is the mother of imbecility, the nurse of irresponsibility, and the cradle of rascality. I 'll have none of them!"

"You are waxing sententious, Tomlinson," laughed Payne.

"My mind is clear on this one point, at any rate," replied the manufacturer. "I have watched the operation of these boards in this city and elsewhere until I have good ground for my opinion. Where they are not corrupt, they are miserably inefficient. Partizan, or non-partizan, it makes but little difference; they are all abominations."

"This brings directly before us," said Payne, "the one important question respecting the form of our charter. I suppose that we shall organize our government after the American plan, with legislative, executive, and judicial departments. There is n't anything absolutely

binding, perhaps, in this threefold division, but we Americans don't seem to be able to get away from it. We must provide for one or more police justices; we must have a legislative council, with one or two chambers and with certain powers: but the main question, probably, is the distribution of executive functions. At present, as Mr. Tomlinson has reminded us, this power is parceled out among certain boards — the Board of Public Works, which has the care of streets, sewers, markets, and so forth; the Water Commissioners; the Fire and Police Board, which has the exclusive control of the Fire Department and the Police Department; the Board of Health, possessing also certain police powers intrusted to it by the legislature, in which it is independent of all the other boards; and the Board of Education. All these boards are elective; most of them are composed of five members, one of whom is elected every year to serve five years. Under this arrangement the mayor has almost no power at all. He is *ex officio* a member of the Police Board; but the statute gives each of the other four members exactly the same power that he possesses, and he is therefore a practical nonentity. Each of these boards is independent of all the others; there is no consultation among them; they are often at cross purposes. The Board of Public Works tears up the pavement one year to put down a sewer; the next year the Water Commissioners tear it up again to put down a new main; the next year the Board of Public Works authorizes the gas company or the electric light company to rip it up again for its purposes. The pavements, for which the people are heavily taxed, are half destroyed by this mismanagement, and the streets of the city are kept in constant disorder. No man who watches the operations of these boards can be ignorant of the deplorable lack of unity which they constantly display. Any private business would be ruined in a year under such a crazy scheme."

"Yes," answers Tomlinson; "and there is no more unity in them than there is among them. Each board is apt to be at loggerheads in its own councils. Take the Police Board. Everybody knows that the inefficiency of the Police Department is mainly due to the fact that there are five heads, and that when one is ready to move the others are not. The mayor is nominally the head of the department, and issues orders to the men; but the board can rescind his orders at any meeting. After Harper's scathing exposure of the complicity of the police with crime, the mayor was inclined to make an effort to enforce some of the laws, and he ordered the chief of police to close up the gambling-places. So the chief went around and told the gamblers — with his tongue in his cheek, I suppose — that they had better shut up (*sotto voce*, 'for a night or two'), which they accordingly did, but within a week were running again full blast. The newspapers of the opposition soon began to score the mayor because his orders were disobeyed, and he called the chief and wanted to know about it. The chief said that he guessed the gambling-places were shut up; at any rate, that he had ordered them to be, and that he would see about it. But he went his way, like one of those Scripture characters 'who, seeing, see not.' That night I met him at the railway station. O'Kane has always been rather chummy with me, and when I asked him how he was getting on in his fight with the gamblers, he said, 'Oh, that 's all quiet. The mayor wants to be good just now, and he 's been stirring things up a little; but the fact is, the mayor 's only one man, and there are three men on that board who have told me to go slow in this business. You see where I am. My hands are tied.' That is the practical working of most of these boards. They are contrived for the obstruction, not for the despatch, of business. We shall never have efficient government until they are extirpated and swept away, root and branch."

"Yet," said Payne, "I have no doubt that the mayor might get those gambling-places closed if he were determined to do it. He might find ways of getting over those obstructions."

"Yes; I doubt not," replied Tomlinson. "But it is perfectly easy for him to throw the responsibility of his inaction upon the board; and the members of the board are jointly and severally responsible, by the terms of the law — that is to say, nobody is responsible. The system destroys responsibility. No one can be held to account for such a frightful neglect of duty as that which we are now confronting."

"How about that scheme which they are trying in Frumentopolis?" asked Mr. Davis. "There they have abolished the various departmental boards, and have put the whole executive power into the hands of four men, only three of whom can belong to one political party."

"One board is better than six, no doubt," replied Tomlinson, "just as one boil is less painful than half a dozen; but all that I have said about divided responsibility applies to this four-headed executive. Why, in the name of all that is intelligible, do people insist upon applying to municipal government a different standard from that which they apply to all other forms of government? Why should the executive power of a city be given to a board of four men? Are there any political analogies for such a proceeding? Is there any ex-

perience which warrants the belief that such a scheme would be practicable?"

"I don't know that there is any experience which bears precisely upon this point," answered Graves; "but there is a good deal of English experience to show that a large governing body may govern very well. All English cities are governed by large councils. The council is simply a committee of the citizens, and its executive work is divided among sub-committees. The mayor is chosen by the council, and he is only its presiding officer; he has very little executive power."

"That is correct," replied Judge Hamlin; "but I believe that the committee in charge of each department generally employs a single superintendent, or head clerk, to direct its work, and that this officer is permanent. The committee does not interfere with the details of administration."

"In some cases that is true," answered Mr. Graves. "But it is hard for us to follow English precedents. England is governed by her Parliament; her executive officers must be members of Parliament, directly and immediately responsible to Parliament for every one of their acts. English municipal government is somewhat analogous to the national government. Englishmen ought to be able to make their machinery work; they are familiar with it. I do not think that we could do it, and I find that it is already beginning to be questioned, even among Englishmen, whether their scheme will not break down in their hands. I have brought with me a late number of an English quarterly, in which it is freely acknowledged 'that the attempt to govern London by means of a committee of one hundred and thirty-seven persons is fraught with the gravest possible inconvenience. The scheme of the Local Government Act of 1888,' this reviewer goes on, 'is for London nothing less than administration by public meeting, and it was only by means of the most careful manipulation that a complete breakdown of the machinery did not take place during the past three years. The first County Council for London only avoided administrative shipwreck by splitting itself into a multitude of sub-committees to which special duties were assigned, and in moments of difficulty by placing itself unreservedly in the hands of such skilful pilots as Lord Rosebery and Sir John Lubbock.' I have the printed docket of business for the London County Council for one day,—July 21, 1891,—with the reports of committees to be considered on that day, comprising not less than one hundred and twenty distinct items of business, covering more than forty large folio pages. It was not expected, of course, that all this business could be done on that one day; but the perusal of this docket is sufficient to indicate the enormous complication of interests coming under the supervision of this body. It is as plain as the daylight that no individual in that body could act intelligently upon half of these questions. The London County Council is a magnificent body of men, but its abilities are certainly overtaxed. This seems to be admitted on all hands. The need of an entirely new organization of its business is manifest. And this reviewer says: 'For ourselves, we have no doubt that what London needs is, as has been pointed out by Sir John Lubbock and Lord Rosebery, *a responsible executive*. To secure this, the County Council must begin by treating itself not as a directly administrative body, but as a local assembly of one hundred and thirty-seven "select" men—chosen to appoint and supervise the actual administration of the metropolis. The council's first business should be to elect from among themselves a chairman, to act as a sort of prime minister; their next, to select, on his advice, fifteen or sixteen councillors to act with him as heads of the various departments of work undertaken by the council. These heads of departments and the chairman could constitute a sort of metropolitan cabinet, and would form the executive of London.' The choice of the heads of the executive departments by the city council is, perhaps, a scheme worth considering, though it is probable that the American plan of choosing executives by popular vote would work better with us. But the main idea which these critics of the London system are trying to realize is the definition of responsibility. 'It is one of the chief safeguards of the Constitution,' says this writer, 'that a minister must be found to take the complete responsibility for every act done in the name of the sovereign, in order that, if that act is ill advised, the country may know on which instrument of state to impose its censure. The sovereign can do no wrong and bear no blame; therefore, before he acts, some person must be found ready to accept any blame that may attach to what is done in the sovereign's name. In the same way, though for a different reason, it is impossible to attach blame to a board or a council. If we are wise, then, we shall insist that no act shall be done in the name of a board or a council so important as the London County Council, for which some definite person is not willing to take the responsibility.' I believe that this principle of concentrating and fixing responsibility is just as sound in America as in England; that it lies at the very foundation of representative government."

"Can any man explain," demanded Tomlinson, "why this sound principle is constantly set at naught in our municipal machinery?

Why is it that the people of our cities will not see that they cannot have efficient administration until they wisely subdivide their business, and make some individual responsible for every department of it? Why is it that they are bound to believe that a monster with five heads, five pairs of eyes, five pairs of hands, is more likely to see clearly, judge wisely, and act promptly than a man with one brain, one judgment, and one will?"

"Perhaps," said Davis, "it comes from the democratic notion that in the multitude of councilors there is safety."

"But that," said Tomlinson, "is not the same as saying that in a multitude of bosses there is efficiency."

"Perhaps," said Judge Hamlin, "it is the offspring of the American tendency to multiply official positions, so that every man may have a public office."

"I am rather inclined to believe," said Hathaway, "that there is a pretty large class of persons in our cities who have an interest in keeping municipal government inefficient and corrupt, and I think that this arrangement suits them very well."

"Underneath it all," said Payne, "is a profound distrust of the democratic principle. This system of boards and commissions has sprung — as you will find, if you study its origin — from a fear of the people; from an uneasy apprehension that if they are permitted to express their will directly in public matters, they may do a great deal of mischief. Arrangements are therefore made whereby no very decisive changes can be effected in any election. If you have an executive board of five, whose members can be removed only one at a time, it takes the people three years at least to change the character of the board by annual elections. It is almost impossible to keep the attention of the people fixed upon such a matter for three years, and the consequence is that the people's will is practically nullified."

"There is also," said Judge Hamlin, "a dim notion that the main function of city officials is to do mischief, and that the policy should therefore be to give them as little power as possible. The less power they have, the less evil they can do. Municipal governments are adjusted to this estimate of official conduct. It is supposed that by dividing up and parceling out the power the danger will be lessened. A board of five men will act less efficiently than a single man, and is therefore less to be feared. Pessimism of this sort underlies a good deal of our municipal structure. But the trouble is that when we take away the power of these officials to do evil, we also deprive them of the power to do good. We tie their hands so effectually that they can do nothing for us. It is high time that we had learned that popular government rests not on a basis of distrust, but on a basis of confidence; if we cannot find men whom we can trust, our democracy may as well go into liquidation at once."

"We seem," said Payne, "to be pretty well agreed as to principles. And now let me read the outline of my scheme for a reconstructed charter. It provides for — I. A council of one chamber, with legislative functions clearly prescribed. II. Two police justices, to be appointed by the mayor, their terms of office not to be less than five years. III. An executive department, the head of which is the mayor, who is elected by the people to serve for two years. The mayor's executive staff to be composed of (1) a superintendent of police; (2) a chief of the fire department; (3) a water commissioner; (4) a superintendent of streets and sewers; (5) a health officer; (6) a city solicitor, or legal adviser of the administration. All these officers of the mayor's cabinet to be appointed by the mayor himself, without confirmation, and to be directly responsible to him, and removable at his pleasure. Their terms of office should expire with his own. The mayor to hold weekly conferences with the members of his staff, requiring each of them to report directly to him the transactions of his department. In addition to these officers of the mayor's staff, a city clerk, a city auditor, and a city treasurer are to be elected by the people, each for the term of two years — not when the mayor is chosen, but in alternate years. As to the Board of Education, I am not clear. My own decided conviction is that it should be appointed by the mayor; that it should consist of not more than nine men; that three of these should be appointed each year to serve for three years, and that they should not represent districts or wards, but should be the best men obtainable in the city. Whether a measure as radical as this could be carried at present, I doubt; and I would not endanger the plan by an unpopular feature. About all the rest my mind is pretty well made up. This scheme gives us, for substance, what we want — a single executive, with a clear definition of responsibility."

"The subordinates in your six departments — who would appoint them?" inquired Davis.

"The head of each department," answered Payne; "except that I mean to provide for a civil service commission which shall certify to the Police and Fire Departments, and to the city auditor and city treasurer, candidates from among whom their appointments must be made."

"Would n't it be better," asked Davis again, "to give the council the power of confirmation in the cases of heads of departments, and

perhaps of some other offices? That is in accordance with our national constitution."

"Yes; and that is one of the most questionable features of our national constitution," answered Payne. "No harm has resulted from it, so far as cabinet officers are concerned, because it is an unwritten law that these officers shall always be confirmed without questioning. No intelligent man would ever undertake the responsibilities of the Presidency if he could not name the heads of departments without dictation from anybody. In the case of some other offices, the Senate sometimes exercises its veto power; but it is an open question whether more harm than good has not resulted from this extension of its prerogative. So far, however, as the immediate advisers of the President are concerned, his power to select them is practically absolute. The constitutional provision to the contrary is abortive, and it would be senseless for us to copy that."

"Your scheme," suggested Graves, "is substantially the same as that which is in operation in Kirkopolis and Agapopolis."

"Yes; substantially. The principle which they have embodied in their charters is the one that I am after. The details may be varied, but the thing to aim at is a single executive, chosen by the people and directly responsible to them."

"The millennium has n't come yet to Kirkopolis or Agapopolis," answered Davis. "I have noticed in their newspapers that even under the reformed charters peculation is charged against officials, and many dubious deeds are done."

"Of course," answered Payne. "There will be carelessness and rascality under the best system that can be devised. We are not going to have the millennium in Cosmopolis, reform we our charter never so wisely. But there has been great improvement in both those cities, as every intelligent man testifies; and nobody there wants to go back to the old system. We can have the same measure of improvement here, and even greater, if we will work for it."

"Well," said Judge Hamlin, rising, "you have the general idea. Work it out carefully. Get all the light you can from the experience of other cities. Frame your charter in simple, untechnical language; submit it to the club for their approval; and when it is perfected we will refer it to a mass-meeting of the citizens."

IX.

IT was a field night at the city hall when the Cosmopolis City Club presented its plan for a reorganization of the city government. The charter which Mr. Payne's committee had worked out was as simple and concise in its expression as they could make it; it had been printed in full in all the newspapers, and had been under discussion for more than a week, and the utmost pains had been taken to enlighten the public respecting the organic law which the legislature was to be asked to enact for the government of the city. The members of the club had not been idle. They had personally invited large numbers of the intelligent citizens to be present at the mass-meeting; they had determined that the best elements of the population should be represented, and the hall was filled at an early hour. The mayor was in the chair, and Mr. Payne opened the discussion by reading and briefly explaining the sections of the charter.

It was well known to the club that their scheme would be opposed: some of the newspapers had assailed it, and various elements in the community were bent on defeating it. As a matter of course, all the corrupt politicians, the contractors, and the lawless classes generally, were in the opposition. The committee strongly hoped that they would reveal their sentiments by open antagonism; but they had evidently held a council of war, and were determined to fight in ambush, putting forward certain puzzle-headed respectabilities to do the talking for them. The main line of opposition was the charge that the proposed system was autocratic and un-American; that it robbed the people of their liberties. It was a one-man power — that was the phrase which was harped upon continually, in the rooms of the ward committees, in the bar-rooms, in the opposition newspapers. Those who, for personal and unworthy reasons, were resisting the reform, were shrewd enough to know that this was the most effective weapon they could use. A great many well-meaning but unthinking persons were frightened by the phrase "one-man power," and were made to believe that this plan really threatened to impose upon them some kind of despotism. It was evidently hoped that in this popular meeting this particular gong could be beaten with telling effect. Accordingly, after Mr. Payne had finished his exposition of the charter, and before a word could be said in its favor, a shrewd lawyer of the city, Johnson by name, gained the floor, and was called to the platform. Johnson was a man of decent appearance, of some literary pretensions, and of fluent speech. He was not believed to have any selfish reasons for opposing the charter, but his mind was full of certain hazy political theories with which this scheme of government was not in harmony.

"It is evident," said Mr. Johnson, "that some measure of reform is needed in our municipal government, and the thanks of this community are due to the gentlemen who for

so many months have been studying the municipal problem with the purpose of giving us a better government."

The applause at this point was so hearty and so long sustained that Mr. Johnson was somewhat embarrassed.

"Nevertheless," he persevered, "we must be cautious in making changes. Better to bear the ills we have than fly to worse conditions. And I must own that the plan which these gentlemen have submitted strikes me unfavorably. I do not like the idea of putting so much power into the hands of one man. I do not relish the anticipation of living under a dictator. I know it is sometimes said that when our democracy breaks down we shall rush to the other extreme, and call in a despot to rule us; but I hope that we have n't yet come to that. Just think of the enormous amount of patronage that we intrust to the mayor under this scheme! Is there any man here, who knows anything about politics, who cannot see whereunto this will tend? The selfish man who gets this power in his hands will use it, of course, for his own aggrandizement. He can reëlect himself as mayor just as often as he pleases; he can nominate himself to any office that he covets; he can control the nomination of all your legislators, congressmen, judges. It is too much power, I think, to give to one man. We know what kind of men are in city politics, and we know what they are apt to do with such power as this when they get hold of it. I counsel my fellow-citizens to beware how they intrust such enormous political power to one man."

Mr. Johnson's speech was greeted with vigorous cheers from the opposition; but before he had descended from the platform Judge Hamlin arose and courteously asked him to pause a few moments before returning to his seat.

"Mr. Johnson's objections," said the judge, "are entitled to consideration. Now is the time to consider them. He has stated them briefly, clearly, and forcibly. He is an intelligent and honorable opponent of our plan. I wish, therefore, to beg of him, if his honor the presiding officer will wink at the irregularity, to remain here on the platform for a few minutes, that there may be a little direct conversation between us on the subject. I will ask him a few questions, and he may ask me as many as he chooses. Very likely I shall be obliged to confess my ignorance more than once: that should be no discredit to either of us; the subject is large, and there are aspects of it that neither of us has considered. But I am convinced that we can get at the truth by such a conversation more expeditiously than by set speeches; and if your honor please, and if the meeting consent, I should like to try that method."

The hearty cheers of the assemblage gave full indorsement to the proposition of the judge.

"Well, then," said Judge Hamlin, "Mr. Johnson assumes that the city patronage is likely to be dispensed by the mayor for his own interests. It is now dispensed by about forty different officials. I suppose that we must therefore assume that the forty are making the same use of it."

"That may be granted," answered the lawyer.

"Is it reasonable to say that forty selfish politicians, scrambling after the city patronage that they may use it for their own aggrandizement, will inflict less injury upon the community than one man who uses it in the same way? Are forty small bloodsuckers to be preferred to one big bloodsucker?"

The audience laughed and cheered, and Mr. Johnson was saved the trouble of answering the question.

"Each of these forty," said Judge Hamlin, "has his own followers, for whom, on this supposition, he is trying to find places. Suppose that he secures for one of these followers, who is utterly incompetent and unworthy, a place on the police force or in the Fire Department; is the public able in any way to hold him responsible for this bad appointment? Does the public know anything about it?"

"Probably not," answered Mr. Johnson.

"It is possible, then, for these forty to fill all the public places with dead-beats and bummers, without the public being able to call anybody to account for the outrage?"

"Doubtless," assented the lawyer.

"To what extent is this done?"

"To a very considerable extent, undoubtedly. Yet there are a great many very good men now in the service of the city."

"Of course; but that is because the forty are not all thieves, because some of them act with public interests in view. I should hope that we might very often find a mayor who would act upon that principle. I am only speaking upon the assumption that politicians always use patronage selfishly. On that presumption the present scheme does not seem to be ideal. But suppose that one of these forty should wish to promote the public interest, rather than his own welfare. Take a man on the police commission, or the street commission, who wants to improve the service. How much can he accomplish, standing alone?"

"Not much."

"Suppose that by dint of courage and perseverance he should succeed in removing some

abuses, and in purifying the administration. How much credit would he get for it?"

"Very little."

"So that, as things are now arranged, it is almost impossible for any man, by faithful performance of his public duty, to gain any good reputation for himself?"

"It is much as you say."

"Our present system assumes that every official will be selfish and dishonest, and gives him a great many chances to be selfish and dishonest; it assumes that nobody will act purely and honorably, or wish to receive any praise for so acting. Do you think that we have any right to look for good administration under such a system?"

"It seems that we are not finding it, at any rate."

"You spoke of the power that the mayor would have under our system to promote his own fortunes by the use of the city patronage. Whatever he did in this direction would have to be done, would it not, in plain sight of all the people? He would have the entire responsibility for all his appointments; the people would have their eyes all the while fixed on him, and would be able to judge of the motives for which they were made?"

Mr. Johnson assented.

"Do you think that the executive who uses patronage in this way, in full view of the people, is morally certain to aggrandize himself in the process? Have you ever heard of anybody who failed in such an undertaking?"

The hit was palpable, and the audience burst into a roar of laughter, which broke out again and again. Mr. Johnson had been rather conspicuously allied with a noted machine politician of the State who had only recently met with ignominious defeat in this very enterprise. The lawyer made the best of his discomfiture by joining in the laugh.

"I don't think," he said, when the tumult subsided, "that a man infallibly succeeds by the use of patronage; but I think that, as a rule, it gives him an enormous advantage."

"On the contrary," replied the judge, "I believe that our political history will show that it is an enormous disadvantage to any man to have such patronage, and to use it selfishly. When the responsibility for the use of it can be clearly located, the people are pretty sure to punish condignly the man who uses power for his own aggrandizement. The motive for using this power wisely and patriotically would, I contend, be a thousand times stronger under the system we propose than it is under the present system. But Mr. Johnson referred, also, to the danger of committing so much executive power to one man. The idea seems to be that the people divest themselves of their liberty, and place themselves in chains, when they intrust to one man so much executive power. It appears to some of our friends that they will no longer be living under a republic, but under a monarchy, if our plan is adopted. But all will admit that under the old system, as well as under the new, the people intrust the executive power to officials; that they temporarily put it out of their hands. Let me ask Mr. Johnson *if it is not as effectually out of the people's control when it is in the hands of forty men as it is when it is in the hands of one man.*"

"Doubtless."

"Under the plan we propose, the people loan the executive power for two years to one man, holding him responsible for the right use of it. If it is not properly used, they know exactly whom to blame. At the end of the two years this man must return the executive power directly to the hands of the people. They get it all back again, every shred of it. If it has been abused, they may put it into other hands. If it has been wisely used, they may return it, if they choose, to the man who has been holding it. Every two years he must settle his account with them, and restore to them the power which they had intrusted to him. That is our plan. Under the scheme which this city has been trying to operate, the executive power is all put out of the people's hands into the hands of forty officials, members of various boards and commissions. When will the people get it back again?"

"It comes back by instalments," answered the lawyer.

"Yes; it comes back in driblets, in such a way that it is morally impossible for the people to replace it wisely. In the first place, nobody can be very sure whether the driblet that returns this year has been well used or ill used; in the second place, it is only an infinitesimal fragment of power, anyway, and it seems to make but little difference to whom it is committed. It is utterly impossible for the people in any election to make a thorough improvement in their government, and naturally they do not care to try. Their hands are so tied by the red tape of our complicated executive that they take very little interest in municipal elections. Now I wish to ask every man of common sense who listens to me, Which of these plans gives the greater power to the people? Under which of them can the people bring their power more directly and more effectively to bear upon the administration? Under which of them would the people have the clearer consciousness of their power, the deeper sense of their responsibility? I affirm, and I challenge any intelligent man in this audience to dispute the affirmation, that the system of government by a manifold

series of boards and commissions reduces the popular power to a minimum, while the system which we propose, of a single responsible executive, exalts, magnifies, and confirms popular power. Your system rests upon distrust of the people; our system rests upon faith in the people. That is the radical difference between them. I call upon my friend here on the platform to dispute this statement if he can."

"I am not now prepared to argue the point," said Mr. Johnson.

"I call upon any opponent of our plan in this house," resumed the judge, "to stand up and deny my affirmation if it is not true. No man answers. Let us have done, then, with this nonsense about the 'one-man power.' Every man who uses this phrase to stigmatize our charter means to convey the notion that its aims are aristocratic, or autocratic, rather than democratic. I suppose that some have ignorantly imagined that this might be true. No intelligent man will make any such suggestion unless he is a demagogue. A very intelligent business man put the matter in a nutshell, the other day, when he said to me, 'What these people call the one-man power is simply the crown of popular sovereignty.' It is that crown, fellow-citizens, which we are trying to place upon your heads. We want you to govern this city, and to see and know that you are governing it. We want to enable you to honor and reward those who serve you faithfully, and to depose and punish those who are false to your interests. We claim for our charter that it restores to the people the power of which they have long been robbed."

The ringing cheer with which these last sentences of Judge Hamlin were greeted showed that the victory of the charter was won already. Mr. Johnson waited until the applause had subsided, and then quietly said: "If his honor the judge will permit, I think I will return to my seat. I believe that I should enjoy his eloquence rather more if I were permitted to share it with the rest of the audience."

"Very good," answered the judge, laughing with the rest, and extending his hand to the lawyer. "I am greatly obliged to my friend for submitting to my catechism. And I will try to be just as patient and courteous as he has been if he will subject me to the same ordeal."

"No," answered the lawyer; "I will waive the cross-examination."

"Then," continued the judge, "I will take only time to make one more remark. It is objected to our plan that it puts too much power into one man's hands. May I ask whether the power intrusted to our mayor is any greater than that which by the Constitution of the United States is vested in the national executive? All the enormous power of the Federal government, the administration of the civil offices, the control of the army and navy, is committed to one man. The appointment of his cabinet is left to him; all vacancies in the national judiciary, and innumerable other offices, must be filled by him; he is the one man responsible for the executive department of this whole nation. I should like to ask any gentleman present whether he does not think that it is safer and wiser to commit this power to one man than it would be to give it to a triumvirate, or to a commission of five, with equal powers. Does not the single executive give us a purer and a more efficient administration than any such board would give us? Has any man yet been heard of who would dream of applying the complicated method by which our city is ruled to the government of the nation? Does any one suppose that it would be an improvement to replace the single responsible head of the Treasury Department or of the Interior Department by a commission of five men, one to be elected by the people every year to serve for five years? The preposterousness of such a system when applied to the vast affairs of the nation is obvious enough. Why is it not even more preposterous when applied to the smaller affairs of a city? If one man can administer the great concerns of the nation more efficiently than three men; if one man can conduct the enormous business of one of the national departments better than five men, why is it not probable that one man would manage the executive business of our city, or of any one of its departments, more successfully than three men or five men? The fact is, that while, for counsel, it is sometimes wise to enlist a plurality of judgments, for all executive work the principle of a single responsible head is almost uniformly recognized as the only sound principle. The reluctance to adopt it in municipal affairs is a phenomenon which needs explaining. I trust, however, that we are nearly ready to adopt it in this city, and unless I am greatly at fault, this representative assembly of our citizens is prepared to say so with no uncertain sound."

Judge Hamlin was cheered to the echo when he took his seat, and there were cries for Tomlinson.

"My speech will be very short," said the manufacturer, rising. "I wish to reply to one objection which I have heard since I entered the hall. 'It is n't better laws that we want,' said the objector, 'but better men to administer them.' I tell you we want both. This is very delicate and difficult business that we give our city officials to do, and we must have the most skilful workmen we can get, and the best tools, too. The machinery of government must be the best that we can find. Don't tell me that it makes no difference what kind of machinery you have;

that all that is wanted is good and faithful workmen. The best workmen in this land could not do the work that is now done every day in my factory if they were compelled to work with the tools my men were working with five years ago. So it is with municipal machinery. There are some kinds with which it is difficult to do anything; there are some kinds with which it is much easier to do good work; and we are bound to give the men whom we employ the best possible facilities. Of course the need of employing the best men will not be superseded by any sort of machinery, and the people will always be required to exercise their patriotism in selecting the men to conduct the government under the new charter."

Calls for Hathaway followed the conclusion of Mr. Tomlinson's speech.

"I want to add one word," said the carpenter, "to the speech that has just been made. With better machinery you are pretty sure to get better men. If you give an official a chance to win some credit for his work, you will attract to the service of the city men of honorable ambition. If you give him a chance to serve the public efficiently, you will call into office men of public spirit. Why should any clean-handed, honorable man take a place in our municipal service to-day? He can do nothing, honorably, for himself, and nothing for the city. Under the plan which we propose a man may make a record for himself; and if he has any force in him, he may greatly promote the public welfare. I believe that our plan will result here, as it has resulted elsewhere, in pushing better men to the front, and in sending the bummers to the rear."

Hathaway's speech closed the discussion. When he had concluded the house resounded with cries of "Question," and the resolution, indorsing the new charter, and calling on the mayor to appoint a committee of fifty men — an equal number from each political party — to present the matter to the legislature on the following week, and to secure immediate action, went through in a storm of enthusiasm. The noes, indeed, were so few and feeble that the audience greeted their protest with an outburst of good-natured laughter.

X.

THE committee of fifty found little trouble in securing from the legislature favorable action upon the charter. Delegations from the classes opposed were present at the capital, and some secret work was done with various members of the legislative committee on municipal affairs; but the representation of the best citizens was so strong, and the popular demand for the charter was a fact so notorious, that the opponents of the scheme made little headway. The bill was rapidly pushed to its third reading, and the new charter went into effect in ample time for the spring election.

Hathaway's prediction that the new measures would call to the front a better class of men was abundantly fulfilled. For many years the office of mayor had gone begging among the better class of citizens. Whenever there had been a spasm of popular virtue, and a determination to secure good government, the laudable purpose had been defeated by the flat refusal of men of character to accept the nomination. "Why," said these gentlemen, "should we soil our hands with the dirty business? The mayor is only a figurehead. You have stripped him of power. What can he do to improve the administration? He can gain no reputation; he can accomplish no reform. We have no time to spend upon such a bootless function."

But now it was clear that the conditions were greatly changed. There was a chance for a man of brains and force to make a record for himself. Men of honorable ambition were not loath to consider the call of their fellow-citizens to this honorable and responsible office. Moreover, it was instinctively felt, even by the party managers, that it would never do to nominate a man for this position whose character was not a guaranty of honest administration. The interests were too important. They knew that if one candidate were more upright and more capable than the other, the mass of the conservative vote of the tax-paying and law-abiding citizens would go directly to that candidate. Party lines had been so weakened by the work of the City Club that the reputable classes would be pretty sure to vote for the most reputable man. The only safety for the party managers lay in selecting the best possible candidate. Hitherto the managers had asked who could carry the saloons and the slums. This year the question was who could carry the tax-paying wards. Accordingly the candidates on both tickets were men of good character. It was freely acknowledged on all sides that the interests of the city would be safe, no matter which party might triumph. Another obvious gain was the lessening of the number of places on the ticket. As a rule, there could be no more than four or five persons to be voted for in each municipal election. It was possible, therefore, for the conscientious voter to inform himself respecting the character of each of the candidates presented to him.

"This simplifies things," said Tomlinson to Payne, one day, as they were looking over the list of nominations printed at the head of the editorial columns in one of the party organs.

"I trust that the people will be able to know, this time, for whom they are voting. For myself, I must admit that, in an experience of twenty years, I have never yet voted intelligently in a city election. I always try to inform myself respecting the record and the qualifications of every candidate on both tickets; I have never yet succeeded. A good share of my voting has been done in the dark. When the number of candidates is as large as it has been in our elections, very few men, I believe, vote intelligently. Most of us take the goods the gods of the caucus provide for us, and are compelled to be satisfied. Henceforth, with due diligence, a man may be instructed before he votes."

"Yes," answered Payne; "the popular sovereign is more likely, under this plan, to rule with wisdom. The task we have been imposing upon him was quite too difficult. We have bidden him, every year, to pick out twenty or thirty men from among his fellow-citizens to whom he would intrust the responsibilities of government. That overtaxes his intelligence. But when we tell him to pick out three or four men, the chances are that he will make fewer blunders."

It was the evening after the municipal election, and the five directors of the Cosmopolis Public Library had assembled for their weekly meeting. The business was not urgent, and their minds were too full of the events of the day to give much heed to the librarian's report. Payne had picked up Judge Hamlin in the street, and had brought him in, and Harper had similarly introduced Mr. Graves.

"Well, Judge," said Harper, as they seated themselves around the fireplace, "your party is entitled to congratulations. You have the chance of demonstrating to the city the excellence of the new charter. I would rather it had been my party. I 'm quite sure that we would have made a little better job of it; but you have put it into good hands, and I have no doubt that we shall see a great improvement over past administrations."

"Let us hope so," responded the judge. "If we do not, we shall go out with a whirl, two years from now; that 's certain."

"One thing is to be noted with sincere rejoicing," said Mr. Graves. "The vote is the heaviest ever polled in a municipal election. The voters were all out; and it was intelligent interest that brought them out. I am told that much less money has been expended this year than ever before. Men like Spring and Chapman will not spend money to elect themselves. They held a conference about it as soon as they were nominated, and pledged themselves to each other that they would not do it."

"Yes," answered Judge Hamlin; "it is all very cheering. We are sure to have a great deal better government than we have had for a long time. We are on the right track. We have got the right sort of machinery. Our system rests now upon the true democratic optimism,— the belief that the people can be trusted,— and not upon the pessimistic notion that they must be pushed as far as possible from the thrones of power, and fenced off, by all manner of complicated checks and restraints, from direct participation in the government. I hope that we shall see our laws enforced now as they have not been for many a day. Chapman would n't dare to put a man into that superintendency who has 'nt the nerve to enforce them. I hope that we shall see the army of contractors put to rout, and a great improvement in the condition of our streets, and a great reduction in the expenses of every department of the government. But we must not be too sanguine. We have made an important gain, but we have n't solved the municipal problem yet."

"What is lacking?" asked Payne.

"The one thing needful is lacking," replied the judge; "that is, a foundation of principles on which municipal politics can be built. I have said this before, but the experience of this election has made it clearer. What have we been contending for in this election? It was simply a question which was the better ticket. The issue with the political managers was of course the spoils of office; with the rest of us it was a choice of administrators. There was no room for intelligent discussion. The campaign has not been in the slightest degree educational. I do not think this good politics. I am sure that it will tend to corruption. The practical interest of the spoilsmen will overshadow the interest which the rest of us will strive to maintain in the selection of good candidates. So long as our municipal affairs remain in the hands of the two national parties, our municipal elections will strongly tend to become mere make-weights in State and national politics. It is the best we can do now, but municipal politics will never be clean and healthy until we have municipal issues and municipal parties distinct from those of the State and the nation."

"Where are these issues to come from?" demanded Morison.

"I am not sure; but it seems to me that I see them looming upon the horizon," answered the judge. "Have you observed the fight that the people in Oleopolis have been waging against their gas company?"

"Yes," said Harper; "and the people have won the fight. They have forced the price of gas down to eighty cents a thousand feet, and

have compelled the company to pay a heavy annual tribute for its franchise."

"So I read. And have you noticed the sharp questions that the newspapers are beginning to raise respecting the street-railway franchises and the electric-light franchises? It seems to me that the question of municipal ownership of all these natural monopolies is rushing to the front; that it will be upon us in a very few years. For my own part, I believe that these properties must belong to the municipality; that whatever is a practical monopoly the people themselves must own and control. That our cities will soon advance in this direction is evident to me. I trust that there will be no spoliation of those who have invested their money in such properties; that they will be purchased by the cities at a fair valuation. What to do about the franchises that have been stolen is a more puzzling question. Our courts of equity will be taxed to unravel that snarl; let us trust that we shall not be weak enough to wait for the revolutionist with his sword to cut it. But the cities will get possession of the natural monopolies; of that I feel confident."

"But that," answered Tomlinson, "is the road to Socialism."

"Yes; that 's the road. And we are going in that direction — no doubt about it. We shall stop before we get there, I think — a long way short of a complete collectivism, I believe; but we shall go that way. Our cities will municipalize certain important industries. That will be the beginning. Then there will be a strong tendency to extend this movement. It will be extended. The city will not only furnish schools, and parks, and public gardens, and art-galleries; it will find a number of other things to do for the promotion of the public welfare, which can be done far more cheaply and effectively by the coöperation of the whole people, through their government, than by private enterprise. And yet there will be vast realms of industry with which, as I believe, the municipalities cannot wisely meddle. Individual initiative and private enterprise will still have a large part of the world to themselves, and must be confirmed in their possession of it. And here, as it seems to me, must appear the line of division in municipal politics. It will always be an open question, and a fair question, how far this municipalization of industries shall go, and where it shall stop. Honest men, patriotic men, will differ about this question. You and I, Tomlinson, would differ about it. You are more of an Individualist than I am; I am more of a Socialist than you are. Men of my way of thinking, who see large possibilities in the way of social coöperation through the State for economic ends, will have to be restrained by men of your way of thinking, to whom the liberty of the individual seems the chief good at which legislation should aim. Social progress is to be the result of a wise coördination of these two tendencies. Therefore I expect to see municipal politics based, before long, on this division. There will be a party that tends in the direction of Socialism, and a party that tends in the direction of *laissez-faire;* each party will have a great deal to say for itself; the safety of the community will be in keeping the balance between them."

"Is n't that," said Graves, "substantially the division between the two parties now represented in the London County Council?"

"So I understand," answered Judge Hamlin. "The Progressives are Socialists; their program involves a vigorous interference by the municipality with various industries, and an extension of the powers of government in several directions. They propose to 'take over' the tramways, the street lighting, the water supply, and other monopolies; they intend to adopt a drastic policy in clearing out the slums, in supervising tenement-houses, and in regulating places of amusement; they are carrying what some people call 'paternalism' to lengths which a few years ago would have seemed revolutionary. The Moderates are Individualists; they hold to the old notion that that State is best governed which is least governed; they resist the socialistic tendency. The Progressives are to-day the popular party; but they are very likely to overdo the business, and then the reaction will come, and the Moderates will return to power. But it seems to me that we see in London to-day the logical division between municipal parties — a division which has naturally emerged in the economic and social evolution, and which will just as surely emerge in our own cities, because the conditions are substantially the same. I shall be glad to see the lines drawn in the same way in Cosmopolis and in every American city. Then our municipal politics will have some significance; we shall have parties that stand for something; we shall have policies to advocate, and measures to fight for; our discussions will have direct and practical reference to municipal affairs; and our campaigns will not be a brainless scramble for the spoils of office."

"What will become of the old parties under this arrangement?" demanded Payne.

"They will confine their attention to their own business," replied the judge. "They will manage the State and the national campaigns, and let city politics alone."

"Do you not think that if this were the case, municipal politics would be apt to overshadow national politics?" asked Hathaway.

"In the cities, yes."

"But is it not quite possible that the issues

thus raised in the cities would become national?" persisted the carpenter. "Is not the nationalization of certain industries — railroads, telegraphs, telephones, mines, and so forth (those which, according to your own definition, are natural monopolies) — quite likely to be the burning question before many years? Is not this question of the extent to which industries can be profitably nationalized the one which this country has got to face pretty soon? Do we not find in the nation as well as in the city the necessity of drawing the line between State action and private enterprise? Might we not have two national parties, divided by this line, whose discussions and contests would have tenfold more significance than those of the existing political parties? And is it not possible that the municipal parties whose advent Judge Hamlin predicts will gradually become national parties, swallowing up 'the ancient forms of party strife,' and leading in the issues of a new political dispensation?"

"It is not only possible, my friend," replied the judge, rising and taking the carpenter by the hand, "it is in every way desirable. I hope that you and I will both live long enough to see your prophecy fulfilled."

THE END.

Washington Gladden.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

How Can We Secure Better United States Senators?

THE need of some change in the method of electing members of the United States Senate has been attracting steadily increasing attention for many years. So long ago as 1875 the State of Nebraska recognized it formally by incorporating in its constitution a provision allowing electors, while voting for members of the legislature, to "express by ballot their preference for some person for the office of United States Senator." In 1881 a joint resolution was introduced in Congress for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, removing the power to choose senators from the legislatures and providing for their election by popular vote. In 1890 the Democrats of Illinois, at their State convention, nominated General John M. Palmer as their candidate for United States Senator, and put a plank in their platform declaring in favor of the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people." They made their campaign with General Palmer on the stump in advocacy of his own election, and he was subsequently chosen by the legislature. In the election of November, 1892, the voters of California were invited by the legislature to give at the polls an expression of their opinion upon the question of electing senators by popular vote, and they responded by a verdict of twelve to one in favor of the proposition.

These are a few of the more notable indications that the public mind is interested in this question, and that there is wide-spread dissatisfaction with the results of the present system. It no longer works to produce a body which is at once a conserving and strengthening force in our system of government, as was the case for fifty years and more after its adoption. As is well known to students of political history, the system as adopted by the convention which framed the Constitution was the outcome of long discussion and compromise, and was entirely different from any of the several plans for the composition of the Senate that were originally proposed, one of which was election by popular vote. The convention drifted into the plan finally agreed upon, and was forced to adopt it by the stubborn refusal of the smaller States to accept anything less than equal representation, though the larger States fought hard and long for proportional representation. The smaller States feared that with anything less than equal representation they would be overborne by the larger States. In practice this equal representation has in notable instances worked against the public good. It was a powerful barrier for many years against the antislavery agitation, helping the Southern States to maintain their institution many years longer than would otherwise have been possible. In more recent times it has enabled the new States of the Northwest to commit the Senate to the most dangerous forms of free-silver coinage legislation.

No plan for a change in the election of senators can succeed, however, which does not preserve this equal representation. The smaller States will never consent to any diminution of their power, and as such diminution could be brought about only by a constitutional amendment, for the adoption of which a vote of three fourths of all the States would be necessary, they could defeat it easily. There were grave doubts in many minds whether three fourths of the States could be induced to consent to an amendment changing the election from the legislatures to the people, but these were removed by the action of the last House of Representatives in passing, without a dissenting vote, a joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution providing for the popular election of senators. This showed that the popular sentiment of the country is strongly in favor of the change,— so strongly, in fact, that the Senate must yield to it at an early day.

But there are other ways of giving the people a voice in the election which can be put in operation without a constitutional amendment. The Illinois Democrats have set the example by introducing the custom of nominating candidates by State conventions. Of course there is nothing more binding than party practice in this method, but it would soon become an established rule, and would, by a few years' usage, acquire the force of law. No political party which had made a campaign for a particular candidate would venture to throw him over and elect another one when the legislature met. The plan was really originated in Illinois in the famous Lincoln-Douglas campaign of 1858. The country owes to that famous campaign the development of Lincoln into a statesman of national proportions. Surely a system that could call into the political

field men of his type would be a boon to the country, were it to be adopted in every State in the Union.

Another plan, which was proposed by Mr. Wendell P. Garrison in "The Atlantic Monthly" for August, 1891, is for the States to give to their voters the power of nominating, at the proper general election, candidates for the approaching senatorial vacancy. These nominations should be made under the provisions of the ballot-reform laws permitting nominations by petitions. The names of candidates thus nominated should be printed on the official ballots, and each voter could check the one of his choice. From the five or ten candidates receiving the highest popular vote the legislature should make its choice.

Either one of these plans would give the people a voice in the election, which would be certain to raise the general character of the candidates. That improvement is needed, no one can deny. The genuine statesmen of the Senate—all honor to them and to the States that have honored themselves in sending them — are in a conspicuous minority. The character of the Senate has been deteriorating steadily for many years, until it has become too much like "a rich man's club" with a sprinkling of political bosses among its membership. Instead of being the superior of the House intellectually, and a bulwark of conservatism and wisdom against hasty, ill-considered and ignorant legislation, the contrary is more often the case. It has happened many times in recent years that the House has acted as the bulwark against assaults that the Senate has made upon the national stability and welfare. The reasons for the deterioration in the Senate are easy of discovery. Rich men and political bosses have together concocted a system by which the virtual purchase or capture of a seat in the Senate is as certain as it is simple. They go together to the very foundations of the nominating and electing system of government, and poison it at its source. They go into primaries which are to nominate members of the legislature, pledge their men in advance of their nominations, buy them by promising to pay all their campaign and election expenses, often to pay their debts or mortgages as well, and when the legislature with these men composing it comes together, there is nothing to do but to complete the bargain. In this way it has come about that more than one great State is represented in the Senate by men whose wealth is their sole qualification for the place; that other great States are represented by men who are not only merely rich men, but are corrupt political bosses as well; that still other great States are represented by men whose sole distinction is their skill in political trickery, and who have elected themselves through their control over their own political machines. Many of these men would have been impossible candidates for the Senate twenty-five years ago, and would be impossible candidates now if they were obliged to go before the people for election. They succeed because the forces which work for their election are moved in secret, and because their candidacy is not announced to the public till the election has been made certain. The people have lost all voice in their selection.

This corrupting of the primaries and nominating conventions in the interest of a purchased or machine-controlled seat in the Senate has been one of the chief causes for the deterioration of our State legislatures, for it follows inevitably that a man who will sell his vote for senator, directly or indirectly, is not a fit person to be a legislator. It has come about, therefore, that the degradation in the character of the Senate has been accompanied by a corresponding degradation in that of our State legislatures. Both have passed out of the hands of the people into those of the machines and the rich men who buy offices of them, and both can be redeemed and brought back to their old estate of honor and usefulness in no way so surely as by restoring to the people the power which has been stolen away from them.

Direct Presidential Voting.

No one can examine the working of our antiquated and defective electoral-college system in the last presidential election without becoming convinced that we ought not to incur the risk of holding another national election under it. In an article upon "Presidential Voting Methods," published in this department of The Century for October, 1891, we pointed out many of the defects and dangerous possibilities which exist in the electoral-college plan, and urged the need of reform at an early day. It is not necessary to our present purpose to recall the arguments advanced at that time. All that we said about the defects of the law, and the dangers of conducting our most important election under a system which has outlived its time and in no wise fulfils the function for which it was created, has been more than justified by our latest experiment with it. Had the election been a close one, the decision resting upon a few electors in a single State, there would have been great confusion, a most dangerous condition of political excitement, and the probability of an outcome which would have been a perversion of the popular will.

There were mistakes of various kinds in many States, but in two they assumed large dimensions. In Ohio, owing to confusion which had been caused by an amendment to the new Australian-ballot law, which introduced a change in the manner of marking the ballots, one Cleveland elector, whose name stood at the head of the Democratic list, received a majority of the votes, while his twenty-two associates failed to do so. There was a difference of only a few hundred votes between his total and that of his associates, but it was enough to give Mr. Harrison twenty-two of the State's electoral votes and Mr. Cleveland only one. There was no doubt that the intention of the voters who gave the first Cleveland elector a majority was to give the entire electoral ticket their support; but their intent could not be considered in the count. In California, a similar result was obtained in another way. Owing to the unpopularity of one Cleveland elector and the unusual popularity of one Harrison elector, the State's electoral vote was divided, eight going to Mr. Cleveland and one to Mr. Harrison. There was another division in North Dakota on similar grounds, by which the State's three electoral votes were distributed among Cleveland, Harrison, and Weaver.

In all these cases the division would not have been made had the voting been direct for the presidential candidates. The Ohio voters would not have made their blunder had they been called upon to mark the names of presidential candidates rather than those of a list of electors. The California proceeding, which

is repeated in greater or less degree in nearly every State, was due entirely to the electoral-college system, and is one of its most curious products. Why a voter should allow himself to be cheated of his purpose to vote for the presidential candidate of his choice simply because he has a personal dislike for an elector who has merely a perfunctory duty to perform in the machinery of election, is a mystery. Yet in every election the names of electors on both tickets are "scratched" by hundreds and sometimes thousands of voters. In 1880 California divided her electoral vote as she did in 1892, giving one vote to Garfield and the others to Hancock. Personal feeling toward individual electors was the cause in both cases. In New York State, in 1892, Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall, received a smaller number of votes as elector than any other man on the Cleveland electoral ticket. This was obviously due to dislike of Tammany Hall, without regard to the merits of presidential candidates. The North Dakota division was due to an error in the final count that was not rectified till after the result had been officially proclaimed by the governor, and could not be altered.

All these and kindred mistakes are due to the use of a system which is made to fulfil another purpose than that for which it was originally designed. When the electoral college was devised, it was for the purpose of having its members exercise individual choice in the election of President and Vice-President. They have long since ceased to do this. Political usage has so changed their function that if one of them were now, as he could do without fear of legal interference or punishment, to vote for some other candidate than the one for whom his party had delegated him to vote, he would be regarded as a betrayer of trust by the whole people. Their names on the ballots are, therefore, a clumsy, useless, and often misleading relic of a practically abandoned system. If they were to be replaced by the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates, for whom the people could vote directly, there would be none of the mistakes committed which occurred in the last election.

Several measures were presented to the last Congress looking to the abolition of the electoral college, but the one which found most favor was the simplest and least revolutionary. It provided simply that there should be no more electors, and that the States should vote directly for President and Vice-President, each State having the same number of electoral votes as at present, and the total electoral vote of each State going to the candidates for President and Vice-President having the largest popular vote. In this way it would be possible for a voter to exercise choice in voting for Vice-President, a privilege which is forbidden him under the present system. It might happen that a State would give its electoral vote to the presidential candidate of one party and the vice-presidential candidate of another. This possibility would have a most beneficial effect upon the selection of candidates for Vice-President, and in this respect would be a distinct public gain.

By leaving to the States the right to vote as separate entities, all that is worth preserving in the present electoral system would be retained. For this reason the plan of popular voting by States is certain to find more favor than that of popular voting by the whole country, the candidates having a plurality over all others in the grand total of all the States to be declared elected. The State plan, besides preserving State entity, which is a very popular idea, also insures an early knowledge of the result in an election, which is an important consideration. If the election were to be decided by popular vote of the whole country, there might be a considerable period, in case the contest were a close one, before the result would be known. This would be a serious source of confusion and uncertainty. In other respects, a vote by the whole people is unquestionably the fairest and most democratic possible. It would help to complete the work, already so well begun by the secret-ballot laws, of abolishing money and corruption from our elections. No man could foresee how such an election was going, or could find any spot in which it would be worth while to attempt to influence the result by the use of a corruption fund.

A General Free Library Movement.

FROM almost its first number this magazine has been in the habit of pointing out from time to time the great value of free public libraries as a means for spreading popular education. In an article in this department in THE CENTURY for June, 1882, we said:

> A library is of more use in an educational way than a high school. The taste for good reading is the true door to culture, and if the taste for good reading be once established in a young person, there is an absolute certainty of the attainment of a degree of culture which persevering years in school cannot give. It is not enough to have free schools. A widespread movement for libraries, which shall be either wholly free or exceedingly cheap, would be a most wholesome one. The abolition of the low-priced, pirated productions, which we hope to see brought about by copyright, would leave the field free for libraries, and libraries would render American as well as English literature of easy access to the humblest.

This hope about copyright is at last realized, and we are glad to see in many directions indications that its fulfilment has come at a very opportune moment so far as the growth of the free library movement is concerned.

It is most encouraging to learn that within the past few years there has been a steadily growing interest in this subject manifested in nearly all parts of the country. The chief reason of this has undoubtedly been the action of Massachusetts in creating a Free Public Library Commission, whose zealous, intelligent, and successful exertions have commanded the envy, and excited the ambition, of other States. The Massachusetts commission was authorized by a law which was passed in 1890. It is composed of five persons, appointed by the governor, who hold office for five years, but whose terms expire in different years, one new commissioner being appointed each year. They are authorized to expend, on the application of a board of library trustees of any town having no free library owned and controlled by the town, a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars for books to be used in establishing a free public library. The trustees who make the application must have been duly and regularly elected at a town-meeting. The law provides that towns establishing libraries under the act shall appropriate a certain sum each year, according to the assessed valuation of their property, for the use and maintenance of the library. The governor appointed as the first commission, Mr. C. B. Tillinghast of Bos-

ton, Mr. Samuel S. Green of Worcester, Mr. Henry S. Nourse of Lancaster, Miss E. P. Sohier of Beverly, and Miss Anna E. Ticknor of Boston.

When the commission entered upon its labors, 248 of the 351 cities and towns of Massachusetts had libraries in which the people had rights or free privileges, and in 175 of the 248 there were absolutely free public libraries under municipal control. All together these libraries contained about 2,500,000 volumes, or slightly more than the total population of the State. The gifts of individuals in money, not including gifts of books, for libraries and library buildings exceeded $5,500,000. Yet there were still 103 towns in the State which had no free public libraries. These were nearly all small towns, many of which contained a declining population. Upon these the commission bent its energies, and the results of its first year's labor were very gratifying. An appeal was issued to them to avail themselves of the State's offer of aid, and 37 of them accepted at the spring town-meetings of 1891. Several towns made appropriations in excess of the amount required by the statute. A cheering effect of the law was the voluntary offer by individuals of books to aid in the formation of new libraries, and the commissioners were able to distribute over fourteen hundred volumes in addition to those purchased by the State. In many instances associations turned over their collections of books as gifts to the town; others made appropriations from their treasuries to aid in establishing a library; and persons of wealth, sometimes permanent residents of the town, sometimes summer residents or visitors, made handsome gifts of money. The total of individual gifts during the time which has elapsed since the commission was appointed is over a half million dollars, and in the same period individuals have provided the funds for the erection of eleven new library buildings. During the past year several towns have received gifts, ranging from $25,000 to $50,000, to be used in building free public library structures. In fact the State is well sprinkled with handsome memorial library buildings, there being something like seventy-five of these in as many towns.

The impulse imparted to this most patriotic and worthy work of popular education has not been confined to Massachusetts. It has spread all over New England, and is felt perceptibly in many Western States. New Hampshire has created a similar commission, and other States are preparing to do the same in the near future. There are memorial library buildings going up in increasing numbers yearly in all parts of New England, and free public libraries are everywhere coming more and more to be a recognized branch of the educational machinery of every city and town. An imperfect report of the gifts and bequests to libraries in the United States of which record could be obtained, which was made to the Conference of Librarians in San Francisco in October, 1891, placed the total at nearly $24,000,000. The true total is undoubtedly far in excess of that, but this is a sufficiently large sum to give encouraging evidence that people of wealth realize the importance of the work which libraries are doing.

It is urged with great earnestness by the leaders in the free library movement that in order to perform perfectly their high and useful mission all public libraries should be absolutely free. The charging of a fee, however small, greatly diminishes the usefulness of any library. The testimony of statistics upon this point is conclusive. When the public library of Springfield, which had been charging a small annual fee, was made free in 1885, the number of card-holders increased during the year from 1100 to over 7000, and the circulation of books from 41,000 to 154,000. A similar change in the Otis Library of Norwich, Conn., made about a year ago, increased the number of books taken out during the following year from 500 to 3000.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Kindergarten Movement in Chicago.[1]

WHILE an extended interest in higher education has been awakened through the opening of our new university, and the establishment of many centers of the university extension work, another educational factor is affecting no less vitally the heads, hands, and hearts of the little children of our city.

There are here three strong kindergarten associations working out Froebel's idea, each one pushing forward in distinctly different methods, yet all working for the foundation of character-building, by the trend given to the child's thought, word, and work during the first seven years of his life.

Each association maintains a training-school, and year by year the standard for admission becomes higher; the course of study is broadened, not only by new insight into Froebel's philosophy, but by a clearer recognition of the relation of the kindergarten to the school and to life in all its phases.

The Froebel Association — or Froebel Society, as it was first called — was the outgrowth of a Mother's Study Class, organized in 1874 on a plan suggested by Miss Elizabeth Peabody in a circular letter to parents calling on them to investigate Froebel's philosophy and methods. This study culminated in the opening of the first kindergarten in the city, conducted by a regularly trained kindergartner.

In 1876, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford organized the first free kindergarten, in memory of a little child. Later, as the faith in these principles grew stronger, and the desire of others to enter into this work increased, a more definite organization seemed desirable, and several members of one society visited Mrs. Shaw's work in Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Kraus's in New York, and Miss Blow's in St. Louis, and gained much valuable information in regard to the practical workings of the system.

The Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) was the first religious body to recognize the place of the kindergarten in church work.

In October, 1880, a public meeting in the interest of free kindergartens was called in Farwell Hall. The meeting was well attended, and a committee was ap-

[1] See several articles on the kindergarten movement in THE CENTURY for January.

pointed to consult on a basis of organization for extended work among the poor, and the establishment of a free training-school for kindergartners. Through failure to agree upon a training-teacher and a general plan of work, there resulted two associations. One of them, largely composed of members of the study class before referred to, adopted the constitution and practically the name of the older society; the other became known as the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association.

The difference in the work of the two societies as they now stand is mainly this: The Froebel Association recognizes in the plays of the kindergarten, with its gifts and occupations, the fullest opportunity for planting in the child's heart a love of nature and a love of "thy neighbor" which shall be a basis for a higher spiritual life to be developed later, from *within;* looking upon the kindergarten as a place where, in Froebel's own words, "the child may learn to *act* according to the commands of God, before he can learn these prescriptions and commands as dogmas." Moreover, it has ever been the ultimate aim of this association to promote the adoption of the kindergarten as a part of the public-school system; all teaching, therefore, has been on a basis so broad that no objection need be raised by Protestant, Romanist, or Jew.

The training-school under this association is not entirely free, although the fee charged is very small. The course of study embraces, as does that of the two other training-schools, not only a knowledge of the principles and methods of Froebel, applied in the use of his material, but training in physical culture; music, as adapted to the needs of little children; elementary science lessons; special study in form and color; psychology and history of pedagogy.

"The Free Kindergarten Association" holds that clear and positive Bible and temperance lessons, thoroughly adapted to the child's needs, are a necessity in right education. Therefore a progressive series of Bible texts, beautifully illustrated with decorative designs to be wrought out by the child's own handiwork, forms a part of each day's work. Little "Letters" containing texts of Scripture are frequently sent to the homes, and an earnest effort is made to bring the parents into full sympathy with the teachings which the children receive. A free training-school yearly enrolls a large number of earnest students.

A third factor in the educational field, which has within a few years claimed a foremost position, is the Chicago Kindergarten College, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, principal. The work of this institution has become widely known through its "Literary School," which includes among its lecturers many of the ablest scholars in this country. The "Mothers' Department," for the initiation and training of mothers in Froebel's philosophy and in all educational growth, enrolls among its members many intelligent society women, as well as those whose one aim in life is an earnest seeking after those truths which shall make their children free. The "Philanthropic Department" is supported mainly by the money received from the "Literary School," all surplus over and above current expenses going to the extension of kindergartens in the poorer districts of the city.

A kindergarten club of some two hundred members — mothers, teachers of private and public schools, and kindergartners — meets for study every Saturday morning. The officers of the club are chosen from the three organizations already named, and it is, therefore, a common meeting-ground, and is really representative of the different schools. Another significant factor in kindergarten extension lies in the provision which the Board of the Cook County Normal School (Colonel Parker's) has made for bringing to the graduating class a series of weekly lectures in Froebel's principles, with such adaptation of the methods in form, number, color, etc., as may be advantageously used in primary grades. These lessons continue through the year, and certainly do a great deal toward promoting a living and sympathetic interest between school and kindergarten. Colonel Parker will allow none to enter the special training-class for kindergartners at his school who do not take the full normal course.

In September, 1892, the Board of Education adopted nine kindergartens which had been sustained for some years in the school buildings — six by the Froebel Association, three by the "Kindergarten College." We hope that this experiment may be as successful as it promises to be, in paving the way for such legislation as shall make it possible to have kindergartens in any school where they are wanted.

There are in all about one hundred kindergartens in Chicago. This includes those under the auspices of the Jewish Manual Training School, which reaches hundreds of Bohemians, Polish Jews, and other foreign neighborhoods, and the large kindergarten supported by Professor Swing's "Central Church." A German association also has been organized, but I know almost nothing of their plans for work.

If there were three hundred kindergartens to-day in this city, still there would not be room for those children who are being educated in the street. When will the public demand this training as a rational, practical foundation for the education of these children, and not leave it to the chance, voluntary effort of a few interested people?

CHICAGO. *Alice H. Putnam.*

The Kindergarten in Turkey.

WE are permitted to print the following from a private letter from a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Turkey:

"With my circle of girls and young brides in Cesarea, we started a kindergarten nearly two years ago. We secured a good teacher, and soon had nearly seventy little people. We had to get some one to help the teacher. Later, Miss Burrage, who had gone to America for rest and study, returned to us equipped for kindergarten work. She has trained several young girls,— graduates of our school here,— and with them to assist her she is doing a grand work. The children are improving greatly, and the parents are astonished at the work that can be done for little people. They are learning, too, how children should be treated, and they are delighted with the results.

"So far we have had no help from our Board for this kindergarten work. We are longing and praying for a building for the school, and hope the Board can help us to that. The Destderaz Circle, with the help of some personal friends, has carried on the work.

"Carrie P. Farnsworth Fowle.

"CESAREA, TURKEY IN ASIA."

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

EDMUND C. TARBELL.

IN England one often hears the phrase applied to a painter, "He is of the French school," but what the French school is, is never explained; nor, indeed, can it be, for there exists no such thing to-day as a French school in painting. What people mean is that when paint is applied to canvas in a workmanlike manner,—that is, when the artist knows as well how to handle his pigments as a house-painter does his — a striking contrast to the method, or rather the absence of method, in English painting,— he is associated in the British mind with the French school, which is but another way of saying that French artists have learned their trade.

I am not belittling English art; to me the most interesting display in the fine arts section of the French Exposition (Universal) was the English exhibit. From the very fact of absence of method, there was a certain freshness, if not originality, a certain naïveté, in the handling of paint in the attempt to express an idea (and in English pictures there is always an idea) that separated it from the work of Americans and Continentals, for in these it was quite plain that the French method was followed. What good putting on of paint is,— in other words, what good technic is,—is open to question. It may be that the bravura of painting, as in Franz Hals, Velasquez, and Sargent, is right, or it may be that the unseen and unchallenging technic of Raphael and Le Febvre is better. But it can be said without contradiction that French painting, as practised by the younger artists, and as a consequence by the American student, in Paris, has for the last ten years been of the bravura order — that technic which cries aloud for admiration. Happily, we are about done with the extreme of this, and are reaching a place where critics no longer laud a painting solely for its "painter quality" or its "vigorous technic." But it goes without saying that the best idea may be marred by imperfect technic, and that as a knowledge of the structure of language is necessary for literary expression, so a knowledge of the proper methods of using paint must be a part, an important part, of the artist's equipment. Happy, then, the painter who, having an idea, is able to express it with ease and grace. This ability Edmund C. Tarbell has in an exceptional degree. His pictures look like the work of a man who has no difficulties with, no struggles over, his materials. In some of them, perhaps, this is felt a trifle too strongly; but it is difficult to make up one's mind to quarrel with so expert a workman, the more that his skilful putting-on of paint is quickly lost sight of in his quality of color, for his color is always good and pleasant, and sometimes remarkable. One feels in Mr. Tarbell's work, too, perhaps, that he is not quite emancipated from the influence of Léon Doucet; but he is a young man yet, and has staying power, and has reached the age when his observation of the Old Masters, of whom he has been a diligent student, will do him good service in broadening his power of discrimination.

Edmund C. Tarbell was born in West Groton, Mass., in 1862. He was a student at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and, later, a pupil of the Académie Julian, under Boulanger and Le Febvre. He is at present instructor of painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and a member of the Society of American Artists; he also holds the Thomas B. Clarke prize for painting.

W. Lewis Fraser.

The Frontispiece Portrait of Napoleon.

THIS engraving is made from a bas-relief by Boizot, which is thus referred to in Joseph Bonaparte's will, dated June 14, 1840: "To Mr. Joseph Hopkinson, a round bas-relief of marble, representing General Bonaparte, First Consul. It is now in my house at Point Breeze."

Joseph Bonaparte's secretary (Adolphe Mailliard) and Joseph Hopkinson (author of "Hail Columbia") were named as his executors. The bas-relief passed into the hands of Hopkinson's daughter, who died in 1891, at the age of ninety, and, with other portraits, etc., it has since been turned over by her brother, Oliver Hopkinson of Philadelphia, to the Historical Society of that city. It was engraved for THE CENTURY by J. W. Evans, and the decoration surrounding it was designed by H. B. Sherwin.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The United States Poetry Company (Limited).

WHILE walking home one windy winter's day,—
I walked because each car that ran my way
Held twice the number it was built to hold,
Plus one small red-hot stove to kill the cold,—
A great surprise
Did greet my eyes —
They grew, in fact, to thrice their usual size —
As they perceived afar a swinging sign
Whose gilded letters brilliantly did shine,
And which, in brief, was put up there to show
That who should go
Two flights or so
Up wooden stairs would find the company
Of several gifted wights, by no means slow,
Who dealt in poetry.

Now some folks say that I at times indite
A line or two that William Shakspere might
Have liked to write;
And so it seemed to me
I 'd better see
Just what these clever fellows had in view.
This course was due
My family.
This is an age, as you perhaps have heard,
Of corporations, some of them absurd;
They have no souls — at least they don't reveal
Those that they have, although we often feel
The corporation's heel,
Or say we do,
Amounting to the same if 't is n't true.
Now corporate ambition, I am told,
Is simply to corral the yellow gold;

And this the bulk of all their business is:
To mind for him the other fellow's biz,
Spend the receipts for salaries, repairs,
And give what 's left, if any, to the heirs
Of him whose work is done.
They 'll undertake all things beneath the sun.
Indeed, I 've heard the question much discussed
If some day there 'd not be a grasping trust
To buy up all the stars, the Dipper bright,
The Milky Way, and then to rent their light
To lovers, or for burglars' work at night;
To take the silver moon and let it out
For parties, balls, and without any doubt
On stated nights, in large or smaller shares,
To business men to advertise their wares.
You think this view ridiculous, but wait.
The time is coming when the ship of state
Will go to some big British syndicate;
And on its sails you 'll find in easy view
Such sentiments as "Try J. Stickum's Glue,"
"Use Prohibition Soap. All Cakes. No Bars,"
Or "Can't you sleep? Try Opium Cigars."
The day will come when corporations rich
Will undertake our sinful boys to switch,
And in our base-ball games to catch and pitch.
They 'll come into our homes and keep our books,
Employ our maids, and help us bounce our cooks;
Relieve a victim from the horrid suit
Brought by the maiden old and resolute,
Who thinks he 's acted like a very brute
In running off and leaving her no substitute.
These I can view with equanimity;
But when a corporation rivals me
In poetry,
I do not like it, and I mean to go
On all occasions up two flights or so
Of wood or granite steps to where a Co.
Keeps poetry on tap, and thus to know
What show
Is left for me
For immortality,
Against the combination, don't you see?
And so it was upon this errand bent
I went,
And learned that this was what the fellows meant.
Four lads they were, as brazen buttons bright,
Gifted with more than ordinary sight.
Born each one of them with wide-open eyes,
Their visionary teeth of wondrous size
(By visionary teeth of course I mean
The molars optical that come between
The wisdom teeth that lie back out of sight
And those with which we generally bite).
They 'd looked about them, and they had discerned
How men and women oftentimes have yearned
In utter hopelessness to gather in
The laurels that the poets strive to win.
They 'd seen, as you and I might see if we
Would look about us with desire to see,
That in each mortal breast ambition lies,
As far beyond their reach ofttimes as skies
Beyond the reach of earthworms are. On this
They 'd based their enterprise,
And Fame's abyss,
Too deep for some, they guaranteed to sound;
Take mediocrity — make it renowned.
They sought subscribers. Dollars ten per year
Would make appear,
In dailies and in comic weeklies, verse
By the subscriber signed; and if his purse
Was opened for a hundred, 't would result
In poems that would guarantee a "cult"
Like that of Browning; so that plain John Binks
Would find himself the source of lofty "thinks";
And he whose soul
Was fitted best for selling wood and coal,
Would find his name upon the honor roll
Of poets for a year,
On an expenditure by no means dear:
Although these youths in wisdom great declined
To guarantee his greatness to the mind
Of dear old Boston; for they 'd oft observed
How her strong-minded intellects are swerved
Too easily from good things to the bad,
If in the latter they can find a fad.
Two hundred dollars would insure a book,
And, further, these young fellows undertook
To see that critics praised the said John Binks
In terms that would elicit from the Sphinx
A word or two of envy, and would send
Lord Tennyson — the Queen's inspirèd friend —
Into a mad, hysterical dismay
For fear to Binks he must resign the bay.
Nor was this all these men would undertake.
The costliest of all their works, they 'd make,
For just one thousand dollars in hard cash,
The writer of the veriest kind of trash
A man immortal — one beside of whom
E'en Shakspere 'd tremble in his dusty tomb;
Who 'd send John Milton's spook into a rage
Such as he 'd never known for all his age;
Who 'd waken Byron from his last long sleep,
And send him to the Hellespont to weep;
Would e'en make Horace, Roman good and true,
For his immortal name feel rather blue.
Why, friends, they guaranteed that blessed day
To take e'en me in hand, if I would pay,
And write my verses for me, so that I
Could never fail of immortality.
It made no difference to them what style
Of verse it was man thought it worth his while
To have his name put to; they 'd guarantee
To make the poet as he wished to be.
They had, you see,
A wholesome scorn
For those who say the poet must be born,
And were not afraid
To show the world that poets can be made.
They 'd make him what he 'd pay for: if his hope
To turn an epic was, or simple trope,
Or, as the case might be, to boom some soap,
They 'd do it for him, and to show how square
They meant to be, how honest and how fair,
They pointed to a notice overhead,
Whereon in great astonishment I read:

NO BAY.

NO PAY.

I asked for testimonials, great names
They 'd made for men, and possibly for dames;
The which they gave me, and you 'd start to see
Poets they had made — there were two or three
Who 've taken down the messages of birds,
Whose names are sometimes titled Household Words.
But, lest I smash some well-loved idols here,
I 'll not reveal the names that did appear.
Suffice to say that many I saw there
Were poets by whose verses we would swear,
Whom we admire, indeed, whom we all love,
And think they get their ideals from above,
But who, in fact, this company have paid,
And got their inspiration ready-made.

. . . . . .

The revelation stunned me for a while,
And all I did or could do was to smile.
A ghastly grin it was! It hurt me much
To think that brainless Mr. Binks and such
Could get the name on the instalment plan

That life's whole work scarce brings the poorer man
Whose father, dying, leaves him — oh, how blest! —
A legacy of good advice: *Go West,*
And, if you can, get rich; if not, don't cry,
But come back to the East again, and die.
And then again I thought, and, thinking, saw
How grand a germ lay in the scheme. The straw
At which a drowning man might clutch, it held.
The writing on the wall appeared, and spelled
In burning letters such a golden plan
To make a millionaire of starving man,
That for a week I seemed to friends and wife
About to take up with the madman's life.
And my idea was: Do what they did
In poetry; their prices underbid;
Make of the poet-culture but a branch
Of one grand corporation, broad and stanch,
Of which the aim
Should be to deal in universal fame;
To which might come the man with money blest;
With hopeless aspirations much oppressed,
In any field of life, no matter what!
To take the brainless, put him on the spot
Or pinnacle to which his heart aspires,
To light for him at any point Fame's fires;
To say to all who have a money-chest,
You pay the charges, and we 'll do the rest.
Write sermons for the vicar, charges small,
Unless he hears a profitable call;
Perhaps to ask besides the usual fee
A small percentage on his salary,
Which, if the sermons take, may be increased —
Which is but just if we have made the priest.
Write plays and operas and essays bright
For those who 've neither time nor brains to write;
Get all our wealthy senators in line,
And make each one an orator; assign
A branch to work the lower house likewise,
And so help stupid congressmen to rise.
This plan would surely help the ship of state,
And make some legislators seeming great,
And give the lie to them who 've often said
The greatness of this land is mostly dead.
Another branch! The most felicitous
I think it will appear to those of us
Who, while we 're brave and so forth, are so shy
That often we 're afraid our fate to try;
So overcome with modesty that we
Don't speak to her we 've traveled far to see
The words she 'd really love to hear us say
About a certain day
Concerning which papa must be addressed —
A bashfulness that sometimes has distressed
The disposition sweet that can't confess
Unasked that on her lips doth linger "Yes."
This branch will lighten lovers' woes,
Will call upon his sweetheart, and propose.
Consideration, small if maid is fair;
No charge perhaps, perhaps a lock of hair.
But if an irate dad we have to see,
Of course we 'll have to charge a larger fee,
To cover damages which may result
From contact with a human catapult —
Unless the king on his paternal throne
Is parleyed with by means of telephone.
In fact, do everything that can be done
For every fellow-citizen, excluding none,
Who has ambition to do what he can't,
And who for fame in hopelessness doth pant.
This was the scheme that came to me that day,
Relief most welcome in my great dismay.
It can be worked. 'T is possible to make
A profitable venture on small stake.
All that it needs is brains, a little brass,
Of funds enough for rent, a boy, and gas,
And postage stamps, a girl to write in type.
The shares are ready, and the time is ripe.
The fruit is on the tree awaiting him
Who 'll come and boldly pluck it from the limb.
No influence is needed; not a bribe
To any one is payable. Subscribe!
Such is the plan, such its intrinsic worth,
Who comes in now in ten years owns the earth.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Struggle for Life.

"I GUESS you never heard me speak of my brother John, did ye?" inquired Moses Crabtree, as he stopped rowing for a moment, and looked inquiringly toward the passenger he was "setting across" to Crabtree's Point.

"No," answered that person; "this is my first visit to Skilling's Harbor."

"Yes; I reckon 't is, come to think on it," responded the old man, reflectively. "An' I don't remember as I 've ever mentioned Ambrose Jewett to you, neither, hev I?"

"No," again replied his passenger.

"Ambrose he was considerabul of a traveler — kinder funny I ain't spoke 'bout him before," continued the old man; "he goes captain of a schooner that runs reg'lar 'tween here an' Boston. He 's in Boston a good deal; still, he 's natur'ly kinder quiet, an' I dunno as he 's ever got much acquainted with the folks there. You never happened to see him, I don't s'pose?

"Well, I did n't s'pose 't was likely. He 's a curious critter, Ambrose is, but as well-meanin', boy an' man, as ever I knew. Ye can't see bottom here, can ye?" he asked abruptly, looking anxiously at his passenger.

"No," was the reply; "it looks like pretty deep water along here."

"Well, sir, I expect it looked pretty deep water to Ambrose Jewett the day he 'n' my brother John got upset 'long here. They were some younger 'n they be now, Ambrose bein' about fifteen, an' John younger. They wuz a-crossin' from the village to the Point; they had a good-sized sail, an' some way or ruther they managed to get upset. John could n't swim, an' the poor feller knew he wuz goin' to be drownded. But Ambrose managed to get him on his shoulders, an' wuz a-doin' his best to get ashore with him when he begun to weaken. Well, the two boys see that they could n't get to land. Every stroke told on Ambrose, an' John see as 't wa'n't no use fur both of 'em to be drownded, an' says he, 'I b'lieve, Am., if 't wa'n't fur me you could get ashore. I 'm jest a-drownding both of us,' says John, 'an' I 'm goin' to let go.' Ambrose jest groaned. 'Don't ye look back,' says John, 'after I say good-by, fur you 'd be a-tryin' to help me, an' 't ain't no use. You jest swim fur all you 're wuth, an' God bless ye, Am.,' says he, 'an' good-by.' An' then he let go.

"Well, sir, Am. says he felt 'bout as bad as he ever calculates to when John slipped off; but he kept a-swimmin'. In a few strokes he heard a voice back of him a-callin', 'Am.! Am.!' an' he says that then he felt worse than ever; he knew poor John was a-strugglin' fur his life, an' Ambrose says he reckons a pirate never felt more conscience-struck 'an he did that min-

ute. In a minute he heard John again. 'Put your feet down an' walk,' says John; an' Ambrose heard a splashin' behind, an' then he looked round. An', sir, there wuz John a-walkin' toward him with the water not up to his arms. Yes, sir; those boys had 'most scared an' drownded themselves to death in water not up to their shoulders. Well, they walked ashore, an' 't was quite a spell 'fore they ever told 'bout it.

"'T wa'n't nuthin' to be 'shamed of, as I can see, only they did n't incline to talk 'bout it. 'T was right here where they landed," concluded Moses, as he gave a final stroke that brought the boat high and dry on the beach.

Alice Turner.

The Ballade of the Spoons.

SENT WITH TWO LACQUERED RUSSIAN SPOONS TO A WOODEN WEDDING.

WHEN loving, honest hearts are wed,
The year is always May;
The days trip by with airy tread;
With song and roundelay
From dawn to dusk the hours are gay;
All moons are honeymoons.
Then is it strange *you* should to-day
Be still a pair of spoons?

Five years above you blithe have sped.
Dawn's flush or twilight's gray
What need you heed? The light that 's shed
Upon your path alway
Is brighter than the morning's ray,
Or than the tropic noons.
Then—while the light of Love shall stay—
Be still a pair of spoons!

Though "Love hath wings" (as bards have said),
'T is not to fly away;
Whenever thorns your path bespread
The wings shall help essay!
Still to your ears may Memory play
The tender old love-tunes,
And to life's end may you, I pray,
Be still—a pair of spoons!

L'ENVOI.

Friends, take the gift that here we lay;
The rhymes your laureate croons;
And one fond wish: May you for aye
Be still a pair of spoons!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Observations.

BAD luck is the only kind that comes to people that trust in luck.

MOST persons are willing to do away with vices—of other people.

THE man who thinks the world owes him a living is always in a hurry to levy on the debt.

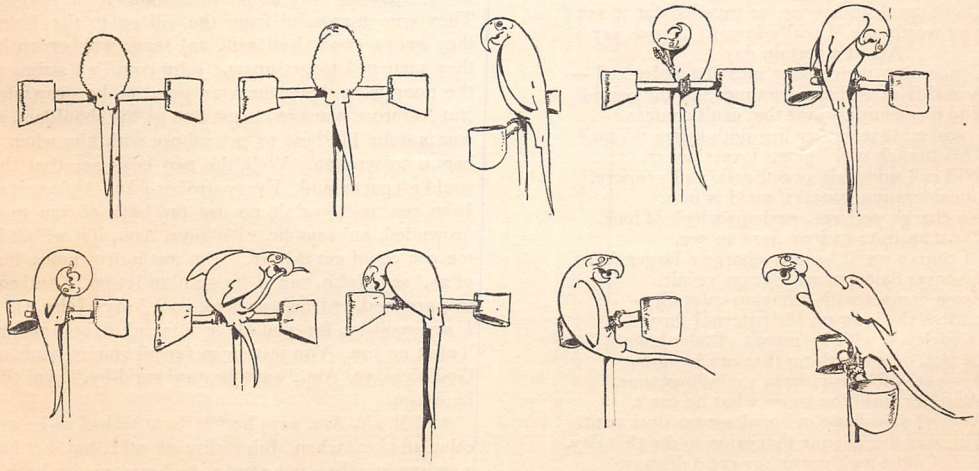
A LOAD of sorrow does n't wear one so much as a swarm of annoyances.

IT has been said that a fool may ask a question that a wise man cannot answer; yet both may be better for the question.

AN action may be so clothed as to change its proper effect on people: with most of us a sugar-coated vice seems preferable to a pepper-coated virtue.

FEW persons understand the cause of their own failures. Judging other affairs as they do their own, they could n't tell why a barrel is empty when it has a hole in the bottom.

C. O. Stevens.



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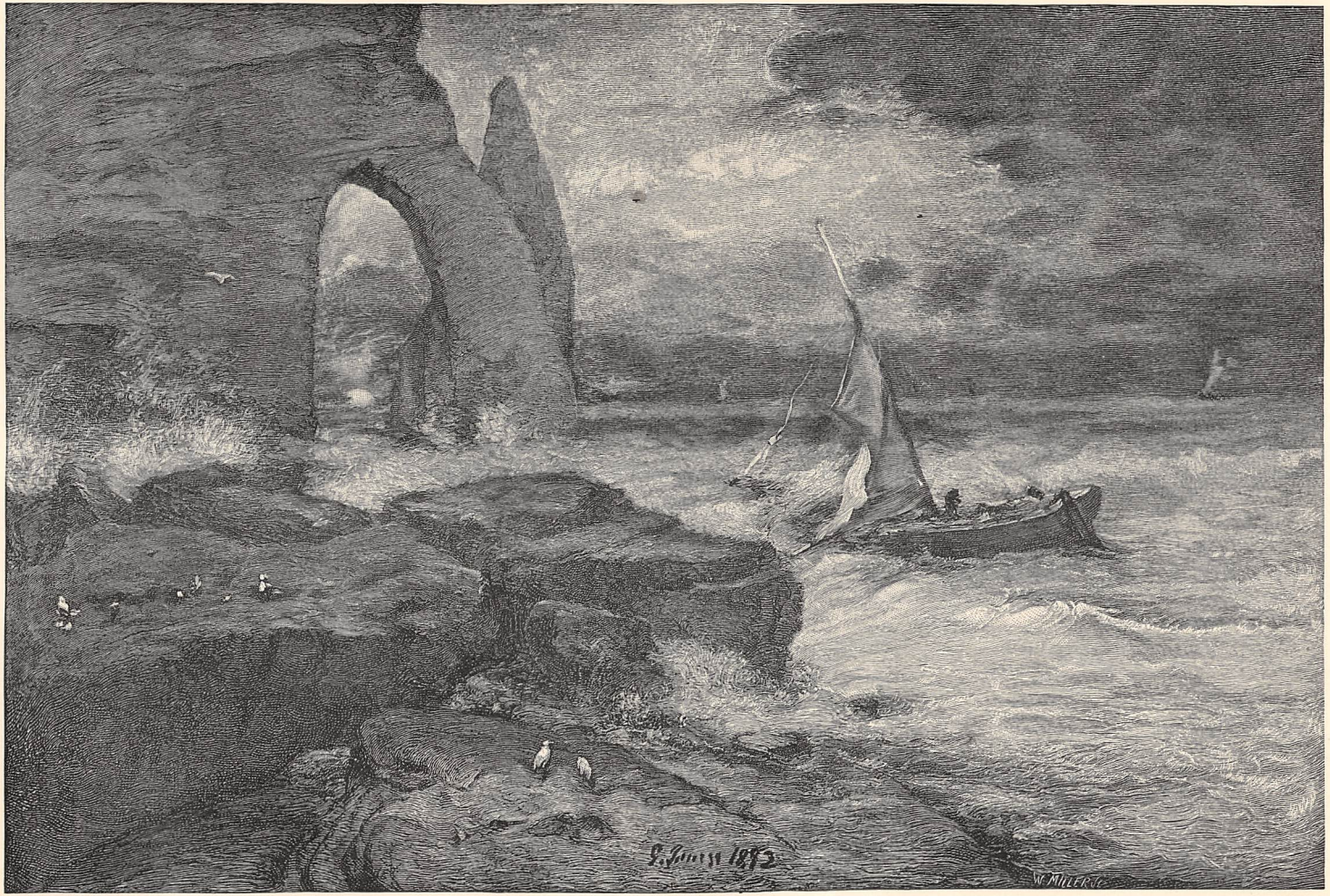

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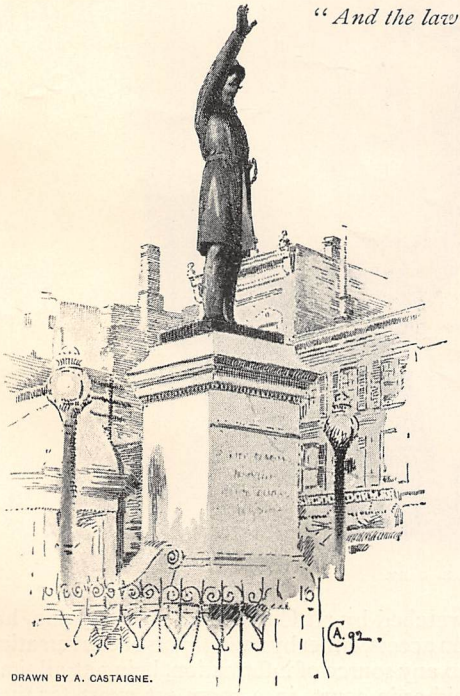
THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS OF 1886:

THE CRIME, THE TRIAL, AND THE PUNISHMENT.

BY THE JUDGE WHO PRESIDED AT THE TRIAL.

"And the law is common sense."



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

The Monument to the Martyred Police.

ON the morning of Friday, the twentieth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, twelve men, ranging in age from fifty-three years downward to early manhood, walked two by two from the Revere House, a hotel in the city of Chicago, to the building in which the criminal court of Cook County held its sessions. The hotel is on the southeast corner of Clark and Michigan streets, and the court-house was (it has been torn down to be replaced by a better) on the north side of Michigan street, a little east of the hotel. The men were guarded from all communication with any person by a bailiff of that court at each end of the short procession which their ranks composed.

The case of the anarchists was on trial, and these — Frank S. Osborne, James H. Cole, Charles B. Todd, Alanson H. Reed, James H. Brayton, Theodore E. Denker, George W. Adams, Charles H. Ludwig, John B. Greiner, Andrew Hamilton, Harry S. Sandford, and Scott G. Randall — were the jurors selected and sworn to try the issue between the people of the State of Illinois and August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Louis Lingg, and Oscar W. Neebe, indicted for the murder of Mathias J. Degan, on the fourth day of May, 1886, in Chicago. Upon that trial the State was represented by Julius S. Grinnell, State's Attorney, Francis W. Walker and Edmund Furthman, Assistant State's Attorneys, and George C. Ingham of counsel; the accused were attended by William P. Black, William A. Foster, Sigmund Zeisler, and Moses Salomon as counsel; and I, as judge, presided.

The short journey that these jurors were then

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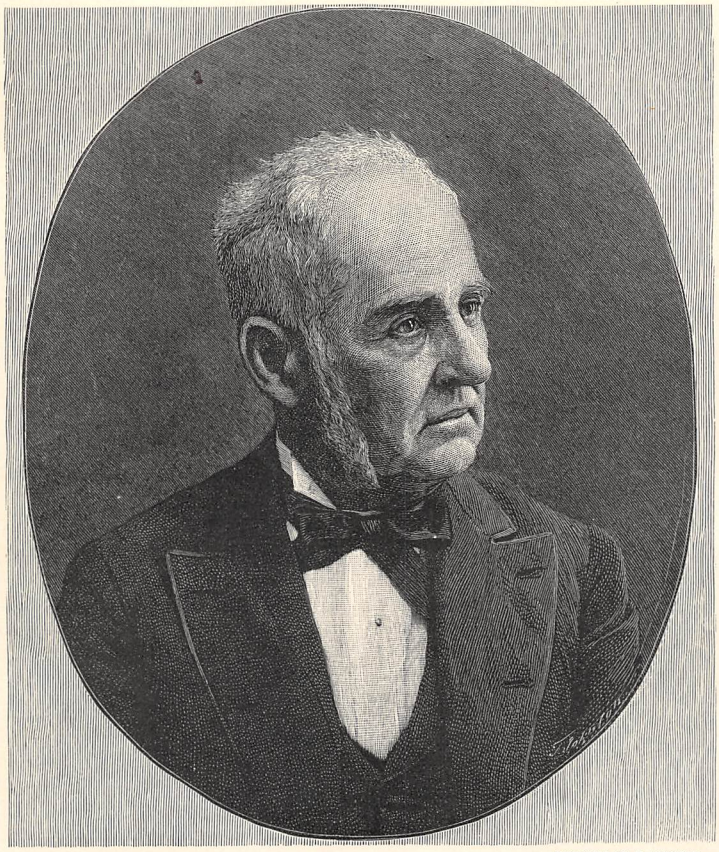
making was the last one of the many they made over the same route; every day, except Sundays, from the fourteenth day of July preceding, they had, several times each day, under like restraint by the watchfulness of bailiffs, paced to and fro between the hotel and the court-house; and some of them had done so from the twenty-first day of the month before, on which day the trial began. Twenty-one days passed away in selecting the jury; 981 men were called to the chairs where the jury sat, and were sworn and questioned, before the dozen who tried the case were accepted. At left, he avoided all recognition of any acquaintance who might be in the multitude that filled the street. The time for the court to convene was nearly an hour off; yet Michigan street was thronged, so that vehicles went around another way, and the people pressed upon one another to make a path for the jury.

Upon those jurors, and the case pending before them, the attention of the civilized world had been fixed for weeks, and now that world awaited their verdict with painful anxiety.

We who participated in the trial did not know until it was ended with what interest we were



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HON. JOSEPH E. GARY.

all times the dozen chairs were kept full, and when a man went into one of them he became a close prisoner, not to be released until he was rejected as unfit to serve on the jury; or, if he became one of the chosen twelve, not until he and his fellows gave the final verdict.

On all former occasions when the jurors were on the street, they had conversed with one another, had looked about them, at the people, at the buildings, at the trifling incidents of street life. On this morning each man walked in silence; turning his eyes neither to the right nor watched by all Christendom. The jurors had no access, either by newspapers or conversation, to any source of information, being at all times either in court, in a room set apart for them in the court-house, in a suite of rooms at the hotel, or in a body taking exercise on the streets; and always, when not in court, guarded by bailiffs. The counsel engaged in the case were fully occupied, when out of court, preparing for the work of the next session. I read the papers very little, and declined all conversation upon the subject that occupied my busi-

ness hours. But we did know that the immense court-room — much too large for the easy and orderly conduct of an exciting trial — was constantly crowded. The room was a hundred feet long, and the width and height were proportioned to the length. Across each end extended a gallery. These galleries, with the exception of one afternoon when the expediency of the usual rule was shown by the disorder that broke out in one of them, were kept closed and empty. At the beginning of each session of the court I announced that no person would be permitted to stand in the court-room, except in the way of duty; that no one could lounge on railings, or on the arms of seats, but that every spectator must be down in a seat, or leave the room; and this rule was strictly enforced. Also, that there must be no talking, whispering, or laughing, and that any token of approval or censure of any of the proceedings would cause the immediate expulsion of the offender from the room. I had been informed that upon one noted trial in that room there had been great disorder, and I determined to prevent a repetition of that disgrace. With one considerable and one very slight exception, there was no audible expression of feeling by any of the audience throughout the trial. Reluctantly, when Mr. Grinnell was about to begin his closing argument to the jury, at the solicitation, without his knowledge, of many of the bailiffs in attendance, and upon their assurances that they could prevent all disorder, I permitted the galleries to be opened. As soon as people began to enter them, I received a note from Mrs. Black, wife of the leading counsel for the defense,—she being constantly in attendance,— stating that many persons had desired to hear his speech, and had been prevented, as they could not get into the court-room, and asking if I thought it was fair to open the galleries for an audience that had been excluded when her husband spoke. I recognized the justness of her complaint, and, calling Mr. Black to the bench, showed him the note of his wife, and offered to clear the galleries and to shut them up again, if he preferred that it should be done. He thought it not worth while, but the event showed how unwise it was to open them. During his speech Mr. Grinnell made some impassioned exclamation (I do not recall the words) to the effect that nobody feared anarchists, at which a storm of applause broke out in the east gallery. A futile attempt was made to discover who began it, and after some delay Mr. Grinnell proceeded without further interruption. The other exception, earlier, was in this wise. Doing what Lord Coleridge has since been severely criticized by the English papers for doing in the famous Baccarat trial, I permitted the bench to be filled with spectators, mostly ladies. My own wife was usually there. It was the best place for hearing the speeches to the jury, who sat in a double row immediately below the bench. I use the word "bench" technically for the space occupied by a large desk with many chairs behind it. When Mr. Foster addressed the jury for the defense, his wife was there. The lady forgot herself, in her admiration for the really splendid effort her husband was making, and very slightly, by a little touch of her palms, showed her pardonable pride in her husband; a quick gesture and a warning look from me recalled her to the necessities of the place.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

JULIUS S. GRINNELL.

But I must go back to the morning of that Friday with which I began.

The evidence closed on Tuesday, the tenth day of August. The argument to the jury began the next morning, and continued until

Frank S. Osborne.

James H. Cole.

Charles B. Todd.

Alanson H. Reed.

James H. Brayton.

Theodore E. Denker.

George W. Adams.

Charles H. Ludwig.

John B. Greiner.

Andrew Hamilton.

ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

Harry S. Sandford.

Scott G. Randall.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BELONGING TO INSPECTOR SCHAACK.

THE JURY.

Thursday of the following week, the jury being addressed by Messrs. Grinnell, Walker, and Ingham for the State, and Messrs. Black, Foster, and Zeisler for the defense. Immediately after the midday recess of the court on Thursday, the charge of the court to the jurors (or, as called in Illinois, the "instructions") was read, and about four o'clock the jurors retired to the room in the court-house set apart for their deliberations. It was generally known that they would not be allowed to leave that room until they had agreed upon a verdict, or should, for some cause which would make a verdict impossible, be discharged by the court.

When, therefore, the morning papers of Friday announced that the jury had returned to the hotel at half-past seven o'clock of the evening before, the reading public jumped to the conclusion that a verdict had been agreed upon, and thousands flocked toward the court-house. But they could only see the jury pass. Very few persons, other than representatives of the press, and the relatives or especial friends of the defendants, were admitted to the court-room, or even into the court-house, by the officers on guard. Mingled with these relatives and friends were numerous policemen, who watched their every motion. This was probably an unnecessary precaution, but everybody felt that there was a possibility of some desperate deed being attempted. The court convened at the usual hour, ten o'clock. The defendants filled the chairs which they had occupied for nearly nine weeks. The jurors, led and followed as ever by bailiffs, filed into the court-room, and each took his accustomed seat. The roll was called, and each juror answered to his name. In Illinois the measure of punishment on a verdict of guilty of murder, whether it shall be death, or imprisonment in the penitentiary for life, or some term not less than fourteen years, is fixed by the jury. The awe upon each juror's face, the almost colorless solemnity, unlike the gravity betokening wisdom in which judicial dignity masks itself, had already told to each observer that the verdict was guilty. But what was the penalty? The State's Attorney had said, in closing his speech to the jury, that he did not think that Neebe ought to die. It could hardly be expected that the jury would award a heavier punishment than the representative of the State thought adequate. But if the jury were lenient to Neebe, would they be severe to the others? I asked the jury if they had agreed upon a verdict. Their foreman, Mr. Osborne, replied, "We have," and handed to the clerk two papers, from which he read:

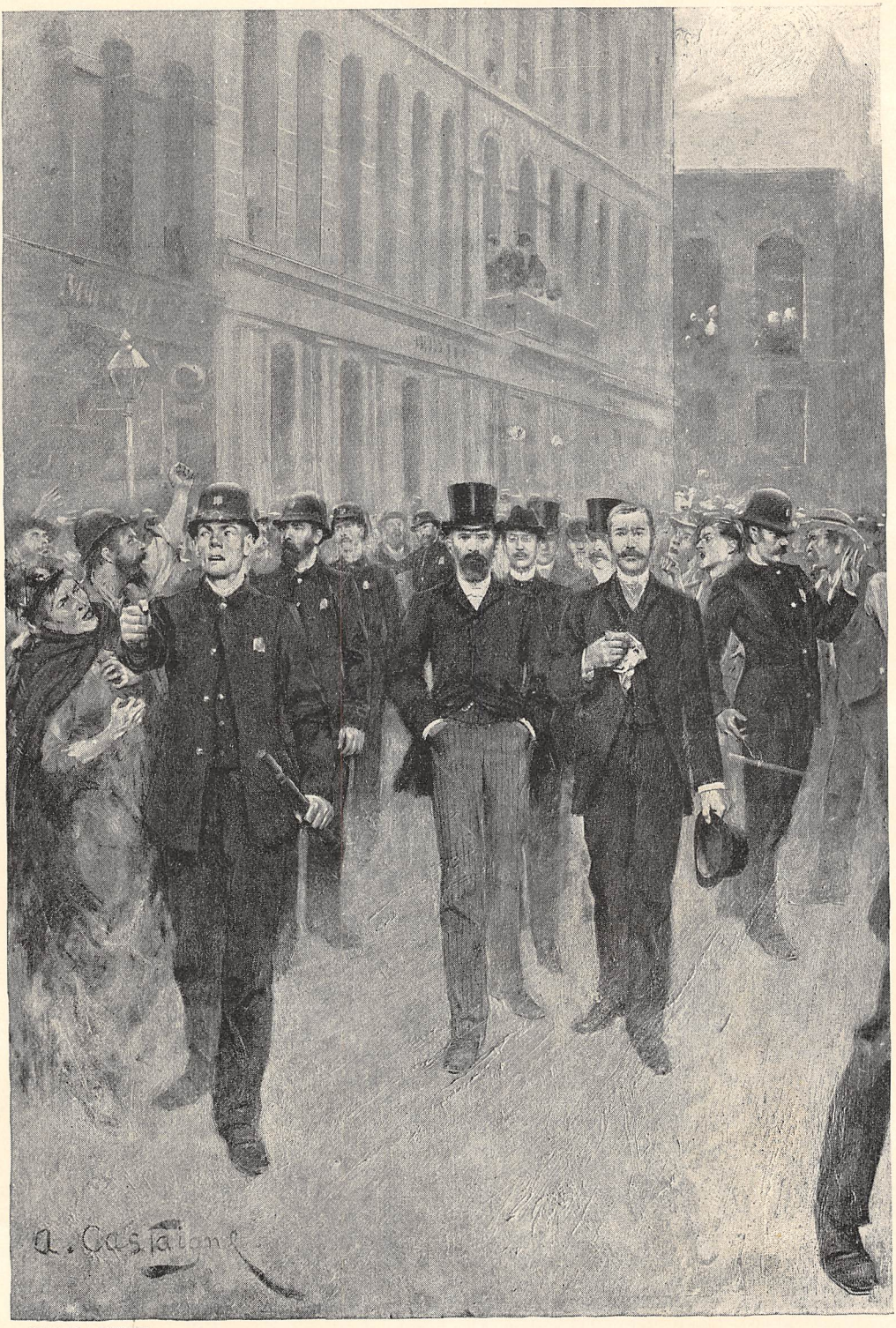
"We, the jury, find the defendants August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years."

As the sound of the voice of the clerk died away in the court-room, a tall and graceful woman of a pure pink-and-white complexion, the young wife of Schwab and sister of Rudolph Schnaubelt (of whom more will be said hereafter), fell screaming into the arms of the women around her.

The counsel for the defendants demanded that the jury be polled. The clerk called them separately by name; as called, each stood up, and to the question, "Was this, and is this now, your verdict?" each replied in the affirmative.

That verdict was received by the friends of social order, wherever lightning could carry it, with a roar of almost universal approval. And yet there is ground for the charge made by those who deny that justice was done to Spies and his companions,—and who claim them as martyrs for free speech,—that that approval was based upon no intelligent understanding of the conduct of the convicted anarchists,—no definite knowledge of what acts, if any, they had done worthy of death,—but was the outcome of fear that anarchy and anarchists threatened the foundations of society; and that from this fear sprung approval of anything which tended to the extirpation of anarchists.

The immense volume of the evidence; the demands which business and industry made upon the time of those who might have followed it through the papers that attempted to report the trial; the omission from even those reports of the most conclusive kind of evidence as to the plans and purposes of the anarchists, being their own publications, voluminous and reiterated; the impossibility of spreading the evidence at large before the world—all make that approval of the conviction of the anarchists of the specific crime of the murder of Mathias J. Degan of no more value as a sanction of the verdict than is the acquiescence of the public in any verdict of guilty a sanction of it. The names of the indicted were not known to the great mass; they might remember Spies or Parsons, but very few persons could go farther in the roll. Poor Degan nobody thought of. At large it was only known that there had been a terrible slaughter at night, in Chicago, by a bomb thrown into the ranks of policemen on duty under command, and that the throwing of that bomb was the result, or believed to be the result, of the ravings of the anarchists. For this the friends of order everywhere cried out for



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE LAST DAY OF THE TRIAL. (THE JURY GOING TO THE COURT HOUSE.)

vengeance,—punishment for the past as security for the future.

Mixed with all of the approval of my own part in the conviction of the anarchists that has come to my eyes and ears, the amount of which is beyond my summing up, there has been an undertone, like a minor strain in music, that the anarchists deserved their fate; that society has the right to enforce the first law of nature — self-preservation; and therefore if I had a little strained the law, or administered it with great rigor against them, I was to be commended for my courage in so doing. I protest against any such commendation, and deny utterly that I have done anything that should subject me to it. No man, no body of men, has or have any right to inflict punishment only because it is deserved. My neighbor maltreats his wife; I may not horsewhip him for that, though public opinion might approve the act if done by her father or brother. A man flees to Illinois to escape the consequences of crime committed elsewhere; unless extradited under some law, he has the right to dwell in Illinois in peace, if he break no law there.

I do agree that society has the right to preserve itself—the right of self-defense. I will not deny, I will readily admit, that there may be exigencies which will justify the exercise of that right by communities, by neighborhoods, even by individuals, in cases and under circumstances for which the law has made no provision. Suppose a man about to bring into a village infected clothing for sale, the mere unpacking of which may spread disease. If he breaks no law in so doing, no court has the right to sit in judgment upon him; but that the villagers might drive him away with such force as might be necessary, and stand justified morally, if not legally, hardly any one will deny. But no judicial act can be justified unless performed in pursuance of some preëxisting law. The justification of the State, or of the people of the State, for such laws as define, and prescribe the punishment of, crime, is self-defense; to preserve order in the State. The justification of the court, the jury, and the sheriff who administer and execute the law, is that they are obeying the law. If, therefore, I have strained the law,—gone beyond its intent and meaning,—I am not to be commended, but blamed for so doing. The end, however desirable its attainment, excuses no irregular means in the administration of justice.

The motive, then, or at least the principal motive, of this paper is *to demonstrate to my own profession, and to make plain to all fair-minded, intelligent people, that the verdict of the jury in the case of the anarchists was right; that the anarchists were guilty of murder; that they were not the victims of prejudice, nor martyrs for free speech, but in morals, as well as in law, were guilty of murder.*

I concede that there was prejudice against them; under the circumstances that was inevitable. If any class of evil-doers, by newspapers, pamphlets, speeches, processions, flags and banners, and whatever other means ingenuity can suggest, may make public and inform everybody what they intend to do, and then, when they have done it, screen themselves from punishment on the plea that there is prejudice against them, then the only hindrance to their success—leaving out of view a possible prosecution for conspiracy before the criminal act is done—would be the danger to themselves while engaged in the commission of the crime. Then anarchists might kill and go free. But that injustice was done to them, because of that prejudice, is not true. I shall affect no judicial indifference, but shall write as a citizen of the State of Illinois, repelling the imputation that injustice was done in the administration and execution of her laws.

Another motive of this paper is *to show to the laboring people, of whom the anarchists claimed to be the especial friends, that that claim was a sham and pretense, adopted only as a means to bring manual laborers into their own ranks; and that the counsel and advice of the anarchists, if followed by the working-men, would expose them to the danger of becoming, in law, murderers.* I shall show that the real passions at the bottom of the hearts of the anarchists were envy and hatred of all people whose condition in life was better than their own, who were more prosperous than themselves.

There seems to be prevailing, hardly a theory, but a vague, unexpressed feeling or sentiment which no demagogue dares run counter to, that in all disputes between employers and employees, regardless of the "why and wherefore,"—especially if the latter class are very numerous,—they, if not justifiable, are excusable in taking control of the property of the employers, so far at least as may be necessary to prevent the aid of other employees in making such property of use or profit; that to that end force may be used, and that if, in the exercise of force (if it be only such as the moment may show to be necessary to make the prevention effectual), the employees kill anybody,—much more if the slain had been called in by the employers to keep the control of their property from the employees, and to resist their anticipated attacks,—such killing is, on the whole, rather a useful lesson to somebody, and should be a warning for the future. It was this feeling or sentiment which the anarchists formulated into a principle, and urged all wage-workers to adopt and enforce in practice, calculating, as they declared (as will be shown later), that the disturbances to

follow tended to the destruction of all government, the dissolution of all bonds by which society is held together, and the introduction of that condition, or chaos and absence of all condition, which they called anarchy.

It may be that showing this sham and pretense of the anarchists will have no practical effect. I have before, as will be seen toward the close of this paper, expressed the faintness of my hope of producing any effect by any warning that I could utter; I have as little hope now of any that I can write.

Brought up myself to manual labor, it never ceases to seem strange to me that there are not virtue and strength enough vested anywhere to protect from mob violence and assault a humble, peaceable citizen, obedient to all law and blameless in his life, in his efforts to earn for himself and those dependent upon him a livelihood by honest industry; or if he be wronged through a loophole in that protection, to avenge his wrongs. I spent the summer of 1840 at a carpenter's bench by day and singing campaign songs by night, though not yet a voter, and I think now that I would as readily have fought for the right to do the one as the other. Hopeless as it may be to write the warning, yet it should be made so clear that nobody could be ignorant that the law is, that if men enter into a combination which contemplates, for the success of its purpose, the exercise of unlawful force against the property or the persons of other men, and killing is done by any of the men in the combination, in pursuance of the plan upon which, and in effecting the purpose for which, the combination was formed, then murder by the hand of one is murder by all. This is the law, though the combination was entered into not with the intention of killing anybody, but only to assault and beat, or mob, or destroy property.

In discussing the question of the guilt of the convicted anarchists, I shall take the most pains as to Spies and Parsons. They were the two most noted. Their fate has been most loudly bewailed. If any are to be canonized, they are the "slaughtered saints whose bones" are the bones of martyrs. To go through the list of the convicted anarchists, and to show in detail how each was proved guilty, would require more space than could be given to a magazine article.[1]

I can only say, in short, that they were all members of a revolutionary organization called the "International," the object of which was to introduce anarchy. To this end they proposed to subdue by terror, or to exterminate by violent deaths, all who favored law and order.

For more than a year — how much more does not appear in the evidence presented on the trial — before a general strike for eight hours as a day's work was in contemplation, they had endeavored to bring the class they called "proletariat" into their ranks, and had urged that class to arm themselves, especially with dynamite bombs.

In the fall of 1885 it became probable that such a strike could be brought about on the first day of the following May.

They encouraged it to the utmost of their abilities; not for the purpose, as they were frank enough to say, of obtaining for laborers fewer hours of toil, but with the hope that in the disorder to follow all working for wages would be stopped, and that anarchy would be the next step. Armed strikers beating workers would bring the police and militia, and if they could be overcome in battles, no force being left to give vigor to the law, anarchy must follow.

Had the anarchists not miscalculated in comparing their utmost possible strength with the actual strength of society, they might reasonably have anticipated a temporary success.

The first day of May came, and great excitement prevailed. Many struck. New men were to some extent taken on in their places. On the third day of May a very serious riot, in which Spies, by his own account, participated, took place at the McCormick Harvesting Machine Works, where the police protected men at work. Some of the rioters were hurt, but probably none killed.

The anarchists called a meeting to denounce the police. It was held near a police station at which they knew a large force was concentrated. The situation was critical. The scent of danger was in the air. They so conducted the meeting as to make it the duty of the police to disperse it. The language of the speakers was of a very violent character, and was loudly applauded.

The police marched to the meeting, halted, and a captain commanded the people to disperse. It was then half-past ten o'clock at night. A dynamite bomb was thrown into the ranks of the policemen, killing Degan, mortally wounding six others, and wounding threescore more not mortally.

The indictment was for the murder of Degan, the first victim. For this murder law and reason charge the whole body of conspiring members of the International, but want of space, and their prominence, limit me mainly to Spies and Parsons.

Before going into the evidence of the conduct of the anarchists, I must quote a little law. I cannot rely upon the verdict of the jury, or the

[1] The case as to the whole eight is reported in the 122d Illinois Reports, 1, and 12 Northeastern Reports, 865.

pots force is justifiable, because it is the only means, but they themselves have set the immemorial example.

By force our ancestors liberated themselves from political oppression, by force their children will have to liberate themselves from economic bondage "It is, therefore, your right, it is your duty" says Jefferson—"to arm!"

What we would achieve is, therefore, plainly and simply

First:—Destruction of the existing class rule, by all means, i. e. by energetic, relentless, revolutionary and international action.

Second:—Establishment of a free society based upon co-operative organization of production.

Third.—Free exchange of equivalent products by and between the productive organizations without commerce and profit-mongery

Fourth.—Organization of education on a secular, scientific and equal basis for both sexes.

Fifth.—Equal rights for all without distinction to sex or race.

Sixth.—Regulation of all public affairs by free contracts between the autonomous (independent) communes and associations, resting on a federal istic basis.

Whoever agrees with this ideal let him grasp our outstretched brother hands!

Proletarians of all countries, unite!

Fellow-workmen, all we need for the achievement of this great end is ORGANIZATION and UNITY!

There exists now no great obstacle to that unity The work of peaceful education and revolutionary conspiracy well can and ought to run in parallel lines.

The day has come for solidarity Join our ranks! Let the drum beat defiantly the roll of battle. "Workmen of all countries unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to win!"

Tremble, oppressors of the world! Not far beyond your purblind sight there dawns the scarlet and sable lights of the JUDGMENT DAY!

Issued by the Pittsburgh Congress of the **"International Working Peoples' Association"** on October 16th, 1883.
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TO THE

Workingmen of America.

FELLOW-WORKMEN:—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE says:

> But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them, (the people) under absolute Despotism, it is *their right*, it is *their duty* to throw off such government and provide new guards for their future security"

This thought of Thomas Jefferson was the justification for armed resistance by our forefathers, which gave birth to our Republic, and do not the necessities of our present time compel us to re-assert their declaration?

Fellow-Workmen, we ask you to give us your attention for a few moments. We ask you to candidly read the following manifesto issued in your behalf; in the behalf of your wives and children; in behalf of humanity and progress.

Our present society is founded on the expoliation of the propertyless class by the propertied. This expoliation is such that the propertied (capitalists) buy the working force body and soul of the propertyless, for the price of the mere cost of existence (wages) and take for themselves, i. e. steal the amount of new values (products) which exceeds the price, whereby wages are made to represent the necessities instead of the earnings of the wage-laborer

As the non-possessing classes are forced by their poverty to offer for sale to the propertied their working forces, and as our present production on a grand scale enforces technical development with immense rapidity, so that by the application of an always decreasing number of human working force, an always increasing amount of products is created; so does the supply of working force increase constantly, while the demand therefor decreases. This is the reason why the workers compete more and more intensely in selling themselves, causing their wages to sink; or at least on

PART OF AN ANARCHIST HANDBILL ISSUED FROM "THE ALARM" OFFICE.

judgment of the Supreme Court; for the tribunal which I am addressing is to be convinced by facts and reason, not borne down by authority. But I am entitled to rely upon the statutes of the State, and upon earlier decisions of the Supreme Court, for they constituted the preëxisting law of the State. In charging members of a conspiracy with a crime committed in furtherance of the object and in carrying out the design of the conspiracy, and for which all the members are therefore responsible, "it is not necessary to prove that the defendants came together and actually agreed in terms to have that design, and to pursue it by common means. If it be proved that the defendants pursued by their acts the same object, often by the same means, one performing one part and another another part of the same, so as to complete it with a view to the attainment of that same object, the jury will be justified in the conclusion that they were engaged in a conspiracy to effect that object," and "by the act of conspiring together, the conspirators have jointly assumed to themselves, as a body, the attribute of individuality, so far as regards the prosecution of the common design; thus rendering whatever is done or said by any one in furtherance of that design a part of the *res gestæ*, and therefore the act of all" (3d Greenleaf, Evidence, Secs. 93, 94); and "when, therefore, persons combine to do an unlawful thing, if the act of one, proceeding according to the common plan, terminates in a criminal result, though not the particular result meant, all are liable" (1 Bishop, Criminal Law, Sec. 636).

In the case of Brennan *vs.* The People (15 Illinois Reports, 511), the Supreme Court of Illinois, in deciding the case, said: "There is a fatal objection to the eighteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-second instructions asked by the prisoners. These instructions required the jury to acquit the prisoners, unless they actually participated in the killing of Story, or unless the killing happened in pursuance of a common design on the part of the prisoners to take his life. Such is not the law. The prisoners may be guilty of murder, although they neither took part in the killing, nor assented to any arrangement having for its object the death of Story. It is sufficient that they combined with those committing the deed to do an unlawful act, such as to beat or rob Story; and that he was killed in the attempt to execute the common purpose. If several persons conspire to do an unlawful act, and death happens in the prosecution of the common object, all are alike guilty of the homicide. The act of one of them, done in furtherance of the original design, is, in consideration of law, the act of all, and he who advises or encourages another to do an illegal act is responsible for all the natural and probable consequences that may arise from its perpetration."

These quotations show what is the common law upon the subject to which they relate; and what Spies and Parsons published in newspa-

pers and shouted in speeches is enough for their condemnation and for the condemnation of all their co-conspirators, being published and spoken for the purpose of carrying out the design of the conspiracy, and followed by the murder instigated by such publications and speeches. They incited, advised, encouraged, the throwing of the bomb that killed the policemen, not by addressing the bomb-thrower specially, and telling him to throw a bomb at that or any specified time or occasion, but by general addresses to readers and hearers; by every argument which they could frame; by every appeal to passion which they could make; advising, encouraging, urging, and instructing how to perform acts *within which* the act of throwing the bomb was embraced.

The common law, said Lord Coke, "is the perfection of reason." In less stilted phrase, and, as I think, in words more significant to plain people, I have said, "and the law is common sense."

That all of the defendants belonged to "groups" of the International; that the design and purpose of the organization of the International was to bring about a destruction of the existing order of society by rebellion and revolution; that the newspapers edited by Spies and Parsons were the organs of the International — all this was conclusively proved on the trial, and no denial attempted. And if by the law of the State of Illinois, preëxisting and known, the anarchists residing in Illinois were guilty of murder by engaging in a conspiracy the natural and probable result of which could be anticipated, and that result murder, it is childish whimpering for their adherents to complain that the law defied by the anarchists was upon their defeat enforced against them. No argument can convince those who are determined not to be convinced, and words are thrown away upon such as, though unable to deny that thus runs the law, yet let their sympathy either for doctrines approaching those preached by the anarchists, or for the unhappy fate of the anarchists, control their judgments. The sincerity of the anarchists in their belief of the benefits to accrue from anarchy (if they were sincere) is not to be considered when the question is whether they were murderers. The East Indian thugs were religious and sincere.

It will come within my task to show that if the anarchists could have carried out their plans, the horrors of the French revolution in the last century were the pattern which they proposed, not to copy, but to exceed, in atrocity. People who are not anarchists, and yet who sentimentally pity and sigh over their fate, do not appreciate their plans and purposes; such people either have not read the anarchists' addresses, or else the wildness and idiotic absurdity of their plans — the utter nonsense of supposing that a very small percentage of the total population of the United States, and they mostly foreigners to whom the English language was a strange tongue, could coerce or terrorize the great nation — present those addresses in such a ridiculous light that their malignity is lost sight of by the reader.

In all the United States that were colonized by the English, or from the original thirteen States, the common law of England is at the foundation of all law. In Illinois it has long been a part of the statutes "that the common law of England, so far as the same is applicable and of a general nature, . . . shall be the rule of decision, and shall be considered as of full force until repealed by legislative authority" (Chap. 28, Revised Statutes). "All trials for criminal offenses shall be conducted according to the course of the common law, except when this act points out a different mode, and the rules of evidence of the common law shall also be binding upon all courts and juries in criminal cases except as otherwise provided by law" (Sec. 428, Chap. 38). "Murder is the unlawful killing of a human being, in the peace of the people, with malice aforethought, express or implied" (Sec. 140, Chap. 38). "An accessory is he who stands by, and aids, abets, assists, or who, not being present, aiding, abetting or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided or abetted the perpetration of the crime. He who thus aids, abets, assists, advises or encourages, shall be considered as principal, and punished accordingly" (Sec. 274, Chap. 38).

Construing this last section, the Supreme Court of the State held, forty years before the anarchists' trial, that "the acts of the principal are made the acts of the accessory, he thereby becomes the principal, and may be charged as having done the act himself" (Baxter's case, 3 Gilman's Reports, 368). In Brennan's case, already cited, in 1854 that court held that "the advice or encouragement that may make one an accessory to crime need not be by words, but by any word or act, sign or motion, done or made for the purpose of encouraging the commission of a crime."

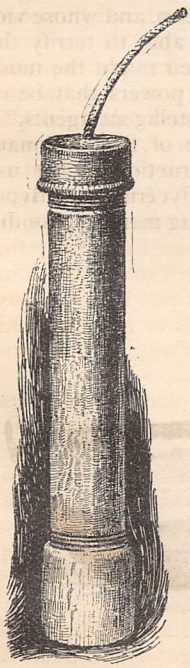
I have been very slow in reaching the facts. In order that the pertinency of what Spies and Parsons published and said may be apparent, a brief description of the situation in Chicago is necessary. For some time — how long is uncertain — there had been in various cities in the United States "groups," as they were called, of the "International Association of Workingmen," or "International Arbeiter Association," generally called the "International" or, for brevity, "I. A. A." For some time — months, if not years — before May 1, 1886, there had been

eight of these groups in Chicago. Schwab, Neebe, and Lingg belonged to one of these groups, Engel and Fischer to another, and Spies, Parsons, and Fielden to another. At one time Spies had belonged to the same group of which Engel and Fischer were members. To some of these groups were attached "armed sections."

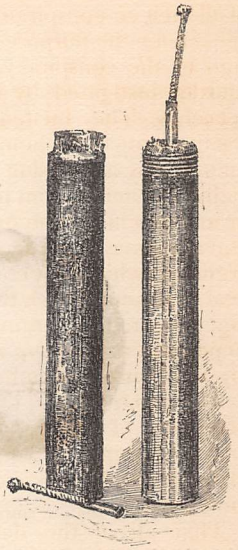
The International had in Chicago two organs, the "Arbeiter Zeitung," a newspaper in German, issuing every afternoon an edition of about thirty-six hundred; and "The Alarm," in English, issuing twice a month an edition of about two thousand. Spies and Schwab were editors of the "Arbeiter," and Parsons was editor of "The Alarm." Each of these papers published "The Platform of the International," "The Alarm" on the first day of November, 1884, and the "Arbeiter" in all its issues during February, March, and April, 1886. From this platform I make extracts. It will be understood that in all quotations that I shall make from the "Arbeiter," they are translations from the German, and I shall make none from either paper that was not read in evidence on the trial in the words here presented.

The following are extracts from the platform:

"The Declaration of Independence declares when a long train of abuses and usurpation, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them (the people) under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Are we not too much governed, and is it not time to practice this thought of Jefferson? Is our government anything but a conspiracy of the privileged classes against the people? Fellow-laborers, read the following declaration, which we issue in your interest, for humanity and progress. The present order of society is based upon the spoliation of the non-property by the property owners, the capitalists buy the labor of the poor for wages, at the mere cost of living, taking all the surplus of labor. . . . Thus while the poor are increasingly deprived the opportunities of advancement, the rich grow richer through increasing robbery. . . . This system is unjust, insane, and murderous. Therefore those who suffer under it, and do not wish to be responsible for its continuance, ought to strive for its destruction by all means and with their utmost energy. . . . The laborers can look for aid from no outside source in their fight against the existing system, but must achieve deliverance through their own exertions. Hitherto, no privileged class have relinquished tyranny, nor will the capitalists of to-day forego their privilege and authority without compulsion. . . . It is therefore self-evident that the fight of proletarianism against the bourgeoisie must have a violent revolutionary character; that wage conflicts cannot lead to the goal. . . . Under all these circumstances, there is only one remedy left—force. Our ancestors of 1776 have taught us that resistance to tyrants is justifiable, and have left us an immortal example. By force, they freed themselves from foreign oppression, and through force their descendants must free themselves from domestic oppression. . . . Agitation to organize, organizations for the purpose of rebellion, this is the course if the workingmen would rid themselves of their chains."



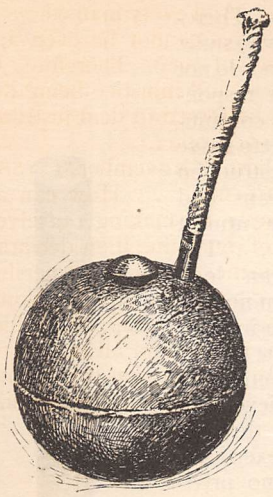
LARGE GAS-PIPE BOMB.



SMALL GAS-PIPE BOMBS.

Note the words, "it is therefore self-evident that the fight . . . must have a violent revolutionary character; that wage conflicts cannot lead to the goal," and then look for the meaning that Spies and Parsons intended that their readers should understand by them.

From the "Arbeiter," March 16, 1885: "ABOUT REVOLUTIONARY DEEDS. . . . In all revolutionary action three different epochs of time are to be distinguished: first, the portion of preparation for an action, then the moment of the action itself, and finally that portion of time which follows the deed. . . . In the first place a revolutionary action should succeed. Then as little as possible ought to be sacrificed,—that is, in other words, the danger of discovery ought to be weakened as much as possible, and, if it can be, reduced to naught. . . . Mention was made of the danger of discovery. . . . It is easily comprehensible for

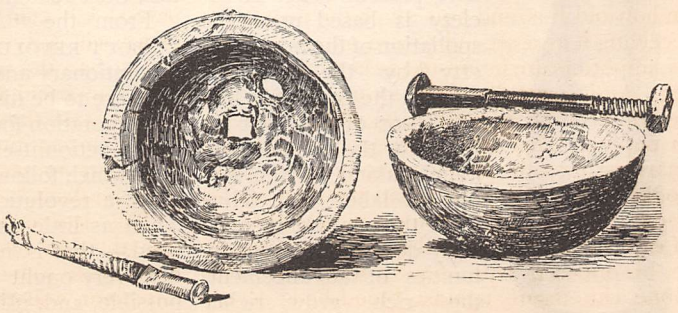


LINGG'S BOMB. (CLOSED.)

everybody, that the danger of discovery is the greater the more numerous the mass of people or the group which contemplates a deed, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, the threatening danger approaches the closer the better the acting persons are known to the authorities of the place of action, and *vice versa*. . . . Whoever is willing to execute a deed, has, in the first place, to put the question to himself, whether he is able or not to carry out the action by himself. If the former is the case, let him absolutely initiate no one into the matter, and let him act alone. But if that is not the case, then let him look, with the greatest care, for just as many fellows as he must have absolutely. Not one more nor less; with these let him unite himself to a fighting group. . . . Has the deed been completed? Then the group of action dissolves at once, without further parley, according to an understanding which must be had beforehand, leaves the place of action, and scatters to all directions."

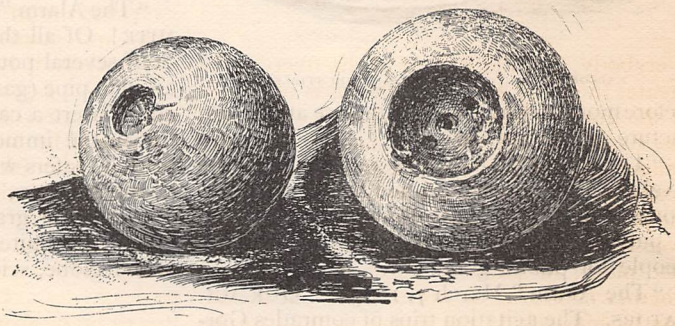
From "The Alarm," December 26, 1885: "(A free translation from the German.) 'BAKUNIN'S GROUNDWORK FOR THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. A REVOLUTIONIST'S DUTY TO HIMSELF.' The revolutionist is a self-offered man. . . . Everything in him is consumed by one single interest, by one single thought, one single passion: the Revolution. . . . He lives in this world for the purpose to more surely destroy it. He leaves the re-organization of society to the future generations. He knows only one science: the science of destruction. . . . The revolutionist is a consecrated being (who does not belong to himself); he would not spare the State in general and the entire class society, and at the same time does not expect mercy for himself. Between him and society reigns the war of death or life, publicly and secretly, but always steady and unpardoning. . . . Day and night dare he have only one thought, one aim: the unmerciful destruction. While he, cold-blooded, and without rest, follows that aim, he himself must be ready to die at any time, and ready to kill with his own hands any one who seeks to thwart his aim. . . . In executing a resolved-upon case, everybody must as much as possible depend upon himself. In case where a lot of destructive deeds is to be done, everybody must be self-operating, and request help and counsel of his comrades only in cases where it is absolutely necessary for success. . . . Equally must he hate everything that is anti-revolutionary. So much the worse for him if he has in the present world ties of relation, friendship, or love. He is no revolutionist if these ties are able to arrest his arm. . . . The entire filthy society of our time should be divided into different categories. The first consists of those who are immediately sentenced to death. . . . In the first place those persons are to be destroyed who are most harmful to the revolutionary organization, and whose violent and sudden death is able to terrify the governments and shake their might the most, in so far as it will rob the powers that be of their most energetic and intelligent agents."

A book called "Science of Revolutionary Warfare. Manual for instruction in the use and preparation of nitro-glycerine and dynamite, gun cotton, fulminating mercury, bombs,



LINGG'S BOMB. (OPEN.)

fuse, poisons, etc., etc. By Johann Most," was sold at picnics and mass-meetings of the Internationals. It contains about sixteen thousand words of minute instructions, but I will not repeat any of them. The knowledge is of a kind not useful. I extract only two sentences. "What tears solid rocks into splinters may not have a bad effect in a court or monopolists' ball-room." "If somebody wants to execute a revolutionary deed, he should not speak about it with others, but should go to work silently." Of this book the "Arbeiter" of March 2, 15, 18, and 25, 1886, published, not as an advertisement, but gratuitously, this notice: "'Revolutionary Warfare' has arrived, and is to be had through the librarian at 107 5th Avenue, at the price of ten cents." Both the "Arbeiter" and "The Alarm" were published at that place, and the library room was in the rear of the newspaper office. November 27, 1885, the "Arbeiter" published: "Steel and iron are not on hand, but tin, two or three inches in diameter; the price is cheap. It does not amount to fifty cents apiece." There is no possible explanation of this to mean anything else than bombs, to be found by applying at the office of the "Arbeiter."



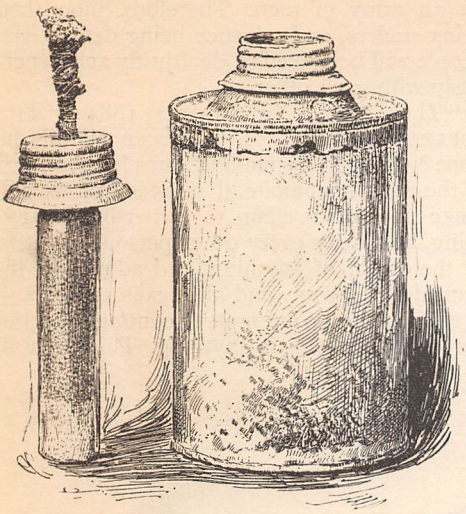
POISONED BOMBS.

"The Alarm," October 18, 1884: "THE ANARCHIST. The 'Daily Inter-Ocean' closes a lengthy article thus: [quoting]. The 'Inter-Ocean' man has overlooked the fact that one man with a dynamite bomb is equal to a regiment of militia."

"The Alarm," October 25, 1884: "The Socialists are accused of being bloodthirsty. This is not true. They, like all other thinking people, know that a revolution must come. . . . Whether the stopping and uprooting of a bad principle will require bloodshed depends, first, on how old it is, and how much the people are receiving it as a second nature, and how much its supporters are interested in keeping it a-going. And, secondly, how strong, clear, and determined the opposition is when it begins to oppose. This is why the communist and anarchist urges the people to study their school-books on chemistry, and read the dictionaries and cyclopedias on the composition of all kinds of explosives, and make themselves too strong to be opposed with deadly weapons. This alone can insure against bloodshed. Every person can get that knowledge inside of a week, and a majority now have one or more books containing all this information right in their own homes. And every man who is master of these explosives cannot be even approached by an army of men. Therefore, bloodshed being useless, and injustice being defenseless, people will be forced to deal justly and generously with each other."

"The Alarm," November 1, 1884: "THE USELESS CLASSES. . . . How can all this be done? Simply by making ourselves masters of the use of dynamite, then declaring we will make no further claim to ownership in anything, and deny every other person's right to be the owner of anything, and administer instant death, by any and all means, to any and every person who attempts to continue to claim personal ownership in anything. This method, and this alone, can relieve the world of this infernal monster called the 'right of property.' Let us try and not strike too soon, when our numbers are too small, or before more of us understand the use and manufacture of the weapons. To avoid unnecessary bloodshed, confusion, and discouragement, we must be prepared, know why we strike, and for just what we strike, and then strike in unison and with all our might. Our war is not against men, but against systems; yet we must prepare to kill men who try to defeat our cause, or we will strive in vain. The rich are only worse than the poor because they have more power to wield this infernal 'property right,' and because they have more power to reform, and take less interest in doing so. Therefore it is easy to see where the bloodiest blows must be dealt."

This last extract indicates that Parsons thought that his previous instructions might have made some of his deluded disciples too impatient, and that they might be too hasty, and therefore he says, "Let us try and not strike too soon, when our numbers are too small, or



EXPLOSIVE CAN FILLED WITH COMBUSTIBLES.

before more of us understand the use and manufacture of the weapons."

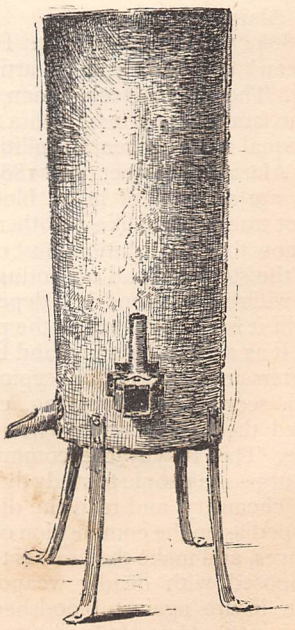
"The Alarm," November 22, 1884: "THIS PAPER. This paper is owned by the International Working People's Association. . . . It is published by the public spirit of working people for public good."

"The Alarm," March 7, 1885: "OUR AGITATORS. The agitation trips of comrades Gorsuch, Fielden, and Griffin, during the past two weeks, were prolific of good results. Twelve American groups were organized in different cities, and those united with the International are working to bring into the ranks of the revolutionary army the proletariats of the contiguous districts. The Working People's International Association now embraces eighty groups, scattered all over the United States, mainly in centers of industry, from which the propagandism radiates everywhere, the membership being many thousands. In Chicago, with thousands of members, five newspapers, with increasing circulation, are published. The good work goes bravely on; and exertions should be redoubled. Agitation for the purpose of organization, organization for the purpose of rebellion against wage slavery, is the duty of the hour."

In "The Alarm" of November 29, 1884, the reward of rebellion is thus indicated: "Nothing but an uprising of the people, and bursting open of all stores and warehouses to the free access of the public, and a free application of dynamite to every one who opposes, will relieve the world of this infernal nightmare of property and wages. Down with such wretched nonsense! No rascality or stupidity is sacred because it is old. Down with it!"

"The Alarm," January 13, 1885: "FORCE THE ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST INJUSTICE AND OPPRESSION. . . . We are told that force is cruel. But this is only true when opposition is less cruel. If the opposition is a relentless power, that is starving, freezing, exposing, and depriving tens of thousands, and the application of force would require less suffering while removing the old cause, then the force is humane. Seeing the amount of needless suffering all about us, we say a vigorous use of dynamite is both humane and economical. It will at the expense of less suffering prevent more. It is not humane to compel ten persons to starve to death when the execution of five persons would prevent it. It is upon this theory that we advocate the use of dynamite. It is clearly more humane to blow ten men into eternity than to make ten men starve to death."

"The Alarm," February 21, 1885: "DYNAMITE! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe, science has done its best work.



ENGEL'S FURNACE.

The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police, or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental, but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things. It is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. . . . Dynamite is like Banquo's ghost, it keeps on fooling around, somewhere or other, in spite of his satanic majesty. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it. . . . If workingmen would be truly free, they must learn to know why they are slaves. They must rise above petty prejudice and learn to think. From thought to action is not far, and when the worker has seen the chain, he need but look a little closer to find near at hand the sledge with which to shatter every link. The sledge is dynamite."

"The Alarm," April 18, 1885: "ASSASSINATION. . . . The moment the abolition of a government is suggested, the mind pictures the uprising of a hundred little despotic governments on every hand, quarreling among themselves, and domineering over the unorganized people. This fact suggests the idea that the present governments must be destroyed, only in a manner that will prevent the organization or rise of any and all other governments, whether it be a government of three men or three hundred million. No government can exist without a head, and by assassinating the head just as fast as a government head appears, the government can be destroyed, and by this same process all other governments can be kept out of existence. This is the policy of the nihilist in Russia, and the moment it gets any popular support throughout civilization all governments will disappear forever. Those governments least offensive to the people should be destroyed last. All governments exist by the abridgment of human liberty, and the more government the less liberty. He alone is free who submits to no government. All governments are domineering powers, and any domineering power is a natural enemy to all mankind, and ought to be treated as such. Assassination will remove the evil from the face of the earth. Man will always have and always need advisers, teachers, and leaders in all departments of life, but bosses, jailers, and drivers are unnecessary. Man's leader is his friend. His driver is his enemy. This distinction should be understood, and the parties should be dealt with accordingly. Assassination properly applied is wise, just, humane, and brave. For freedom, all things are just."

From August 17, 1885, to its last issue "The Alarm" kept standing this notice: "The armed section of the American group meets every Monday night, at 54 West Lake Street."

In his address to me before sentence was pronounced, Parsons said: "These articles that appear in 'The Alarm,' for some of them I am not responsible any more than is the editor of any other paper. And I did not write everything in 'The Alarm,' and it might be possible

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD.

that there were some things in that paper which I am not ready to indorse. I am frank to admit that such is the case."

The statute of Illinois permits defendants in criminal cases to be witnesses on their own behalf. He had availed himself of that permission, but as a witness had not expressed any disapproval of the sentiment of any of the extracts from "The Alarm," all of which (much more than are here reproduced) were read before he testified. Read now, from the paper that he edited, the report of a speech that he made, and then select from the foregoing extracts any which he would not have been "ready to indorse" before the tragedy of May 4, 1886.

On April 28, 1885, the Board of Trade of Chicago dedicated a magnificent new building which they had erected as a place for their business. The dedication was at night. The same night a large gathering of people was addressed by Parsons and others on Market Square, some six squares distant from the

Board of Trade building. Then a procession was formed, which marched toward the building, but cordons of police met the people at different streets, and prevented them from getting nearer than a block to the building. They halted at one place and sang the "Marseillaise,"

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INSPECTOR MICHAEL J. SCHAACK.[1]

and then marched to the "Arbeiter" building, where more speeches were made.

"The Alarm" of May 2, 1885, reported Parsons as follows: ". . . . The present social system makes private property of the means of labor, and the resources of life — capital — and thereby creates classes and inequalities, conferring upon the holders of property the power to live upon the labor product of the propertyless. Whoever owns our bread owns our ballots, for a man who must sell his labor or starve must sell his vote when the same alternative is presented. The inequalities of our social system, its classes, its privileges, its enforced poverty and misery, arises out of the institution of private property, and so long as this system prevails our wives and children will be driven to toil, while their fathers and brothers are thrown into enforced idleness, and the men of the Board of Trade and all other profit-mongers and legalized gamblers who live by fleecing the people will continue to accumulate millions at the expense of their helpless victims. This grand conspiracy against our liberty and lives is maintained and upheld by statute law and the constitution, and enforced by the military arms of the State. If we would achieve our liberation from economic bondage, and acquire our natural right to life and liberty, every man must lay by a part of his wages, buy a Colt's navy revolver [cheers, and 'that 's what we want'], a Winchester rifle [a voice: 'and ten pounds of dynamite; we will make it ourselves'], and learn how to make and use dynamite [cheers]. Then raise the flag of rebellion [cries of 'Bravo' and cheers], the scarlet banner of liberty, fraternity, equality, and strike down to the earth every tyrant that lives upon this globe. [Cheers, and cries of 'Vive la Commune!'] Tyrants have no right which we should respect. Until this is done you will continue to be robbed, to be plundered, to be at the mercy of the privileged few; therefore agitate for the purpose of organization, organize for the purpose of rebellion, for wage-slaves have nothing to lose but their chains; they have a world of freedom and happiness to win. [Cheers.]"

I fear these quotations will prove very tiresome to readers, but to accomplish my task of showing the guilt of the anarchists, I must make a great many more.

The "Arbeiter," February 23, 1885: "Thicker and thicker the clouds gather around the political and social horizon of the world, more and more the darkness increases. Without laying claim to the reputation of a prophet, one can say with certainty that this cannot end without a mighty storm, bringing terror and blessing, destruction and freedom. Discontent and hatred of all that is corrupt and rotten that is existing grows and prospers everywhere. The struggle between the parties is tapering, the diplomatic machinations of the so-called statesmen have reached their culminating point. The already approaching revolution promises to be much grander and more terrible than that at the close of the last century, which only broke out in one country. The coming revolution will be general, for it makes itself already felt everywhere and generally. It will demand more sacrifices, for the number of those over whom we have to sit in judgment is now much greater than that of the last century."

Referring to Philadelphia labor troubles, the "Arbeiter" of March 2, 1885, says: "That much is sure, that thing could not have happened in Chicago without placing for exhibition on the telegraph-wires and cornices of houses a dozen cadavers of policemen in pieces for each broken skull of a workingman. And this is due solely

[1] The originals (photographs) of the bombs, circulars, and portraits of the members of the jury are from the collection of Inspector Michael J. Schaack of the Chicago police, who collected them in the course of his investigations in the capacity of chief detective employed on the case, and who used them later in his book, "Anarchy and Anarchists: a History of the Red Terror and the Social Revolution."

and purely to the revolutionary propaganda carried on here. We wonder whether the workingmen in other cities will take a lesson from this occurrence and will at last supply themselves with weapons, dynamite, and prussic acid as far as that has not been done yet."

The "Arbeiter," March 11, 1885: "The community will soon have to decide whether to be or not to be; either the police must be and then the community cannot be, or the community must be and then the police cannot be; one only of the two is possible."

The "Arbeiter," March 23, 1885: "Yet one thing more. Although every day brings the news of collisions between armed murder-serfs of the bourgeoisie with unarmed crowds of people (strikers and the like), we must ever and again read in the so-called workingmen's papers: Discussions of the question of arming ought to be avoided in the associations of the proletarian. We characterize such pacifying efforts as criminal. Each workingman ought to have been armed long ago. We leave it an open question whether whole corporations are able to completely fit themselves out in a military point of view with all their numbers; but we say that each single one, if he has the necessary seriousness and the good will, can arm himself little by little very easily. Daggers and revolvers are easily to be gotten. Hand-grenades are cheaply to be produced; explosives, too, can be obtained, and finally possibilities are also given to buy arms on instalments. To give an impulse in that direction one should never tire of. For not only the revolution proper, approaching with gigantic steps, commands to prepare for it, but also the wage contests of to-day demand of us not to enter into it with empty hands. Let us understand the signs of the times. Let us have a care for the present, that we will not be surprised by the future unprepared."

The "Arbeiter," May 5, 1885: "When anywhere a small party of workingmen dare to speak of rights and privileges, then the 'order' draw together all the murdering scoundrels of the whole city, and if necessary from the whole country, to put their sovereignty the more clearly before the sovereigns. In short, the whole power of the capital — that is, the entire government — is ever ready to suppress the petty demonstrations of the workingmen by force of arms one after another, now here, then there. This would be quite different if the workingmen of the entire country could only see that their class is in this wise subjected part by part without condition and without repartee. The workingmen ought to take aim at every member of the militia, and do with him as one would do with some one of whom it is known that he is after taking one's life. It might then sooner be difficult to obtain murdering tools."

The "Arbeiter," January 5, 1885, reporting a speech by Spies on the previous afternoon at 54 West Lake street: "When we resort to murdering we only follow the law of necessity, the force of self-preservation, we murder to put an end to general murder, we put murderers out of the way."

I must stop somewhere in these quotations from articles published in the papers of which Spies and Parsons were the editors. The contents of newspapers through months and years are not to be reproduced in a magazine article; but if I made statements on my own authority only, or on that of witnesses testifying at the trial, the truth of such statements would be denied by anarchists, and doubted by the sentimental humanitarians who think all punishment is too much, and that criminals should be coddled into reform by love.

As showing the extent to which the instructions of the two papers had been followed, long before the murder of Degan, by the class of people to whom they were addressed, "The Alarm's" account of Thanksgiving Day, 1884, and the "Arbeiter's" account of the Board of

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARD.

Trade demonstration of April 28, 1885, should be given.

"The Alarm," November 29, 1884: On "The day designated, Thursday, the 27th day of November, opened with sleet and rain. . . . The severity of the weather showed something of the spirit that must be in the people who

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

TURNING BACK THE ANARCHISTS. (THE BOARD OF TRADE DEMONSTRATION.)

were not deterred by it. . . . Mr. Parsons then called for the resolutions, which were then read as follows:

"'*Whereas*, . . . as this system cannot be introduced against existing ignorance, selfishness, and distrust without the force of arms and strong explosives, therefore be it

"'*Resolved*, that when all stores, storehouses, vacant tenements, and transporting property are thrown open and held open to the free access of the general public, the good of mankind and the saving of blood requires that all forcible opposition should be dealt with summarily as fast as it may present itself. . . . Therefore our policy is wise, humane, and practical, and ought to be enforced at the earliest possible moment, with a just regard for numbers and implements.' . . . The audience fell into line by fours, forming a procession of over three thousand men, and then moved off, headed by the band, which woke the echoes of the lofty buildings around to the strains of the Marseillaise. Two large flags, one black and the other red, headed the procession."

The "Arbeiter," April 29, 1885: . . . "Now, the march formed, headed by a company of the Bohemian groups, the metal-workers, the North side groups and the Lehr und Wehr Verein. 'These fellows would do all credit to the guard grenadier regiment,' remarked a German on Madison street, pointing to the advance guard of the procession. Next followed three female comrades, who carried two red flags and one black one. . . . Then followed the procession, which could not be kept in good order, which is to be regretted. Behind these marched a strong company of well-armed comrades of the various groups. Let us remark here that with perhaps few exceptions they were all well armed, and that also the nitro-glycerine pills were not missing. They were prepared for a probable attack, and if it had come to a collision, there would have been pieces. The cordons of the police could have been quite excellently adapted for experiments with explosives. About twenty detectives were loitering about the Market Square at the beginning and then disappeared. That explains the keeping back of our otherwise impertinent orderscoundrels. The procession, which was a few blocks long although the participants marched in close order, moved down Madison street to Clark, and from there south to Jackson, where about one hundred policemen had blocked the street. The procession, which was about one hundred paces distant from the brightly lighted palace, sang the Marseillaise, with the accompaniment of the orchestrion, and marched on La Salle street, then down La Salle street to Van Buren street and up Clark street. About five hundred policemen were stationed around the Board of Trade. They suffered everything. 'Ye miserable hounds. Ye are the smaller thieves, and therefore must protect the greater ones. Servile executioners; gang of murderers,' and other beautiful flatteries, the bandits accepted as quietly as if it did not concern them at all. Here and there some were pushed back, but not a one moved. After a few jeers had been given to the thieves and cutthroats, the procession returned to Fifth Avenue, where Parsons, Spies, and Fielden spoke from a window of the 'Arbeiter Zeitung.'"

Now I undertake to say that the mere advice to great masses of working people (of whom Spies, in his testimony as a witness, said that they were "stupid and ignorant," among whom there would of necessity be some vicious, and to whom, being the least prosperous of the community, envy of those in better condition than themselves would be no unnatural passion), and especially advice to arm themselves with pistols, daggers, and bombs,—weapons to be concealed about the person,—was advice to use such weapons at such times and places, and against such persons,—at least such persons as were of the classes so vehemently denounced by the advisers,—as the whim or caprice of the armed might dictate. But when added to that advice was the instruction, in both the "Arbeiter" and "The Alarm," that each revolutionist should, when possible, perform a revolutionary act without assistance, and without communicating his design to anybody, then every reader following the advice to arm himself would—must—understand that he must exercise his own discretion in using his weapons.

On the trial it was urged by the defense that the advice to arm was that working-men might resist unlawful attacks of police and militia. It is enough in reply to such an excuse to say that no instance has ever occurred of calling upon the police or militia, during labor troubles, to compel anybody to work; always they have been called to protect men who wanted to work, or property which was endangered by those who had quitted work. Nor was there any disguise about this among the anarchists.

I quote from "The Alarm," September 5, 1885: "EIGHT HOURS, OUR REPLY. Will the rich help to bring it about; or oppose it with starvation, prisons, and cold steel? . . . Shortening the hours of labor is no real remedy. It still leaves people in the condition of masters and servants. . . . Private property makes competition necessary, and monopoly must result. We can get no real relief without striking at the root of the evil; namely, cutting off man's right to convert anything into private property. . . . 'The Alarm' does not antagonize the eight-

hour movement; viewing it from the standpoint that it is an economic struggle, it simply points out that it is a lost battle, and further proves that though the eight-hour system should be established, the wage-workers would gain nothing. They would still remain slaves to their capitalistic masters. . . . If the strike should turn out successful, the eight-hour system would result in the extermination of every small manufacturer and small shop man. . . . Now, in regard to the proposed strike next spring, a few practical words to our comrades. The number of organized wage-workers in the country may be about 800,000; the number of the unemployed about 2,000,000. Will the manufacturing Kings grant the modest request under such circumstances? No, sir. The small ones can not, and the big ones will not. They will then draw from the army of the unemployed; the strikers will attempt to stop them. Then comes the police and the militia. Say, workingmen, are you prepared to meet the latter; are you armed?"

"The Alarm," Oct. 17, 1885: "EIGHT HOURS. . . . Mr. August Spies was introduced at this point, and offered the following resolution:

"'*Whereas*, a general movement has been started among the organized wage-workers of this country for the establishment of an eight-hour work day to begin on May 1, 1886; and

"'*Whereas*, it is to be expected that the class of professional idlers, the governing class, who prey upon the bones and marrow of useful members of society, will resist this attempt by calling to their assistance the Pinkertons, the Police, and the Militia; therefore be it

"'*Resolved*, that we urge upon all wage-workers the necessity of procuring arms before this inauguration of the proposed eight-hour strike, in order to be in a position of meeting our foe with his own argument, force.

"'*Resolved*, that while we are skeptical in regard to the benefits that will accrue to the wage-workers from the introduction of an eight-hour work day, we nevertheless pledge ourselves to aid and assist our brethren in this class struggle with all that lies in our power as long as they show an open and defiant front to our common enemy, the labor-devouring class of aristocratic vagabonds, the brutal murderers of our comrades in St. Louis, Lemont, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other places. Our war-cry may be "death to the enemy of the human race, our despoilers."'

"August Spies supposed that Mr. Magie did not like the terms in which the members of the government were referred to. The reason of this was that Mr. Magie was one of the political vagabonds himself. There were 9,000,000 of the people engaged in industrial trades in this country. There were but 1,000,000 of them as yet organized, while there were 2,000,000 of men unemployed. To make the movement in which they were engaged a successful one, it must be a revolutionary one. Don't let us, he exclaimed, forget the most forcible argument of all — the gun and dynamite."

"The Alarm," April 3, 1886: "AMERICAN GROUP. Mr. Parsons thought the organization of the vast body of unskilled and unorganized laboring men and women a necessity in order that they might formulate their demands and make an effective defense of their rights. He thought the attempt to inaugurate the eight-hour system would break down the capitalistic system, and bring about such disorder and hardship that the social revolution would become a necessity. As all roads in ancient times led to Rome, so now all labor movements of whatever character lead to socialism."

The "Arbeiter," January 22, 1886: "The eight-hour question is not, or at least should not be, the final end of the present organization, but, in comparison to the present state of things, a progress not to be underrated. But now let us consider the question in itself. How is the eight-hour day to be brought about? Why, the thinking workingman must see himself, under the present power of capital in comparison to labor, it is impossible to enforce the eight-hour day in all branches of business otherwise than with armed force. With empty hands the workingman will hardly be able to cope with the representatives of the club in case after the first of May of this year there should be a general strike. Then the bosses will simply employ other men, so-called 'scabs'; such will always be found. The whole movement then would be nothing but filling the places with new men; but if the workingmen are prepared to eventually stop the working of the factories, to defend himself with the aid of dynamite and bombs against the militia, which will of course be employed, then and only then you can expect a thorough success of the eight-hour movement. Therefore, workingmen, I call upon you, arm yourselves."

The "Arbeiter," April 26, 1886, reporting a speech of Spies on Easter Sunday: ". . . Be men now. Break down the doors of your extortioners instead of timidly knocking on them. Conquer the lost manhood. After you have introduced the eight-hour day now, then let there be no halt. Onward is the motto in the march of triumph, until the last stone of the robber bastile is removed and enslaved humanity is free."

It must be clear to every reader that *the anarchists contemplated no benefit to the laboring poor, except through anarchy*, and knew that anarchy could be brought about only through the subjugation or extirpation of the majority

by the minority through violence. How could that violence be exerted but at the discretion of individuals? Revolutionary acts by single men, or by the fewest possible assassination; escape from discovery by the authorities — for these they published elaborate instructions in their papers, and at their meetings distributed Most's book, containing instructions still more elaborate.

From the columns of the "Arbeiter" I can present the condition of Chicago as that fatal fourth day of May approached better and more conclusively than in words of my own.

"Die Fackel" (Sunday edition of the "Arbeiter"), May 2, 1886: "NOW OR NEVER. The mortal enemies cross swords. . . . The first twenty-four hours of the battle are passed. . . . Everything depends upon quick and immediate action. The tactics of the bosses are to gain time; the tactics of the strikers must be to grant them no time. By Monday or Tuesday the conflict must have reached its highest intensity, else the success will be doubtful. Within a week the fire, the enthusiasm, will be gone, and then the bosses will celebrate victories. It is treacherous, moreover, when here and there shop organizations and others enter into compromises. . . . They are worse than 'scabs'. . . . The feeling among the radical labor organizations is an encouraging one, and the situation is generally hopeful."

The "Arbeiter," May 3, 1886: "A HOT CONFLICT. THE DETERMINATION OF THE RADICAL ELEMENTS BRINGS THE EXTORTIONERS IN NUMEROUS INSTANCES TO TERMS. THE CAPITALISTIC PRESS HAS GOOD GROUNDS FOR ABUSING THE REDS. WITHOUT THEM NO AGITATION. NUMEROUS MEETINGS.

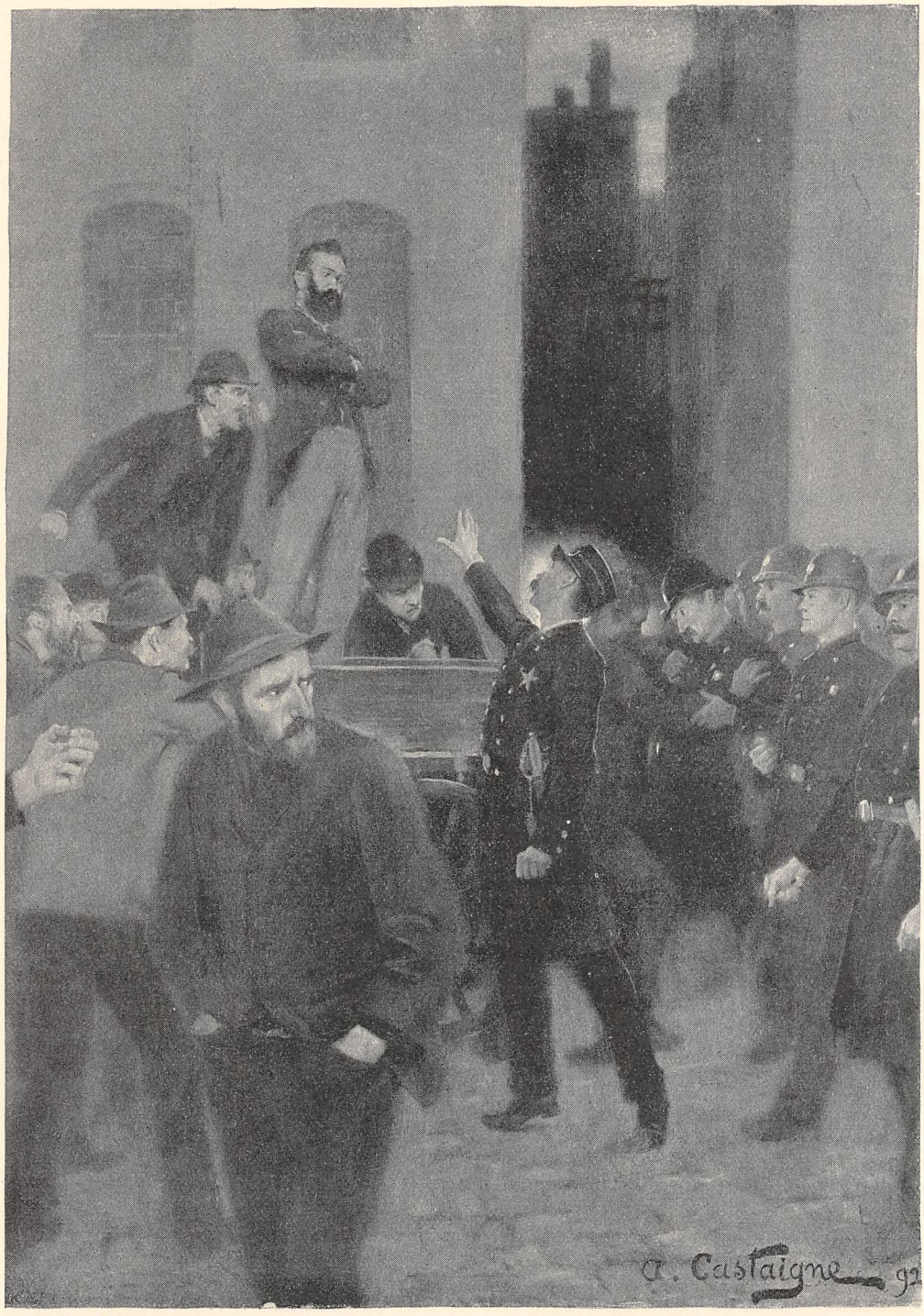
"The general situation at noon to-day was encouraging. A considerable number of extortioners had capitulated this morning, and further capitulations are looked for in the course of the day. The freight-handlers were marching in full force from depot to depot at noon to-day. It was rumored that 'scabs' had been imported from Milwaukee. The railroad depots are occupied by special policemen, while the municipal minions of order, under the command of five lieutenants, have intrenched themselves in the armory. The arch-rascals have made provisions for good victuals and drink. The laborers in the stone-yards have formed a union, and demand nine hours' pay for eight hours' work, and as this was not granted (H. First, Walters, and the 12th Street Company are the only ones that have granted the demands) they went on a strike. The stone-cutters and masons are compelled to join in the strike. A strike will probably take place in the lumber districts. The brewers plan a strike if their bosses do not fully accede to their demand to-day. In the furniture business strike and lockout respectively still continue. Many manufacturers have already indicated a readiness to grant ten per cent. increase of wages. The Cabinet-makers' Union will make no compromise. The metal-workers are confident of victory. The number of strikers to-day cannot be determined, but will probably amount to forty thousand. Courage! Courage, is our cry."

Readers would tire if I were to copy from the "Arbeiter" for several days previous to the publication of the last article, and show how just was the boast: "The capitalistic press has good grounds for abusing the Reds. Without them no agitation."

On the afternoon of May 4, 1886,— the afternoon preceding the night of slaughter,— the "Arbeiter" published, with all the display of head-lines, capital letters, and exclamation-points known to the printers' art, this article from a manuscript written by Spies:

"BLOOD! LEAD AND POWDER AS A CURE FOR DISSATISFIED WORKMEN! ABOUT SIX LABORERS MORTALLY, AND FOUR TIMES THAT NUMBER SLIGHTLY, WOUNDED! THUS ARE THE EIGHT-HOUR MEN TO BE INTIMIDATED. THIS IS LAW AND ORDER. BRAVE GIRLS PARADING THE CITY. THE LAW-AND-ORDER BEAST FRIGHTENS THE HUNGRY CHILDREN AWAY WITH CLUBS. GENERAL NEWS.

"Six months ago, when the eight-hour movement began, there were speakers and journals of the I. A. A. who proclaimed and wrote: 'Workmen, if you want to see the eight-hour system introduced, arm yourselves. If you do not do this, you will be sent home with bloody heads, and birds will sing May songs upon your graves.' 'This is nonsense,' was the reply. 'If the workmen are organized, they will gain the eight hours in their Sunday clothes.' Well, what do you say now? Were we right or wrong? Would the occurrence of yesterday have been possible if our advice had been taken. Wage-workers, yesterday the police of this city murdered at the McCormick factory, so far as it can now be ascertained, four of your brothers, and wounded, more or less seriously, some twenty-five more. If brothers who defended themselves with stones (a few of them had little snappers in the shape of revolvers) had been provided with good weapons, and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderers would have escaped his well-merited fate. As it was, only four of them were disfigured. That is too bad. The massacre of yesterday took place in order to fill the forty thousand workmen of this city with fear and terror — took place in order to force back into the yoke of slavery the laborers who had become dissatisfied and mutinous. Will they succeed in this? The



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

CAPTAIN WARD COMMANDS THE CROWD TO DISPERSE, "IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS."

near future will answer this question. We will not anticipate the course of events with surmises.

"The employees in the lumber-yards on the South Side held a meeting yesterday afternoon at the Black Road, about one quarter mile north of McCormick's factory, for the purpose of adopting resolutions in regard to their demands, and to appoint a committee to wait upon a committee of lumber-yard owners, and present the demands which had been agreed upon. It was a gigantic mass that had gathered. Several members of the Lumber-Yard Union made short addresses in English, Bohemian, German, and Polish. Mr. Fehling attempted to speak, but when the crowd learned that he was a socialist, he was stoned, and compelled to leave the improvised speakers' stand on a freight-car. Then, after a few more addresses were made, the president introduced Mr. August Spies, who had been invited as a speaker. A Pole or Bohemian cried out: 'That is a socialist,' and again there arose a storm of disapprobation, and a roaring noise, which proved sufficiently that these ignorant people had been incited against the socialists by their priests. But the speaker did not lose his presence of mind. He continued speaking, and very soon the utmost quiet prevailed. He told them that they must realize their strength over against a little handful of lumber-yard owners: that they must not recede from the demands once made by them. The issue lay in their hands. All they needed was resolution, and the 'bosses' would be compelled to, and would give in.

"At this moment some persons in the background cried out (either in Polish or Bohemian), 'On to McCormick's. Let us drive off the scabs.' About two hundred men left the crowd, and ran toward McCormick's. The speaker did not know what was the matter, and continued his speech. When he had finished, he was appointed a member of a committee to notify the 'bosses' that the strikers had no concessions to make. Then a Pole spoke. While he spoke, a patrol-wagon rushed up toward McCormick's. The crowd began to break up. In about three minutes several shots were heard near McCormick's factory, and these were followed by others. At the same time, about seventy-five well-fed, large, and strong murderers, under the command of a fat police lieutenant, were marching toward the factory, and on their heels followed three patrol-wagons besides, full of law-and-order beasts. Two hundred policemen were on the spot in less than ten or fifteen minutes, and the firing on fleeing workingmen and women resembled a promiscuous bush-hunt. The writer of this hastened to the factory as soon as the first shots were fired, and a comrade urged the assembly to hasten to the rescue of their brothers who were being murdered, but no one stirred. 'What do we care for that?' was the stupid answer of poltroons brought up in cowardice. The writer fell in with a young Irishman who knew him. 'What miserable —— are those?' he shouted to him, 'who will not turn a hand while their brothers are being shot down in cold blood? We have dragged away two; I think they are dead. If you have any influence with the people, for Heaven's sake, run back and urge them to follow you.' The writer ran back. He implored the people to come along,—those who had revolvers in their pockets,—but it was in vain. With an exasperating indifference, they put their hands in their pockets and marched home, babbling as if the whole affair did not concern them in the least. The revolvers were still cracking, and fresh detachments of police, here and there bombarded with stones, were hastening to the battle-ground. The battle was lost.

"It was in the neighborhood of half-past three o'clock when the little crowd of between two and three hundred men reached McCormick's factory. Policeman West tried to hold them back with his revolver. A shower of stones for an answer put him to flight. He was so roughly handled that he was afterward found about one hundred paces from the place, half dead, and groaning fearfully. The small crowd shouted, 'Get out, you d——d scabs, you miserable traitors,' and bombarded the factory with stones. The little guard-house was demolished. The 'scabs' were in mortal terror, when at this moment the Hinman street patrol-wagon, summoned by telephone, came rattling along with thirteen murderers. When they were about to make an immediate attack with their clubs, they were received with a shower of stones. 'Back! disperse!' cried the lieutenant, and the next minute there was a report. The gang had fired on the strikers. They pretend, subsequently, that they shot over their heads. But be that as it may, a few of the strikers had little snappers of revolvers, and with these returned the fire. In the mean time other detachments had arrived, and the whole band of murderers now opened fire on the little company,—20,000 as estimated by the police organ, the 'Herald,'—while the whole assembly scarcely numbered 8000! Such lies are told. With their weapons, mainly stones, the people fought with admirable bravery. They laid out half a dozen bluecoats; and their round bellies—developed to extreme fatness in idleness and luxury—tumbled about, groaning on the ground. Four of the fellows are said to be very dangerously wounded; many others, alas! escaped with lighter injuries (the gang, of course, conceals this, just as in '77 they carefully concealed the number of those who were made to bite the

dust). But it looked worse on the side of the defenseless workmen. Dozens who had received slight shot-wounds hastened away, amid the bullets which were sent after them. The gang, as always, fired upon the fleeing, while women and men carried away the severely wounded. How many were really injured, and how many were mortally wounded, could not be determined with certainty, but we think we are not mistaken when we place the number of mortally wounded at about six, and those slightly injured at two dozen. We know of four; one of whom was shot in the spleen, another in the forehead, another in the breast, and another in the thigh. A dying boy, Joseph Doedick, was brought home on an express-wagon by two policemen. The people did not see the dying boy. They only saw the two murderers. 'Lynch the rascals,' clamored the crowd. The fellows wanted to break and hide themselves, but in vain. They had already thrown a rope around the neck of one of them, when a patrol-wagon rattled into the midst of the crowd, and prevented the praiseworthy deed. Joseph Hess, who had put the rope around his neck, was arrested. The 'scabs' were afterward conducted, under the protection of a strong escort, down Blue Island Avenue. Women and children gave vent to their indignation in angry shouts; rotten eggs whizzed through the air. The men about took things coolly, and smoked their pipes as on Kirmes Day. McCormick's assistant, Superintendent C. J. Benly, was also wounded, and, indeed, quite severely.

"The following strikers were arrested: Ignatz Erban, Frank Kohling, Joseph Schuky, Thomas Klafski, John Patolski, Anton Sevieski, Albert Supitar, Hugh McWhiffer, Anton Sternack, Nick Wolna, and Thomas O'Connell. The 'pimp' McCormick, when asked what he thought of it, said: 'August Spies made a speech to a few thousand anarchists.

Attention Workingmen!

GREAT

MASS-MEETING

TO-NIGHT, at 7.30 o'clock,

AT THE

HAYMARKET, Randolph St, Bet. Desplaines and Halsted.

Good Speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon.

Workingmen Arm Yourselves and Appear in Full Force!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Achtung, Arbeiter!

Große

Massen-Versammlung

Heute Abend, ½8 Uhr, auf dem

Heumarkt, Randolph-Straße, zwischen Desplaines- u. Halsted-Str.

☞ Gute Redner werden den neuesten Schurkenstreich der Polizei, indem sie gestern Nachmittag unsere Brüder erschoß, geißeln.

☞ Arbeiter, bewaffnet Euch und erscheint massenhaft!

Das Executiv-Comite.

AN ANARCHIST HANDBILL.

It occurred to one of these brilliant heads to frighten our men away. He put himself at the head of a crowd, which then made an attack upon our works. Our workmen fled, and in the mean time the police came, and sent a lot of anarchists away with bleeding heads.'

"Last night thousands of copies of the following circular were distributed in all parts of the city: 'REVENGE! REVENGE! WORKMEN, TO ARMS! Men of labor, this afternoon the bloodhounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's! Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread, and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that thus people are most effectually silenced. You have for many, many years endured every humiliation

without protest; have drudged from early in the morning till late at night; have suffered all sorts of privations; have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to fill the coffers of your masters — everything for them; and now when you approach them, and implore them to make your burden a little lighter, as a reward for your sacrifices, they send their bloodhounds, the police, at you, in order to cure you with bullets of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed upon your brothers to-day, and which will likely be committed upon you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger, or for freedom and bread? If you decide upon the latter, then do not delay a moment; then people to arms! Annihilation to the beasts in human form who call themselves rulers; uncompromising annihilation to them! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and strive to become worthy of them. 'YOUR BROTHERS.'"

The circular contained upon the same sheet an English version, written (except the word "revenge") by Spies, as follows:

"REVENGE! WORKINGMEN TO ARMS! The masters sent out their bloodhounds, the police. They killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses. They killed them because they dared ask for the shortening of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you, 'free' American citizens, that you must be satisfied and contented with whatever your bosses allow you, or you will get killed. You have for years endured the most abject humiliation; you have for years suffered unmeasurable iniquities; you have worked yourself to death; you have borne the pangs of want and hunger; your children you have sacrificed to the factory lord; in short, you have been miserable and obedient servants all these years. Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy, thieving masters. When you ask them now to lessen your burdens, he sends his bloodhounds out to shoot you — to kill you! If you are men, if you are the sons of your grandsires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms! We call you to arms! "YOUR BROTHERS."

I must interrupt my narrative to call attention to the fact that, even as Spies related the events at McCormick's, the disturbances began by rioters attacking peaceable laborers; that a single policeman who endeavored to protect them was overpowered, disabled, and seriously injured, before any force came to his assistance or rescue; and that this resistance to rioters, and protection of laborers, was the great wrong to be avenged immediately. But it was no new doctrine with him that "strikers" must not be stopped in assaults upon any who took the places they had left.

In the "Arbeiter" of March 2, 1886, was the following: "The order scoundrels beamed yesterday morning in their full glory. With the help of pickpockets, the natural allies of professional cutthroats, who otherwise call themselves also detectives, they succeeded yesterday in taking seventy scabs to the factory, accompanied also by scoundrels of the secret service, to give a better appearance. This morning the number of scabs which went back to work was materially increased. At this opportunity it was once again seen for what purpose the police existed — to protect the workingman if he works for starvation wages, and is an obedient serf; to club him down when he rebels against the capitalistic herd of robbers. Force only gives way to force. Who wants to attack capitalism in earnest must overthrow the bodyguards of it, the well-drilled and well-armed 'men of order,' and kill them if he does not want to be murdered himself."

If ever a time could come at which the revolution could be started in Chicago, it would seem that it was that fourth day of May. Forty thousand men, as the "Arbeiter" estimated the day before, were on strike. Fourteen months before that time, as "The Alarm" stated, there were eighty groups of Internationals in the United States, and the efforts to increase the number had been unremitting. If Spies's indignation was real, — and I do not doubt the fanaticism of the man, nor that he had really persuaded himself that the cause of which he and his companions had so long been partizans, and which had probably much increased since the Thanksgiving Day and the Board of Trade demonstrations, might succeed, — then certainly the great body of equally fanatical and much less intelligent anarchists could not be expected ever to be more ready than then to inaugurate the revolution. "Now or never" was Spies's cry two days before, and the riot at McCormick's had heated all their blood.

On that fourth day of May Fischer caused to be distributed a circular, in both English and German, as follows:

"ATTENTION WORKINGMEN! *Great Mass-Meeting to-night* at 7.30 o'clock, at the Haymarket, Randolph St., bet. Desplaines and

Halsted. Good speakers will be present to denounce the latest atrocious act of the police, the shooting of our fellow-workmen yesterday afternoon. Workingmen arm yourselves and appear in full force!

"THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE."

After some of them (how many did not appear) had been printed, Spies caused the words, "Workingmen arm yourselves and appear in full force" to be stricken out, and the larger number, some twenty thousand, of the circulars actually distributed did not contain those words. As a witness on the trial, Spies said in relation to those words: "I objected to that principally because I thought it was ridiculous to put a phrase in which would prevent people from attending the meeting: another reason was that there was some excitement at that time, and a call for arms like that might have caused trouble between the police and the attendants of that meeting."

I am not concerned with the truth of that explanation. While there is abundant evidence to warrant the conclusion — the irresistible conclusion, beyond all reasonable doubt — that the act of throwing that bomb was the act of some one of the many conspirators against society and social order, done, in the language of the Supreme Court in the Brennan case before cited, "in the prosecution of the common object," and therefore all the conspirators "are alike guilty of the homicide," yet I shall endeavor to show the guilt of the anarchists on a still narrower ground.

That narrower ground is that the publications in the "Arbeiter" and "Alarm," and the speeches of Spies, Parsons, Schwab, Fielden, and Engel (whose speeches were proved at great length on the trial, all of them advising their hearers to arm themselves, among other things, with dynamite), *were acts in furtherance of the design and purpose of the conspiracy, by conspirators, and therefore upon legal principles acts of the whole body and each individual of the co-conspirators; that the general advice given to all readers and hearers was advice to each and every individual of those readers and hearers; that advice to pursue a course of conduct embracing or including a particular act is advice to do that act; that it is inconceivable that the man who threw a bomb made by Lingg, one of the conspirators, was not by some of those publications or speeches encouraged so to do, and therefore the whole body of the conspirators were accessories to the act of throwing it, and responsible for it*, whether it was thrown by one who was himself a member of the conspiracy, or who was some harebrained fool, or some criminal who wished to avenge himself for some grievance, real or fancied, that he had suffered at the hands of the police. When I come to what the counsel for the defense urged at the trial, I shall recur to this point, and endeavor to illustrate it.

The meeting came. It was held not in the Haymarket proper, but in Desplaines street, between Randolph street and Lake street, next north of Randolph. Between three hundred and four hundred feet south of a wagon that was used as a stand for the speakers was a police station, on Desplaines street, at which a large force was concentrated. Spies spoke first. In a shorthand report of part of his speech, proved at the trial, is this: "It is said that I inspired the attack on McCormick's. That is a lie. The fight is going on; now is the chance to strike for the existence of the oppressed classes. The oppressors want us to be content; they will kill us. The thought of liberty which inspired your sires to fight for their freedom ought to animate you to-day. The day is not far distant when we will resort to hanging these men. [Applause, and cries of 'Hang them now!'] McCormick is the man who created the row Monday, and he must be held responsible for the murder of our brothers. [Cries of 'Hang him!'] Don't make any threats; they are of no avail; when you get ready to do something, do it and don't make any threats beforehand."

Parsons spoke next. The following is from the shorthand report of part of his speech: "It behooves you, as you love your wife and children — if you don't want to see them perish with hunger, killed or cut down like dogs on the street,—Americans, in the interest of your liberty and your independence, to arm, arm yourselves."

With some other context (but what it was the witnesses could not tell), one witness for the State and one for the defense testified that Parsons in the same speech also said, "To arms! To arms! To arms!"

The latter part of the speech of Fielden, who spoke after Parsons, was reported in shorthand as follows: "There are premonitions of danger. All knew. The press say the anarchists will sneak away; we are not going to. If we continue to be robbed, it will not be long before we will be murdered. There is no security for the working-classes under the present social system. A few individuals control the means of living, and holding the workingmen in a vise. Everybody does not know. Those who know it are tired of it, and know the others will get tired of it, too. They are determined to end it, and will end it, and there is no power in the land that will prevent them. Congressman Foran said: 'The laborer can get nothing from legislation.' He also said that the laborers can get some relief from their present condition when the rich man knew it was unsafe for him to live in a com-

munity where there were dissatisfied workingmen, for they would solve the labor problem. I don't know whether you are Democrats or Republicans, but whichever you are, you worship at the shrine of rebels. John Brown, Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, and Hopkins said to the people: 'The law is your enemy. We are rebels against it.' The law is only framed for those that are your enslavers. [A voice: 'That is true.'] Men in their blind rage attacked McCormick's factory, and were shot down by the law in cold blood in the city of Chicago, in the protection of property. These men were going to do some damage to a certain person's interest, who was a large property-owner; therefore the law came to his defense. And when McCormick undertook to do some injury to the interest of those who had no property, the law also came to his defense, and not to the workingman's defense, when he, Mr. McCormick, attacked him and his living. [Cries of 'No.'] There is the difference. The law makes no distinction. A million men own all the property in this country The law has no use for the other fifty-four million. [A voice, 'Right enough.'] You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it, and throttle it until it makes its last kick. It turns your brothers out on the wayside, and has degraded them until they have lost the last vestige of humanity, and they are mere things and animals. Keep your eye upon it. Throttle it. Kill it. Stab it. Do everything you can to wound it, to impede its progress. Remember, before trusting them to do anything for yourself, prepare to do it for yourself. Don't turn over your business to anybody else. No man deserves anything unless he is man enough to make an effort to lift himself from oppression. Is it not a fact that we have no choice as to our existence, for we can't dictate what our labor is worth? He that has to obey the will of any is a slave. Can we do anything except by the strong arm of resistance? Socialists are not going to declare war; but I tell you, war has been declared upon us, and I ask you to get hold of anything that will help to resist the onslaught of the enemy and the usurper. The skirmish-lines have met. People have been shot. Men, women, and children have not been spared by the capitalists and minions of private capital. It had no mercy, so ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. What matters it whether you kill yourselves with work to get a little relief, or die on the battle-field resisting the enemy? What is the difference? Any animal, however loathsome, will resist when stepped upon. Are men less than snails and worms? I have some resistance in me; I know that you have, too. You have been robbed, and you will be starved into a worse condition."

At this point a hundred and eighty policemen, from the station before mentioned, marching in platoons, led by Inspector John Bonfield and Captain William Ward, halted a few feet from the wagon from which the speeches were made, and Captain Ward in a loud voice said: "I command you, in the name of the People of the State of Illinois, to immediately and peaceably disperse."

This action of the police was in strict accordance with the law of the State. Section 253, Chapter 38, Revised Statutes, provides that "when twelve or more persons, any of them armed with clubs or dangerous weapons, or thirty or more, armed or unarmed, are unlawfully, riotously, or tumultuously assembled in any city, . . . it shall be the duty of each of the municipal officers . . . to go among the persons so assembled . . . and in the name of the State command them immediately to disperse." A crowd of people, variously estimated by different witnesses at from eight hundred to two thousand, filled a public street of the city after ten o'clock at night. They were listening to, and shouting their approval of, speeches urging them, in language the most exciting, and with arguments the most persuasive that the speakers knew how to use, to violence and bloodshed. It is utterly without foundation for anarchists or their sympathizers to urge that the throwing of that bomb was an act of self-defense. No attack was made by the police. The same section last cited makes the refusal to obey the command to disperse punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Fielden replied to Captain Ward, "We are peaceable," and at once the bomb thrown from a point on the east sidewalk near to, and a little south of, the wagon, with the lighted fuse making a shining trail in the night air, fell and exploded among the policemen, and wounded sixty-six of them, of whom seven died of their wounds. Degan was the first who died. No soldiers ever carried to a battle-field greater courage or better discipline than that band of policemen then displayed. The sound of the explosion was deafening. One third of their number was down. That other bombs were to follow was to be expected. But to the command, "Fall in; close up," every man of them not disabled gave prompt obedience.

Pieces of the bomb were extracted from some of the victims, and chemically analyzed. A nut entered the person of a bystander. That nut, and the shape of the pieces of the bomb, as well as the analysis, so strictly conformed to "globular" bombs found in Lingg's room, and which it was proved he made, that there is no reasonable doubt that the exploded bomb was his produc-

tion. All that afternoon, with several assistants, all Internationals, he had been filling bombs, most of which early in the evening were taken to a beer-saloon, from which place they were distributed. All the regular meeting-places of the Internationals, except the office of the "Arbeiter," were beer-saloons or halls adjoining them.

A few words only as to the defendants other than Spies and Parsons. Schwab, as has been said, was one of the editors of the "Arbeiter," and made numerous speeches in the same spirit, and to the same effect, as the extracts from the paper which I have copied. Fielden was a small stockholder in "The Alarm," and one of its committee of management; he traveled to organize "groups," and made numerous speeches in Chicago calling upon the working-men to arm, to learn the use of dynamite. Fischer and Engel first planned the Haymarket meeting, with some loose talk of a committee to observe what might happen there, and if a conflict came, to report; but nothing very definite was arranged. Fischer was a stockholder in the "Arbeiter," and foreman of its press-room, and Engel assisted in starting another paper called the "Anarchist," the reason for starting it, as he said, being that the "Arbeiter" was not radical enough. He also made speeches advocating arming, and instructing how to make bombs. Neebe was a stockholder in the "Arbeiter," and took charge of the property on May 5, 1886, after Spies and Schwab were arrested. He distributed some of the "Revenge" circulars. All of the defendants were members of groups of the Internationals, as has already been stated, and took part in meetings of the groups, and in general meetings of the Internationals.

The mere fact that the defendants were members of the Internationals, more or less active in the organization, even though their action was confined to meetings of the groups, of itself made them co-conspirators with the more active members who worked publicly. The International was a combination (the technical legal term for which is conspiracy) to overturn all government by force. Whoever took part in that combination was a conspirator.

In selecting from the great bulk of printed matter issued or circulated by the anarchists, and proved at the trial, I have been embarrassed in determining where to stop. If any reader wishes to see more of it, he may turn to the report of the case in the Supreme Court in the volumes to which I have referred; and if not then content, the history of the trial, prepared by the counsel for the defendants, in order to have the case reviewed by the Supreme Court, is on file in the Criminal Court of Cook County, and a copy thereof is among the records of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, and he can there read ten, twenty, fifty times as much as I present, of the same sort.

I protest that in copying these fierce denunciations, these recitals of alleged tyranny and oppression, these seemingly pitying descriptions of the hardships and wrongs of the humble and the poor, written with apparent sincerity and real intellectual ability, I have occasionally almost lost sight of the atrocity of the advice given by the anarchists, and felt a sort of sympathy with the writers who would have praised my assassination as a virtuous act. And the active leaders were men who fascinated, apparently, those with whom they came in contact. To some extent they imbued their counsel with the notion that they had been engaged in a worthy cause. To show this, I shall quote from speeches on the trial and at their graves. Men and women of a high order of intelligence, of pure lives, amiable in their own dispositions, seemed under a spell to them. And these denunciations, these recitals, these descriptions, as well as almost countless speeches of the same character, burning from the lips of no mean orators, were addressed to the people whose sufferings they professed to depict; people who, in fact, did not share in the luxuries, and were not able to participate in many of the comforts, of life which they saw around them; people of whom Spies testified that they were "stupid and ignorant"; all prepared to believe that anarchy offered a heroic remedy for the inequalities of life, the evils of which, real or fancied, fell upon them. Who can estimate the effect? The wonder is that a tragedy was so long delayed.

All lawyers, courts, text-writers, even the counsel of the anarchists, as I will show later, agree that the act of one conspirator is the act of each of his co-conspirators, even when the particular act has not been agreed upon by them, but is done in the exercise of the actor's own discretion, for the accomplishment of the common purpose. When a conspiracy is mentioned, the popular idea is of a midnight gathering, masked faces, low voices, passwords, and the utmost secrecy. To this idea Mr. Zeisler, in his argument to the jury, referred: "What is a conspiracy? What were you used to understand by the word conspiracy? Is n't, in the first place, secrecy the test of a conspiracy? Was there anything secret about the doings of these men, or about their teachings and writings?"

Secrecy is not essential to a conspiracy, which is simply "a combination of two or more persons, by some concerted action, to accomplish some criminal or unlawful purpose; or to accomplish some purpose, not in itself criminal or unlawful, by criminal or unlawful means" (3 Greenleaf, Evidence, Sec. 89).

It is probably true that Rudolph Schnau-

belt threw the bomb. He was twice arrested, but, having shaved off a full beard immediately after that fatal night, was discharged. After the second arrest he disappeared, and has gone to parts unknown. But whether Schnaubelt or some other person threw the bomb, is not an important question. The great effort of the defendants' counsel on the trial — and it began on the first day of the putting in of the evidence — was to establish their position, that each separate meeting of any of the defendants was, if there was any conspiracy in the case, a separate conspiracy, for which only those who participated knowingly in any illegal act at such meeting, or had advised that particular act, were responsible. For example, Mr. Grinnell, in his opening statement to the jury of what the State expected to prove, had referred to the contents of the "Arbeiter" and "The Alarm." A witness named Waller, who had received a bomb from Fischer, was on the stand. I now quote from the Chicago "Tribune" of July 17, 1886, reporting the proceedings of the trial on the day before: "'Mr. Waller,' asked Mr. Ingham, 'did you ever receive any bombs from anybody?' This question was objected to by Mr. Foster, who arose and made a speech in which he claimed that this line of evidence was entirely immaterial. He said that testimony could have no possible bearing on the case unless the prosecution intended to trace the deadly bomb that was used on Haymarket Square into the hands of the man who threw it. The existence of a general conspiracy to kill the police and destroy property had no connection with the case, unless it was shown that there was a conspiracy to do the deed that was done on Haymarket Square. The conspiracy might have existed. Then let the grand jury indict the defendants for conspiracy. But there was no murder unless it was shown that the defendants killed Officer Degan. The commission of a crime by somebody unknown to them, and without their knowledge or sanction, could not be laid to them. The connection of the defendants with the specific act must be shown.

"Mr. Ingham replied: 'It is true that eight lives are at stake, but organized government is also at stake. We propose to show that for one, two, or three years, right in this city, a gigantic conspiracy has been in force and operation; a conspiracy of which these eight men were the leaders. We expect to show that these men have for months and years preached a doctrine of open revolution and recourse to arms. They intended to be guilty of revolution May 1. For weeks and months previously they were preparing for this revolution. We expect to bring into court dynamite bombs by the dozen, and until the dozens run up into barrels. No bomb which we shall trace to these defendants could have any possible legitimate purpose. We shall show by men of science that dynamite bombs cannot be used for anything else but for cowardly and atrocious murder. If we can show that this bomb-throwing was the result of this general conspiracy, one of the most powerful links in that chain of evidence is the fact that these men at all times had in their possession, and were distributing to others, these bombs. We expect to show that this man had in possession a number of bombs, filled with dynamite, which he obtained from the defendant Fischer, and that Fischer was months ago arming himself for the purpose of destroying property and for murder.'

"Mr. Foster: 'Suppose that somebody, without their knowledge, consent, or approval, threw the bomb; are these men guilty of murder?'

"Mr. Ingham: 'We can show that each one of these men was part of the general conspiracy to overthrow public authority, to annihilate the police force, the banks and the public offices. As a result of this general conspiracy this bomb was thrown. They cannot look the law in the face, and smile and sneer at what their leader, Herr Most, called the farce of the law. The law of the State of Illinois is strong enough to hang every man of them.'

"Mr. Foster: 'I have always failed to see why editorials in the "Arbeiter Zeitung," speeches at meetings, and newspaper reports can be involved in this case. I object to a conviction upon a general conspiracy, which would be a conviction on general principles. If I and the other counsel in this case conspire to rob Brother Ingham of his purse when he goes home to-night, and the one who was to grab him by the throat clutches him too tightly and strangles him, then we are guilty of murder. But if we embark in this conspiracy, and somebody else, at another place, murders somebody, are we to be held responsible?'

"Judge Gary's decision was as follows: 'If it is agreed to use violence for the destruction of human lives upon an occasion which is not yet foreseen, but upon some general principle on which the conspirators substantially agree; for example, if a large number of men agreed to kill the police if they were found in conflict with the strikers, leaving the date to the agencies of time to determine; whenever the time and occasion do come for the use of that violence, and when that violence is used, are not the parties who have agreed beforehand to use the means of

destruction equally guilty? Suppose that there was a general agreement that weapons of death should be used if the police got into a conflict with the strikers; that is, if the police undertook to enforce the laws of the State and prevent a breach of the peace and destruction of property — if the police undertook to do so, that then they would attack and kill the police, but the time and occasion of the attack itself were not foreseen; the time and occasion being to be determined by the parties who were to use the force when in their judgment the time and occasion were to come; and then, when the police were found attempting to preserve the peace, some persons who have been parties to this agreement do kill them, are not all of these persons equally guilty? If there was a general combination and agreement among a great number of individuals to kill policemen if they came into conflict with parties with whom they were friendly — meetings of workingmen, and bodies of strikers; if it was the combination and agreement to kill the police in their attempts to preserve the peace; if there was such a combination and agreement among a great number of men, the object of which was something beyond mere local disturbance, whether it was the object to offer a new form of civil society or not; if there was such an agreement to kill the police upon some occasion that might occur in the future, whether the proper time had arrived being left to their judgment, then if that violence was used and resulted in the death of the police, then those who were party to the agreement are guilty of the death. It is entirely competent for the State to show that these several defendants have had such missiles in their possession to be used on occasions that they might anticipate. There need not be an agreement that they should be used on this specific occasion, but on some occasion that might arise in the future. Any one case where such violence was used may involve the showing of the entire conspiracy from beginning to end.'"

I shall make no apology for my disjointed language and repetitions, as above quoted, but take refuge in the reflection that the opinions of Lord Eldon, a great, if not the greatest, English chancellor, have been characterized as exhibiting great lucidity of thought in great turgidity of expression. I have quoted the debate and my decision from the paper of the day, that nobody may question the truth of my statement as to the theory, or doctrine of law, on which the case was tried. *The anarchists were not tried for being anarchists, but for procuring murder to be done, and being therefore themselves guilty of murder.*

When the evidence on the side of the prosecution closed, Mr. Salomon addressed the jury upon the evidence already in, and upon what the defense expected to prove. I quote a few of his sentences: "The law says, no matter whether these defendants advised generally the use of dynamite in the purpose which they claimed to carry out, and sought to carry out, yet if none of these defendants advised the throwing of that bomb at the Haymarket, they cannot be held responsible for the action of others at other times and other places. What does the evidence introduced here tend to show? It may occur to some of you, gentlemen, to ask: 'What, then, can these defendants preach the use of dynamite? May they be allowed to go on and urge people to overturn the present government and the present condition of society without being held responsible for it, and without punishment?' . . . Now, what is the statute on conspiracy, of which these defendants may be guilty, if they are guilty of anything? . . . Now these defendants are not criminals, they are not robbers, they are not burglars, they are not common thieves; they descend to no small criminal act. On the contrary, this evidence shows conclusively that they are men of broad feelings of humanity; that their only desire has been, and their lives have been consecrated to, the betterment of their fellow-men. . . . It is true that they have adopted means, or wanted to adopt means, that were not approved of by all mankind. It is true that their methods were dangerous, perhaps; but then they should have been stopped at their inception."

It probably will occur to the reader that the "Arbeiter" said "there would have been pieces" if they had been stopped at the Board of Trade demonstration, and that in fact the police were murdered at the first real attempt made to stop them; but probably Mr. Salomon meant "stopped" by an arrest on a warrant for conspiracy.

That puts him in this dilemma. If they were engaged in anything criminal, it was a conspiracy to induce people to resort to violence; then if they succeeded, and that violence ended in murder, who is guilty? There is nothing criminal in a combination of few or many to induce and persuade the people of the United States to change our form of government to a monarchy, or to abandon all government for anarchy; the criminality of the anarchists was not in the ultimate end they proposed, but in the means by which they proposed to attain it. Those means — by violence and slaughter — changed what otherwise might have been merely a faction in politics into a band of criminals. They became conspirators, and for the consequences of their acts as such responsible.

I remember, in greater detail than follows, a part of Mr. Foster's speech to the jury, but shall take from the Chicago "Tribune" of Sunday, August 15, this report of what Mr. Foster said the day before. It does not purport to be verbatim, but I am content to leave the fairness of it to Mr. Foster. "If Mr. Foster should advise a man who was hard up to go down to the corner of Clark and Lake streets, to knock down and rob the first likely looking man that came along, Mr. Foster would not be guilty of robbery; but if he advised a man to select Mr. Grinnell as the victim, and Mr. Grinnell should be killed in the scuffle, then Mr. Foster would be guilty; and that was the position of the defendants." The moral of Æsop's fable of the "Trumpeter," "He that provokes and incites mischief is the doer of it," had not been before questioned for nearly a hundred generations.

The same proposition was insisted upon in the brief of the anarchists before the Supreme Court, when Mr. Foster was no longer connected with the case. I copy extracts: "The instructions given for the people were erroneous in assuming that there is in law such a thing as advice to commit murder, without designating the victim, time, place, or occasion; in other words, that mere general advice to the public at large to commit deeds of violence as contained in speeches or publications, without reference to the particular crime charged, and without specifying object, manner, time, or place, works responsibility as for murder. . . . A man might cry out in the public streets: 'Kill, kill; murder, murder,' by the day and by the hour, and would not advise murder in contemplation of law. Unless he designated the victim, the means, the manner, time, or place, he has not done sufficient by his outcries alone to become amenable to the law as an accessory before the fact to the crime of murder."

Mr. Black, speaking of the approach of the police, said to the jury: "In disregard of our constitutional rights as citizens, it was proposed to order the dispersal of a peaceable meeting. Has it come to pass that under the Constitution of the United States and of this State, our meetings for the discussion of grievances are subject to be scattered to the winds at the breath of a petty police officer? Can they take into their hands the law? If so, that is anarchy; the chaos of constitutional right and legally guaranteed liberty. I ask you again, charging no legal responsibility here, but looking at the man who is morally at fault for the death-harvest of that night, who brought it on? Would it have been but for the act of Bonfield?"

The duty of the police to disperse a meeting at which Fielden was telling the crowd to throttle, kill, stab the law, I have shown. It was the report, brought by a detective to the police station, of this part of Fielden's speech that started Bonfield, with the police under his command.

Free speech! Martyrs for free speech, whose "constitutional right and legally guaranteed liberty" to hold in the public streets of a great city, after ten o'clock at night, meetings at which they might cry "Kill, kill; murder, murder" (and be guiltless of natural and probable consequences of their advice and persuasions), were ruthlessly invaded by "the law-and-order beast"!

After the verdict the defendants moved for a new trial. By consent of counsel on both sides, all nearly exhausted by their labors, the discussion of that motion was postponed to the October term.

I have said that "the active leaders were men who fascinated, apparently, those with whom they came in contact." For two reasons I must copy part of a letter from Mrs. Black, dated September 22, 1886, to the editor of the Chicago "Daily News," and printed in that paper the next day,— first as an instance of that fascination, and second, because a part of what I said to the defendants, all of which later I shall copy, would lose its force to a reader ignorant of her letter. I should like to copy the whole letter, but can quote only extracts, as the whole is more than two thousand words: "I had never known an anarchist, did not know what the term meant, until my husband became counsel for the defense of the men accused of the murder of Matt J. Degan, the policeman killed at the Haymarket on the night of May 4. . . . Like every one I knew, I felt a horror for the tragic events of that eventful night. . . . As for pitying the men accused of these deaths, my mind only revolted in horror; and though, by Christian sentiment and principle opposed to capital punishment, I almost wondered that lynch-law did not, with its barbaric and disgraceful savagery, bring a blush to our civic cheeks. . . . But one day one came to speak for that side which so long had been unheard,— the accused,— and I found out that, as to everything, there are two sides to this. When I learned the facts I became assured in my own mind that the wrong men had been arrested, and thrown into cells, and subjected to the most horrible treatment. . . . I came to know so many terrible secrets that I often questioned whether I still trod this humanized earth, or whether Satan's cohorts had, by some evil chance, taken possession of man's habitation and heart. . . . During all that long trial a kind of soul crucifixion was imposed upon me. Often, as I took up one or the other of the daily papers, I would recall reverently those

words of my divine Master: 'For which of my good works do you stone me?' . . . The labor party is about to appear simultaneously all over the earth. These anarchists are the advance-guard. Call them, if you choose, the forlorn hope; but whatever you do, citizen of to-day, cease your attacks upon these men. You cannot afford to revenge yourselves upon them at the price it will cost. . . . I know that capital says, 'We have the army, the militia, artillery, and the most improved weapons for disciplined men'; but oh, my God! what is that before even ten thousand men with dynamite bombs? your army would sigh no more after but one volley of bombs, and there are worse things in the knowledge of all the labor party now. Let us then deal justly. . . . Anarchy is simply a human effort to bring about the millennium. Why do we want to hang men for that, when every pulpit has thundered that the time is near at hand? . . . I tell you that if you hang these men it will precipitate a civil war which, because of scientific discovery, will soon depopulate the earth. . . . Recollect, I am not an anarchist. But I am an ardent advocate of the rights of the workingmen, in common with every other citizen, to meet and make speeches,— ay, and to defend themselves against interference or interruption, as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, that grand old instrument now being infringed upon and insulted."

It will be remembered that the motion for a new trial was, at the time that letter appeared, soon to come on before me. It did come on, took a week, and was then denied. A part of what I then said is as follows: "In passing upon this motion for a new trial, the case is so voluminous, and there is such a mass of evidence, that it is impossible within any reasonable limit to give a synopsis or epitome of it. I do not understand that, either upon the trial before the jury, or upon the argument of the motion before me, there has been any argument tending, or intended, to deny that all of the defendants, except Neebe, were parties to whatever purpose or object there was in view; that the other seven were combined for some purpose. . . . What it is, is a matter which the counsel have debated and argued before the jury, and before me. Now it is important to know what that object was; whether it was, as counsel for the defendants have stated here, merely to encourage workingmen to resist if unlawful attacks were made upon them, or whether it was something else. There is no way of ascertaining so clearly what the object was, as to read what the defendants themselves have spoken and printed as to their objects while the events were transpiring. Now, from the files of the newspapers, which go back a good ways, a great deal can be taken, which must of necessity be taken as the truth of what their object was."

Then I read from the "Arbeiter" and "The Alarm" at considerable length, and proceeded: "Now, in addition to all these papers, there is the testimony of witnesses as to the various speeches which were made, and the conclusion is irresistible that the combination which, so far as we see here, began in 1884, was a combination which had for its purpose the changing of the existing order of society, the overthrow of the government, and the abolition of all law. There can be no question in the mind of any man who reads these articles, and hears what speeches were made, that that was the object long before any eight-hour movement was talked about, and then that the eight-hour movement which they advocated was but a means in their estimation toward the end which they sought, and that the eight-hour movement was not the primary consideration with them at all. The papers and the speeches furnish the answer to the argument of counsel that what they proposed was simply that they should arm themselves so as to resist any unlawful attacks which the police or militia might make upon them, because these articles, as well as Spies's own account of the McCormick affair, all show that what they claimed with reference to the eight-hour movement, or in reference to strikes, was, that if employers chose to employ other men in the place of those who had struck for any cause — wages or hours — that the employment of other men must be prevented by force; and if the police then undertook to resist the force that was used to prevent the employment of other men, that was the ground upon which the police or militia, or whoever exercised that force, might be destroyed. Now, there can be no claim that that is a lawful object. There can be no claim but that force used to the extent of taking human life in carrying out that object is murder. It is impossible for any man to argue that any set of men have the right to dictate to other men whether they shall work or not for a particular individual, and if they choose to work in defiance of that dictation, to drive them off by force, and if the police undertake to prevent the use of that force, then they have the right to kill the police. It is impossible to contend for any such principle as that. They say constantly that the majority must be overcome by force; that they have no hope of overcoming the majority by winning them over to their side, but they must annihilate them by force. Now, there is no doubt that is murder, and there is no room for any argument that as to seven of these defendants they were not in that combination, whatever the object of it was."

After reviewing the evidence as to Neebe, I continued: "Now, on the question of the instructions, whether these defendants, any of them, did anticipate or expect the throwing of the bomb on the night of the fourth of May, is not a question which I need to consider, because the conviction cannot be sustained, if that is necessary to a conviction, however much evidence of it there may be, because the instructions do not go upon that ground. The jury were not instructed to find the defendants guilty if they believed that they participated in the throwing of that bomb, or encouraged or advised the throwing of that bomb, or had knowledge that it was to be thrown, or anything of that sort. The conviction has not gone upon the ground that they did have actually any personal participation in the particular act which caused the death of Degan; but the conviction proceeds upon the ground, under the instructions, that they had generally by speech and print advised large classes of the people, not particular individuals, but large classes, to commit murder, and have left the commission, the time, and place, and when, to the individual will and whim or caprice, or whatever it may be, of each individual man who listened to their advice, and that in consequence of that advice, in pursuance of that advice, and influenced by that advice, somebody not known did throw the bomb that caused Degan's death. Now, if that is not a correct principle of law, then the defendants, of course, are entitled to a new trial. This case is without precedent. There is no example in the law-books of a case of this sort. No such occurrence has ever happened before in the history of the world. I suppose that in the Lord George Gordon riots we may, perhaps, find something like this, but Lord George Gordon was indicted for treason, and the government failed in its proofs upon the trial as to what he had done. Very likely they did not want to prove it very strongly against him. I do not know; it is none of my business."

I then read the section of the statute as to accessories, and proceeded: "Now, if it can be ascertained that, in fact, the throwing of the bomb was in pursuance of their advice, and influenced by their advice,—when I say their advice, of course the advice of one is the advice of all, because if the conspiracy is established, then whatever either did is the act of each one,—if, in fact, it could be established that the throwing of the bomb was the act of the person who did it, in pursuance of their advice, and under the influence of their advice, why, it seems to me that there would be no room for question that whoever gave the advice would be guilty of the consequences which followed the giving of that advice. So that if I am correct as to that, then the question comes back,—whether it can be proved; whether the thing itself is susceptible of such proof, when the man himself who threw the bomb cannot be identified; whether in point of law there is such an impossibility of proof that that individual threw it in pursuance of their advice, that the instruction cannot be right."

I have already stated that the meetings of the anarchists were mostly held in beer-saloons or halls adjacent. No. 54 West Lake street was such a place. This fact suggested my illustration as follows: "Perhaps I can make my view upon that subject clearer by an illustration. Suppose that the radical temperance men should, for a long period of time, by speeches and publications, declare that there was no hope of stopping the evils of the liquor traffic, except by blowing up saloons and killing saloon-keepers; that it was useless to expect any reform by legislation; that no prohibition laws, nor high-license laws, nor any other laws would have any effect in their estimation, and that therefore they must blow up the saloons and kill the saloon-keepers,—and justify that course; suppose that, in addition to that, they taught means by which saloons could be blown up and saloon-keepers killed, and then called a meeting in West Lake street, in front of No. 54 West Lake, and while some speakers were denouncing the liquor traffic, and saying to an audience, 'If you are ready to do anything, do it without making any idle threat,' and another speaker says, 'Throttle, kill, stab the saloon business, or it will kill, throttle, and stab you,' and then, while that speaking is going on, some unknown man out of the crowd, with a bomb of the manufacture of the temperance men, explodes No. 54 Lake street, and kills the occupants of the house,—I apprehend that none of the parties who are objecting to the insufficiency of this proof in this case would have any hesitation in saying that the men who had advised that conduct were guilty of it."

After reviewing at considerable length the evidence, I continued: "If a thing can be proved by circumstantial evidence, that is true; that the act of throwing that bomb was in consequence of, in pursuance of, influenced by, this teaching, this advice, by speech and print for a course of two years, that a man should throw a bomb; the disposition in him to throw it, produced by the teachings of these defendants, cannot be questioned. . . . It is the frequent boast of people who profess to admire the common law that it adapts itself; that its principles are so adapted to human nature that as new events, new circumstances, new combinations arise; new inventions, new

forms of industry; the common law, that the common law has principles which may be applied to new events and circumstances; and the principle here applies, that if it is proved, so that a jury must, if they draw a reasonable conclusion, believe that the man who threw that bomb was acting under the influence of this advice, then the defendants are all guilty; and if so, if that is the law, then the instructions are all right."

I expect, if my article receives any attention from anarchists or their sympathizers, that it will be garbled, and that I shall be misrepresented. It is for that reason that I quote, and do not undertake to condense or polish, what I said. There shall be no ground to say that this paper contains, not the theories applied at the trial, but afterthoughts.

On the trial Spies, Schwab, Fielden, and Parsons had taken the stand as witnesses. Engel, Fischer, Lingg, and Neebe kept off; no doubt their counsel acted wisely in not putting them on.

After the motion for a new trial was denied, I said: "Prisoners at the bar: For the first time during this painful and protracted proceeding it is my duty to speak to you, and call upon you, individually and separately, now to say, whether you have anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you, according to the verdict of the jury." And then each of the defendants addressed me, occupying three days.

As Parsons, the last who spoke, sat down, I said: "I am quite well aware that what you have said, although addressed to me, has been said to the world; yet nothing has been said which weakens the force of the proof, or the conclusions therefrom upon which the verdict is based. You are all men of intelligence, and know that, if the verdict stands, it must be executed. The reasons why it shall stand, I have already sufficiently stated in deciding the motion for a new trial. I am sorry, beyond any power of expression, for your unhappy condition, and for the terrible events that have brought you to it. I shall address to you neither reproaches nor exhortations. What I shall say will be said in the faint hope that a few words from a place where the people of the State of Illinois have delegated the authority to declare the penalty of a violation of their laws, and spoken upon an occasion so solemn and awful as this, may come to the knowledge of, and be heeded by, the ignorant, deluded, and misguided men who have listened to your counsels and followed your advice. I say in the faint hope; for if men are persuaded that because of business differences, whether about labor or anything else, they may destroy property, and assault and beat other men, and kill the police, if they, in the discharge of their duty, interfere to preserve the peace, there is little ground to hope that they will listen to any warning.

"Not the least among the hardships of the peaceable, frugal, and laborious poor, it is to endure the tyranny of mobs, who with lawless force dictate to them, under penalty of peril to limb and life, where, when, and upon what terms they may earn a livelihood for themselves and their families. Any government that is worthy of the name will strenuously endeavor to secure to all within its jurisdiction freedom to follow their lawful avocations in safety for their property and their persons while obeying the law.

"AND THE LAW IS COMMON SENSE.

"It holds each man responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his own acts. It holds that whoever advises murder, is himself guilty of the murder that is committed pursuant to his advice; and if men band together for forcible resistance to the execution of the law, and advise murder as a means of making such resistance effectual, whether such advice be to one man to murder another, or to a numerous class to murder men of another class, all who are so banded together are guilty of any murder that is committed in pursuance of such advice.

"The people of this country love their institutions. They love their homes. They love their property. They will never consent that by violence and murder those institutions shall be broken down, their homes despoiled, and their property destroyed. And the people are strong enough to protect and sustain their institutions, and to punish all offenders against their laws; and those who threaten danger to civil society, if the law is enforced, are leading to destruction whoever may attempt to execute such threats.

"The existing order of society can be changed only by the will of the majority.

"Each man has the full right to entertain, and advocate by speech and print, such opinions as suit himself; and the great body of the people will usually care little what he says; but if he proposes murder as a means of enforcing them, he puts his own life at stake; and no clamor about free speech, or evils to be cured, or wrongs to be redressed, will shield him from the consequences of his crime. His liberty is not a license to destroy. The toleration that he enjoys he must extend to others, and not arrogantly assume that the great majority are wrong, and may rightly be coerced by terror or removed by dynamite.

"It only remains that for the crime you have committed, and of which you have been convicted after a trial unexampled in the patience

with which an outraged people have extended to you every protection and privilege of the law which you derided and defied, the sentence of that law be now pronounced. In form and detail that sentence will appear upon the records of the court. In substance and effect it is that the defendant Neebe be imprisoned in the State Penitentiary at Joliet at hard labor for the term of fifteen years; and that each of the other defendants, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon of the third day of December next, in the manner provided by the statute, be hung by the neck until he is dead."

Then to the bailiffs: "Remove the prisoners."

Thus ended, on the ninth day of October, 1886, the trial of the anarchists.

The case went to the Supreme Court, where the judgment of the Criminal Court was affirmed, and the opinion of the Supreme Court, prepared by Mr. Justice Benjamin D. Magruder, was filed September 14, 1887.

Prophecy was fulfilled. Just a hundred years before some one of the days on which Judge Magruder was engaged in the preparation of that opinion, the citizens of Philadelphia, rejoicing over the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, by which a loose confederacy was welded into a great nation, carried in procession a banner on which were these lines:

> The crimes and frauds of Anarchy shall fail;
> Returning Justice lifts aloft her scale.

To state, without going into particulars, that the sentences of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to imprisonment for life, that Lingg by suicide, one day before, escaped hanging, is enough.

The Supreme Court had, in pursuance of the statute, fixed another day for the execution, the one first fixed having passed. On the eleventh day of November, 1887, the other defendants who had been sentenced to death were executed; on the 13th, Mr. Black, who had been called to speak over their graves, and the grave of Lingg, said: ". . . I loved these men. I knew them not until I came to know them in the time of their sore travail and anguish. As months went by and I found in the lives of those with whom I talked the witness of their love for the people, of their patience, gentleness, and courage, my heart was taken captive in their cause. . . . I say that whatever of fault may have been in them, these, the people whom they loved and in whose cause they died, may well close the volume, and seal up the record, and give our lips to the praise of their heroic deeds, and their sublime self-sacrifice."

If these words have any meaning, they refer to the acts of the anarchists which I have, in part, told; "the people whom they loved" they deceived, deluded, and endeavored to convert into murderers; the "cause they died in" was rebellion, to prosecute which they taught and instigated murder; their "heroic deeds" were causeless, wanton murders done; and the "sublime self-sacrifice" of the only one to whom the words can apply was suicide, to escape the impending penalty of the law incurred by murder.

For nearly seven years the clamor, uncontradicted, has gone round the world that the anarchists were heroes and martyrs, victims of prejudice and fear. Not a dozen persons alive were prepared by familiarity with the details of their crime and trial, and present knowledge of the materials from which those details could be shown, to present a succinct account of them to the public. It so happened that my position was such that from me that account would probably attract as much attention as it would from any other source. Right-minded, thoughtful people, who recognize the necessity to civilization of the existence and enforcement of laws for the protection of human life, and who yet may have had misgivings as to the fate of the anarchists, will, I trust, read what I have written, and dismiss those misgivings, convinced that in law and in morals the anarchists were rightly punished, not for opinions, but for horrible deeds.

Joseph E. Gary.

THE CASH CAPITAL OF SUNSET CITY.

WHEN the long winter had closed down around Sunset City, stopping the railroad trains, cutting it off from the world, and leaving it like an island in the great shifting sea of snow, the available, active, circulating cash capital was estimated by Judge Longsby at $240.

True, there was more money than this in the ambitious city of Sunset. Untold wealth was said to nestle in the vaults of the Bank of the Metropolis; H. R. Dodge, the proprietor of the Red-Front Dry-Goods Emporium, was reputed to have a safe bursting with money; Mrs. Stebbins of the Frontier Hotel was said to have a tin coffee-pot full of the most genuine and unmistakable money: but this capital was tied up,—withdrawn from circulation, and in the hands of capitalists and other dangerous members of society,—and $240 remained, on the closest estimates, as the actual amount of the circulating medium available for business purposes at the Two Orphans, the popular liquor and gaming establishment conducted by Mr. Mart Hawkins. Perhaps this amount was not so discreditable to Sunset when we remember that the city, though lusty and ambitious, was scarcely six months old.

The winter shut down on Sunset City with a snap. The people arose one dark December morning, and found an east wind sifting down great flakes of soft snow. The air was damp and chilly, and the clouds hung only a little way above the low buildings. There was a nameless, homesick feeling in the air. The nearest town by railroad, which, although thirty miles away, had always seemed so close and neighborly, now seemed to be far away, and to lose, as it were, its personality. After a while people began to speak of it in a vague, general way, as of a place they had heard of and believed to exist, but had never seen, like Pekin or Calcutta; and in time some found themselves wondering if, after all, their nearest neighbors did not lie to the west, across the two hundred miles of uninhabited Indian reservation.

The first day of the snow wore away, but it never ceased to fall, and quick, angry gusts of wind, now more from the northeast, gradually began to dart around the corner, and to toss up the snow in sullen little eddies. Every inhabitant of Sunset knew in his heart that the regular tri-weekly "mixed" train on the Great Western road, due that afternoon at four o'clock, would not come; but nobody said so, and many consoled themselves with the observation that they "guessed she'd pull through all right," or they "reckoned it was 'most too early yet for sure-enough winter." So, when four o'clock came, nine tenths of the men of Sunset were at the railroad station, whereas usually there were only three fourths of them present. They sat about in the waiting-room in easy attitudes for an hour, and lied on whatever subject came up, but nobody said anything about the train. Occasionally a man would glance furtively out of the window at the snow and the gathering darkness, and then he would look unconcerned, as if he had had no particular object in view. At five o'clock the telegraph instrument in the next room began to click, and a hush fell upon the little group around the stove. In a moment it ceased, and the operator was heard arranging papers and books. A few of the weaker ones looked toward his window with its sign of "Tickets," but nobody spoke. Then the operator looked out and said, "Train suspended," and shut down his window with a bang. The men rose up, and started for the door. Clay Morgan was the only one that said anything. I take the liberty to soften considerably the strength of his remark.

"Sufferin' Moses!" said Mr. Clay Morgan, with an emphasis which swept everything before it, "of course the train 's suspended. We're the blankest set of fools that ever looked through a collar. We 'll see that 'ere train about March; that 's when we 'll see *her*."

Two or three attempted to laugh feebly; then they went out. It was dark now, and the snow was still falling, but it was finer. It was growing colder, and the wind pounced around the corner upon the helpless snow with greater frequency. The men waded along in single file toward the cheerful lights of the Two Orphans. They went in at the door, and in ten minutes they were lost in the calm, restful game of draw-poker, and the cash capital of Sunset City had begun its local travels.

When the great, grim winter closed around the little defenseless city of Sunset, it imprisoned all sorts and conditions of people—those who had passed through Dakota winters before, and those who knew nothing about them; those who had roughed it on the frontier, and slept in tents, and in covered wagons, and under the stars, and those who had never known anything except good beds and warm rooms. Among others shut in by the winter was a young woman with dark hair, with a touch of premature gray about the temples, who was

seldom seen to smile, and had made few friends, but was liked by those that did know her. She had come in September, and said her name was Mrs. Grey. She had lived from the first with Mrs. Stebbins, and had done what little work there was to do at dressmaking in Sunset. No one knew her when she came, but she had explained that she had a husband, who had expected to come with her till the last moment, when he had been detained by important business, so she had come on alone. Her husband was, she said, a young lawyer, anxious to find a growing town in which to practise his profession. He would come to Sunset, meet her, and perhaps remain. It was the firm but mistaken belief of Sunset City that it needed a lawyer, and delegations of prominent citizens immediately called upon Mrs. Grey, urging her to use her best endeavors to influence her husband to open a law office in their city. "Mr. Harland H. Grey, a leading attorney of Peoria, Ill.," "The Sunset City Banner" announced that week, "has wisely decided to leave the effete East, and locate in our beautiful city. He will open law offices in the Parkinson Block in about a month. Mrs. Grey, his charming and accomplished wife, is already in the city, the guest of Mrs. Stebbins, the able and amiable hostess of the Frontier Hotel. The boom is only just beginning to boom."

But despite the optimistic utterances of "The Banner," Mr. Grey did not arrive. Sometimes he was expected, and the young woman waited for the train at the station; but he never came, and she would go back to her sewing. So when the east wind began to blow, and scattered the snow gently, almost lovingly at first, and then grew angry, and took it up, and swirled it about wildly, madly, the quiet, dark-haired woman looked out at the storm from the little window of her room, still alone. And the next morning, when she awoke and heard the mighty, overpowering roar of the storm, which had now come in earnest, she felt that she never before had been so much alone. For the roar of this prairie storm came like the roar of the sea; and the wind caught up the snow, as fine as powder, and hurled it past the windows like great sheets of spray; and it howled, and shrieked, and whistled as if it were blowing on knife-blades. The cold was intense, and the frost piled up on the window-panes, except in some places near the edges where the wind crept in and kept it back like foam. All day the strange roar kept up till the young woman was dizzy and sick. The wind swept down one side of the street, and left it bare and frozen, and even took up the sand and gravel, and carried it away with the snow. On the other side it piled up the snow till the houses were almost covered. No one ventured out; but the wind came in where it could, and sifted in the fine snow, about windows, under doors, even through keyholes; and the snow that came down the chimneys melted, and stained the walls. All day it roared, and the cold increased as the night approached, and, if possible, the wind became more savage; signs which all day had swung and creaked were carried away. The half darkness of the day early gave place to the black, bewildering darkness of the night, and the young woman, who had sat all day by the little stove with a shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, fighting back the tears, now threw herself on the bed, tired out with the struggle, weak, sick, discouraged. But mind (that is, the powerful masculine mind) is ever superior to matter, and the puny warfare of the elements did not interfere with the noble American game as expounded at the Two Orphans. When the wind and the cold were at their cruelest, and wrenched away, with a crash and a wild scream, the very sign of the Two Orphans itself, Mr. Clay Morgan remained unmoved, and in these familiar but ever eloquent words addressed four fellow-citizens, "Gentlemen, how many cards are you takin'?"

Nor did the next day in any way disturb the progress of the play at the Two Orphans. It was colder, but without a breath of wind, and with no cloud in sight, and with a sun brighter than that of midsummer shining down through the cold air, with its myriad-colored frost crystals on the great billowy sea of dazzling white (packed by the force of the wind almost as firmly as the frozen earth itself), and with its struggling wreaths of smoke from scattering settlers' houses half buried in the snow. To the young woman with the sad eyes and the touch of gray about the temples it seemed a little more cheerful, but only a little; the feeling of being on an island in a sea more terrible than the sea itself could not be shaken off. So day after day she sat close to her little round coal-stove, with the shawl drawn about her shoulders, and waited.

Other storms came, followed by other calms, but the great work of settling the ownership of the $240 went on. At one time Bill Peters had over $200 of it, but the next day he played recklessly, and at midnight borrowed two bits from a friend with which to buy a drink of whisky at the bar. And here the reader with a strong business sense may well ask why, since the $240 was the total amount in circulation, it was not gradually absorbed by the bar, thus leaving the community absolutely without a circulating medium for purposes of legitimate trade in the game of draw-poker. The question is natural, and this calamitous state of affairs might well have overtaken the unfortunate city had it

not been for a beautiful provision of nature whereby the proprietor of the Two Orphans, Mr. Hawkins, was the most inveterate, and the unluckiest, gambler of them all. It was seldom that the struggling morning light found Mr. Hawkins with any considerable balance of bar receipts over and above his losses at the poker-tables, though it is certain that during the winter the little Spartan $240 must have passed over his bar to his till several dozen times. As for the purchases of food and other luxuries at the stores, the transactions were invariably carried out on a credit basis.

One of the most industrious of the players at the tables of the Two Orphans was Clay Morgan. Mr. Morgan was a tall, broad-shouldered man, about thirty-five years old, with reddish brown hair and blue eyes. He was an old settler in the country, having for ten years had a little herd of stock along the Missouri River bottoms, and much of the time on the Indian reservation, in defiance of a vague institution said to exist, and known as the "Gover'ment." Since the railroad and inhabitants had come he had maintained a ferry across the river in the summer. He was a man who had originally had a fair education, though it had largely, in his own words, "worn off" since his residence on the edge of civilization. He was much respected in the community, having established his right to this distinction six months before by shooting a railroad contractor and two graders who had insulted his wife — a lady, it may be observed in passing, who could trace half of her lineage to that noble and haughty race that first possessed this land, but which had been, in Mr. Morgan's own words, "unlucky in the draw, and did n't have anything when it come to the show-down." Mr. Morgan laid claim to the land on which Sunset City stood, though it was disputed by the railroad company. The matter was before the United States Land Office, and had been referred to the Department of the Interior. "You will keep on fightin' 'em?" remarked Mr. Hawkins to Morgan one day. "I shall fight 'em," remarked Mr. Morgan, "till the infernal regions freeze over, and then," he added, as he wiped the ashes off his cigar on the edge of the bar, "get out and fight 'em on the ice."

One day in January, when another blizzard was seeking to blot out the little city of Sunset, the door of the Two Orphans suddenly opened, a cloud of snow swirled in and up to the ceiling, and around the red-hot stove, on which it sputtered and hissed; and when the door closed, and the snow spray settled, Morgan stood shaking himself, and turning down the great collar of his fur coat. The games had not yet begun for the afternoon, but a dozen or more citizens leaned against the bar in restful attitudes. As Morgan advanced to the group, he was seen to have a copy of "The Sunset City Banner" in his hand.

"Have you seen to-day's 'Banner'?" he asked.

"No," answered Judge Longsby for the crowd.

"You 're behind the times," said Morgan. "I just got one off the press."

He sat down on the edge of a card-table, and unfolded "The Banner." This influential sheet for several weeks had been printed on wrapping-paper secured at H. R. Dodge's Red-Front Dry-Goods Emporium, "owing," in its own words, "to the sickening and repeated failure of the Great Western Railroad Company to deliver our ready-prints." Morgan turned to the top of the first column, and read:

IMPORTANT ARRIVAL!

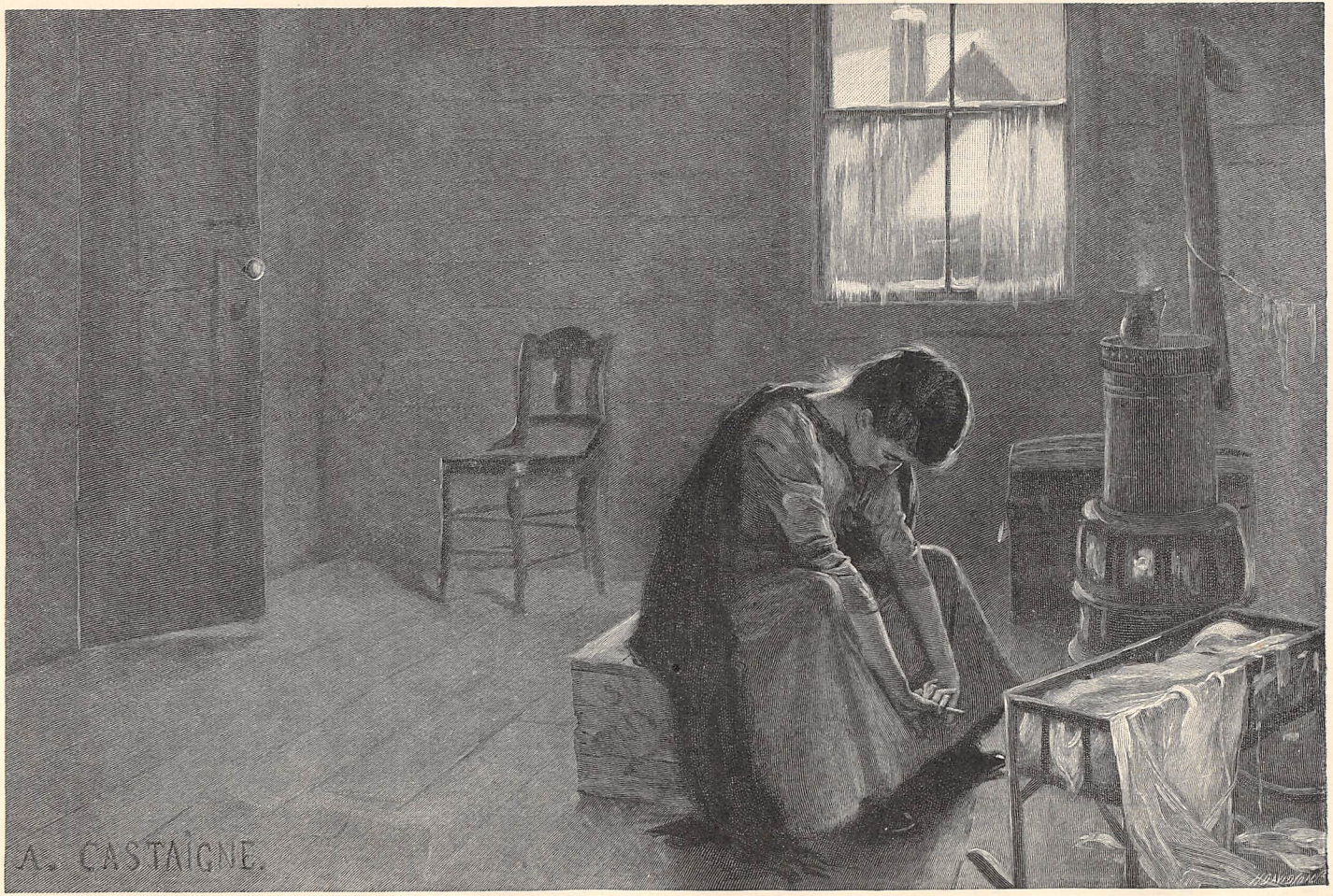
THE GREAT SUNSET BOOM!

COLD WEATHER CANNOT STOP IT.

Notwithstanding the cowardly and disgusting failure of the Great Western Railroad Company to operate its trains, we have this morning to record an important arrival in the city. We refer to the birth of a fine son to the wife of Mr. Harland H. Grey, the brilliant young lawyer who is on the point of opening legal parlors in the Parkinson Block. This being the first birth in Sunset, the little stranger is of course entitled to the deed to the corner lot offered by the City Improvement Society in the case of such an event. Our boom is a boom that booms the year around. Mother and child, under the skilful care of the cheery and whole-souled Mrs. Stebbins, are doing well.

As he laid down the paper there was a hearty and spontaneous cheer from the crowd in front of the bar. Judge Longsby brought his glass down so hard that it was shattered into a hundred pieces. Mr. Mart Hawkins reached for a bottle of his choicest whisky, and invited all to "drink to the little youngster," which was done with enthusiasm. Then Mr. Morgan felt impelled to ask those present to drink with him to the health and prosperity of the new arrival; after which others followed his example till it was found that no one was in a condition to begin the struggle for the $240. So the little newcomer, all unwittingly, stopped the games in the Two Orphans for the only day they had been stopped thus far during the winter, albeit the glorious cause of temperance was made to fall by the wayside in so doing.

Incidents of even small importance were scarce, and topics of conversation, aside from the somewhat narrow range afforded by the requirements of the game, were very few. The single telegraph wire which connected Sunset with the outside world went down early,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

"IT HAS BEEN A HARD WINTER."

and cut off all communication. The telegraph operator shut up his office, and lapsed into a state of cheerful drunkenness. Once in two or three weeks a little party of men on snow-shoes would go down the river to Pierre, where the trains still ran spasmodically, and bring up the mail. The money-market remained active and healthy, and the $240 continued to circulate freely. Sometimes a daring speculator — a local and pent-up Jay Gould — would obtain control of nearly all of it; but sooner or later reverses were sure to come, and his fortune would be swept away, much to his own disappointment, but to the manifest advantage of the community at large. The actual cash would, no doubt, have been worn out before the winter was half over, had it not been for the judicious use of red and blue celluloid chips for the real business transactions, the cash itself coming into evidence only through clearing-house operations at the end of the night's trade. The attempt of Judge Longsby to inflate the currency by a skilful system of fiat-money issues under his own name was successfully resisted. This able financier fought long and earnestly for the remonetization of his I O U's, pointing out that his paper was good, that the community was suffering from a contracted currency, and that better times would result from small issues on his part; but he was finally put to rout by several persons producing specimens of his proposed currency bearing date of the summer before, and asking him to cash them in coin or greenbacks, a financial operation which the judge was utterly unable to perform. The rumor, the next day after the arrival of a snow-shoe mail, that Bill Peters had got a registered letter from the East containing $100 (some said $500), produced a sensation; but it was soon successfully proved that the registered letter in question contained only a summons in a suit brought by his wife, who lived in Louisville, for divorce on the ground of desertion.

The baby prospered fairly well, but he was not a strong baby. He was known universally as "the baby," and in no other way; for where there is only one baby in town a name is as superfluous as where there is only one baby in a family. The baby's mother would smile faintly as she sat by the little stove and looked down upon him in her lap, even though she heard the wind shriek outside, and rattle the window as if it would break in and tear the baby away from her, and whirl him away in a cold, white cloud. But he remained a weakly baby, and even the formal call of the officers of the City Improvement Society to present the deed of the lot did not seem to strengthen him. The baby's mother thanked them, and held the little morsel of humanity closer to her bosom. He was not a strong baby, so Clay Morgan himself announced one day when he informed his friends at the Two Orphans that he had been with his wife to see the baby.

"I claim to be a judge of babies," said Mr. Morgan, "but this one ain't strong. He looks smart, and has got a good head on him, but he ain't got constitution enough for the climate. This is a hard country on babies, anyhow."

But the baby's mother sat by the little stove, and held him close through storm and sunshine; and sometimes she kissed him softly, and cried a little, like a woman, and then laid him in the bed, and went and looked out of the window across the miles of snow.

Late in February there began to be indications of better things in the way of weather. The sun had crept up higher day by day, and there came a thaw. The snowbanks grew black and dirty on their southern sides, and dark bands of clouds hung about the horizon. The telegraph wire was got up, and a message came that an effort would soon be made to push a train through to Sunset. But before it came the weather grew colder, more snow fell, and a parting blizzard, perhaps the worst of the season, came down upon the disheartened city. The wind came again with a mighty rush, and drove the frightened snow before it, and tugged at the windows, and pounded at the roofs, as if angry that its reign was so nearly ended. Late in the afternoon, while it was at its worst, Clay Morgan came into the Two Orphans. He shook himself like a dog, and scattered snow all about on the floor, but he did not answer one or two somewhat boisterous greetings.

"It 's a rough day outside," he said, as he advanced to the stove and looked at Hawkins.

"You 're right," answered Hawkins.

Morgan paused, and then said, "I told you once that this 'ere is a hard climate on babies."

"Yes; that 's so."

"And I told you, too," went on Morgan, as he looked at the glasses behind the bar, "that the baby wa'n't as strong as he ought to be."

"Yes," said somebody. Bill Peters held his hand so that anybody could see he had three kings; but nobody did see it.

"Well, the baby is dead."

Peters laid down his hand — face up. Jack Bannock, who sat on the edge of a billiard-table, felt somehow that he was too conspicuous, and slipped off quietly and sat down on the foot-rail in front of the bar. Bat Middleton took off his hat.

"It has been a hard winter — the hardest since I come in '72," said Morgan, still looking

away at the glasses. "It was too hard for the baby."

There was no reply to this, except by the storm without, which seemed to shriek in glee that it had borne the baby away at last, in the cloud, cold and white, and with a rush and roar.

"It was no place for the baby," continued Morgan, "and this is no place for his mother. My idee is that we ought 'o send her back to her folks — back to her husband and folks."

"Eh?" remarked Judge Longsby, who sat in a chair tilted back against the wall, and who had been evolving a great financial scheme when Morgan entered.

"I said," replied Morgan, "that it seems to me that we ought 'o send the baby's mother back to her husband."

"To her husband?"

"That 's what I said."

The judge sniffed the air, and gazed at the ceiling.

"We ought 'o send her back to her husband," repeated Morgan.

The others looked at the judge. He brought his gaze down from the ceiling, and looked at Morgan.

"She ain't got any husband, nor never did have," he said slowly.

"That 's a lie," answered Morgan.

The judge tilted his chair forward, and stood up and looked straight at Morgan. Bat Middleton, who sat behind the judge, got up carelessly and drifted over to the bar, as if he had long intended to make this migration.

"That 's a lie," repeated Morgan. He reached into his pocket, and drew out a letter. "I 've got a letter here from the postmaster back there, which says she 's got a husband, and that he 's sick there. Would you like to see it?"

The judge stepped forward. In point of fact, the envelop Morgan held really contained a lottery advertisement and two past-drawn tickets.

"Give me your hand," said the judge. "I don't want to see the letter. I did n't know you had such proof. I only guessed at what I said, and I ought n't to of said it. Throw the letter in the fire."

Morgan turned, and tossed the letter on the coals. The advertisement, tickets, and envelop whisked away in one flash.

"You are right," went on the judge, "we ought 'o send her back to her husband."

"That was my idee," replied Morgan—"back to her husband," and he looked at the others. "Now my plan is this: you estimate, judge, that there is a cash capital among us here of about $240, do you?"

"Two hundred and forty, as near as I can figure it, though there ought 'o be more for easy times."

"Now my idee," continued Morgan, "is that we chip it in for the baby's mother. All of it won't hurt her. It don't do us any good, anyhow, and it would do her a mighty pile of good." He took off his fur cap, and tossed it on the card-table before him. "I 've got about $20 of this 'ere capital now, and there it is." He dropped some rumpled bills into the cap.

The judge explored his pockets. "Unfortunately," he said, "I seem to have but fifty cents of it." He dropped a half-dollar into the cap. "My note, I s'pose, would not—?" He looked at Morgan.

"No; we only want the reg'lar capital."

The others came forward and deposited varying sums. Bill Peters had been lucky that day, and put in $60. In a few minutes all had contributed. The proceedings had gradually shaped themselves into a public meeting.

"Gen'lemen," said Morgan, "what is your further pleasure?"

"I move," said Mart Hawkins, "that the cheer app'int a committee of three, of which he himself is one member, to count the money and take it to the baby's mother."

Bat Middleton seconded the motion, and it was carried.

"I appoint for the other two," announced the chair, "Judge Longsby and Mr. Mart Hawkins."

The money was counted, and $231.25 was found. "It is clear," said the judge, as he looked inquiringly about, "that some man unfit to be a resident of Sunset City has spent $8.75 in cash at the stores. My estimate could n't of be'n wrong, and we find only $231.25."

Then the committee went out into the storm and darkness, and felt their way along the street through the blinding snow, which stung their faces like needles. They found the baby's mother, and Morgan awkwardly told her what they had done, but not what he did himself; and he put the money in her lap, and they hurried away, which was as well, for she could not speak, but sat weeping her grief and her thanks together. The women who were with her crept out and left her alone, and she threw herself on the bed, and her tears came as never before. The wind shrieked louder, but she did not hear it.

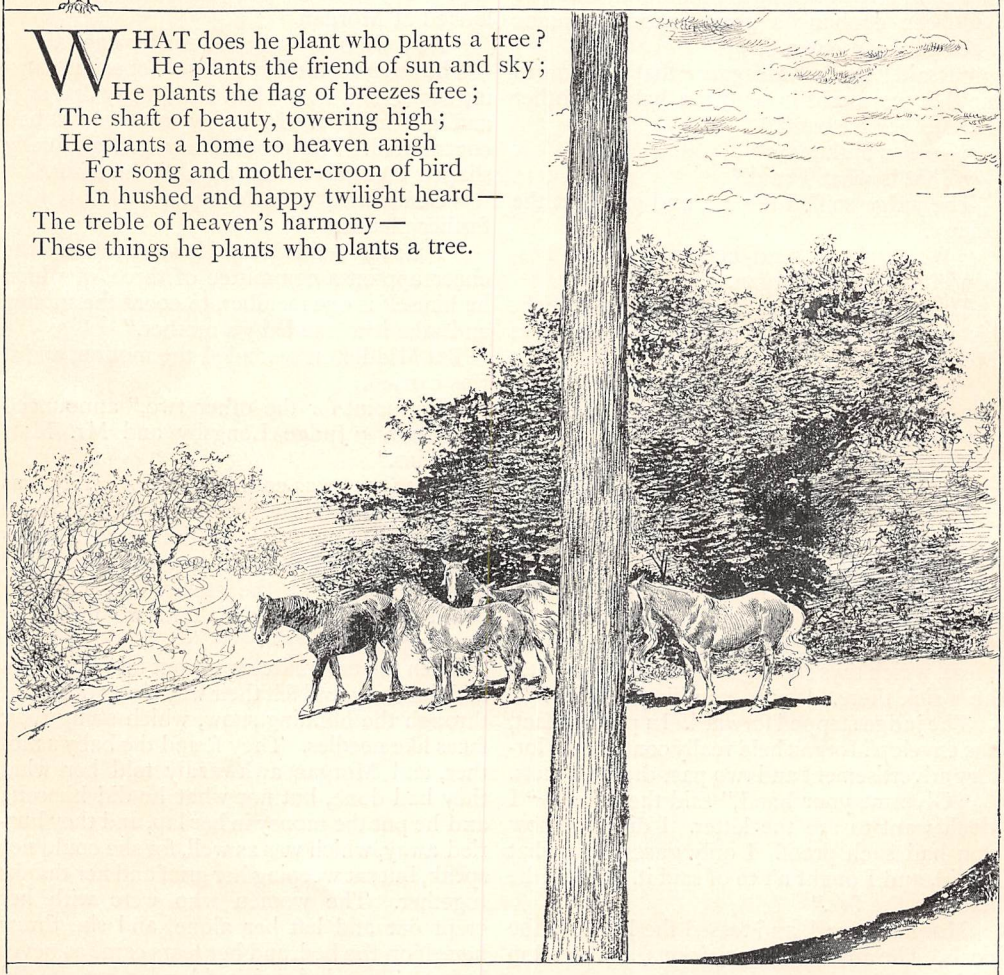
A week later, when she stood on the platform of the first train that started East, she waved her hand to the men about the station, and smiled faintly. It may have been a sad smile, but they did not notice it.

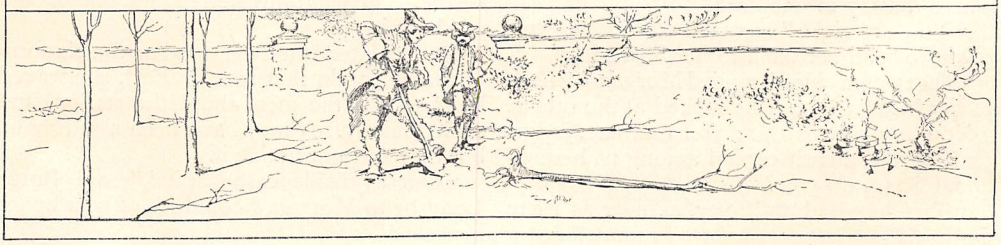
"Our available cash capital," said Judge Longsby to Morgan, "could n't of be'n better invested."

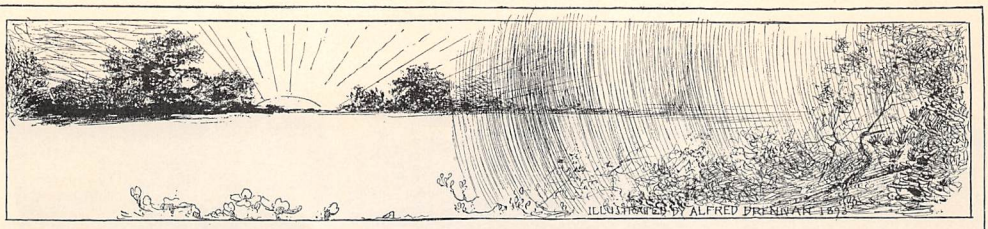
Hayden Carruth.

The Heart of the TREE: an Arbor-day Song by H. C. Bunner.

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty, towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

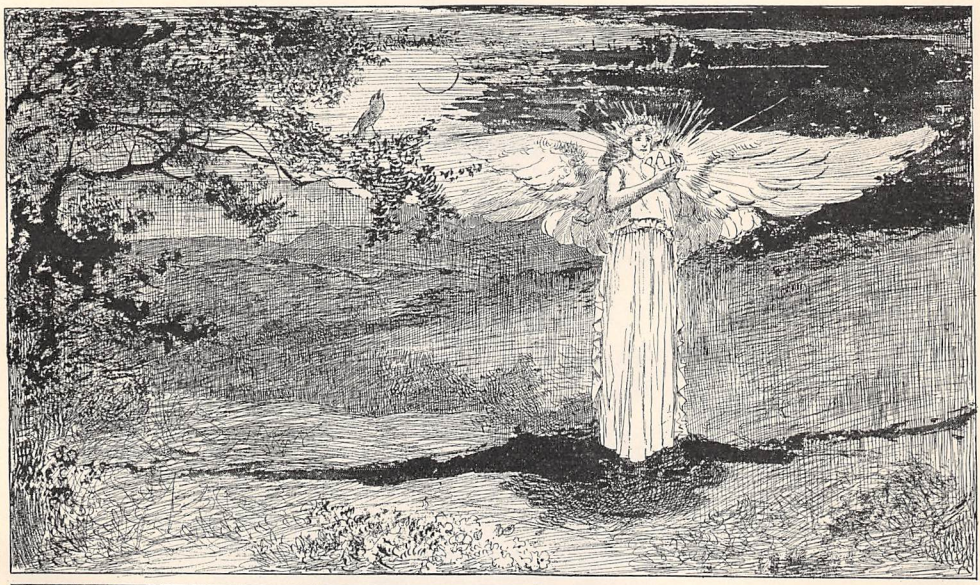


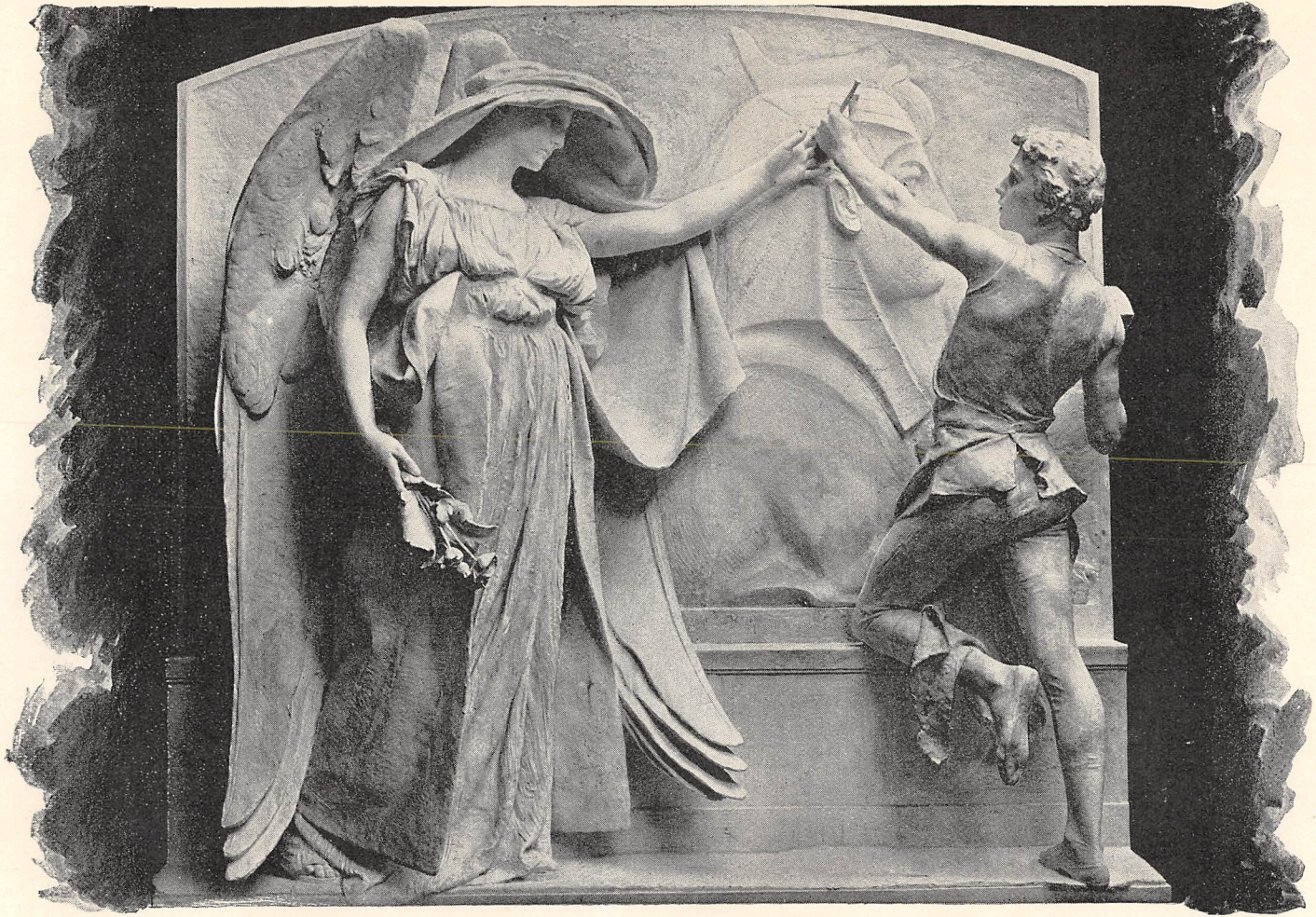




What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.





SEE "OPEN LETTERS." THE ANGEL OF DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR. (MODELED BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.)

AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, SÒCI DÒU FÉLIBRIGE,

Author of "Stories of Old New Spain," "The Uncle of an Angel," "Color Studies," etc.,

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

PART THIRD.

RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF FONTSÉGUGNE.

I.

NEARLY a month later, when we were established in Avignon for a long visit, we took part in another festival,—this was in Roumanille's home,— whereof the motive was our meeting with Félix Gras. During our hurried first visit of only four days, when we were hurtling across the Midi at the heels of the Ponette, Madame Roumanille's brother was out of town—he is a *juge de paix*, and his absence from Avignon was connected in some way with the issuing of licenses for the shooting season, which just then was opening.

They are tremendous fellows for shooting, the men down there. Daudet has told about it. When lions are about, they shoot lions. During the close season for lions, they shoot hats. It is all one to them. They have the true feeling. What they care for is the sport, not the game.

Fortunately, when we came again to Avignon the shooting season was well under way, and the magisterial duties of Monsieur Gras sat upon him lightly. It was arranged that on the second evening after our arrival the meeting which we so much desired should come to pass. Yet while we longed for this meeting we also a little dreaded it—knowing, by more than one disheartening experience, that highly idealized personalities have a tendency to come tumbling down from their pedestals when encountered in the flesh; and we knew that if this particular idol fell he would fall a long way. In the interval since we had bought his "Roumancero Prouvençau" in Marseilles, we had bought and read his "Tolosa" and "Li Carbounié." With the reading of these poems,—in which he manifests his power of sustained flight, though not always with the dramatic fervor of the shorter poems which had so entranced us,—the pinnacle whereon we had placed him had grown perilously high.

But happily, as we came to know that evening, our ideal had not exceeded the reality. As fine and as sympathetic as his poems is Félix Gras himself. The graciousness of his person, his gentle nature that also is a most vigorously manly nature, his quick play of wit, his smile, his voice—all were in keeping with, even exceeded, what we had hoped to find.

He sang to us some of his own poems,—including, at our earnest entreaty, "Lou Baroun de Magalouno" and "Lou Papo d'Avignoun,"—set to airs which have come down from troubadour times; curiously vibrant, haunting airs, which fell away in cadences of a most tender melancholy, and rose again with a passionate energy, and were pervaded by a melody sweet and strong. His singing was without accompaniment. Holding in his hand a copy of his "Roumancero,"—it was our own copy, and is beside me now as I write,—he stood up in the midst of our little company, and thrillingly, in a rich barytone, sang forth his verses from his heart. Roumanille, his hands clasped comfortably across his well-filled waistcoat, beat time softly to the music with his foot; and when some passage especially pleased him gave vent to his emotion—and in this also keeping the time of the song—in a subdued utterance compounded of a grunt and a roar. Madame Roumanille, her beautiful brown eyes glistening a little, regarded her brother with an affectionate delight, and turned to us from time to time with a sympathetic smile. Mademoiselle Thérèse sparkled with animation; and the demoiselle

Jeanne — who already is an accomplished musician, with a rare power to command the presence of sweet sounds — listened with a rapt expression in her half-closed eyes. As for ourselves, it was as though a happy dream that we had been dreaming of a sudden had come true — in the land of the troubadours we were hearing a troubadour sing his own lays!

We tried the good-nature of Monsieur Gras sorely that evening. We could not get enough of his music. We continued to demand more and more. At last Roumanille intervened in his brother-in-law's defense by bringing up from the cellar a rare old bottle of Mouscat de Maroussan — a Frontignac which for thirty years had communed with its own soul within the glass. As he carefully uncorked it, and poured it in a fine stream into the little glasses, the long-imprisoned sunshine seemed to escape from its golden flow and fill, as did its fragrance, all the room. There was to me a grave dignity about this wine, that had kept step with me in the life journey through three quarters of the way upon which I had come. Doubtless Monsieur Gras had much the same feeling. But with Roumanille the case was different — he was twice as old as the Mouscat. For all of us there was feeling of a deeper sort as we clinked our glasses, and with our lips drank to each other from our hearts. It means much, this toast, in honest Provence.

Already the evening was far spent. When we had thus pledged each other in aromatic sunbeams, we said good-night. What an evening it had been!

II.

During this long visit we saw Roumanille constantly. Our quarters — in the Hôtel du Louvre, the old house of the Templars, where the poet Anselme Mathieu tried his hand at hotel-keeping — almost adjoined the book-shop in the Rue St. Agricol. But a single house intervened. From our balcony we could look down upon Roumanille through the side-window above his desk; we were in and out of the shop a dozen times a day; we spent delightful evenings in the friendly home which was opened to us so freely; Mademoiselle the Queen of the Félibres was our guide to the sights of Avignon and the Ville Neuve.

Our boxes of books had followed us from Nimes, — coming by the carter, with the legend on each box, half warning, half appeal: "*Craint l'humidité*," — and Roumanille congratulated us upon the good luck that had attended our literary foraging. Thanks to the zealous assistance of my friend André Catélan, there were many treasures among our two or three hundred volumes. During our stay of two months in Nimes we had suffered few days to slip by without spending an hour or so with the good Catélan in his book-shop in the Rue Thoumayne — a little shop packed with books to the ceiling, and having in its center an island of book-covered table, around which was a channel so narrow that only one person could sail along it at a time. When, as usually was the case, Catélan, Madame Catélan, and 'Toinette all were on duty together, we were compelled to sweep them ahead of us in a procession as we examined the shelves. The dog, whose honorable name was Ex Libris, had a freer range — inasmuch as he could go beneath the island as well as around it. The kitten (a most energetic kitten) was freest of all — scampering under the island, and over its book-covered surface, and across the shoulders of any one of us who happened to come in her way. Of all the old book-shops of my acquaintance, none is dearer to me than this in the Rue Thoumayne; and excepting only one in the City of Mexico — which shall be nameless, for I am still using it — none has yielded me better returns.

As Roumanille went over our books with us they served as texts for his discourse. All of them related to Provence and Languedoc, and all of modern date were written by men who were his acquaintances or friends. His commentaries upon them greatly increased their practical usefulness, giving us the personal factor, — the author's political or religious or poetical bias, his reputation for care or for carelessness, — which enabled us to estimate with accuracy the true value of the written words.

Roumanille told us, too, about the beginning of his life-work, and how that work had gone on. It was with no thought of the far-reaching consequences that he began to write in Provençal. His sole motive was his desire that his mother, to whom French was a foreign tongue, might be able to understand what he wrote. He was but a lad of seventeen, a teacher in the school at Tarascon, when — writing in French — he first began to dabble in verse. One Sunday, when he was at home in Saint-Remy, his mother said to him:

"Why, Jóusè, they tell me that thou art making paper talk!"

"Making paper talk, mother?"

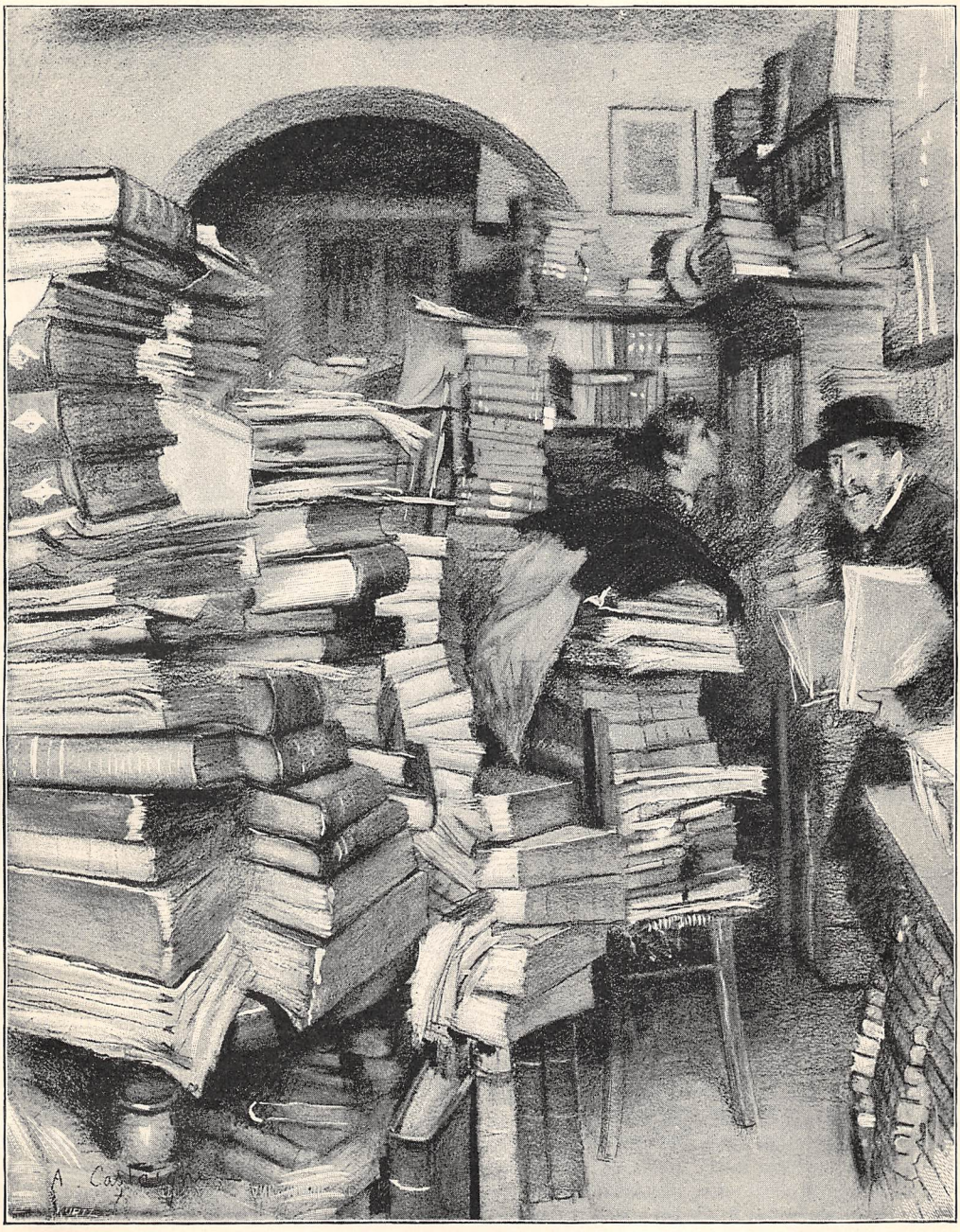
"Yes, that is what they tell me. What is it thou art putting on the paper? What dost thou make it say?"

"But it is nothing, mother."

"Oh, yes, my handsome Jóusè, it is something. Tell thy mother what it is."

But when he recited to her his French verses she shook her head sorrowfully, and sorrowfully said to him: "I do not understand!"

"And then," said Roumanille, "my heart rose up within me and cried: 'Write thy verses



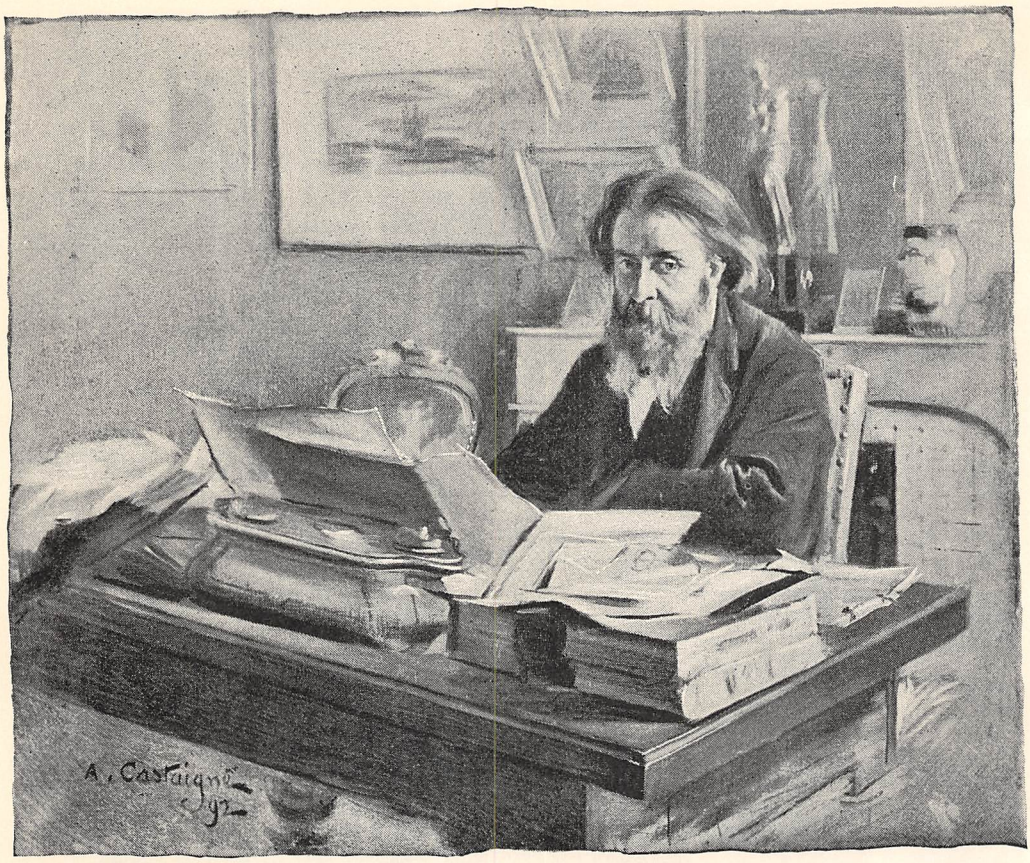
THE SHOP OF CATÉLAN, NIMES.

in the beautiful language that thy dear mother knows!' That very week I wrote my first poem in Provençal, 'Jejè'; and, being at home again the next Sunday, I recited it to her. When she wept, and kissed me, I knew that my verses had found their way to her heart, and thenceforth I wrote only in Provençal."

Did ever a school of poetry more beautifully begin?

It was in the year 1835 that "Jejè" was written, and immediately was published in a little journal of Tarascon, the "Echo du Rhône." All the country-side was delighted by this poem in the home language; and Roumanille, being thus encouraged, rapidly followed it with others of a like sort. At a stroke, he had achieved a popular success.

But, as he continued to write,— in prose as



FÉLIX GRAS.

well as in verse,— the larger possibilities which might flow from the revival of Provençal as a literary language presented themselves to his mind.

For centuries, while the north of France had been peopled by semi-savages, the south of France had been the home of a refined civilization. French literature had its birth here in the south. The traditions of that literature were not lost; the descendants of the troubadours still lived; but their songs were hushed because the critics of the north — the ex-savages perched upon the heights of their recently acquired civility — stigmatized Provençal as a dialect unfit for literary purposes — as a patois. Worse than this, with their tacit acceptance of a foreign jurisdiction over their literary affairs, the people of Provence were tending — as were all their countrymen of the provinces — toward an unreserved acceptance of Paris as a dominating center: to the deadening of that local love and local pride in which true patriotism has its strongest roots. And at that particular time — the seething years preceding the revolution of 1848 — the sort of doctrine, political and social, that was emanating from Paris was to the last degree subversive of the manly qualities which are necessary to good citizenship, and to the foundation of a stable state.

III.

THEREFORE was it in the spirit of the prophets of old that Roumanille settled himself to his life-work: the awakening of a dormant provincial literature, and the reinvigoration of a sturdy provincial manhood, which together would constitute an effective check upon the centralizing tendency whereof the object was to focus in Paris the whole of France. With these facts understood, it is easy to understand also why the press of Paris was united for so long a time in denouncing the purpose and in deriding the work of "the patois poets," whose melodious verse, telling not less imperiously than sweetly of the reawakening of that beautiful language in which French literature was born, was a defiant proclamation of local rights as opposed to central power. In the broad sense of the word political, the literary revival in Provence has been a political force that already has made itself felt throughout the whole of

France, and of which the future will have much more to tell.

Having grasped the possibilities of the situation, Roumanille never lost sight of them nor ceased to work for their realization. In prose and in verse he delivered his homilies — droll stories of the country-side, quaint dialogues between country-folk, poems of country life, scintillating with a sharp wit which ever was mellowed with a kindly humor, or tender with a touch of simple pathos that went straight to the heart; and at the end always whipping out some earnest truth, as though by accident, which made in favor of the honest country life and a manly morality. They circulated wherever the Provençal tongue was spoken, these sermons — in newspapers, in broadsheets, in little volumes; and wherever they were read the seed which they carried presently began to grow. When Roumanille published his first collection of poems, "Li Margarideto" ("The Daisies"), his fellow-countrymen already were sufficiently independent of Paris in their opinions to be proud of this their own poet who wrote in their own sweet tongue.

Two years before "Li Margarideto" was published,—that is to say, in the year 1845,— a disciple was raised up to this prophet in the person of Frédéric Mistral. He was literally a disciple, for Roumanille was a teacher, and Mistral a pupil, in a school at Avignon when the friendship was formed between them that was to last throughout their lives. Mistral, a born poet, entered with enthusiasm into the project for making Provençal live again as a literary language; and it was he who sounded — when, in 1859, he published his "Mirèio" — the first strong poetic note which challenged the attention of the Paris critics, and which suddenly gave dignity to the whole movement by winning the hearty admiration of the critic whose opinion, still respected, at that time carried with it an overwhelming weight of authority — Lamartine.

But the Provençal movement, gaining force steadily, had assumed substantial shape five years before Mistral's "Mirèio" appeared. In 1847 a fresh impetus had been given to it by the publication of Crousillat's first collection of poems. In 1852 a congress of Provençal poets was held at Arles; and in the same year there was published at Avignon, with a striking preface by Saint-René Taillandier, a collection of poems by forty poets d'Oc — including Jasmin, Bellot, Castil-Blaze, Mouquin-Tandon, Crousillat, Aubanel, and Mistral. In 1853 an assemblage similar to that of the year before at Arles was held at Aix; and the sixty-five poems recited at this gathering were published under the title: "Roumavàgi dei Troubaire." Finally, in 1854, came the crystallization — when, on the 21st of May, being the Feast of Sainte Estelle, the Félibrige, the brotherhood of Provençal poets, formally was founded at Fontségugne by Joseph Roumanille, Frédéric Mistral, Theodore Aubanel, Anselme Mathieu, Jean Brunet, Paul Giéra, and Alphonse Tavan.

They were of various estates, these seven poets. Roumanille (he became a publisher and book-dealer a year later) was a proof-reader in the house of the Seguins; Mistral was the son of a yeoman; Aubanel was a publisher — the last in Avignon to bear the official title of "Printer to the Pope"; Mathieu, who became a hotel-keeper later, was a vine-grower — and so on. Over in Nimes, soon to become a member of the fraternity, was the baker Jean Reboul — to whom, being dead, his fellow Nimois have erected a statue to serve as a perpetual memorial of the glory which his fame reflects upon their town. It was a poetical democracy. The manner in which its members earned a livelihood was immaterial, for the writing of poetry was the real and important business of their lives.

On these same lines the organization is maintained. Poetry is the first and the highest consideration; after that come the ordinary affairs of life. Thus, in his off time, the poet Félix Gras is a judge; the winner of the first prize in the floral games of 1891 at Carpentras, Monsieur Lescure, devotes his leisure to charcoal-burning; Monsieur Huat, when not writing poetry, is architect to the city of Marseilles; Frère Savinien, author of the Provençal grammar, absents himself occasionally from the society of the Muses, and attends to his minor duties as director of the school of the Christian Brothers at Arles — it is the same all down the line. Truly, the Félibrige is one of the very noblest fraternities in the whole world: the single, but tremendous, condition of admission to the ranks of its membership is the possession of an inspired soul!

But underlying the poetry of these poets is their strong desire to foster a patriotism which best can be defined to American readers as a love of country based on state rights. The first article of the constitution of 1863 declares: "The Félibrige is established in order that Provence shall forever preserve her language, her local color, her personal charm, her national honor, and her high rank of intelligence — because, just as she is, Provence delights us. And by Provence we mean the whole of southern France." In the existing constitution (adopted in 1876) the wording is changed, but not the substance: "The Félibrige is established in order to unite in brotherhood, and to inspire, those men whose efforts are directed toward preserving the language of the country d'Oc." Yet it is in no narrow spirit that these apostles

of individuality carry on their propaganda. They insist upon being individual themselves, but they seek to encourage a like individuality in others. Roumanille spoke with the same hearty satisfaction of the spread of the félibrienne idea throughout France, and even into foreign countries, as he did of its triumph in Provence.

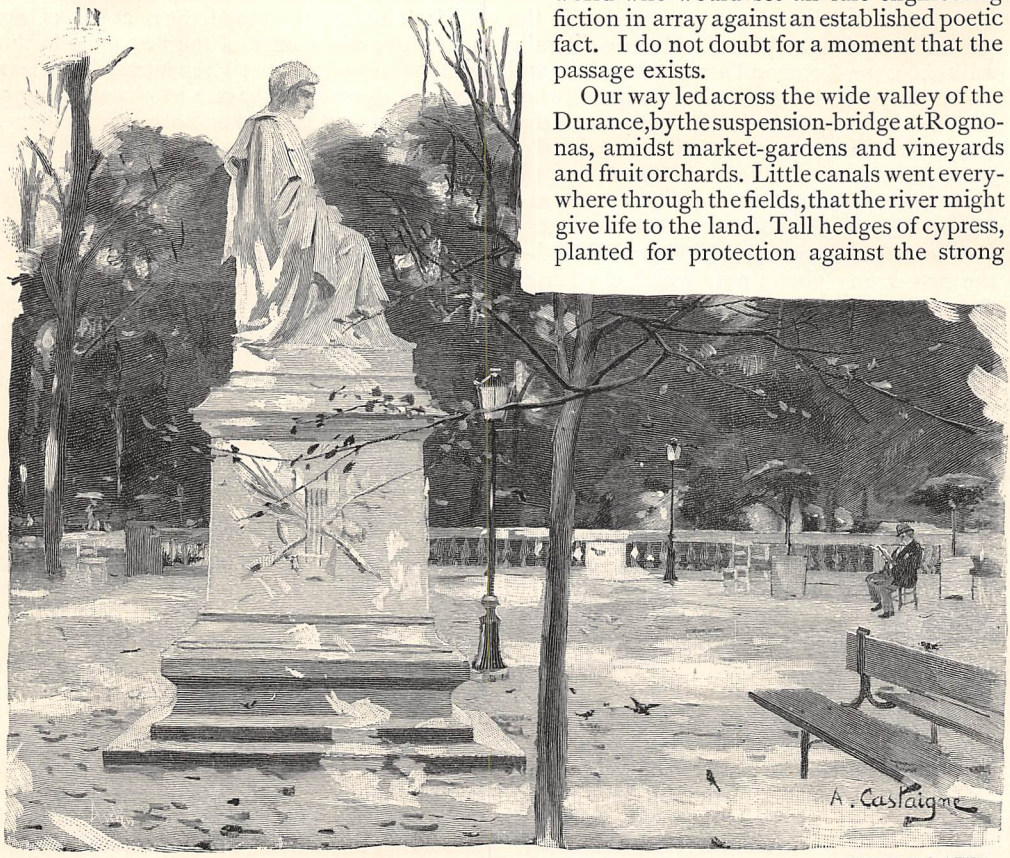
In its organization, the Félibrige is practical; but in its systems of feasts, its awards of merit, its symbolism, it is poetical to a high degree. Doubtless its beautiful ritual — a large part of which it owes to its distinguished Irish member, Mr. Bonaparte-Wyse — has had much to do with its practical working success. In all this delicate fancifulness, which so vividly reflects the poetic temperament, there is found an irresistible appeal to poetic souls. The brotherhood has substantial strength because flowers are its prizes, the passing of the loving-cup a necessary part of its feasts, Ste. Estelle its patroness, and its device her star of seven rays.

IV.

It was during our longer stay in Avignon that we presented ourselves — formally, as an Embassy; and very informally, as individuals — to Mistral at his home in the village of Maillane. Close by this village he was born, and here always, save for short absences, he has lived.

From Avignon to Maillane the distance is not more than six or eight miles. We made it half as long again by fetching a compass roundabout by way of Château-Renard — a very ghost of a castle, its two tall, round towers, and a part of the wall which once stood solidly between them, rising ruinously from a mass of ruins scattered over the top of a stiff little conical hill. Tradition declares that a subterranean passage, dipping beneath the Durance, connects Château-Renard with the Palace of the Popes in Avignon. Mistral has used the legend in a thrilling fashion — sending his lovely *Nerto* flying through this dismal place, and making very real the fear that besets her as she hears the rush of the river above her head, and the grinding and pounding of the great stones which are whirled along the rocky bed of the stream. Modern engineers have had the effrontery to assert that the passage is impossible; but I am the last person in the world who would set an idle engineering fiction in array against an established poetic fact. I do not doubt for a moment that the passage exists.

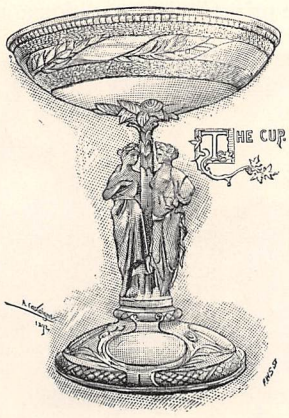
Our way led across the wide valley of the Durance, by the suspension-bridge at Rognonas, amidst market-gardens and vineyards and fruit orchards. Little canals went everywhere through the fields, that the river might give life to the land. Tall hedges of cypress, planted for protection against the strong



ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

STATUE OF REBOUL.

mistrals of winter, cut the landscape with long lines of dark green. Upon the road we passed flocks of sheep returning for the winter from the high pastures in the French Alps; and with one of these was a sedate ass who carried in broad shallow panniers the lambs too young or too tired to walk. We accepted these flocks gratefully, not in the least doubting that they had materialized from "Mirèio" for our benefit. Here was the shepherd *Alari* coming down to the plain; here even was the delicate touch of "l'agneloun qu'es las" — the weary lamb. Indeed, all that country-side seemed familiar to us, so completely has Mistral transferred to his pages its every part.



Maillane is a village bowered in trees and girded about with gardens. According to the "Guide Joanne" it possesses three claims upon the attention of the public: a *beau retable* in its ancient church; in its archives a parchment of the year 1400; and — the writer has a proper feeling for climax — "it counts among its 1342 inhabitants the poet Frédéric Mistral."

When we asked the driver of our carriage if he knew where to find the house of Monsieur Mistral, he looked at us with an expression of pitying doubt — it was much as though we had asked him if he knew where to look at noonday for the sun. His manner toward us had been gentle and considerate from the start. After that question it became quite fatherly. His feeling evidently was that people so largely ignorant required protecting care.

Mistral's home is a modest dwelling of two stories, standing on the border of the village, and separated from the street by a little garden, and a low stone wall surmounted by a railing of iron. With a serene indifference to the ordinary scheme of arrangement, the house backs upon the street, and fronts upon a deep garden and the open country beyond. From the windows of the principal rooms — the library, the salon, the chambers above — the outlook is upon trees and flowers and green fields and orchards and vineyards, all roofed over with the blue sky of Provence. Nothing could be better. It is a poet's practical way of keeping the poetry of nature always before his eyes. The deep, wide garden is a delight: sunny and sheltered for winter, with shady alleys for summer idling, uniting the useful with the ornamental by giving room to vegetables and fruit-trees, as well as to shrubs and flowers, and having as its chief glory a great hedge of nerto,— as myrtle is called in Provençal,— which has a reflected glory because Mistral has bestowed upon his gracious heroine its musical name.

V.

All was still as we stopped before the closed iron gateway,— so very still as to suggest the dismal possibility that the poet was off on one of his country walks, and that our coming was in vain. But our fatherly driver, knowing that the front of this house was its back, was more confident. Charging me to be watchful of the horse (it pleased him to maintain the flattering fiction that this sheep-like animal was all energy and fire), he placed the reins in my hands, and then went off around the corner of the house with our cards. We had not brought a letter of introduction; but our visit, though no day had been set for it, was expected — for Roumanille had made known to Mistral that an American Embassy was at large in the land, and that sooner or later it would present itself at Maillane. We heard the tinkle of a bell inside the house, then a faint sound of voices, then quick footsteps on the gravel walk — and in a moment Mistral was coming toward us with outstretched hands.

What a noble-looking, poet-like poet he was! Over six feet high, broad-shouldered, straight as an arrow, elate in carriage, vigorous — with only his gray hair, and his nearly white mustache and imperial, to certify to his fifty years. In one respect his photographic portraits do him injustice. His face is haughty in repose, and this expression is emphasized by his commanding presence and resolute air. But no one ever thinks of Mistral as haughty who has seen him smile. It is as frank as his manner, this smile; all his face is lit up by the friendliness that is in his warm Provençal heart.

In a flash he had us out of the carriage, around the house, through the wide entrance-hall paved with tiles and hung about with prints, and so into his library — and all to an accompaniment of the most cordial welcoming talk. Roumanille had told him all about us, he said; we were not strangers, we were friends. Heaven bless these Provençaux! What a genuine hospitality is theirs!

Never did a poet have a better work-room

than this library. Overlooking the garden are two wide, high windows, close beside one of which is a writing-table of liberal size; prints hang upon the walls; the side opposite to the windows is filled with a tall case of books. The collection of books is not a large one (not more than a thousand volumes), but it is very rich. For four months I had been making my own little collection on the same lines, and my evil heart was stirred with covetousness as I saw upon these shelves so many volumes which my good Catélan had told me were to be obtained only by some rare turn of lucky chance. But the book which Mistral first selected for us to look at was not one of these prizes in the literary lottery; it was a beautifully bound copy of Miss Preston's translation of "Mirèio." Before returning it to its place he held it for a moment affectionately in his hand.

BIRTHPLACE OF MISTRAL.

In the same earnest strain in which Roumanille had spoken, he spoke of the strong motives underlying the literary movement in Provence. There was much more in it, he said, than the desire to revive a beautiful language that had fallen into undeserved neglect. The soul of it was the firm purpose to array against centralization the love of locality, of home. "If our movement," he continued, "were restricted to Provence, it might be regarded without injustice as the last gleam of a dying glory, as the last effort of a nationality about to expire. But it is not so restricted. Languedoc, Dauphiny, Gascony, Brittany are with us. And our revival extends beyond the borders of France. In Catalonia, Aragon, Valencia, Majorca; in Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Bohemia, Flanders, even in Iceland, there is a revival of the ancient tongues. All this is not the work of chance, nor the result of the effort of a single group of men. It is the natural and inevitable result of the realization by each of these widely scattered peoples that in their national language resides their national soul. The Félibrige is the legitimate and providential child of the epoch in which we live.

"Here in France we have not sought unduly to exalt Provence or Provençal. We have urged our brethren of the other ancient tongues to do what we have tried to do for ourselves — to add to their own store of literary treasure, to maintain their own customs, to preserve their own traditions; and yet, while thus holding fast to their own individuality, to cherish as their most noble possession their right to be a part of France."[1]

VI.

MADAME MISTRAL joined us: a young and beautiful woman with a peculiarly sweet, sympathetic voice. Our talk turned to Mistral's work. It pleased him to find that we possessed all of his poems, and even his "Tresor dòu Félibrige" — his great Provençal-French dictionary, 2300 triple-columned folio pages, to the compilation of which he devoted nearly ten years.

He sighed as he spoke of the dictionary, as well he might in memory of the labor that he had expended upon it for pure love. Yet has this work repaid him in honor. It has placed him beside Littré among French men of letters, and it has won for him the formal approbation of the Institut Français. In recognition of its high value, the Académie des Inscriptions et

[1] "Whether we speak French or Provençal, 't is all the same. We understand each other. And there is one phrase that has the same sound in both languages; a phrase we all know, a heartfelt cry. This phrase, this cry, is — 'Vive la France!'" Speech of the Capoulié Félix Gras, at Carpentras, September 15, 1891.

Belles Lettres of the Institut awarded to him (March 28, 1890) the Jean Reynaud prize of 10,000 francs: a prize — given every five years "to recompense the most important work produced in that period in studies within the compass of the Academy" — that is one of the highest literary honors (short of election to the body whence it emanates) which a French man of letters can receive.

Primarily, the "Tresor" is a dictionary of all the languages of Oc (*i. e.*, the languages in which *oc* is the equivalent of *yes*); but it also is much more than a dictionary, being, literally, a treasury of information concerning the languages, the customs, the traditions of the south of France. It is not, as his poems are, the result of inspiration; it is the product of a profound scholarship backed by indefatigable labor extending over many years. Indeed, it seems impossible that the same man should have distinguished himself so greatly in such widely different ways. As M. Michel Bréal (in presenting to Mistral the prize of the Academy, at Montpelier, May 25, 1890) well said: "A time will come when learned men, finding themselves confronted by this enormous philological work and by Mistral's poems, will say that there must have been two Frédéric Mistrals, as there were two Plinys — thus evading the tax upon their credulity involved in believing that so much science and so much poetry were contained in the same brain!"

Naturally, his poems stand nearest to the poet's heart. He spoke of them with a frank pleasure, and of the local material embodied in them — this being a part of his own beloved country — with delight. To gratify our desire to associate the sound of his voice with his written words, he read to us, from "La Reino Jano," the speech of Aufan de Sisteroun, in which the troubadour urges the Queen to leave Naples and to come to Provence — "*cette perle royale, l'abrégé, la montre et le miroir du monde.*" It was not a reading at random:

Accédant en général à votre douce autorité,
Là chaque ville vit de son droit naturel,
Et librement travaille, ou dort, ou chante, ou crie,

declares the troubadour — precisely the doctrine which Mistral himself had just been advancing, of separate, individual rights united in support of high authority.

All this Provençal poetry gains greatly by being read aloud. There is music in the broad, sonorous sounds, and a rhythm in the composition so marked that frequently it is almost an air. Much of the verse evidently is written, consciously or unconsciously, to music. I noticed that Roumanille — writing a dedication in a volume that he had presented to the Ambassadress — beat time as he put the lines together in his mind; and not until the measure satisfied him did he write them down.

We were conscious of our privilege in hearing Mistral read his own poetry; and this privilege was enlarged when he sang to us the "Song of the Rowers" — as the Queen is borne out upon the bay of Naples in her barge — to an ancient thrilling air of the sort which had so moved us when we had listened to the singing of Félix Gras. I hope that he understood how grateful we were to him. King Louis of Bavaria, listening royally solitary to an opera, alone could be our parallel!

From his own poems we went on to speak of Provençal poetry generally; of the poems which we had read, and of the poets whom we had been so fortunate as to know personally — and especially of the strong friendship which these men had for each other, their freedom from petty jealousy, and their warm appreciation of each other's work. It was a part of their creed, he said, this friendliness. All were working together, as missionaries, as apostles, to a common end. Under these conditions mutual support was necessary, and jealousy was impossible — and again he insisted upon the sincerity and the depth of purpose which animated their literary movement and made it also broadly humane.

VII.

WHILE we talked, a lank dog with a bristling black coat — a creature of no particular breed — jumped up on the wide outer ledge of the window, and peered in upon us. His face had a quizzical cast, and his manner was so bantering that a charge of insolence would have lain against him but for the look of good-humored drollery in his eyes. Having completed his survey, he jumped down from the window-ledge, and a moment later came in through the open door to make us his compliments — with the easy, rather swaggering air of an old campaigner whose habit it was to pass the time of day with all strangers on the chance of a dish of entertaining talk.

The genesis of this dog was as eccentric as himself. He had "come up out of the ground," as Mistral expressed it; suddenly appearing in the course of one of the poet's country walks, and immediately adopting him as a master. No one in all the country-side ever had seen him, or one like him. But with the assurance that was so conspicuous a trait in his nature, he had declined to be regarded as a stranger. He had made himself entirely at home in a moment, and had accepted with equanimity the name of Pain-perdu — he was no stickler for names, provided rations went

MISTRAL.

with them — that was bestowed upon him, partly because of his famished condition, and partly in memory of the troubadour so called. He was a dog of magic, Mistral declared, who had started up from nowhere, and who had thrust himself, either for good or for evil, into his new master's life.

But the poet cherished also the fancy that the dog — supposing him to be a real dog — was a waif from the Wild West Show; which aggregation of American talent had passed northward, from Marseilles to Paris, about the time that Pain-perdu materialized. Mistral has so much the look of Mr. Cody — a resemblance not a little helped by the slouched felt hat that he habitually wears — that in Paris he has been repeatedly pointed out on the streets as "Boofalo"; and he argued that Pain-perdu had adopted him for a master because of this resemblance. He begged that I would speak to the dog in English; and it is a fact that the uncanny creature cocked his head at me with a most knowing look, and did seem to understand my words.

An older and more important member of the family is Marcabrun, a large gray cat of so dignified a habit that he might with propriety wear ermine instead of his own gray coat, and sit upon the bench. We were bidden to observe that he was not a toy cat,— one of those long-haired, bushy-tailed creatures to which the Parisians are devoted,— but a sturdy, mouse-catching, working cat of honest Egyptian descent; a cat whose conscientious discharge of his duties was honorable to himself and useful to his friends. "I have a very sincere affection for cats," said Mistral, as he gently stroked Marcabrun's jowls. "And I am persuaded," he added gravely, "that their knowledge extends to many things too subtle for the human mind to grasp!"

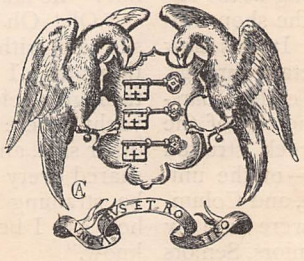
We passed to the salon, where Madame Mistral had a tray of liqueurs in readiness for the ceremony—which on our side certainly had in it much earnestness — of drinking to each other's health, and to the continuance of the friendship that had begun that day. And then we touched glasses again in honor of the poets and poetry of Provence.

The day was waning. It was time for us to come away. We lingered for a few minutes in the garden, while Madame gathered for the Ambassadress a bunch of flowers, to which the poet added (running down to the hedge to get it) a spray of nerto. It is preserved as a precious relic, this bunch of nerto; and though, in truth, it has become dry and yellow, to us it always will seem fragrant and green. Then they came with us to the gate, and stood waving farewells after us until a turn in the street hid them from our view. Here was another case in which ideals had stood the test of comparison with realities.

We drove back by the direct road — through Graveson and Rognonas, and so across the Durance and on into Avignon. Although a strong mistral was blowing,— with which usually goes a brilliantly clear sky,— clouds had gathered in the west. Into these clouds, beyond the line of hills on the farther side of the Rhône, the sun was sinking. To the eastward, the distant Alps loomed shadowy. In their forefront, tipped with red sunlight, towered Mont Ventour — as high above the lesser peaks as a great poet is above the common level of mankind.

(To be continued.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



DEVICE OF AVIGNON.

ASPIRATION.

I AM the blush of the summer rose,
The flush of the morn,
The smile on the face of the dead,
The song newly born
From heart of the poet, from shell of the sea,
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.

I am immortal. Who knows me is glad.
Men give me the name
Of passions that kindle the soul —
Love, faith, beauty, fame.
I dwell with all these, yet am higher than all.
Without me the angels of heaven were sad.

Edith Willis Linn.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "Flower de Hundred," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XII.

GOING ashore, Trix and her trim little escort crossed the railway-track, and were at once in a cloud of blue jackets, coaches, and old Yale oarsmen who had come down to town to get the latest quotation of the betting, and, by a dip into that excitement, strive to escape the awful hush that hung over the quarters of the crew. In the confusion, Trix saw Vyvan chatting with a Goliath in flannels on the sidewalk just ahead, and the hats of both men flew off as she came abreast of them. Something in the atmosphere of common sympathy made her ignore her fears of the day before. She cast upon Vyvan a smile so kind, so frank, so fearless, that the young man's resolution melted in thinnest air.

"Miss Halliday," he said, joining her, "may I tell you that I 've just heard from the highest authority that your brother and our other men are bearing up finely, and we need n't be afraid of the strain upon their nerves?"

The delight in her face gave him no hint to be off, and during their walk up the main street of the distractedly gay town little Mr. Foote was left to solace himself by gazing at the display of racing haberdashery in the shop-windows on each side of the way. It was slow progress amid the joyous, expectant throngs, every step impeded by gangs of college oarsmen and their followers. The heroes of the crews who had already that week strutted their brief hour upon the stage,— of the universities of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and Columbia,— victors and vanquished, were side by side. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors met for once on an even plane of sympathy, together with many a grizzled graduate who had left his business and the cares of middle life in town, and from his class-reunion in Cambridge or New Haven harked back to New London to the glories of his youth, as gaily as the youngest. The women folk appertaining to all these enthusiasts laughed, chatted, and scrambled in the universal crush. Most of them had been skirmishing for luncheon in a town taken by surprise, but there were few complaints of discomfort or scanty rations.

"Oh! is n't it grand?" Trix said. "And to think how I was wasting time in that horrid yacht in just being swell!"

They had come to the Crocker House, the headquarters of betting on the race. Here she saw Mr. Foote cast an anxious glance after a band of callow youngsters like himself pressing in to give and take odds, on lines strictly partizan, under the persuasions of gamblers of more experience. In imagination little Foote was already stretching out his hand to receive from the depositing office of the hotel an envelop fat with winnings, after a victory by Harvard.

"If you are in a hurry, Mr. Foote," said the insidious Beatrix, "I would n't keep you from your business, for the world. I think Mr. Vyvan won't mind taking me the rest of the way to Mrs. Mordant's; and you might call there for me when you are ready to go back."

Foote was off in a flash.

"I hope he has laid in his full stock of summer trousers," Vyvan observed. "Else I 'm afraid there will be not much left to pay his tailor's bill, to-night."

"Then you think we 'll win?" Trix cried, thrilling.

"What sort of Yale man would I be if I did not?" he answered.

"Oh! Oh! How I *love* to hear you talk!" she said, with reckless enthusiasm. "When I think that I 'm doomed to watch the race through a telescope from the deck of that old yacht, where about every soul will be for the other side, and that Jack, my own boy, who 's shared every thought I 've had for years, will be straining his heart out to win for Yale, how can I bear it?— that 's what I 'd like to know."

"You sha'n't, if I can help it," he said rapidly. "See here, Miss Halliday. I don't know what New York girls think about such things, but with us they are done every day. Come off with me, and see the race from the observation-train. I have one ticket, and I 'll get another— and you can send a message back to your sisters, if you like."

Trix's heart swelled with pure pleasure. She looked up to his face, and the bright tears in her eyes were contradicted by the smile on her rosy lips.

"I 'd go with you just as I 'd go with Jack," she said.

He left her with Mrs. Mordant, while he went to send her billet to the yacht, and — a more formidable matter — to change his single place in the observation-train for two in one of its canopied cars, arranged, with ascending tiers of seats, to run by the river-side and follow the fortunes of the day. Falling in with a speculator who held elastic views of his possibilities in the matter of pay, Vyvan at last secured his prize, hastening away with a pocket as light as his heart — which did not prevent him from further investing, at an exorbitant rate of charge, in a bunch of the blue blossoms Trix loved, just arrived from New York in the oil-skin box of a florist.

"She 'd tread on these if the old grandfather had her at Mount St. Dunstan," he pleased himself by fancying. "Well, I 'll have to borrow, or foot it, to get back to New York to-night, and I 'll be hanged if I care which."

Long before the hour for the race, every seat in the observation-train was packed. Each car was a parterre of youth and beauty and bursting championship, crimson and blue sharing the space equally. Trix and her comrade, ignoring interruptions, talked to each other exclusively. By the best luck in the world, Mrs. Mordant and her party had also places in the car with Trix, and, with this triumphant assurance of security against criticism of the girl's stroke for independence, the young people abandoned themselves to enjoyment without alloy. But when, from the deafening tumult of the railway platform, the train finally moved off amid a blare of tin horns and rousing cheers, and they realized that the fateful hour was near, she grew a trifle pale.

"Courage," said Brock. "For Jack and Yale, remember."

"For Yale and Jack," said the girl, a big hysteric lump coming into her throat.

AND how fares it meanwhile with the brother Jack, for whom at least one heart in the vast multitude is beating as it never beat before? Let us leave the outsider's share of experience, which any one may have for the seeking — the sight of the river and its banks black with people; the thousands of craft anchored or swarming to the course; the blaze of color; the sound of incessant cheering; the strain of expectancy. Until the frantic moment of the start, let us have a glimpse at the crew itself. It may be that to look at a university boat-race from within the shell will give us a better understanding of what the achievement means to those who put their manhood into it.

During the last day or two before the contest, Jack has felt himself gradually inflating with strange excitement. He is no novice, and has rowed several good races at school, but they seem to him now to rate no higher than the mimic affairs in which he and Trix, in childhood, had watched their rival shingles vanish down the stream.

To be, in Freshman year, a member of the university crew, entitled to flaunt upon the breast of his shirt the coveted Y before envying classmates, has steeled the boy against hardship. He has borne cheerily the fortnight's ordeal in the white farm-house on the bluff above the Thames; the hard work in scorching suns, and long pulls on time, at dusk, over the storied battle-ground of the eights, and even the exasperating sarcasms of the great coach.

While older oarsmen have been grumbling at the monotonous diet of half-raw beef and eggs, varying roast chicken and oatmeal porridge, that has worn them down into so many healthy skeletons; while amœbean strains have arisen, hymning the rival charms of certain good black brier pipes, widowed since Christmas — Jack has exulted in pure animal spirits. He has nearly burst with pride on taking his place in the line of blue-and-black blazers, headed by the river-god himself, who march solemnly up to the quaint little house with broad eaves that flies the great crimson standard, to exchange solemn hand-shakes with the Harvard crew and its supporters.

Many of the red men Jack knows, and likes heartily. Several of them have been his predecessors in the boats at St. Peter's, but there is a strange constraint in their meeting here. He notes, with jealous zeal, what a fine-looking, fair-skinned set of thoroughbred stalwarts they are, oddly differing in exterior from the Yale greyhounds, and, in his heart, owns them worthy foemen. The two crews outdo each other in polite ceremonial. They ignore the recent spying with telescopes upon each other's movements in practice half-miles close in to the bank — and the gloom spread by reports brought back from his ambush in a single shell by a substitute clad becomingly in cotton tights with a stop-watch swung around his neck.

But now has come the day of reckoning. Jack has dreamed through the fever of the morning's wait, lying flat on his back in a darkened room, burning with thirst, and trying to heed a rough command to stir neither hand nor foot, his brain a kaleidoscope the while. They have been put on the water for half an hour, to make a final test of stretchers and new oars — the rigging a mathematical ex-captain and a skilful boat-builder have spent days in bringing to perfection; and after it have been sent inside, and bidden to rest. A hush as of a sick-chamber has hung over the place, until broken by the ruthless chatter of a party of girls, con-

ducted by a non-boating graduate, to see the quarters of the crew. The men, prone inside, have listened sardonically to the little cries and chatter of these young women crowding in a tent upon the lawn, asking endless questions of the crew's interpreter, the flaxen-haired, gruff-voiced coxswain, who in his small person carried the dignity of the eight. Jack is just dropping off into a nap, when the voice of the coach is heard at the bottom of the stairs.

"Come, get up, you fellows! We 're off in ten minutes. I 've a word to say to you."

The lad's heart gives a bound, then seems to stand quite still. He is half dazed when they all meet below for a last injunction from the familiar voice.

"*Of course I think you 'll win!* You don't suppose I 'd have wasted my time here with you if I did n't. They 'll probably lead you the first half-mile: they always do, those red chaps; but—" here an expressive epithet—"you must go by them after that! Stroke, start her at thirty-six, and keep it up till you 're ahead if you die for it. You youngsters,"—casting about for a tremendous peroration,—"well, remember *I 'm* looking at you!"

"Of course I think you 'll win!" Like wine to the weary are these words from him who has always chided heretofore.

Embarked at last from the little floating stage near the start, one after another takes his place at the quiet word of the captain. In dead silence, every man shuts his teeth, and falls to thinking. Jack envies the phlegmatic country-bred fellow rowing at bow, who afterward avowed that he thought of nothing at all, and who is the best-conditioned of the lot.

With eyes strictly in the boat, unconscious of the thousands who gaze eagerly upon them, they paddle about for a few minutes, becoming gradually aware of their surroundings. Jack sees the flotilla of dainty, graceful yachts, and gives a thought to Trix, whom he believes to be aboard one of them. The long multi-colored observation-train lying off at a distance like a gaudy serpent he never thinks of as harboring his sister. He sees an enormous Sound steamer careen to one side with the weight of crowding passengers—the throngs of smaller fry, row-boats and launches, dogging their way.

And then a warning whistle from the referee's boat, as the busy little craft scurries to clear the course. Jack feels himself obeying the coxswain's order to straighten the boat out at the line.

Scarce a boat's-length to the starboard of them sit their rivals, engaged in stripping the jerseys from great muscles and mighty beef. At this spectacle the young oarsman has a moment's sickly misgiving as to results. But he looks ahead of him, down the line of sunburned shoulders and lean, lithe bodies, and remembers that here are stanch veterans of hard-fought fights at school and college—heroes whose voices have rung out over the mud of foot-ball fields, and on the fatal third mile of many a tough four-mile pull in rough water. And he is comforted.

Another whistle from the launch. Jack's brain is void.

"Oars buried," almost whispers the cox.

Jack strains forward, and knows that the launch is bearing close to them with a strange face in the bow. There is a deathly hush.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asks the referee.

A pause that seems minutes.

"Go!" And they are off.

In the blank fear that he will do something wrong, our youngster watches like a lynx the shoulders, swinging back with mighty power at every stroke, of the man ahead of him—that erewhile listless creature who has been complaining of hard work, and watch him now!

Mingling with the voice of cox in his ears Jack hears the swash of the other crew alongside, a bit ahead, and the rage of battle comes into his soul.

"Why don't they quicken the stroke?" he thinks, in his intemperate youth. "Oh! why don't we shake 'em off? Can we never pass those red chaps?"

There is Number 2 in the other boat. Jack yearns to see him in the rear, and wants to do more than his own share to bring this about. For the rest, he feels blind and deaf, his brain opening and shutting in agony, his oar red-hot in his grasp. The stroke does quicken a point here, and the cox calls for an effort to go by.

The boat bounds under them, and the crew know the wild joy a sailor feels in danger from a squall, or a horseman on the rise of a high jump. They are rowing finely, their action magnificent, the stroke full, clear, and vigorous, a credit to the coach—"like a piece of well-oiled machinery," the reporters will write to-night.

Jack feels his muscles at work once more. Suddenly, above the shouting of the captains, and the swash of oars, he hears arise a cry—the war-cry of old Ironsides at Number 5. All the Yale boatmen know that cry. It is like the view-halloo of Drysdale in "Tom Brown," the dear old story-book that first made Jack a captive to the oar.

Now is the sweat of battle sweet in the mouth, and the ding-dong, hammer-and-tongs work has begun. Inch by inch they are gaining, and out of the corner of the eye the lad again sees Number 2 in the other boat. *This time he is opposite old Ironsides!*

The mile is past, and with the stroke's steady "Catch!" "Catch!" Jack knows, if nothing happens, they have won. He feels a pang of sympathy for that gallant other Number 2. Cheers ring out from the distant observation-train, cheers of "Yale!" "Yale!" and Jack again thinks of his proud little sister Trix.

"Βρεκεκεκὲξ κοὰξ κοὰξ," comes in heavy unison from a steamboat. It is the chorus of Aristophanes's frogs adapted into a college war-song.

They have passed the navy-yard. His mouth is as dry as a kiln, but he is not exhausted. Hard rows and hot home minutes by the old Long Wharf in New Haven have seasoned him against that. He begins to think of the record. Can they touch it? The third-mile flag flashes by. The Harvard crew is a full two lengths in the rear, now, and the coxswain's note is a crow of victory. A cry is raised for a spurt at the finish. They are close in shore, out of the current. Wild shouts of joy come from Yale lungs on the train, its blue cars now plainly distinguishable, close at hand. And in the soothing dusk, shadows lengthening over the Groton shore, the Yale boat shoots across the line — victorious!

NEVER will Jack forget the mad rush of undergraduates tearing down from the still-moving train to heap congratulations on the eight, who sit as steady as posts, grinning comfortably, an oar's-length from the shore.

The Harvard boat is in, three lengths behind. One of their men has dropped over his oar, but is quickly brought to by a dash of water in the face. Their shell has been paddled out and across the river to the still quarters, where they will nurse their gloom, and dream of revenge next year.

There is no worthy partizan who cannot feel with a beaten crew, least of all the open-hearted fellows who have borne the burden, not of a day, but of six-months' labor and privation to show that they are men. The bulldog tenacity of that hard stern-chase has wrung admiration for Harvard from the victors. "Ter quaterque ave, vincti," hear them cry.

Trix could not see for happy tears; but Brock, holding her hot little hand tight-clasped in his, told her that all was well. He could distinguish Number 2 sitting straight, and no doubt as proud as Punch. The Yale boat will go back to its quarters, and the men repair to New Haven for such a night of such hero-worship as it will stir their blood to remember while blood runs in their veins. There is no chance for her to speak with her brother, and she must try to be satisfied with present company. At which Trix gave the speaker a look that freely told what he wanted most to know.

The friendly shadows of eventide might have been invoked to conceal the expression of the two young people toward each other, except that nothing seemed to call for apology just then. On the blue cars, people old and young had been committing the most frantic eccentricities, to be laughed at in cold blood afterward. Trix and Vyvan had merely, as the race progressed, drawn closer together, their pulses as one, their breath mingling. When, for a brief space, the bluff obscured the crews from view, Trix had made up her mind that if, when they saw the course again, Yale were behind, she would die upon the spot. It was then that Vyvan had his opportunity to lean down and whisper something in her ear — something rash, unpremeditated, *squeezed* from him by the forlorn look of her face.

And then it was that Trix — fearless Trix, happy Trix — threw away forever her chance to become joint-owner of the yacht *Incognita*, with all that it implied.

THE extraordinary conduct of Beatrix in running away from her natural protectors on the yacht was not the chief of Betty's troubles that eventful afternoon. She was even secretly glad that her younger sister had been spirited away. They had lingered long over the luncheon; many bottles of champagne had been called to a last account; fun, "as they found it" in Mrs. Shafto's set, had waxed noisy. Betty, who saw that Eleanor was wretchedly depressed, had to fathom for herself the workings of affairs. There had been, whoever was to blame, apparently nothing to find fault with in Hilda de Lancey's attitude, although Betty had no patience with Hildegarde's baby-ways, her low, appealing voice, her swimming violet eyes. One thing was clear — Jerry had to-day thrown off restraint, and was defying comment in his open flirtation with the enchantress.

As to that Sophy King or Shafto, Betty decided she was a snake in the grass, of the venomous variety. If Betty read human nature aright, she had worked upon Jerry's vanity to fan his old fancy for Hildegarde up to the present fashionable flaunting of a surface-infidelity to legal ties. Betty had many a time heard such affairs discussed as a matter of every-day in her society. Honest men and women laughed and joked over the like among their friends. To hold back from such jesting was to admit one's self provincial, crude — and Betty had not held back. She had enjoyed her own sallies on these subjects, and the way they were repeated and passed from mouth to mouth. But the dart had never before gone home to the bull's-eye of her innermost affections. She had watched Eleanor during this day of trial with increasing pain. It was evident that some especially

deep wound had been sustained by the young wife, who bore herself withal so pluckily.

When the women left the table to the men, the two sisters went at once on deck, where the fresh air, and the lively spectacle of preparation for the race, brought a more cheerful look into Eleanor's wistful eyes. They talked of Beatrix, of Jack and his chances, with more of affectionate interest than jealous Trix had been willing to credit them with; and just as Betty was turning over in her mind how she might probe her sister's unspoken grief, Hilda de Lancey passed out the door of the cabin opposite to where they sat, and, accompanied by Jerry, walked forward to the far end of the boat, where together they leaned over the rail.

Nell saw, but did not look after, her husband. Betty, with a flash of feeling she could not govern, darted upon Gerald an indignant glance, which she knew from the expression of his flushed face and mutinous eyes would have absolutely no effect.

"Well, this is—" began Betty, at white heat.

"Don't, dear; I would rather not," interrupted Eleanor, her lip trembling a very little, but without giving other sign.

At this moment Mrs. Shafto came on deck, and, surveying the situation, drew a chair beside the sisters, and sat down with a fine air of *bonhomie*.

"Such a game of cross-purposes below," she said, laughing boisterously. "Timothy, who has found out your naughty little sister's prank, is in a big fit of the sulks, and Hilda, to placate him, had just asked, in her prettiest way, to be shown 'all over the yacht,' when, black as night with jealousy, as much as to say, 'Who 's poaching on my preserves?' up steps Jerry, and carries off the prize—"

"You are speaking of my husband?" Eleanor asked, freezingly.

"Bless me, whose else? But allow me to tell you, you don't play your cards well to-day, my dear. After your clever beginning with Theobald we looked for better things."

At this, Betty started violently. What Eleanor would have said was choked in her throat by the arrival upon the scene of Major Shafto, Van Loon, and another man or two, who, while puffing at their cigars, formed in a ring around the little group, ready to be amused at any cost. It was Mrs. Shafto's misfortune sometimes to miss her shot. To-day she had calculated well, and felt pretty sure of victory.

"We are discussing that little *tendresse* over yonder," she said easily, indicating to the newcomers, with an offhand gesture, the figures in the bow. "And I 'm giving Mrs. Vernon 'points.' The fact is, American women are slow in following up their advantages, and after the compliment 'Slings and Arrows' paid her last week about the Theobald affair—"

"By Jove, Sophy, this won't do," said the deep bass voice of Major Shafto, who had been slowly taking in the scene.

"What won't do? Flirting with other people's property? You 'll have to make over society, old man, before you leave that out. Mrs. Vernon surely is aware that all the world has been praising her sharp practice in starting an opposition to Jerry's little game, though it was hardly to be expected in a disciple of the prudish Hallidays."

"I say! They 're in for it," whispered one of the men to Van Loon. "It 's a 'Ladies' Battle,' and we must stay and see it out."

For Betty, watching the malicious glitter come into Mrs. Shafto's eye, entered the arena at a bound.

"Don't stop your wife, Major Shafto," she said, with perfect self-command. "It 's so kind of her to show others the way she has won renown."

"That 's a nasty one!" added the previous critic, enjoyingly, in the ear of Timothy, who was growing rather scared.

"All of us, probably, except my sister, have read the paragraph Mrs. Shafto so delicately speaks of. And I don't believe there are many here who do not suspect its origin. But as regards the truth of it, I must really interpose. It is rather forcing my cards to make me announce my engagement in this way—but—I am only a woman, after all—I have promised to marry Mr. Theobald."

"Really? That does complicate the situation," said her opponent, with a daring laugh, and their hearers afterward declared that in spite of her evident discomfiture Sophy Shafto got the best of it.

"My dearest Betty, how glad I am!" Eleanor said, when the sisters were alone.

"I had no idea of telling yet—it is too new—only a week old. I can hardly believe it myself," Betty answered. "But the sight of that outrageous woman gloating over her mischief, and knowing that hateful little Leeds was within ear-shot, were too much for me. I did what I knew Tony would have wished."

"He is all that is kind and true," sighed Eleanor. "Oh, you will be happy, dear."

Unconsciously she emphasized the *you*, and Betty, bending over, kissed her affectionately. It had not entered into the mind of either to connect the date of Theobald's offer of his hand to Betty with that of the attack in print upon Eleanor's good name.

XIII.

It has previously been told that the elder Mrs. Vernon's one authenticated link with es-

tablished society was a certain Mrs. Vane-Benson, a far-away cousin of her late husband. This lady, also a widow, was well-looking and ambitious, and in her youth had married an Englishman of good family, whose death left her with a limited income, and with a daughter wedded for her pretty face by a rising barrister in London, who had frankly informed his wife that he could not abide his American mother-in-law.

When, therefore, Mrs. Vane-Benson visited London to be with those whom she styled her "dear ones," she was driven to the disagreeable necessity of taking lodgings near the daughter's house, and living in a "betwixt and between" way not at all to her taste. She knew "plenty of nice English people," but they could not be supposed to cherish active interest in an American who had no money to throw around. Her daughter's friends belonged to a young and gay set, and altogether Mrs. Vane-Benson felt the time in London hang heavy on her hands.

Oftentimes it had occurred to her to import the family of some rich new American, and, for a consideration, to chaperon it through the London season; but she was ease-loving, and this meant awful work. The sudden wish of her cousin's widow to find companionship abroad had come to Mrs. Vane-Benson in the nick of time. It gave her courage, after engaging the rooms desired at Claridge's, to take a neat little victoria and drive around to see various friends, to all of whom, over their tea-tables, she announced the prospective arrival of a "ridiculously rich" relative from the States.

It is most convenient that English people have no curiosity about the social status at home of their transatlantic visitors. It makes the rough places plain for so many worthy persons, and illustrates, on English soil, the ideal American democracy. Mrs. Vernon, for instance, who in crossing the Atlantic had been rather cowed by the stand-off grandeur of one or two New York families of fashion who shared with her the privilege of deck state-rooms and special stewards, and ate and drank nothing that was not served from their luxurious private stores, found the same people in London mere diminished shades, herding at hotels, obliged to be content with paying their way everywhere, and exhilarated by chance acquaintance with a baronet. She, on the other hand, who had so long languished without recognition in her adopted home, was, by a series of fortunate incidents, whirled with unexpected speed into the bosom of Mayfair society.

The impelling cause of this was Mrs. Vane-Benson's countess,—a stout, high-colored dowager who was fond of novelties, and had recently taken America under her wing,— who lived, when in town, in a narrow, dingy brick house in Curzon street, and spent her winters inexpensively abroad; the chief of those ladies to whom Mrs. Vane-Benson had gone at tea-time with her news.

It was Lady Shorthorn (or, to speak by the peerage, Shorthorn, Dowager Countess of [Peer's widow]—Katherine Clementina Letitia Janet, dau. of," etc.; "mar. 1859 the 6th Earl of Shorthorn, who died 1870," etc.) who proposed to Mrs. Vane-Benson to remove her friend from the princely atmosphere of Claridge's into a private dwelling. It was her own son Lord Shorthorn's house in Prince's Gate, providentially to let for the season, or for two seasons, or for many seasons, if the price paid were sufficiently American. Mrs. Vane-Benson told Mrs. Vernon that poor Lord Shorthorn's wife had eloped under sad circumstances with one of his intimate friends, which would never have happened had her husband been able to keep up the house in Prince's Gate, since poor Lady Shorthorn could not abide the country in May and June.

Mrs. Vernon, acceding to all demands upon her purse, accordingly took possession of the Shorthorn residence, with its worn carpets, dull bedrooms, and drawing-rooms a wilderness of shabby chintz, sprinkled with ormolu candelabra, Dresden shepherdesses, and tarnished mirror-frames.

"You must tell your friend not to be frightened by the house," said the countess, unconscious of two meanings to her phrase. "I dare say it will seem formidable to her at first. And the servants may worry her—to have to have so many, you know. I 'm told that in America you keep only two—help, don't you call 'em?—when you don't live altogether in hotels."

"Mrs. Vernon has been keeping more than two," said Mrs. Vane-Benson, meekly. "I suppose Lord Shorthorn won't mind her getting new chintz for the drawing-room?"

"If it 's understood she 's to leave it, no," said the dowager.

The new chintz, fresh paint and papers, balconies full of flowers looking out on the lovely square behind the house, Mrs. Vernon's talent for re-disposing furniture, and the objects of art that began soon to find their way to Prince's Gate, wrought in the interior a change to inspire Lady Shorthorn with sincere regard for the new tenant of Lord Shorthorn's house.

"Now she is settled, she must know somebody," remarked the dowager, who persisted in treating Mrs. Vane-Benson's compatriots as if they were all very young people of limited intelligence. "I have asked my son, when he has time, to call, and perhaps he may; but he is not enough."

"Lord Shorthorn must be so much at Ensi-

lage with the dear children," said Mrs. Vane-Benson, although she saw the name of the nobleman in question repeatedly in the current gaieties of the "Morning Post."

"Oh, the children, of course. Three of them, or four,—yes, there are certainly four,—are a mistake for a man not yet thirty; but Shorthorn don't dislike being sometimes at Ensilage, though I always found the castle damp. The question is, How are we to get people to go to see your friend?"

"I had thought," said Mrs. Vane-Benson, hesitating, "of a ball."

"Hum! Not bad," meditated the countess. "I think I could get people enough to come to a really good ball. But I should have to make her promise not to interfere."

"How not to interfere?"

Lady Shorthorn stared.

"To let me order things, and ask every soul who is to be there. I can't get into such a fuss as the duchess had with your Mrs. Central Parker last year. Why, the poor duchess had actually done everything, asked everybody, and expected it to be a really good ball. And then, what must your Mrs. Central Parker do, but take fright lest the duchess's people should n't come, and at the last moment invite a lot of her own friends! Of course the Americans all came. To be sure, the women were monstrous cock-a-hoops; but the duchess was so vexed, and has been telling everybody since that if it was a bad ball she washed her hands of it."

"Mrs. Vernon knows only a few of her country people in London—the Blanks and the Dashes," said Mrs. Vane-Benson, mentioning families of whom she felt secure.

"Oh, I have met your Mr. Blank, and he seemed to me a very nice sort of person, really," said the dowager. "I have met so few American men. Excepting that nice Mr. Black, who 's just like an Englishman, and Mr. Blank, I don't think I know any. And, of course, there must be many more. To go back to the ball, tell your friend that I 'll do it, really, and she need not concern herself except to pay for it. Knowing the house as I do, it will be easier. Perhaps she will want to give the ball elsewhere; but I would n't care for that. She will enjoy seeing the ball the way I shall give it at Shorthorn's house. I 'm told all your best American parties are given at restaurants. It must be quite shocking, with strangers coming in and ordering their own food at the other little tables. I can't understand it in the least—"

"Oh, but you must let me explain to you—" cried Mrs. Vane-Benson, stung beyond the point of silence.

"—Or else you hire the whole floors of hotels, and take down the beds," pursued the countess, "and the guests go up in the—elevators. You see I know even your way of talking in America."

"The best way for you to know America is to visit it yourself some day," said Mrs. Vane-Benson, politely.

"Me? God forbid!" said the dowager. "We must have all one kind of flower in the big saloon; foxgloves, perhaps, or orchids—does your friend know orchids? And there must be plenty of champagne. Your friend must be made to understand beforehand about champagne."

"We drink champagne by the *gallon* in America," retorted Mrs. Vane-Benson in desperation.

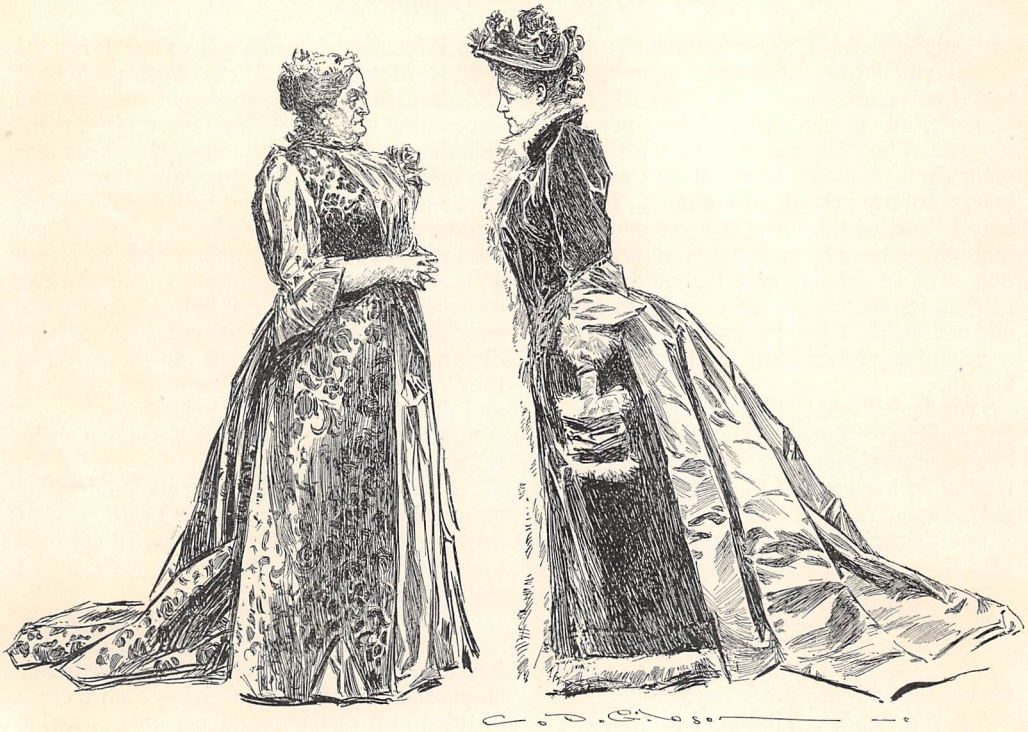
"Oh, I think not," said Lady Shorthorn without a change of expression on her large, fair face. "It would make you so very sick. Lord Midlands himself told me when he dined at your—er—ah—chief palace, you know—the White House,—yes, a few years ago,—they gave him Apollinaris only, and handed boiled milk with the coffee, in large cups, during dinner. You see I 've made quite a study of America."

"I suppose when you get everything arranged for the ball," resumed Mrs. Vane-Benson, struggling no more, "it will be well to let the newspapers have a list of the expected guests."

"Perhaps; it don't signify—who reads newspapers?" said her ladyship, comfortably. "There are so many things in them one really can't believe. Imagine one of them saying, the other day, that your Mr. What 's-his-name had taken Guelph House for the season, and if he liked it, after staying here awhile, he would probably buy England. Now, fancy buying England—how could he, possibly? Tell your friend all I have said, my dear, and make her be most careful about receiving Americans till then, for there 's no knowing whether it might not spoil her ball.

THE ball, good or bad, was about to be an accomplished fact. Mrs. Vernon had been turning over her piles of acceptances, asking herself, with a delicious thrill, if it could be she—she whom the Van Shuters had so tardily recognized and the Van Loons had never invited—who was about to receive as her guests half the Lords Adolphus and Ladies Ermyntrude in the peerage.

The Shorthorn residence, from the hands of decorators astonished by liberal orders, had come forth a fairy-land of lights and garlands, draperies and plants. Late in the evening Mrs. Vernon, more excited than she had ever known herself to be, wearing a tea-gown of lace and satin, descended to the ground floor to bestow



"YOU MUST TELL YOUR FRIEND NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED BY THE HOUSE."

a survey upon her tables for supper, and the accompanying buffet.

At the moment of crossing the lower hall she had become aware of one of her footmen engaged at the front door in parleying with some would-be visitor, to whom he mechanically repeated the formula of "Not at 'ome." As she was returning to go again upstairs, Mrs. Vernon caught a glimpse of what seemed a familiar face in the gap made by the partly opened door.

"*Hif* you please, 'm," said the footman, raising his voice to address his mistress with such emphasis that the powder flew from his ambrosial locks, "'ere 's a pusson as won't by no means be hinduced to leave with-hout speaking a word with you."

He was a young footman, or what happened might not have been. The intruder, taking advantage of him to push by, entered the brilliantly lighted hall. Mrs. Vernon gazed at her — it was a woman — with absolute dismay. It was Calliope Jane Ketcham, once her companion "table girl" at Judd's!

"Mrs. Vernon, I believe?" said the new arrival. "Pardon me, madam, for seeming to intrude on you; but I am the London correspondent of the NewYork "Planet," and I have been instructed by cable to give half a column to your entertainment. If you would be so kind as to allow me to glance at the decorations, and at your list of acceptances—"

"You—I—please walk up-stairs," stammered the unfortunate hostess, entirely at a loss for words or actions.

She led the way to the suite of glittering rooms above, fragrant with the breath of thousands of cut blossoms, and from which the last of the decorators vanished as they came in, bestowing upon Mrs. Vernon a bow as if to royalty.

"I guess I did n't do you much harm running you out o' New York, Luella," said Calliope's best-known tones. "'Pears like you'd kinder think I was a blessing in disguise."

"You—torment! What do you want now?" almost hissed the lady of the house.

"Charming—acacia in that recess, I see," said the reporter, jotting down notes as a stray servant passed them by. "Now that I have a fair idea of the decorations, you will kindly allow me a glance at the gown you are going to wear? If you please, I will follow you."

In Mrs. Vernon's bedroom, the maids being absent, Mrs. Vernon's wrath broke forth.

"Go away! I won't stand it!" she said rapidly.

"Presently; all in good time, Luella. I am really a London correspondent, and this half-column means bread you would n't take out of my mouth."

"What has become of your gains from your last swindle in New York?"

"The last? Since circumstances forced me

to withdraw from the 'Oppressed Wives' movement, I have been for a short time the widowed 'companion' of a lady whom you know. You can't think how I love my weeds, Luella. They become me better than any other dress, and people are always moved by hearing of my poor dead husband. True, the lady I lived with last was not so moved as she might have been by that variety of sorrow. But her place suited me, and I should have remained in comfort for the summer, but at the end of a month I had to leave."

"Suddenly?" said Mrs. Vernon, with a curling lip.

"Suddenly," said Calliope, dropping her eyes, and smiling. "But you don't ask me the name of my last employer, dear. And yet, by a strange fatality, in her house I found myself again involved in affairs that had to do with you."

"With me? You 're mistaken there," said Mrs. Vernon, with a hard laugh, all her society grace and conventional mannerisms dropping from her like a garment.

"With your son, then, whose habits and character I had full opportunity to observe, for he was with her every day."

"It is a slander. He swore to me —"

"Then you do know whom I mean. You are n't surprised to hear that I went as guardian to the manners and morals of the lovely Hildegarde? No, my dear, don't interrupt me. As the boys at Judd's used to say, 'I 'm the Wild Wolf from Bitter Creek, and it 's my night to howl.' I found that young woman had as neat a talent for double-dealing as I 've ever chanced to see. No more heart than you 'd hold on a pin-point, and a love of flirting for flirting's sake, as other women love their drams of morphine and chloral. Your youngster is a fool to think she wants him except as a stop-gap till she can establish herself by another marriage. If she could get that rich fish Van Loon, she 'd soon give your Jerry the mitten. Meanwhile she likes playing with him, and dragging him on, and then shutting the door in his face. She 's no more pity for his wife than a cat has for a mouse. It 's been rare fun to her ordering him hither and thither, saying he must go to Newport because she means to take a house there, or to dear knows where, because she has a fancy for trying it. And, with all this, I don't suppose you doubt she owes *you* a grudge for not letting her become your daughter-in-law last year! And that Shafto woman is a match for her. When they 're not quarreling the two work together, and they 're together in mischief now."

"Do you expect only to make me angry by telling me of this?"

"Not at all," said Calliope, coolly, drawing an envelop from her pocket. "I pride myself on my system. I 've got a letter here that would open Jerry's eyes to Mrs. Hildegarde, and I want to sell it — *high*."

An hour later, Mrs. Vernon, girthed and buskined for the fray, stood at her post beside ample Lady Shorthorn, receiving such a crush of titled and distinguished personages as left no doubt in Lady Shorthorn's mind of her own cleverness in avoiding the disaster brought on the duchess by Mrs. Central Parker. There was not, all told, more than a handful of Americans in the rooms, and not a family among them that did not boast of the redeeming pretty woman. Late in the evening Lord Shorthorn strolled in, and was made known to his remunerative tenant.

Next day Mrs. Vernon awoke to find herself the fashion. True, a hornet's nest of gossip about her was let loose from the ignored Americans in London; but it was well on in the season, and by another year she would have lived such trifles down.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

A SONG OF FAREWELL.

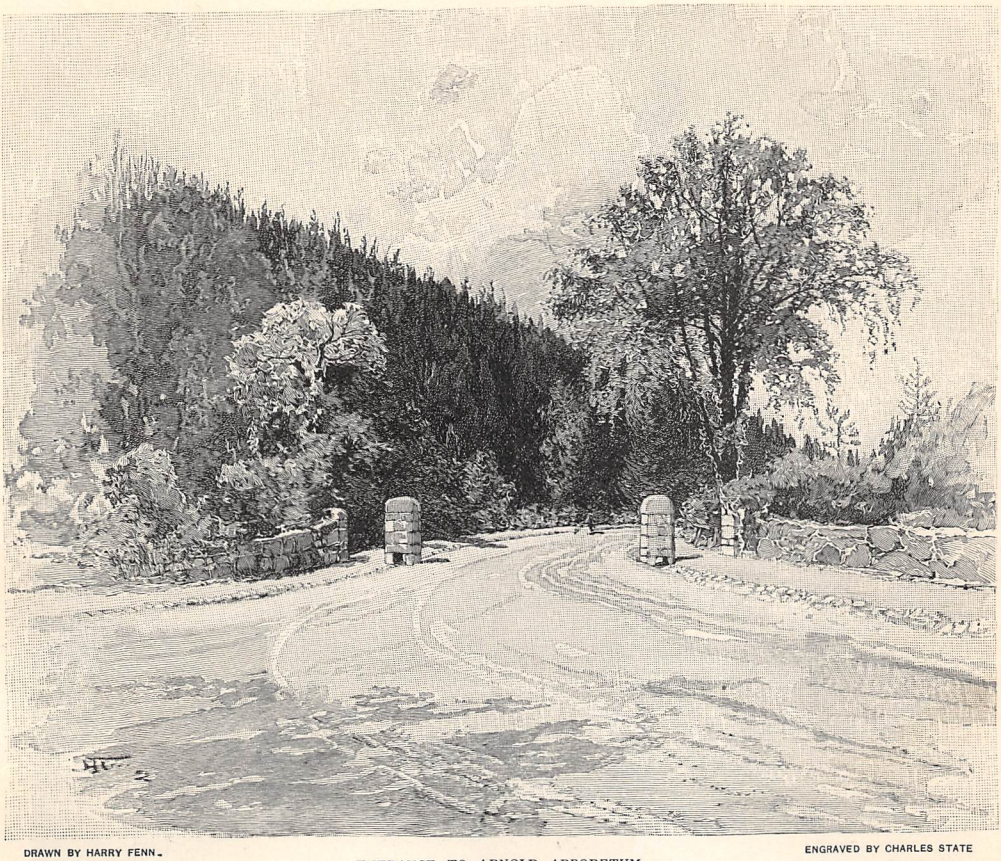
YE happy birds, oh, whither flying?
So swift ye wing away
I scarce can mark your trailing pinions.
Does there a warmer day
Await on other shores,
To your glad summons quick replying?

Oh, linger yet awhile! Ye carry
The summer on your wing:
Too long will winter seem without you,
Too tardy coming, spring.
But melody of song
In warmer climes delights to tarry.

Alas! we may not more entreat you,
When bluer skies await;
When other birds will carol welcomes,
And tales of joy relate.
We can but pray, sweet friends,
That no harsh storms will ever meet you.

And so — away! — far out of seeing
Into the heaven high;
Leaving no mark save that of music
On earth and sea and sky;
No sweeter song than made
By your light pinions southward fleeing.

Edith Vernon Mann.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE

ENTRANCE TO ARNOLD ARBORETUM.

A TREE MUSEUM.

WE hear so much about the Jardin des Plantes, the Botanic Gardens at Kew, and other well-known collections of plants in Europe, and so little about the Arnold Arboretum, that it would perhaps be safe to say that there are not a hundred people in the country who are aware that Harvard University owns the finest tree museum in the world. Boston itself, though the Arboretum is a part of its park system, has hardly waked up to the fact of its importance, and wonders vaguely, like other people, what the name implies, and why this scientific treasure is unique. What is there about this place, where you see just such things along the parkways as you find beside the roads, and just such trees as you find in the woods outside, to make it peculiar and interesting?

It is thus that this extraordinary outdoor museum strikes the careless observer, unaware that he might find here two thousand varieties of woody plants, and walk for two miles and a half up and down the lines of labeled shrubs without finding two alike.

The differences between trees of the same species are hardly apparent to the ordinary man. He may recognize a blue spruce when he sees it, but it would puzzle him to know in what a white spruce differs from a black, or a Carolina hemlock from the New England variety. The subtle distinctions in oaks and maples, the innumerable subdivisions of birches, the fine lines that separate families of familiar trees, are all unseen by him. Hardly can he discern a hemlock in a pine forest, or a black birch in a group of beeches. How should he know the worth of an institution whose business it is to tell him about these things? He has never heard of dendrology, he has the vaguest

DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

ARNOLD ARBORETUM FROM THE HILL.

views about forestry as being somehow connected with the water-supply, and his greatest wonder is that anybody should want to know about trees except as furnishers of lumber, or as ornaments of a place or road, comfortable to sit under on a hot day.

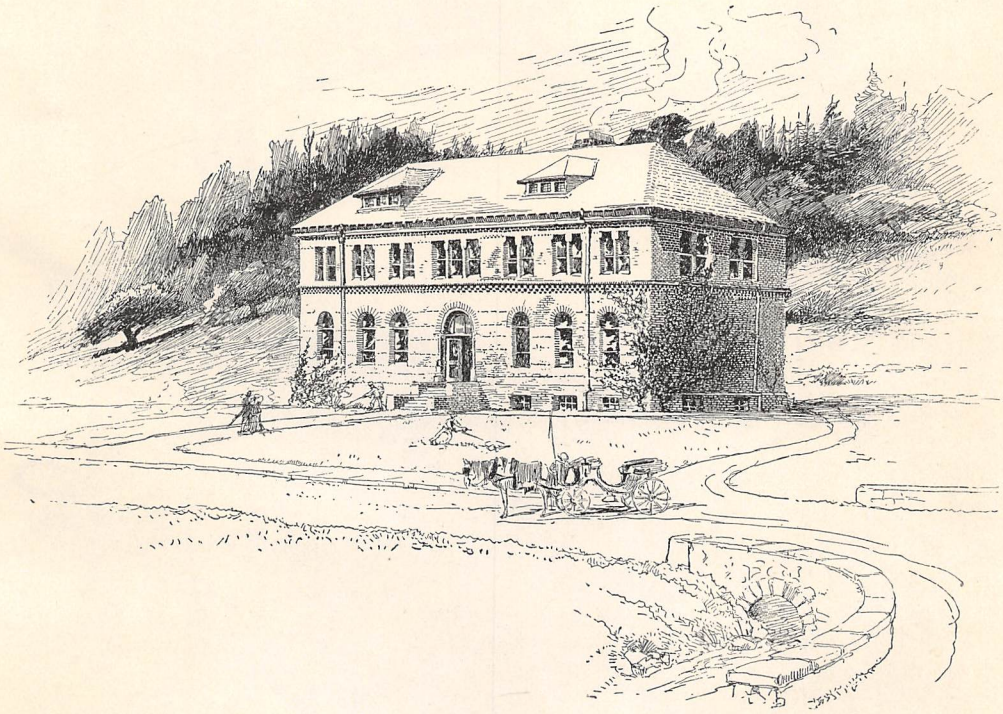
That there should be a hundred and sixty acres given over by a college to the cultivation of plants of woody fiber, trees, shrubs, and vines in all their infinite variety, fills him with astonishment and some dismay. This is not exactly a park, he says, nor yet a garden, in spite of its flowers and fruits. What, then, is an arboretum? and what purpose does it serve? and how does it differ from foreign botanic collections?

To answer the last question first, Kew, which is the first botanic garden in the world, derives its great fame from its herbaceous plants, of which it has an enormous variety, and these also are the specialty of other gardens of this character. Kew has an arboretum as an attachment to these, but the space is too limited; the trees, planted at different times, interfere with one another, and the poor soil, added to the injuries inflicted by the smoke of London,

render this part of the collection imperfect. Lack of space in other great gardens, as well as in private arboreta, has always proved an obstacle to success. The best of the latter in Europe (that of M. Lavallé in France) occupied only seven acres, wholly insufficient after a while to give his numerous specimens a fair chance to grow, and since his death, I am told, everything there is going to ruin.

The young trees in the Arboretum are raised from seed planted in its own nurseries, and in habits and adaptability. It includes nurseries, where all sorts of foreign plants can be tried, and their usefulness proved, and a museum where they can be studied in their various stages of growth.

The Arnold Arboretum, for example, shows trees as they grow naturally in woods, and as specimens planted one hundred feet apart in enormous holes filled with rich soil. It gives you the different varieties grouped together according to the regular botanical system of De



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

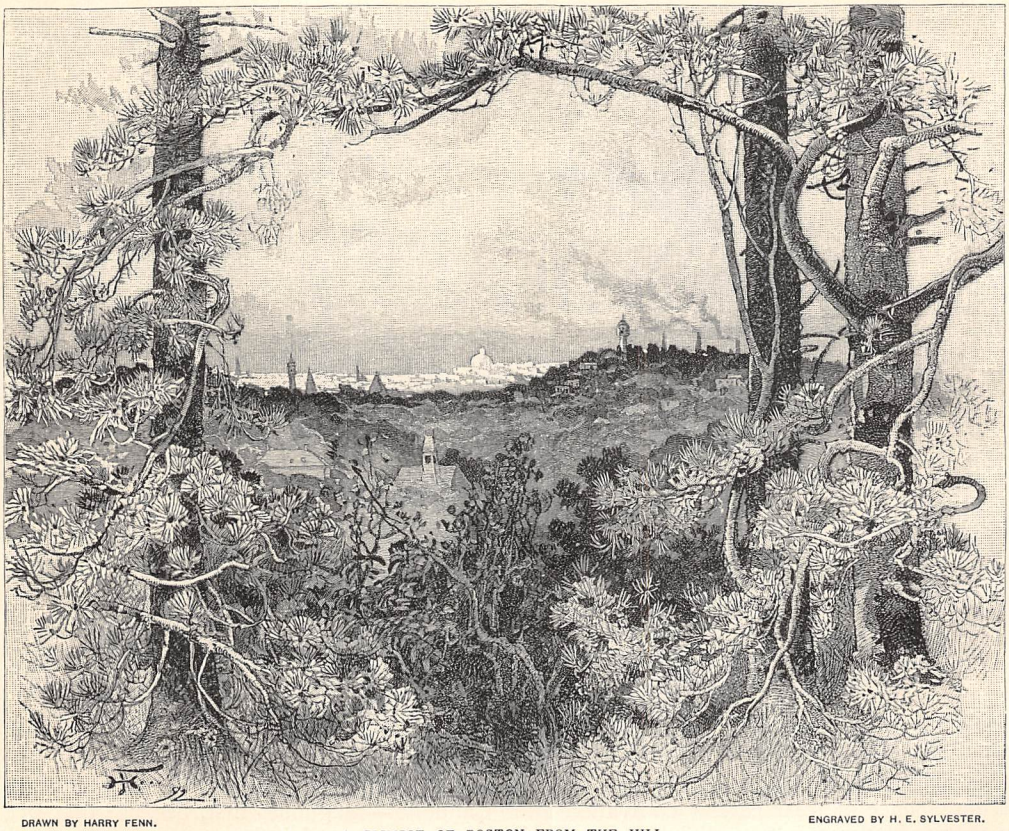
THE MUSEUM.

consequence of their careful cultivation and selection, they are singularly symmetrical, healthy, and promising. In planting specimen trees, several are set in a large hole twenty-five feet square, filled with good soil, and the most thrifty of these is the only one permanently retained. A tree, which is a being that demands a century, perhaps, to pass through all its phases of existence, in order to be studied from end to end, must be grown in a place where its safety is insured, and where it can remain for hundreds of years with its conditions materially unchanged. Such a home can be furnished for it only in an arboretum connected with some permanent institution.

For an arboretum is primarily a place to study trees and shrubs, a place to which makers of parks and gardens can resort to learn their Candolle — magnolias first, because that tree has the most perfect flower; conifers last, because in them the flower is most imperfect. Here can be seen a forest of chestnuts of every kind, with a few great specimens, apart from the rest, that in time will be a wonder. So you may wander on past groves of walnuts, clumps of beeches, knots of catalpas, all in their proper order, and each group containing its specimen trees, until the whole great round is completed.

It is the same with the shrubs, which are conspicuously labeled, in a place set apart for them, where the soil is rich and they develop like weeds, alike beautiful in flower and fruit. Ordinary garden varieties of fruit-trees are not cultivated here, but only the original simple forms from which they come — the wild pear, the wild

apple, the wild plum, in whatever corner of the temperate zone they may have originated, Europe, or Asia, or our native land. Lovely roses bloom here in glowing variety of color, but they are all single. Sweetbriers and other climbing roses mount to the tops of great poles prepared for them, and fling abroad their garlands, mating their sweetness with that of honeysuckles in myriad varieties, and with that of a thousand other blooms too numerous to chronicle. Up and down the rows upon rows one



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

A GLIMPSE OF BOSTON FROM THE HILL.

may journey, till one pauses for very weariness, leaving half unseen. It is so with the trees. One might take a day for the conifers, and then hardly be able to see them all. Each has its interest for the student, either for its home in some far land, of whose traditions it breathes, or for some singularity of growth that marks it from its fellows. Here all the cramping mistakes of the Old World have been avoided, and "ample room and verge enough" have been left for the bravest oak to spread its giant arms abroad, and for the most majestic beech to furnish shade.

All lands of the temperate zone pay tribute to this forest. Whatever will grow in New England here finds a home. Hardy bamboos from Japan, conifers from Colorado and the Rocky Mountains, English oaks, and French poplars, are to be found; but most of all are cherished the natives of America, for a home collection is the best of all.

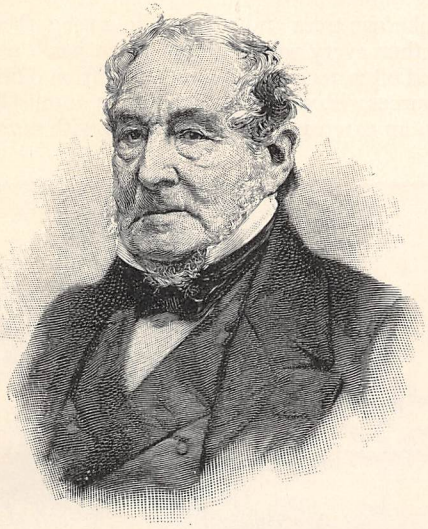
Not a new thing in the world is the importation of foreign plants for use and adornment. Long ago the Greeks and Romans brought back from their conquests those products of other lands that struck them as beautiful or useful. Thus the olive, dwarfed and tortured by the mistral, is made to furnish wealth to France and Italy far from its Syrian home; while the orange has obtained a foothold, as in our own Florida, in regions far remote from its native China.

It seems strange enough to think that most of the common garden-plants of England, and many of its trees, were carried there by the Romans, that Cæsar found the holly and the Scotch pine the only evergreens in Britain, and that the English elm itself, so identified with

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,

was one of his importations. All through the history of the "tight little island" we see how

her maritime population kept bringing home plants for her food or pleasure. Her most gallant knight came back from the golden west



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

JAMES ARNOLD.

with a potato in his pocket; her lords and councilors, her bishops and fine ladies, all imported and planted. The arboretum at Kew was owing to that grim princess of Wales who was always bidding her son George III. to "be a king!" And there was a famous duchess of Beaufort who knew more about trees than almost any one of her generation. It was the same in France, where the people have a genius for gardening, carrying into this pursuit the same fine taste and perception that make them successful in all arts.

Since a large proportion of the trees and shrubs that are the glory of foreign gardens at the present day have been imported from this treasure-house, America, small wonder that here is to be found the best collection of them in the world; and though the wild New England shore is only a foster-mother to the nurslings of the warmer South, the number of European and Asiatic ligneous plants that will endure its changing climate is still large enough to justify the location of an arboretum under the parent wing of our oldest institution of learning, where the tree-dwellers of the temperate zone may meet, and the interesting products of Japan find a congenial home.

But it is time to tell of the beginning of the Arnold Arboretum, and of the men whose generosity and public spirit helped to make it what it is, and of the results it has accomplished in a scientific way.

About the year 1870, Mr. James Arnold of New Bedford, a native of Providence, R. I., an excellent merchant of Quaker origin, a man of marked individuality of character, and of large wealth, who had always taken so great an interest in plants that his garden was one of the most beautiful and famous in his part of the country, left a bequest of $100,000 to three trustees, to be employed, as seemed good to them, for the improvement of agriculture or horticulture. His friend and trustee, Mr. George B. Emerson, whose classical report on the trees and shrubs of Massachusetts is well known, recommended that this money should be devoted to founding an arboretum, to be called by Arnold's name, and to be used in connection with the Bussey Agricultural Institute as a means of practical instruction in that science. Accordingly it was agreed that if the Harvard corporation would set aside a hundred and twenty-five acres for the purpose, the sum should be allowed to accumulate until it amounted to $150,000, and then be used for the purpose above named.

Harvard University owned at that time a tract of land of some 300 acres in Jamaica Plain, left to it by Benjamin Bussey, to found a school of agriculture. This land was partly peat-bog and meadow, and partly scantily wooded upland, where were a few fine trees, a stretch of pasture, and a noble grove of hemlocks crowning a hill. One hundred and twenty-five acres of this land the university consented to set apart for this purpose, and by an agreement between the municipality of Boston and the

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

GEORGE B. EMERSON.

corporation of Harvard University, the city has undertaken to build and care for the roads of the Arboretum, and to police it, in exchange for

the privilege of including it in its park system, so that the public may have free access to the grounds. Owing to the reluctance of both city and university to hamper themselves by pledges, it took five years to bring about this agreement, which is to endure for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Now that it is satisfactorily accomplished, the arrangement seems to find favor with all parties, and as the Arboretum gains in beauty its popularity increases, and it becomes more and more a favorite resort. In completing the bargain, the city added forty acres to the appropriation, which is to be cultivated in accordance with the general design.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

HOUSE OF THE DIRECTOR.

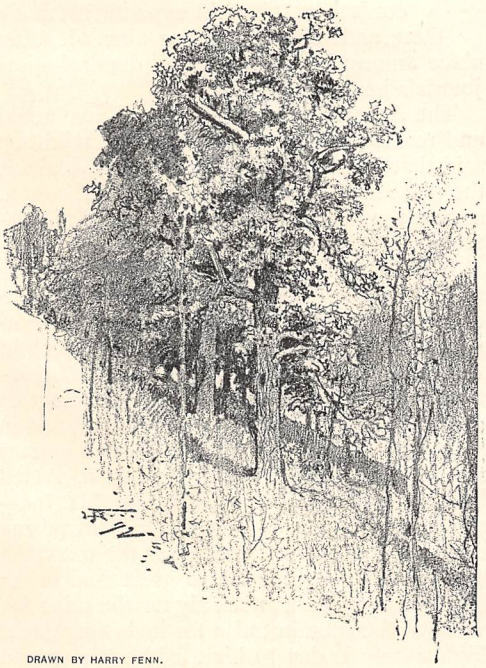
Having acquired this property, the next step was to put it into hands competent to make this arboretum an object of national importance. Everything had to be done. The tract of country was not graded or laid out; there were no roads, no grounds. To all scientific intents and purposes it was virgin soil, and to take this wild bit of land, and to organize it into a valuable and perpetual museum, was a task that required patience, resolution, and business capacity, as well as scientific acquirement.

The labors of the director of a great scientific institution of this kind are unremitting, and his knowledge must be exhaustive. He must travel far and wide to familiarize himself with the habitat and conditions of growth of almost unknown trees and plants; he must gather together every woody thing which has a name, and often receive the same plant from different sources with varying appellations; he must keep up an extensive correspondence with nurserymen all over the world, often suffering from their stupidity and want of accuracy and faithfulness; he must meet travelers, visit parks and botanic gardens, be ready to make new acquaintances, and must make enormous collections of the flowers and fruits and branches of trees and shrubs, in addition to his living specimens, which give him perpetual anxiety. He must read and possess innumerable books, must spend a fortune in acquiring difficult and hidden knowledge, and must construct never-ending catalogues, constantly undergoing changes and emendations as research enlarges, and new plants are discovered. His living herbarium must be tended with the most cautious zeal. Where the tree or shrub cannot be obtained,

he must be often at great expense to obtain minute and accurate representations of it by photograph or drawing. He must keep everlasting records of the times of flowering and fruitage; he must have soft fruits preserved in alcohol, and hard ones in cases that will resist insects and mice. He must record not only the scientific classification of plants, but also the various common names under which they grow in different countries, with the date of their reception, the place from which they came, and the name of the giver; and all this while constantly dealing with the practical problems of a great tree-farm, worked by an army of laborers, with the complicated business necessary when carrying on negotiations between an incorporated institution and the ever-varying administration of an indifferent city government, and this in addition to managing the limited funds of an inadequate endowment.

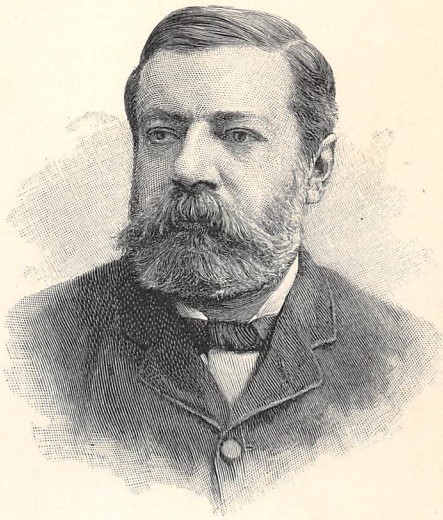
A position like this can be filled only by a man of public spirit, administrative ability, and large wealth. Such a man Harvard University was fortunate enough to find in the head of its Botanic Garden, and to him is entirely owing the success of the Arboretum, the high place it takes as a factor in education, and the decisive results of scientific importance that have been achieved by it.

Professor Charles Sprague Sargent is the son of a Boston banker, and his first experience in gardening was gained in managing his father's handsome estate in Brookline, where he showed



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

OAK RESCUED FROM DEATH.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT.

so much skill and taste in landscape-gardening, as well as knowledge of botany, that he was invited to become the head of the Botanical Garden at Cambridge. There, being full of ideas, he at first dismayed Dr. Asa Gray by the decisive changes he undertook to make; but the elder botanist was soon convinced that everything the younger one did was for the advantage of the place, since from the first he showed unusual breadth of view and ability. His thoroughness and success in this department suggested him as the most desirable, indeed as the only competent, man to manage the Arboretum. He was therefore made Arnold Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard University. Since then his fame as a dendrologist has increased, until he is even better known and quoted as an authority in the Old World than in America. Owing to his high reputation, and the knowledge acquired by him in his direction of the Arboretum, in 1880 the United States Government put him at the head of the Forestry Division of the Tenth Census, the result of which was his remarkable report of its proceedings, published by the Government in one of its quarto volumes. This contains a most comprehensive account of the condition of the timber of the country twelve years ago. It tells of our forests, of their bibliographical history, economic worth and uses; describes the different woods of our native land, and their commercial value; gives an account of the lumber industry, the detail of forest fires, and a host of other things that influence the commerce of the country, and is accompanied by colored maps showing forest growth and density in different States.

This report is remarkable for the skill with

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN

THE BLUE HILLS FROM THE OUTLOOK.

which Professor Sargent selected his associates, and for the enormous amount of work and journeying on his part that it represents. The synonymy alone (which he himself wrote) shows an extraordinary familiarity with all previously written works on dendrology, and the whole report may be considered a work of national importance.

But the professor's labors did not end here. During the forestry investigation he had collected a large amount of material, which, reinforced by his constant study and experiments at the Arboretum, resulted in the monumental work in twelve volumes (four of which, most beautifully illustrated by Mr. C. E. Faxon, have already appeared), "The Silva of North America," one of the most important contributions ever made to dendrological literature.

Another outcome of the Arboretum is the well-known weekly paper, "Garden and Forest," founded by Professor Sargent, which records the result of the experiments made there, and from the start has taken a leading place among horticultural and dendrological journals here and abroad.

The Arboretum and its director have acted and reacted upon each other, until it might be said that while the man has made the place, the place has had its hand in making the man, so that the history of one involves the biography of the other.

When Professor Sargent took charge of the new-born Arboretum, his first care was to map out the plan of the future tree-garden in company with the eminent landscape-architect Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Thus from the beginning nothing was left to chance; the scientific order of arrangement was provided for, and in some cases the position of already existing trees was adapted to the design agreed upon. Aided by a most excellent superintendent, Mr. Jackson Dawson, who has unusual skill in raising plants, and great enthusiasm for the work, the director has accomplished a great deal in the last seventeen years, not only for the scientific value of the spot, but also for its beauty; and high tribute is due to him, for he has spared neither himself nor his wealth in rendering

these services to his country, asking of it neither recognition nor recompense in return.

It was no slight task to develop this straggling and neglected property into a seemly and beautiful garden, with only a few thousand dollars a year to spend upon it, and with no very general interest in the work to cheer on the undertaking. The labor of renovating trees, of grading a rough tract of country, of planting and redeeming a barren waste, makes small show at first, and excites much criticism; for the exigencies of the collection require the destruction of trees as well as their planting, and the unknowing often find fault with measures the intention of which they fail to recognize.

In spite of discouragements, with unwearying and self-denying industry and enthusiasm, Professor Sargent has labored unremittingly for an enterprise the full scope of which neither he nor his children's children may hope to see; for so broad and deep have the foundations of this fine garden been laid, that a thousand years of possession have been provided for, and coming years alone can show the full scope of the great scheme which has been so wisely conceived.

Through the liberality of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, one of the most generous patrons of horticulture in this country, a brick museum has been erected at the Arboretum, which contains the photographs, the herbarium, and the scientific books collected by Professor Sargent at great cost, through a long series of years, and given by him to the institution — a princely gift, invaluable to students, who can here learn in connection with the living museum all that there is to be known about trees, which nowhere can be taught more completely. In addition to the objects of reference just mentioned, there will be specimens of different woods corresponding to those in the famous collection made by Professor Sargent and presented by Mr. Morris K. Jesup to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, with illustrations of their growth, bloom, and fruitage.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

APPROACH TO THE ARBORETUM.

Already there are numerous students at the Arboretum, and in the flowering season classes are conducted about the grounds by teachers, to familiarize them with the habits and appearance of the various trees and shrubs. In addition to its scientific uses, which are of course the most important, as a part of the park sys-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

THE BROOK, HEMLOCK MOUNT.

tem of Boston the Arboretum has its charm as a pleasure-ground. Its broad graveled driveways and footpaths, edged with low flowering shrubs, so well simulate nature that one is constantly reminded of picturesque country roads with their tangle of verdure. Here native shrubs bloom and run riot, each in its season, making the border as gay as a garden with sheets of flowers and masses of crimson and purple berries. The viburnum and the elder spread their shining white blossoms; the wild roses drop their pink petals undisturbed; the yellow of broom and the deep tones of the wild geranium are to be seen in their season; while the goldenrod and aster glorify the autumn with gold and purple. Over the rocks clamber creepers of all sorts, some clinging, others twining their way up by the crevices to which they hang, or by the branches of neighboring shrubs. Often a dead tree, instead of being removed, is left to form a support for a wild grape-vine, which drapes it with its graceful garlands into a thing of beauty.

Here we realize to the full the wealth of our native resources. No garden favorites are fairer or more fruitful than these denizens of our own woodland ways and country roadsides. Luxuriance and fragrance are alike their inheritance; splendor of color and grace of growth are theirs, as well as hardiness to endure the changes of our capricious climate, so trying to foreign shrubs and vines. Here the wild rhododendrons and azaleas flourish, and the sculpturesque laurel opens its exquisite cups; nor can any garden of exotics show more lovely and fragrant blossoms for its adorning than hundreds of the native children of our barren soil.

Leaving the woods and plunging into the by-paths, one finds one's self, perhaps, in the great grove of stately hemlocks, the ancient glory of the place, where the trees have reached their loftiest height on the north side of a rocky hill; or, again, in the low, well-watered meadow, may wonder at the spread of some fine red maple or some stately elm. Oaks and hickories that twenty years ago were falling to decay have responded to the apparently cruel, but really kind, pruning to which they have been subjected. To

restore life and vigor to their failing foliage, their dying branches were closely cropped, their tops cut back severely, till the poor old trees were a pitiable sight; but their wounds being well protected from the air and rain by coal-tar, and their roots cultivated and enriched, they bravely responded to the heroic treatment, and after a time sent forth new and vigorous shoots, so that now it is hard to believe that they have been rescued from disease and decrepitude.

Where the trees were too closely massed together, the superfluous ones have been cut away to let in the air and light, which not only helps the great ones, but also permits the growth of numberless seedlings, which spring up with surprising rapidity, and in eight or ten years make good-sized trees. Among these the undergrowth is permitted to flourish, which still cypresses,—through which the wind softly whispers, and under which the foot falls silently upon the red-brown carpet of fallen needles.

One of the winding driveways leads to the summit of a hill from which there is a commanding prospect of the whole surrounding region. At its foot lie the groves and meadows of the Arboretum, with its clustering shrubs, while neighboring grounds serve to extend its seeming domain, and to keep out the town, so that there, in the very precincts of a great city, is nourished a rural region full of sweet country restfulness and peace. In the middle distance roll smooth hills, dotted with pleasant homes nestling among trees, with green fields stretching away, and here and there a spire rising amid encircling elms that almost hide the village at their feet. Far away in the distance are the

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

HEMLOCK MOUNT.

further encourages the sprouting of seeds and nuts, the germs of a new and more robust forest, to flourish when the parent trees are laid low. In one part of the grounds is a fair stretch of meadow, on the border of which grow such trees as love a moist, deep soil; and on the uplands wave the chestnuts and birches, which are ever at home upon a hillside.

Here, too, are lofty pines that must have heard in their youth the guns and drums of the Revolution, with group after group of conifers,—larches, spruces, firs and junipers, cedars and lovely Blue Hills of Milton, bounding the horizon on one side, and on the other are beheld in the distance the roofs and towers of Boston, with its central glittering dome reflecting the sunlight.

Other features are the Hemlock Hill, unrivaled in any European park; the meadow with its border of fine trees; the slopes with their evergreen canopy; the roadways winding among the flowering shrubs; the dales with their clustering trees; and above all, the woods, where in sylvan solitudes you can for-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

BEECH MEADOW AND BROOK.

get the nearness of the city, and enjoy the sight of nature undisturbed. Through their cool depths wind quiet footpaths, where your solitary way may be crossed by a gray rabbit wondering at you as an intruder; for in this domain the timid creatures are at home, and with the squirrels and the birds claim birthright and possession. Brooks murmur at your feet, and thread the woodland ways beside you, tumbling from rock to rock, and singing their pleasant music in your ears, in tune with the whisper of pines and the chatter of poplar leaves.

How sweet to the dweller in the city to escape from all the turmoil of the street, and here to lead for an hour the life of the woodlander! To him who strolls or sits, an acre of forest is as good as a mile; the curving path climbing a hill, or skirting its base, can in small compass give him changing points of view. Here the garden shows its superiority to the wilderness, in which the monotony, repeated on a never-ending scale, becomes overwhelming. Nature untouched by man lacks something of the human charm. Where his deft touch is felt rather than seen, there arise in the heart a deeper pleasure, a more subtle delight, the concealed art alone yielding the perfection of woodland scenery.

Foreign parks may have their sophisticated grace, but in the Arboretum we find the familiar charm of the roadsides of our childhood, of the woods in which we sought for flowers, or whipped the chestnuts for their prickly fruitage. It is the dear New England that we love, at times with its asperities, its sternness, and its wintry gloom, but also with its wealth of spring blossom, its summer cheer, its autumn harvest of nuts and fruits, and its splendid glow of color. And as our stately elms are nearer to our hearts than any palm or magnolia of more sun-baked regions, so this woodland park, with its tangled roadsides, its coppices of oak and maple and beech, its hills dark with evergreens, or shining with the white stems of birches amid their light and quivering foliage, seems to catch and hold the New England of our early love forever.

M. C. Robbins.

IDY.

SEÑORA GONZALES was leaning upon the corral gate in the shade of the pomegranates, looking out over the lake. The lake itself was not more placid than the señora's face under her black rebozo. Perhaps a long life of leaning and gazing had given her those calm, slow-moving eyes, full of the wisdom of unfathomable ignorance. The landscape on the opposite shore was repeated in the water below, as if to save her the trouble of raising her heavily fringed lids. To the southward a line of wild geese gleamed snow-white, like the crest of a wave. Half a dozen dogs were asleep in the smoothly swept dooryard behind her, and a young Mexican, whose face was pitted by smallpox, like the marks of raindrops in dry sand, leaned against the gnarled trunk of a trellised grape-vine, clasping his knees, and sending slow wreaths of smoke from his cigarette. The barley in the field behind the house was beginning to head, and every breath of wind stirred it in glistening waves. Beyond the field shone a yellow mist of wild mustard. The California spring, more languorous, even with its hint of moisture, than the cloudless summer, sent a thousand odors adrift upon the air. Even the smell of garlic hanging about the señora could not drown the scent of the orange-blooms, and as for Ricardo's cigarette, surely no reasonable mortal could object to that. Ricardo himself would have questioned the sanity of any one who might have preferred the faint, musky fragrance of the alfilerilla to the soothing odor of tobacco. He closed his eyes in placid unconsciousness of such vagaries of taste, and rocked himself rhythmically, as if he were a part of the earth, and felt its motion.

A wagon was creaking along the road behind the house, but it did not disturb him. There were always wagons now; Ricardo had grown used to them, and so had the señora, who did not even turn her head. These restless Americanos, who bought pieces of land that were not large enough to pasture a goat, and called them ranchos — caramba! what fools they were, always a-hurrying about!

The wagon had stopped. Well, it would be time enough to move when some one called. A dust-colored hound that slept at the corner of the house, stretched flat, as if molded in relief from the soil upon which he lay, raised his head and pricked up one ear; then arose, as if reluctantly compelled to do the honors, and went slowly around the house.

"Of course they 've got a dawg; forty of 'em, like enough!" It was a girl's voice, pitched in a high, didactic key. "I guess I c'n make 'em understand, pappy. I 'll try, anyway."

She came around the house, and confronted Ricardo, who took his cigarette from his mouth, and looked at her gravely without moving. The señora turned her head slowly, and glanced over her shoulder. The girl smiled, displaying two rows of sound teeth shut tightly together.

"How do you do?" she said, raising her voice still higher, and advancing toward the señora with outstretched hand. "I suppose you 're Mrs. Gonsallies."

The señora disentangled one arm slowly from her rebozo, and gave the newcomer a large, brown, cushiony hand.

"This is my fawther," continued the girl, waving her left hand toward her companion; "sabby?"

The man stepped forward, and confronted the señora. She looked at him gravely, and shook her head. He was a small, heavily bearded man, with soft, bashful brown eyes, which fell shyly under the señora's placid gaze.

"She don't understand you, Idy," he said helplessly.

The girl caught his hand, and squeezed it reassuringly. "Never mind, pappy," she said, lowering her voice; "I 'll fetch her. Now, listen," she went on, fixing her wide gray eyes on the señora, and speaking in a loud, measured voice. "I — am — Idy Starkweather; this — is — my — fawther. There! Now! Sabby?"

Evidently she considered failure to understand English a species of physical disability which might be overcome by strong concentration of the will.

The señora turned a bland, unmoved face upon her son. The eyes of the newcomers followed her gaze. Ricardo held his cigarette between his fingers, and blew a cloud of smoke above his head.

"She don' spik no Englis'," he said, looking at them mildly.

The girl flushed to the roots of her hay-colored frizz of hair. "You 're a nice one!" she said. "Why did n't you speak up?"

Ricardo gave her another gentle, undisturbed glance. "Ah on'stan' a leetle Englis'; Ah c'n talk a leetle," he said calmly.

DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY. ENGRAVED BY A. BLOSSE.

"THE GIRL LAUGHED, AND STRUCK AT HIM WITH THE IRON STAKE."

The girl hesitated an instant, letting her desire for information struggle with her resentment. "Well, then," she said, lowering her voice half-sullenly, "my fawther here wants to ask you something. We live a mile or so down the road. We 've come out from Ioway this summer — me and mother, that is; pappy here come in the spring, did n't you, pappy? An' he bought the Slater place, an' there 's ten acres of vineyard, an' Barden, — he 's the real 'state agent over t' Elsmore, you know 'im, — he told my fawther they wuz all raisin-grapes, white muscat, — did n't he, pappy? — an' my fawther here paid cash down for the place, an' the vineyard 's comin' into bearin' next fall, an' Parker Lowe, — he has a gov'ment claim on section eighteen, back of our ranch, maybe you know 'im, — he says they 're every one mission grapes — for makin' wine. He helped set 'em out, an' he says they got the cuttin's from your folks; but I thought he wuz sayin' it just to plague me, so my fawther here thought he 'd come an' ask. If they are wine-grapes, that felluh Barden lied — did n't he, pappy?"

The Mexican gazed at her pensively through the smoke of his cigarette.

"Yass, 'm," he said slowly and softly — "yass, 'm; Ah gass he tell good deal lies. Ah gass he don' tell var' much trut'."

"Then they *are* mission grapes?"

"Yass, 'm; dey all meession grapes; dey mek var' good wahn."

The girl's face flamed an angry red under her crimpled thatch of hair. She put out her hand with a swift, protecting gesture, and caught her father's sleeve.

The little man's cheeks were pale gray above his shaggy beard. He took off his hat, and nervously wiped the damp hair from his forehead. His daughter did not look at him. Ricardo could see the frayed plume on her jaunty turban quiver.

"My fawther here 's a temperance man, a prohibitionist: he don't believe in wine; he hates it; he would n't touch it with a ten-foot pole. That felluh Barden knowed it — did n't he, pappy? He lied!" She spoke fiercely, catching her breath between her sentences.

The Mexican threw away the end of his cigarette, and gazed after it with pensive regret. "Some folks don' lak wahn," he said amiably. "Ah lak it var' well mahse'f. Ah gass he al's tell var' big lies, Mist' Barrd'n."

The girl turned away, still grasping her father's arm. Then she came back, with a sudden and somewhat bewildering accession of civility. "Addyoce," she said, bowing loftily toward the señora. The plume in her hat had turned in the afternoon breeze, and curved forward, giving her a slightly martial aspect.

"Addyoce, Mr. Gonsallies. We 're much obliged, — ain't we, pappy? Addyoce."

Ricardo touched his sombrero. "Good evenin', mees," he said in his soft, leisurely voice; "good evenin', señor."

When the last ruffle of Miss Starkweather's green "polonay" had disappeared around the corner of the adobe house, the señora drifted slowly across the dooryard in her voluminous pink drapery, and sat down beside her son. There was a thin stratum of curiosity away down in her Latin soul. What had Ricardo done to make the señorita so very angry? She was angry, was she not?

Oh, yes, she was very angry, but Ricardo had done nothing. Señor Barden had sold her father ten acres of wine-grapes, and the old man did not like wine; he liked raisins. Santa Maria! Did he mean to eat ten acres of raisins? He need not drink his wine; he could sell it. But the señorita was very angry; she would probably kill Señor Barden. She had said she would kill him with a very long pole — ten feet. Ricardo would not care much if she did. Señor Barden had called him a greaser. But as for a man who did not like wine — caramba!

PARKER LOWE'S government claim was a fractional section, triangular in shape, with its base on the grant line of Rancho la Laguna, and its apex high up on the mountain-side. Parker's cabin was perched upon the highest point, at the mouth of the cañon, in a patch of unconquerable boulders. Other government settlers were wont to remark the remoteness of his residence from the tillable part of his claim, but Parker remained loyal to his own fireside.

"It 's a sightly place," he asserted, "and nigh to the water, and it ain't no furder goin' down to work than it would be comin' up for a drink, besides bein' down-grade. I lay out to quit workin' some o' these days, but I don't never lay out to quit drinkin'."

This latter determination on Parker's part had come to be pretty well understood, and the former would have obtained ready credence except for the fact that one cannot very well quit what he has never begun. Without risking the injustice of the statement that Parker was lazy, it is perhaps safe to say that he belonged by nature to the leisure class, and doubtless felt the accident of his birth even more keenly than the man of unquenchable industry who finds himself born to wealth and idleness. "Holdin' down a claim" had proved an occupation as well adapted to his tastes as anything that had ever fallen to his lot, and his bachelor establishment among the boulders was managed with an economy of labor, and a resultant of physical comfort, hitherto unknown

in the annals of housekeeping. The house itself was of unsurfaced redwood, battened with lath to keep out the winter rain. The furniture consisted of a wide shelf upon which he slept, two narrower ones which held the tin cans containing his pantry stores, a bench, a table which "let down" against the wall by means of leathern hinges when not in use, a rusty stove, and a much-mended wooden chair. From numerous nails in the wall smoky ends of bacon were suspended by their original hempen strings, and the size of the grease spot below testified to the length of the "side" which Parker had carried in a barley sack from Barney Wilson's store at Elsmore, five miles away on the other side of the lake. Parker surveyed these mural decorations with deep inward satisfaction not untinged with patriotism.

"There wa'n't many folks right here when I filed on to this claim," he had been known to remark, "an' I may have trouble provin' up. But if the register of the General Land Office wants to come an' take a look, he c'n figger up from them ends o' bacon just about how long I 've lived here, an' satisfy himself that I 've acted fair with the gover'ment, which I 've aimed to do, besides makin' all these improvements."

The improvements referred to were hardly such as an artist would have so designated, but Parker surveyed them with taste and conscience void of offense. The redwood shanty; a dozen orange-trees, rapidly diminishing in size and number by reason of neglect and gophers; a clump of slender, smoky eucalypti; a patch of perennial tomato-vines; and a few acres of what Barney Wilson called "veteran barley,"—it having been sown once, and having "volunteered" ever since,—constituted those additions to the value of the land, if not to the landscape, upon which Parker based his homestead rights.

Since the Laguna Ranch had been subdivided, and settlers had increased, and especially since Eben Starkweather had bought the Slater place, and Ida Starkweather had invaded the foot-hills with her vigorous, self-reliant, breezy personality, Parker had been contemplating further improvements in his domicile—improvements which, in moments of flattered hope, assumed the dignity of a lean-to, a rocking-chair, and a box-spring mattress. The dreams which had led him to a consideration of this domestic expansion he had confided to no one but Mose Doolittle, who had a small stock-ranch high up on the mountain, and who found Parker's cabin a convenient resting-place on his journeys up and down the trail.

"I tell ye," he had said to Mose, "that girl is no slouch. Her pa is an infant in arms, a babe an' a suckling beside her. Her ma is sickly; one o' your chronics. Idy runs the ranch. I set here of evenin's, an' watch 'em through this yer field-glass. She slams around that place like a house a-fire. It 's inspirin' to see her. Give me a woman that makes things hum, ever-ee time!"

"Somebody said she had a —— of a temper," ventured Mose, willing to be the recipient of further confidences.

"Somebody lied. She 's got spunk. When she catches anybody in a mean trick she don't quote poetry to 'im; she gives 'im the straight goods. Some folks call that temper. I call it sand. There 'll be a picnic when she gets hold o' Barden!"

Parker raised the field-glass again, and leveled it on the Starkweather homestead.

"There 's the infant now, grubbin' greasewood. He 's a crank o' the first water; you 'd ought to hear 'im talk. He went through the war, an' he 's short one lung, an' he 's got the asmy so bad he breathes like a squeaky windmill, an' he won't apply for a pension because he says he was awful sickly when he enlisted, an' he thinks goin' South an' campin' out saved his life. That 's what I call lettin' yer 'magination run away with ye."

"What does Idy think about it?" queried Mose, innocently.

"Idy stands up fer her pa; that 's what I like about 'er. I like a woman that 'll back a man up, right er wrong; it 's proper an' female. It 's what made me take a shine to 'er."

"You would n't want her to back Barden up." Mose made the suggestion preoccupiedly, with his eyes discreetly wandering over the landscape, as if he had suddenly missed some accustomed feature of it.

Parker lowered the glass and glanced at him suspiciously. "No, sir-ee! If there 's any backin' done there, Barden 'll do it. She 'll make 'im crawfish out o' sight when she ketches 'im. That 's another thing I like about 'er: she 'll stand up fer a feller; that is, fer any feller that belongs to 'er—that is, I mean, fer a feller she belongs to."

Mose got up and turned around, and brushed the burr-clover from his overalls.

"Well, I guess I must be movin'," he said, with a highly artificial yawn. "Come here, you Muggins!" he called to his burro, which had strayed into the alfilerilla. "Give me an invite to the weddin', Parker. I 'll send you a fresh cow if you do."

Parker held the glass between his knees, and looked down at it with gratified embarrassment.

"There 's a good deal to be gone through with yet, Mose," he said dubiously. "I set up here with this yer field-glass, workin' myself up to it, an' then I go down there, an' she comes

at me so brash I get all rattled, an' come home 'thout 'complishin' anythin'. But I 'll make it yet," he added, with renewed cheerfulness. "She sewed a button on fer me t' other day. Now, between ourselves, Mose, don't ye think that's kind o' hopeful?"

Hopeful! Mose would say it was final. No girl had ever sewed a button on for him. When one did, he would propose to her on the spot. He wondered what Parker was thinking of not to seize such an opportunity.

"That 's what I had ought to 'a' done," acknowledged Parker, shaking his head ruefully. "Yes, sir; that 's what I ought to 'a' done. I had ought to 'a' seized that opportunity an' pressed my suit."

"That 's the idea, Park," said his companion, gravely, as he bestrode Muggins, and jerked the small dejected creature out into the trail. "You ought to 'a' pressed your suit; there 's nothin' a woman likes better 'n' pressin' your suit. Whoop-la, Muggins!"

Some time after Mose had disappeared up the cañon, Parker heard a loud echoing laugh. He turned his head to listen, and then raised the glass and leveled it on Starkweather's ranch.

"I thought at first that was Idy," he said to himself, "but it wa'n't. She 's got a cheerful disposition, but I don't believe she 'd laugh that a-way when she 's a-learnin' a bull-calf to drink; that ain't what I call a laughin' job. Jeemineezer! don't she hold that cantankerous little buzzard's head down pretty. Whoa there, Calamity! don't you back into the chicken corral. That 's right, Idy, jam his head into the bucket, an' set down on it—you 're a daisy!"

On the strength of Mose's friendly encouragement, Parker betook himself next day to where Eben Starkweather was trimming greasewood roots, and moved about sociably from one hillock to another while his neighbor worked. Nothing but the ardor of unspoken love would have reconciled Parker to the exertion involved, for Eben worked briskly, in spite of his singularity of lung and the disadvantages of "asmy," and the greasewood was not very thick on the ground he had been clearing. The grotesque gnarled roots were collected in little heaps, like piles of discarded heathen images, and Eben hacked about among them, a very mild-mannered but determined iconoclast.

"I 'll have to keep at it pretty studdy," he explained apologetically to his visitor, "fer they say we 're like enough not to have any more rain, and I 'm calculatin' to grub out the vineyard before the ground hardens up."

"Goin' to yank them vines all out, are ye?"

"That 's the calc'lation."

Parker clasped one knee, and whetted his knife on the toe of his boot, reflectively.

"'Pears to me ye might sell off that vineyard, an' buy a strip t' other side of ye, an' set out muscats."

"I could n't sell that vineyard," said Eben. He had laid down his ax, and was wiping his forehead nervously with an old silk handkerchief.

"Oh, I reckon ye could," said Parker, easily; "ye got the whole place pretty reasonable."

The little man's bearded mouth twitched. When he spoke, his voice was high and strained.

"I 'd jest as soon keep a saloon; I 'd jest as soon sell wine to a man after it 's made as before it 's made." He wiped the moist inner band of his hat, and then dropped his handkerchief into it, and put it on his head. Parker could see his grimy hand tremble. "I did n't know what I was buyin'," he went on, picking up his ax, "but I 'd know what I was sellin'."

Parker glanced at him as he fell to work. He was a crooked little man, and one shoulder was higher than the other; there was nothing aggressive in his manner. He had turned away as if he did not care to argue, did not care even for a response. Perhaps no man on earth had less ability to comprehend a timid soul lashed by conscience than Parker Lowe. "The——!" he ejaculated under his breath. Then he sat still a moment, and drew a map of his claim, and the adjoining subdivision, on the ground between his feet. The affectionate way in which the Starkweather ranch line joined his own seemed suggestive.

"It 'pears to me," he broke out judicially, "that ye could argue this thing out better 'n ye do. Now, if I was in your place, 'pears to me I 'd look at it this a-way. There 's a heap o' churches in Ameriky, an,' if I remember right, they mostly use wine for communion. I hain't purtook for some time myself, but I guess I 've got it right. Now all the wine that could be made out o' them grapes o' yourn would n't s'ply half the churches in this country, not to mention Europe an' Asie an' Afriky; an' as long as that 's the case, I don't see as you 're called on to *know* that your wine 's used fer anything but religious purposes. Of course you can conjure up all sorts o' turrible things about gettin' drunk an' cavin' round, but that 's what I call lettin' yer 'magination run away with ye."

"Your 'magination don't have to run a great ways to see men gettin' drunk," said Eben, with some relaxation of voice and manner. The absence of conviction which Parker's logic displayed seemed a relief to him. His fanaticism was personal, not polemical.

"What 'd ye raise back in Ioway?" asked Parker, with seeming irrelevance.

"Corn."

"How 'd ye reconcile that?"

"I did n't reconcile it; I could n't. I sold out, an' come away."

Parker trimmed a ragged piece of leather from the sole of his boot, and whistled softly.

"Well, I try not to be an extremist," he said, with moderation. "That Barden 's the brazenest liar on this coast. He 'd ought to be kicked by a mule. I 'd like to see Idy tackle 'im."

This suggestive combination of Barden's deserts with his daughter's energy seemed to give Eben no offense.

"Idy 's so mad with him she gets excited," he said mildly. "I can't make 'er see it 's all fer the best. Sence I 've found out about the vines, I 've been glad I bought 'em."

Parker stopped his amateur cobbling, and looked up.

"Ye don't mean it!" he said, with rising curiosity.

"Yes; I 'm glad o' the chance to get red o' them. It 's worth the money."

He turned to pick up another twisted root, displaying the patches on his knees, and the hollowness of his sunken chest.

"The ——!" commented Parker, softly to himself, with a long indrawn whistle.

"I guess I 'll go down to the house," he said aloud, getting up by easy stages. "I see the cow 's pulled up her stake, an' 's r'arin' round tryin' to get to the calf. Mebby Idy 'll need some help."

"She was calc'latin' to move 'er at noon," said Eben, shading his eyes, and looking toward the house. "It must be 'long toward 'leven, now. If you 're goin' down, you 'd better stop an' have a bite o' dinner with us."

"Well, I won't kick if the women folks don't," answered Parker, amiably; "bachin' 's pretty slow. I 've eat so much bacon an' beans I dunno whether I 'm a hog or a Boston schoolma'am."

Arrived at the corral, where the cow stood with uplifted head snuffing the air, and gazing excitedly at her wild-eyed offspring, his composure suddenly vanished. Miss Starkweather was holding the stake in one hand, and winding the rope about her arm with the other.

"Hello!" she said, with a start, "where on earth 'd you spring from?"

"I see the cow was loose," ventured Parker, "an' I thought you might n't be able to ketch 'er."

"Well, it would n't be fer lack o' practice," responded the girl, with a wide, good-natured smile. "She 's yanked her stake out three times this morning, an' come cavin' around here as if she thought somebody wanted to run away with 'er triflin' little calf. I guess she likes to have me follerin' 'er 'round."

"She 's got good taste," said Parker, gallantly.

The girl laughed, and struck at him with the iron stake.

"Oh, taffy!" she said, looking at him coquettishly from under her frizz. "Ain't you ashamed?"

"No," said Parker, waxing brave. "Gi' me the stake; mebbe I c'n fasten 'er so she 'll stay."

"You 're welcome to try,"—the girl slipped her arm out of the coil of rope,—"but I don't believe you can, unless you drill a hole in a boulder, an' wedge the stake in."

Parker led away the cow, mooing with maternal solicitude, and Idy returned to the house. When she reached the kitchen door, she turned and called between the ringing blows of the ax:

"Oh, Mr. Lowe, mother says won't ye come to dinner?"

"You bet!" answered Parker, warmly.

Mrs. Starkweather sat on the doorstep picking a chicken, which seemed to develop a prodigious accession of leg and neck in the process. She had the set, impervious face of a nervous invalid, and her whole attitude, the downward curve of her mouth, and the elevation of her brows, were eloquent of injustice. The clammy, half-plucked fowl in her hand seemed to share her expression of irreparable injury. She allowed her daughter to climb over her without moving, and when Parker appeared she wiped one long yellow hand on her apron, and gave it to him in a nerveless grasp.

"I hope you 'll excuse me fer not gettin' up," she drawled; "I guess you c'n get a-past me. Idy, come an' set a rocker fer Mr. Lowe."

"I 've got my hands in the dough," called her daughter, hilariously, from the pantry; "Mr. Lowe 'll have to set on his thumb till I get these biscuits in the pan."

Parker's head swam. The domestic familiarity of it all filled him with ecstasy. He got himself a chair, and inquired solicitously concerning Mrs. Starkweather's health.

"Oh, I 'm just about the same," complained his hostess; "not down sick, but gruntin'. Folks that 's up an' down like I am don't get nigh as much sympathy as they 'd ought. I tell Starkweather, well folks like him an' Idy ain't fittin' company fer an inv'lid."

"Mr. Starkweather 's lookin' better 'n he did," said Parker, listening rapturously to the thumps of the rolling-pin in the pantry. "I think this climate agrees with 'im."

"Oh, he 's well enough," responded Mrs. Starkweather, dejectedly, "if he did n't make 'imself so much extry work. Grubbin' out that vineyard, now! I can't fer the life o' me see—"

"Maw!" called Idy, warningly, opening the battened door with a jerk—"you maw! look out, now!"

Mrs. Starkweather drooped her mouth, and

raised her brows, with a sigh of extreme and most self-sacrificial virtue.

"Oh, of course Idy fires up if anybody says anythin' ag'in' 'er fawther. I guess that 's always the way; them that does least fer their fam'lies always gets the most credit. I think if some folks was thinkin' more about their dooties an' less about their queer notions, some other folks would n't be laid up with miseries in their backs."

Having thus modestly obscured herself and her sufferings behind a plurality of backs, Mrs. Starkweather arose and dragged herself into the house.

"Gi' me the chicken," said Idy, slamming her biscuits into the oven, and taking the hunch-backed and apparently shivering fowl from her mother. "I ain't a-goin to have anybody talkin' about pappy, an' you know it. If I was a man, I 'd get even with that lyin' Barden, or I 'd know the reason why."

"That 's just what I was sayin'," returned Mrs. Starkweather, with malicious meekness. "If your fawther was the man he 'd ought to be, he would n't be rode over that way by nobody."

The girl's face flamed until it seemed that her blonde thatch of hair would take fire.

"Pappy ain't to blame," she said angrily; "he can't help thinkin' the way he does. There ain't no call to be mad with pappy; it 's all that miser'ble, lyin' Barden. It 'll be a cold day fer him when I ketch 'im."

Parker gazed at her admiringly. She had laid the chicken on a corner of the table, and was vigorously cutting it into pieces, cracking its bones, and slashing into it with an energy that seemed to her lover deliciously bloodthirsty and homicidal.

"Barden 's got back from the East," he announced. "I see 'im over t' Elsmore Saturday, tryin' to peek over the top of his high collar. You 'd ought to seen 'im; he 's sweet pretty."

The girl refused to smile, but the blaze in her cheeks subsided a little.

"It 's just as well fer him I did n't," she said, whetting her knife on the edge of a stone jar. "He might n't be so pretty after I 'd got done lookin' at 'm."

Parker laughed resoundingly, and the girl's face relaxed a little under his appreciative mirth. When her father stepped upon the platform at the kitchen door, she left the frying chicken to hiss and sputter in the skillet, and went to meet him.

"Now, pappy," she said, taking hold of him with vigorous tenderness, "I 'll bet you 've been workin' too hard. Here, let me fill that basin, and when you 've washed, you come in an' let Mr. Lowe give ye a pointer on settin' 'round watchin' other folks work." She raised her voice for Parker's benefit. "He come out here fer his health, an' he 's gettin' so fat an' sassy he has to live by 'imself."

Parker's appreciation of this brilliant sally seemed to threaten the underpinning of the kitchen.

Eben smiled up into his daughter's face as he lathered his hairy hands.

"I would n't make out much at livin' by myself, Idy," he said gently.

"You ain't goin' to get a chance," rejoined his daughter, rushing back to her sputtering skillet, and spearing the pieces of chicken energetically; "you ain't goin' to get red o' me, no matter how sassy you are; I 'm here to stay."

"Hold on now," warned Parker; "mind what you 're sayin'."

"I know what I 'm sayin'," retorted the girl, tossing her head. "I 'd just like to see the man that could coax me away from pappy."

"You 'd like to see 'im, would ye?" roared Parker, slapping his knee. "Come, now, that 's pretty good. Mebby if you 'd look, ye might ketch a glimpse of 'im settin' 'round some'r's."

The girl lifted the skillet from the stove, and let the flame flare up to hide her blushes.

"He would n't be settin' 'round," she asserted indignantly, jabbing the fire with her fork. "He 'd be up an' comin', you can bet on that."

"What 's Idy gettin' off now?" drawled Mrs. Starkweather from the other room.

"Gettin' off her base," answered Parker, jocosely. Nevertheless, the wit of his inamorata rankled, and after dinner he went with Eben to the barn to "hitch up."

"Idy wants to go over to Elsmore this afternoon," said Eben, "an' I promised to go 'long; but I 'd ought to stay with the grubbin'. If you was calc'latin' to lay off anyhow, mebbe you would n't mind the ride. The broncos hain't been used much sence I commenced on the greasewood, and I don't quite like to have 'er go alone."

"She had n't ought to go alone," broke in Parker, eagerly. "That pinto o' yourn 's goin' to kick some o' ye into the middle o' next week, one o' these days. I was just thinkin' I 'd foot it over to the store fer some bacon. Tell Idy to wait till I run up to the house an' get my gun."

Idy waited, rather impatiently, and rejected with contempt her escort's proposal to take the lines.

"When I 'm scared o' this team, I 'll let ye know," she informed him, giving the pinto a cut with the whip that sent his heels into the air. "If ye don't like my drivin', ye c'n invite yerself to ride with somebody else. I 'm a-doin' this."

The afternoon was steeped in the warm fragrance of a California spring. Every crease and wrinkle in the velvet of the encircling hills was reflected in the blue stillness of the laguna. Patches of poppies blazed like bonfires on the mesa, and higher up the faint smoke of the blossoming buckthorn tangled its drifts in the chaparral. Bees droned in the wild buckwheat, and powdered themselves with the yellow of the mustard, and now and then the clear, staccato voice of the meadow-lark broke into the drowsy quiet—a swift little dagger of sound.

"The barley 's headin' out fast." Parker raised his voice above the rattle of the wagon. "I wished now I 'd 'a' put in that piece of Harrington's."

"Harvest 's a poor time fer wishin'; it 's more prof'table 'long about seedin' time," said Idy, with a smile that threatened the meshes of her stylishly drawn veil.

Parker set one foot on the dashboard, and swung the other out of the wagon nervously.

"I do a good deal o' wishin' now that ain't very prof'table—time o' year don't seem to make much difference," he said plaintively.

"Well, I guess if I wanted anything I would n't wish fer it a *great* while—not if I could set to work an' get it."

The vim of this remark seemed to communicate itself to the pinto through the tightened rein, and sent him forward with accelerated speed.

Parker glanced at his companion from under the conical shapelessness of his old felt hat, but she kept her eyes on the team, and gave him her jaunty profile behind its tantalizing barrier of meshes and dots.

"Well, I 'll bet if you wanted what I want you 'd be 'most afraid to mention it," he said, reaching down into the tall barley, and jerking up a handful of the bearded heads.

"Well, now, I bet I would n't."

"S'posin' I wanted to get married?"

There was a silence so sudden that it had the effect of an explosion. Then Miss Starkweather giggled nervously.

"That 's just exactly what I do want," persisted Parker, desperately, turning his toe inward, and kicking the wagon-box.

There was another disheartening silence. Then the girl's color flamed up under her rusty lace veil. She turned upon him witheringly.

"Well, what are ye goin' to do about it? Set round and wait till some girl asks ye?"

Her voice had a fine sarcastic sting in it.

Parker whipped his brown overalls with a green barley-head.

"No; I ain't such a bloomin' idiot as I look."

"I don't know 'bout that," answered the young woman, coolly.

Parker faced about.

"Now look here, Idy," he said, "you 'd ought to quit foolin'. You know what I mean well enough; you 're just purtendin'. You know I want to marry ye."

"Me!" The girl lifted her brows until they disappeared under the edge of her much becurled bang. "Want to marry *me!* Great Scott!"

"I don't see why it 's great Scott or great anything else," said Parker, doggedly.

Idy held the reins in her left hand, and smoothed her alpaca lap with the whip handle, in maiden meditation.

"Well, I don't know as 't is so very great after all," she said, rubbing the folds of her dress, and glancing at him in giggling confusion.

Parker made an experimental motion with his right arm toward the back of the seat. The girl repelled him dexterously with her elbow.

"You drop that, Parker Lowe!" she said, with dignity. "I ain't so far gone as all that. There 's that Gonsallies felluh lookin' at us. You just straighten up, or I 'll hit ye a cut with this whip!"

Her lover gave a short, embarrassed laugh.

"Oh, come now, Idy, Ricardo don't understand United States."

"Well, I don't care whether he understands United States or not. I guess idiots acts about the same in all languages. I 'll bet a dollar he understands what you 're up to, anyway, so there."

She drove on, in rigid perpendicularity, past the adobe ranch-house of the Gonzales family, and around the curve of the lake shore, into the sunshine of the wild mustard that fringed the road. Through it they could see the pale sheen of the ripening barley-fields, broken here and there by the darker green of alfalfa.

As the mustard grew taller and denser, Idy's spine relaxed sufficiently to permit a covert, conciliatory glance toward her companion's arm, which hung from the back of the seat in the disappointed attitude it had assumed at her repulse.

"I s'pose you think I 'm awful touchy," she broke out at last, "an' mebbe I am; but before I promise to marry anybody, there 's two things he 's got to promise *me*—he 's got to sign the pledge, an' he 's got to get even with that felluh Barden."

Parker's face, which had brightened perceptibly at the first requirement, clouded dismally at the second.

Idy dropped her chin on the silk handkerchief flaring softly at her throat, and looked at him deliciously sidewise from under her overshadowing frizz.

"I 'll promise *any*thing, Idy," he protested, fervently abject.

Half an hour later they drove into Elsmore with the radiance of their betrothal still about them, and Idy drove the team up, with a skilful avoidance of the curb, before the "Live and Let Live Meat Market."

"I 'm goin' to get some round steak," she said, giving the lines to Parker, who sprang to the sidewalk, "an' then I 'm goin' over to Saunders's to look at jerseys. You c'n go where you please, but if I see you loafin' 'round a saloon there 'll be a picnic. If you tie the team, you want to put a halter on the pinto—he 's like me, he hates to be tied; he pulls back. If you hain't got much to do, I think you 'd better make a hitchin'-post of yerself, and not tie 'im."

She stood up in the wagon, preening her finery, and looking down at her lover before she gave him her hand.

"I won't be a hitchin'-post if you hate to be tied," he said, holding out his hands invitingly.

As he spoke, the rider of a glittering bicycle glided noiselessly around the corner, apparently steering straight for Eben's team of ranch-bred broncos. The pinto snorted wildly, and dashed into the street, jerking the reins from Parker's hand, and rolling him over in the dust. There was the customary soothing yell with which civilization always greets a runaway, and a man sprang from a doorway on the opposite side of the street, and flung himself in front of the frightened horses. The pinto reared, but the stranger's hand was on the bridle; a firm and skilful hand it seemed, for the horses came down on quivering haunches, and then stood still, striving to look around their blinders in search of the modern centaur that had terrified them.

Idy had fallen back into the seat without a word or a cry, and sat there bolt upright, her face so white that it gleamed through the meshes of her veil.

"Well," she said, with a long panting breath, "that was a pretty close call fer kingdom come, was n't it?"

The stranger, who was stroking the pinto's nose, and talking to him coaxingly, laughed.

"Hello, Park!" he said, as the latter came up. "Cold day, was n't it? Got your jacket pretty well dusted for once, I guess."

The crowd that had collected laughed, and two or three bareheaded men began to examine the harness. While this was in progress, the livery-stable keeper took a look at the pinto's teeth, and they all confided liberally in one another as to what they had thought when they first heard the racket. The young man who had stopped the team left them in the care of a new-comer, and walked around beside Idy.

"Won't you come into the office and rest a little?" he asked.

"Oh, thanks, no," said the girl, with a shuddering, nervous laugh, "I hain't done nothin' to make *me* tired. I think you 're the one that ought to take a rest. If it had n't been fer you I 'd been a goner, sure."

Her rescuer laughed again and turned away, moving his hand involuntarily toward his head, and discovering that it was bare. The discovery seemed to amuse him even more highly, and he made two or three strides to where his hat lay in the middle of the street, and went across to his office, dusting the hat with long, elaborate flirts of his gaily bordered silk handkerchief.

The knot of men began to disperse, and the boys, who lingered longest, finally straggled away, stifling their regret that no one was mangled beyond recognition. Parker climbed into the wagon, and drove over to Saunders's store.

"I don't know as I 'd better buy a jersey to-day," giggled Idy, as she stepped from the wagon to the elevated wooden sidewalk. "I 'm afraid it won't fit. I feel as if I 'd been scared out o' ten years' growth."

As they drove home in the chill, yellow evening, Idy turned to her lover, and asked abruptly:

"Who was that felluh?"

"What felluh?"

"The young felluh with the sandy *mus*tache, the one that stopped the team."

Parker's manner had been evasive from the first, but at this the evasiveness became a highly concentrated unconcern. He looked across the lake, and essayed a yawn with feeble success.

"There was a good many standin' around when I got there. What sort o' lookin' felluh was he?"

"I just told ye; with a sandy mustache, short, and middlin' heavy set."

"Sh-h-h!" said Parker, reaching for his gun.

Idy stopped the horses.

A bronze ibis arose from the tules at the water's edge, and flapped slowly westward, its pointed wings and hanging feet dripping with the gold of the sunset. Parker laid down his gun.

"What did you want to shoot at that thing fer?" asked Idy. "They ain't fit to eat."

"The wings is pretty. I thought you might like another feather in your cap."

The girl gave him a look of radiant contempt, and he spoke again hurriedly, anxious to prevent a relapse in the conversation.

"You was sayin' something to-day about signin' the pledge, Idy; I 've been layin' off to sign the pledge this good while. The next time there 's a meetin' of the W. X. Y. Z. wo-

men, you fetch on one o' their pledges, an' I 'll put my fist to it."

"W. C. T. U.," corrected Idy, with emphasis.

"All right; W. C. T. me, if that suits you any better. It 's a long time since I learned my letters, an' I get 'em mixed. But I 've made up my mind on the tee-total business, and don't ye forget it."

"There ain't any danger of *me* forgettin' it," said the young woman, significantly. "What ye goin' to do about that other business?" she added, turning her wide eyes upon him abruptly—"about gettin' even with that cheatin' Barden?"

They had driven into the purple shadow of the mountains, and Parker seemed to have left his enthusiasm behind him with the sunlight.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "Do ye want me to kill 'im?"

"*Kill* him!" sneered the girl, "I want ye *to get even with 'im!* 'T ain't no great trick to kill a man; any fool can do that. I want ye to get ahead of 'im!"

She glowed upon him in angry magnificence.

"Idy," said her lover, sidling toward her tenderly, "when you flare up that a-way, you must n't expect me to think about Barden. You look just pretty 'nough to eat!"

A WEEK later Eben began grubbing out the vineyard. The weather turned suddenly warm, and the harvest was coming on rapidly. Parker Lowe had gone to Temecula with Mose Doolittle, who was about to purchase a machine, presumably feminine, which they both referred to familiarly as "she," and styled more formally "a second-hand steam-thrasher." It was Monday, and Idy was putting the week's washing through the wringer with a loud vocal accompaniment of gospel hymn.

Eben had worked steadily since sunrise. The vines were young, and the ground was not heavy, but the day was warm, and he wielded the mattock rapidly, stooping now and then to jerk out a refractory root with his hands. An hour before noon his daughter saw him coming through the apricot orchard, walking wearily, with his soiled handkerchief pressed to his lips. The girl's voice lost its song abruptly, and then broke out again in a low, faltering wail. She bounded across the warm plowed ground to his side.

"Pappy! O pappy!" she cried, breathing wildly, "what is it? Tell me, can't you, pappy?"

The little man smiled at her with his patient eyes, and shook his head. She put her hand under his elbow, and walked beside him, her arm across his shoulders, her tortured young face close to his. When they reached the kitchen door he sank down on the edge of the platform, resting his head on his hand. The girl took off his weather-beaten hat, and smoothed the wet hair from his forehead.

"O pappy! Poor, little, sweet old pappy!" she moaned, rubbing her cheek caressingly on his bowed head.

Eben took the handkerchief from his lips, and she started back, crying out piteously as she saw it stained with blood. He looked up at her, a gentle, tremulous smile twitching his beard.

"Don't—tell—your—maw," he said, putting out his hand feebly.

The words seemed to recall her. She went hurriedly into the house and close to the lounge where her mother was lying.

"Maw," she said quickly, "you must get up! Pappy 's got a hem'ridge. I want you to help me to get him to bed, an' then I 'm goin' fer a doctor."

The woman got up, and followed her daughter eagerly.

"Why, Eben!" she said, when they reached the kitchen door. Her voice was almost womanly; and a real anxiety seemed to have penepenetrated her hysterical egoism.

They got him to bed tenderly, and propped him up among the white pillows. His knotted hands lay on the coverlet, gray and bloodless under the stains of hard work. Idy bent over him, tucking him in with little pats and crooning moans of sympathy. When she had finished, she dropped her wet cheek against his beard.

"I 'm goin' fer the doctor, pappy," she whispered; "I won't be gone but a little while." Then she rushed down the path to the stable, and flung the harness on the pinto.

The buggy was standing in the shed, and she caught the shafts and dragged it out with superabundant energy, as if her anxiety found relief in the exertion. A few minutes later she drove out between the rows of pallid young eucalyptus-trees that led to the road, leaning eagerly forward, her young face white and set beneath the row of knobby protuberances that represented the morning stage of her much cherished bang. It was thus that she drove into Elsmore, the rattling of the old buggy and the spots of lather on the pinto's sides exciting a ripple of curiosity, which furnished its own solution in the fact that it was "that there Starkweather girl," who was generally conceded to be "a great one."

She stopped her panting horse before the doctor's office, and sprang out.

"Are you the doctor?" she asked breathlessly, standing on the threshold, with one hand on each side of the casing.

A man in his shirt sleeves, who was writing

at the desk, turned and looked at her. It was the same man who had prevented the runaway. He began to smile, but the girl's stricken face stopped him.

"Dr. Patterson has gone to the tin mine," he said, getting up and coming forward; "he will not be home till to-morrow."

Idy grasped the casing so tightly that her knuckles shone white and polished.

"My fawther 's got a hem'ridge," she said, swallowing after the words. "I don' know what on earth to do."

"A hemorrhage!" said the young man with kindly sympathy. "Well, now, don't be too much alarmed, Miss — "

"Starkweather," quavered Idy.

"Starkweather? Oh, it 's Mr. Starkweather. Why, he 's a friend of mine. And so you 're his daughter. Well, you must n't be too much alarmed. I 've had a great many hemorrhages myself, and I 'm good for twenty years yet." He had taken his coat from a nail at the back of the room, and was putting it on hurriedly. "Prop him up in bed, and don't let him talk, and give him a spoonful of salt-and-water now and then. My horse is standing outside, and I 'll go right down to Maravilla and fetch a doctor. I 'll come up on the other side of the lake, and get there almost as soon as you do — let me help you into your buggy. And drive right on home, and don't worry." He had put on his hat, and they stood on the sidewalk together.

Idy made a little impulsive stoop toward him, as if she would have taken him in her arms.

"Oh!" she gasped, her eyes swimming, and her chin working painfully, "I just think you 're the very best man I ever saw in all my life!"

A moment later she saw him driving a tall black horse toward the lake at a speed that brought her the first sigh of relief she had known, and made her put up her hand suddenly to her forehead.

"Good gracious me!" she exclaimed under her breath — "if I did n't forget to take down my crimps!"

Two or three times as she drove home through the warm odors of the harvest noon her anxiety was invaded by the recollection of this man, to whose promptness and decision her own vigorous nature responded with a strong sense of liking; and this liking did not suffer any abatement when he came into her father's sick-room with the doctor, and the invalid looked at the stranger, and then at her, with a faint, troubled smile.

"Don't try to speak, Mr. Starkweather," said the visitor, cheerfully; "I 've made your daughter's acquaintance already. We want you to give your entire attention to getting well, and let us do the talking."

He went out of the room, and strolled about the place while the doctor made his call, and when it was over, he went around to the kitchen, where Idy was kindling a fire, and said:

"Doctor Patterson thinks your father will be all right in a day or so, Miss Starkweather. Be careful to keep him quiet. I 'm going to drive around to the station, so the doctor can catch the evening train, and save my driving him down to Maravilla; and I 'll go on over to Elsmore and get this prescription filled, and bring the medicine back to you. Is there anything else you 'd like from town — a piece of meat to make beef-tea, or anything?"

"Well, I would n't mind much if you *would* bring me a piece of beef," said Idy, pausing with a stick of redwood kindling across her knee. Then she dropped it, and came forward. "We 're *ever* so much obliged to ye — pappy 'n' all of us. Seem 's if you always turn up. I think you 've been just awful good and kind — an' us strangers, too."

"Oh, you 're not strangers," laughed the young man, lifting his hat; "I 've known your father ever since he came."

He went around the house, and got into the cart with the doctor. "Starkweather 's a crank, he said, as they drove off, "but he 's the kind of crank that makes you wish you were one yourself. When I see a man like that going off with consumption, and a lot of loafers getting so fat they crowd each other off the store boxes, I wonder what Providence is thinking of."

"He works too hard," growled the doctor, with the savagery of science. "What can Providence do with a man who grubs greasewood when he ought to be in bed!"

It was moonlight when the stranger returned, and handed the packages to Idy at the kitchen door.

"Pappy 's asleep," she whispered, in answer to his inquiries; "he seems to be restin' easy."

"Is there no one about the place but yourself and mother, Miss Starkweather?"

Idy shook her head.

"Well, then, if you don't mind, I think I will put my horse in the barn, and sleep in the shed here, on the hay. If you should need any one in the night, you can call me. I have n't an idea but that your father will be all right, but it 's a little more comfortable to have some one within call."

"Well," said Idy, dropping her hands at her sides, and looking at him in admiring bewilderment, "if you ain't just — have you had anythin' to eat?" she broke off, with sudden hospitality.

"Oh yes, thank you; I had dinner at Elsmore," laughed the young man, backing out into the shadow. "Good night."

Half a minute later she followed him down

the walk, carrying a heavy blanket over her arm. He had led his horse to the water-trough, and the moonlight shone full upon him as he stood with one arm thrown over the glossy creature's neck.

"I brought you this here blanket, Mr. —"

"Barden," supplied the young man, carelessly.

Idy sank back against the corral fence as if she were stunned.

"Barden!" she repeated helplessly. "Is your name Barden?"

"Yes."

She stood breathless a moment, and then burst out:

"An' you 're him! *you*—an' doin' this way, after the way you 've done—an' him sick—an' me talkin' to ye—an'—an'—everything!"

The two torrents of hate and gratitude had met, and were whirling her about wildly.

The young man pushed his hat back on his head, and stared at her in sturdy, unflinching amazement.

"My dear young lady, what on earth do you mean?" he asked quietly.

"I mean that I did n't know that you was *him*—the man that sold my father this place, an' lied to him about the vineyard—told him they was raisin-grapes, an' they was n't—an' you knowed he was a temp'rance man, a prohibitionist. An' him tryin' to grub 'em out, an' gettin' sick—an' bein' so patient, an' never hurtin' nobody—" she ended in a wild, angry sob that seemed to swallow up her voice.

"Miss Starkweather," said the young fellow, steadily, "I certainly did sell this place to your father, and if I told him anything about the vineyard, I most certainly told him they were raisin-grapes; and upon my soul I thought they *were*. Are n't they?"

"No," sobbed Idy, "they ain't; they 're wine-grapes! He was grubbin' 'em out today. That 's what hurt 'im—I 'm afraid he 'll die!"

"You must n't be afraid of that. Dr. Patterson says he will get better. But we must see that he does n't do any more grubbing. When Slater gave me this place for sale," he went on, as if he were reflecting aloud, "he said there were ten acres of vineyard. I can't swear that he told me what the vines were, or that I asked him. But it never occurred to me that any man,—even an Englishman,—would plant ten acres of wine-grapes when there was n't a winery within fifty miles of him."

PARKER LOWE borrowed one of Mose Doolittle's mules Monday evening, and rode from Temecula to Jake Levison's saloon at Maravilla. It was understood when he left the thresher's camp that he would probably "make a night of it," and Mose gave him a word of friendly warning and advice.

"You want to remember, Park, that the old man is down on the flowing bowl; an' from what I 've heard of the family I think it 'll pay you to keep yourself solid with the old man."

"I 'm a-goin' up to the drug-store to get some liniment for Dave Montgomery's lame shoulder," returned Parker, with a knowing wink at his companion, as he flung himself into the saddle; "but I hain't signed no pledge yet—not by a jugful," he called back, as the mule jolted lazily down the road.

It was a warm night, and half a dozen loafers were seated on empty beer-kegs in front of Levison's door when Parker rode up. Levison got up, and began to disengage himself from the blacksmith's story as he saw the newcomer dismount; but the blacksmith raised his voice insistently.

"'There don't no dude tell me how to pare a hoof,' says I; 'I 'll do it my way, or I don't do it'; an' I done it, an' him kickin' like a steer all the time—"

"Who?" asked one of the other men.

"Barden."

"What was he doin' down here?"

"He came down for Doc Patterson. That teetotal wreck on the west side o' the lake took a hem'ridge—I furget his name, somethin'-weather: pretty dry weather, judgin' from what I hear."

"Starkweather?"

"Yes, Starkweather; I guess he 's pretty low."

Parker started back to the post where his mule was tied. Then he turned and looked into the saloon. Levison had gone in, and was wiping off the counter, expectantly.

"It won't take but a minute," he apologized to himself.

It took a good many minutes, however, and by the time the minutes lengthened into hours Parker had ceased to apologize to himself, and insisted upon taking the bystanders into his confidence.

"I 'm—I 'm goin' to sign the pledge," he said, with an unsteady wink, "an' then I 'm goin' to get merried—yes, sir, boys—rattlin' nice girl, too—way up girl, temperance girl. But there 's many a cup 'twixt the slip and the lip—ain't there, boys? Yes, sir, 'twixt the cup and the slip—yes, sir—yes, sir—ee." Then his reflections driveled off into stupor, and he sat on an empty keg with the conical crown of his old felt hat pointed forward, and his hands hanging limply between his knees.

When Levison was ready to leave he stirred Parker up with his foot, and helped him to

mount his mule. The patient creature turned its head homeward.

It was after daybreak when Parker rode into the Starkweather ranch, and presented himself at the kitchen door. The night air had sobered him, but it had done nothing more. Idy was standing by the stove with her back toward him. She turned when she heard his step.

"Why, Park!" she said, with a start; then she put up her hand. "Don't make a noise. Pappy 's sick."

He came toward her hesitatingly.

"So I heard down at Maravilla last night, Idy."

Her face darkened.

"And you been all night gettin' here?"

He bent over her coaxingly.

"Well, you see, Idy —"

The girl pushed him away with both hands, and darted back out of reach.

"Parker Lowe," she said, with a gasp, "you 've been drinkin'!"

Parker hung his head sullenly.

"No, I hain't," he muttered; "not to speak of. Whose horse is that out 'n the corral?"

The girl looked at him witheringly.

"I don't know as it 's any of your pertic'lar business," she said, "but I don't mind tellin' you that horse belongs to *a gentleman!*"

"A gentleman," sneered Parker.

"Yes, *a gentleman;* if you don't know what that is you 'd better look in the dictionary. You won't find out by lookin' in the lookin'-glass, I can tell you that."

"Oh, come now, Idy, you had n't ought to be so mad; I had n't signed the pledge yet."

He took a step toward her. The girl put out her hands warningly, and then clasped her arms about herself with a shudder.

"Don't you come near me, Parker Lowe," she gasped. "What do I care about the pledge! Did n't you *tell* me you 'd stop drinkin'? Won't a man that tells lies with his tongue tell 'em with his fingers? Do you suppose I 'd marry a man that 'u'd come to me smellin' of whisky, an' *him* lyin' sick in there? Can't you see that he 's worth ten thousand sich folks as you an' me? I don't want a man that can't see that! I 'm done with you, Parker Lowe,"— her voice broke into a dry sob,—"I want you to go away and stay away! It ain't the drinkin' —it 's *him* —can't you understand?"

And Parker, as he climbed toward his lonesome cabin, understood.

Margaret Collier Graham.

ALLEGORY.

ONE day sweet Poesy, with her cheeks aflame,
To the large land of Science angered came.

She had borne till now from her new neighbor foe
A thousand odious wrongs — or fancied so.

But he, indifferent to her love or hate,
Had smiled contemptuous at her vaunted state.

Yet both, being met, were pierced with sharp surprise
At deeps divine in one another's eyes.

"I deemed," said Poesy, "thou couldst never wear
So much of human in thine austere air!"

"And I," said Science, "dreamed not thou couldst be
So simple and yet so clad with sovereignty!"

Hence 't is now rumored that erelong these twain
Shall merge in marriage their divided reign,

And that grim Reason, when the knot is tied
(Science commanding), shall as priest preside,

While Poesy issues an august decree:
All the Nine Muses must her bridesmaids be.

Edgar Fawcett.

LETTERS OF TWO BROTHERS.

PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL AND SENATOR SHERMAN.

RELATIONS OF GRANT AND SHERMAN AFTER THE WAR.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION TO MEXICO.

AFTER returning from his Western trip, General Sherman was summoned to Washington in October, 1866, by the President, who wished to make him Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: I got your letter, and have this morning answered by telegraph, but wish to write more fully. When here last winter I did not call to say good-by to the President, and wrote him a good letter of apology, inclosing my good wishes for his success in his professed desire to accomplish in his term of office the restoration of civil government all over our land. When I got into Riley I received a despatch from the President asking leave to publish it. I answered that he could publish anything I ever wrote if it would do any good, if Mr. Stanbery would advise it, but desiring, if possible, to avoid any controversy. On this he did not publish — and I have not made any request in the premises. I don't believe he will publish it, and I don't care much, for it contains nothing more than I thought then — viz., in February last. When I got here there was a move to send Grant to Mexico with [Lewis D.] Campbell in an advisory capacity. Grant could not then be put to one side in that way, and on my arrival I found out that the President was aiming to get Grant out of the way and me in, not only as Secretary of War, but to command the army, on the supposition that I would be more friendly to him than Grant. Grant was willing I should be Secretary of War, but I was not. I would not be put in such a category, and after much pro and con we have settled down that I shall go with Campbell. The Secretary of the Navy is preparing a steamer for us, and it will be ready next week at New York, whence we will go forth to search for the government of Mexico, not a task at all to my liking, but I cheerfully consented because it removes at once a crisis. Both Grant and I desire to keep plainly and strictly to our duty in the army, and not to be construed as partizans. We must be prepared to serve every administration as it arises. We recognize Mr. Johnson as the lawful President, without committing ourselves, in the remotest degree, to an approval or disapproval of his specific acts. We recognize the present Congress as the lawful Congress of the United States, and its laws binding on us and all alike, and we are most anxious to see somehow or other the Supreme Court brought in to pass on the legal and constitutional differences between the President and Congress.

We see nothing objectionable in the proposed amendments to the Constitution, only there ought to have been some further action on the part of Congress committing it to the admission of members when the amendments are adopted; also the minor exceptions to hold office, etc., should be relaxed as the people show an adherence to the national cause. . . . I feel sure the President is so in the habit of being controlled by popular majorities that he will yield. Save he may argue against Congress, and in favor of his own past expressed opinions, Congress should not attempt an impeachment or interference with the current acts of the executive, unless some overt act clearly within the definition of the Constitution be attempted, of which I see no signs whatever. Some very bad appointments have been made, but I find here that he was backed by long lists of names that were Union men in the war. Of course our army cannot be in force everywhere, to suppress riots in the South, Indians in that vast region, only a part of which we saw, where whites and Indians both require watching, and the thousand and one duties that devolve on us. This army can never be used in the political complications; nothing more than to hold arsenals, depots, etc., against riots, or to form a nucleus of an army of which Congress must provide the laws for government and the means of support. Neither the President nor Congress ought to ask us of the army to manifest any favor or disfavor to any political measures. We are naturally desirous for harmonious action — for peace and civility. We naturally resist the clamor of temporary popular changes, but as each administration comes in we must serve the executive and the War Department with seeming friendship.

I have called on Mr. Stanton, who received me with all cordiality, and placed at my dis-

posal ample means to execute my present task with ease and comfort.

I start from here to-night, and will reach St. Louis on Friday night, ready to start for New York as soon as the vessel is ready, and as soon as Campbell is ready, say all next week. I don't know that I can come by way of Mansfield, as you see I must move fast—staying every spare minute I can at home. Write me fully, and let us all pull together and get past this present difficulty; then all will be well. . . . Yours affectionately,

W. T. SHERMAN.

On November 11, General Sherman sailed on the U. S. ship *Susquehanna* on his mission to Mexico.

U. S. S. *Susquehanna*, OFF SANDY HOOK,
Nov. 11, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I had to make this trip to escape a worse duty, and to save another person from a complication that should be avoided.

I am determined to keep out of political or even quasi-political office, and shall resign before being so placed, though I cannot afford to resign.

I hope that Congress will not let power pass into the hands of such men as Butler, Phillips, etc.—extreme men, as much so as Davis, Cobb, etc. We have escaped one horn of the dilemma, and ought, if possible, the other. But it is too late to argue anything; but I feel that if we cannot be calm and temperate in our country we have no right to go to Mexico to offer ourselves as their example and special friends. You can write me through the Navy Department, as I may run to New Orleans, where Sheridan could hold a letter for me; but I expect little the next two months. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I was heartily glad you got out of the War Department. The mission to Mexico is a very honorable one, and with your views on "annexation" is a very safe one for the country. We all hope that the French will go out, and that you will keep the United States out. We want as little to do with Mexico politically as possible, and as much trade with her as is profitable. She is terribly in need of a strong government, and if her mixed population would elect you or some other firm military ruler as emperor or king, it would be lucky for her, but a bad business for the "elected one." I have never seen the elements of a stable government in Mexico, but she has physical resources that might, under a firm ruler, make her the second power in America. Self-government is out of the question. The worst enemies of Mexico are her own mixed, ignorant population. If Maximilian could have held on, he would have secured them physical prosperity; but sooner or later the pride of our people, aroused against European intervention, would have got us into a quarrel with him. It is therefore best that he leave. What you can do for or with Mexico we will see. Your military reputation, and aptitude with all classes, may help to bring order out of chaos. . . .

Your reception at Havana must have been grateful, and the whole Mexican trip will, no doubt, close agreeably for you a year of trials and ovations. If they don't make you emperor down there we will welcome you back as the "republicanizer" of the worst anarchy on the globe. If you establish Juarez, come away by all means in hot haste before the next pronunciamento.

As for domestic matters, Congress meets to-morrow very much irritated at the President. As for Butler or impeachment, you need not fear we will follow the one or attempt the other. Johnson ought to acquiesce in the public judgment—agree to the amendment, and we will have peace. The personal feeling grows out of the wholesale removal of good Union men from office. Campbell is as responsible for this as any man in Ohio; while I was under a cloud for being friendly to Johnson, and absent from the State, they turned out all my special friends, and put in copperheads. . . . Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

BRASOS, SANTIAGO, Dec. 7, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: We have nearly completed the circle without finding Juarez, who is about as far away as ever up in Chihuahua, for no other possible purpose than to be where the devil himself cannot get at him.

I have not the remotest idea of riding on mule-back a thousand miles in Mexico to find its chief magistrate, and although the French go away and Maximilian follow, I doubt if Juarez can be made to trust his life and safety to his own countrymen. We found Vera Cruz in possession of the French Maximilian, and we found Tucapiso in possession of local troops in the interest of Maximilian, but they had not the remotest idea where we should look for Juarez. We have just reached here, and shall to-morrow go up to Matamoras to meet General Escobedo, who can possibly fix some date when Juarez will come within reach of civilization.

The truth is that these Mexicans were and are still as unable as children to appreciate the value of time. They shrug their shoulders, and exclaim, "Juin sabe," (God knows), and "Poco tuempo" (In a short time), utterly regardless of combinations with others.

Mr. Campbell can deal with none but Juarez, and the republican government he represents, and that government partakes of the characteristics of Mexicans — viz., indecision and utter want of combination.

I believe the French want to leave, but would like to bring us into the scrape. Their scheme of giving Mexico a stable government has cost them 200,000,000 of gold, and the whole conception was in hostility to us, to be ready to reabsorb the old Louisiana purchase, where, as Napoleon calculated, our Union had failed. But our Union has not failed, and the French are willing to go; but they are scattered, and must collect before they can march for the sea-coast to embark. By reason of the everlasting contest between the rival factions of Mexico, the property-holders desire some sort of stable government, and these favor Maximilian. He may attempt to remain after the French go, but I think would soon be forced to go. Then Mexico must of necessity settle her own difficulties. Some think she can, some that she cannot, without our aid. This cannot be done without Congress, and on that point I am no advocate. All I can say is, that Mexico does not belong to our system. All its northern part is very barren and costly. Its southern part is very good, tropical country, but not suited to our people or pursuits. Its inhabitants are a mixture of Indians, negroes, and Spanish that can never be tortured into good citizens, and would have to be exterminated before the country could be made available to us. I am obeying orders, and not carrying out a project of my own, and it is well you should understand it, though I cannot impart it to others.

I don't know what policy the administration has adopted, but I should deplore anything that would make us assume Mexico in any shape — its territory, its government, or its people. Still, the French occupation, designed in hostility to us, should be made to terminate.

Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . On the whole, I am not sorry that your mission failed, since the French are leaving; my sympathies are rather with Maximilian. The usual factions of Ortega and Juarez will divide the native population, while Maximilian can have the support of the clergy and property. They are a miserable set, and we ought to keep away from them. Here political strife is hushed, and the South have two months more in which to accept the constitutional amendment. What folly they exhibit! To me Johnson and the old *encrustated* politicians, who view everything in the light of thirty years ago, seem like blind guides. After March 4 they will rally to the amendment, and it will then be too late. . . . Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN returned to St. Louis from Mexico by way of New Orleans.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY, December 30, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I came up from New Orleans right through the country that I had been the means of raiding so thoroughly, and did not know but that I should hear some things that would not be pleasant; but on the contrary, many people met me all along the road in the most friendly spirit. I spent a whole day at Jackson, Mississippi, where chimney-stacks and broken railroads marked the presence of Sherman's army. But all sorts of people pressed to see me, and evinced natural curiosity, nothing more. . . .

I have a despatch from Mr. Stanton saying that my action in the delicate mission to Mexico meets the approval of the President, the cabinet, and himself, so I got out of that scrape easily. I do not want to come to Washington, but to stay here quietly as long as possible. When Grant goes to Europe, then I will be forced to come. The longer that is deferred, the better for me. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AND RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL SHERMAN, having been summoned to Washington, writes from St. Louis on January 8, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER. . . . I need not say I don't want to come. There can be no satisfaction to me in being drawn into the vortex of confusion in which public affairs seem to be. I cannot do or say anything that will influence either the President or Congress. If the President be impeached, and the South reduced to territories, the country will of course relapse to a state of war or quasi-war, and what good it is to do passes my comprehension. Our debt is already as much as the country can stand, and with Indians and local troubles we will have full employment for all the regular army. I suppose the Southern States will then require a standing army of an hundred thousand men, and it would be prudent to provide them before the emergency is created.

ABOUT this time General Sherman writes:

. . . I got your letter a few days ago, and am glad you feel so confident of the political situation. I am not alarmed at the fact that universal suffrage, blacks, whites, Chinese, and Indians, is to be the basis, but the devil comes when we will be forced to contract the right

of suffrage. It is easy enough to roll downhill, but the trouble is in getting back again; but I am out, and shall keep out. . . .

. . . G. A. Custer, lieutenant-colonel, Seventh cavalry, is young, *very* brave, even to rashness — a good trait for a cavalry officer. He came to duty immediately on being appointed, and is ready and willing now to fight the Indians. He is in my command, and I am bound to befriend him. I think he merits confirmation for military service already rendered, and military qualities still needed (youth, health, energy, and extreme willingness to act and fight). . . .

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . You will have noticed that my name is connected with the reconstruction law. I did nothing but reduce and group the ideas of others, carefully leaving open to the South the whole machinery of reconstruction. The bill was much injured by the additions in the House, but, after all, there is nothing obnoxious to the South in it but general suffrage. This they must take, and the only question is whether they will take it in their own way by their own popular movements, or whether we will be compelled at the next session to organize provisional governments. I hope and trust they will learn wisdom from the past; can't you in some way give them that advice? Three years ago they hated you and Johnson most of all men; now your advice goes farther than any two men of the nation. We will adjourn soon until November next. The impeachment movement has so far been a complete failure. Butler and Logan are reinforcements, but will effect nothing. The President has only to forward and enforce the laws as they stand, and he is safe. He ought not to, and must not, stand in the way of the determined movement to recognize the rebel States. He has had his way and it failed; he ought now fairly to try the Congressional way. I think some of going to Paris in April. I am tendered an honorary membership of the commission, and a free passage. The occasion is tempting; if I go, it will be about the middle of April. Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

A COMPLIMENT FROM LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AFTER a short and hurried trip abroad, John Sherman writes:

UNITED STATES SENATE, July 15, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I have no time to write you more as to my trip, except to convey the earnest personal message sent by Emperor Louis Napoleon to you. He asked me to say to you in his name that he considered you the genius of our war, and that he had for you as a military man the highest regard. He and his court treated me with unusual attention, no doubt partly on your account. You would have been received with much heartiness. While I am glad you abandoned that excursion, yet I hope you will arrange to go this winter to Paris and London.

The Indian war is an inglorious one. We will probably pass a bill to authorize you and others to make a treaty with the Indians, with a view to gather them into reservations. I have many things to write about, but must defer them for the present. Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

ABOUT this time Congress appointed General Sherman a member of a Commission to investigate the Indian troubles, and to make treaties with the Indians.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, August 3, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . As I expected, I am on the detail,[1] and have official notice that I shall be required in St. Louis, Tuesday, August 6. . . . I got your message from Napoleon. He sent me a similar message by Schofield, but I would hardly venture to France as the representative of our military system, as it would subject me to heavy expense and much trouble.

Grant told me he would not accept a nomination for President, and if he departs from this, his natural conclusion, it will be by side influence, and because no good candidate has thus far been brought forward by the ruling party. I don't think he has clearly defined political opinions, but would let Congress and the departments work out the problem of the future, which is probably better than to form a theory and force matters to conform to it. . . .

Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

GRANT AS A SPHINX.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, August 9, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . It is now becoming extremely important to know precisely what Grant wants in connection with the Presidency. If he has really made up his mind that he would like to hold that office he can have it. Popular opinion is all in his favor. His position is the rare one of having that office within his easy reach, and yet it is clear that his interest is against his acceptance. The moment he is nominated he at once becomes the victim of abuse, and even his great services will not shield him. Our politics for years will be a maelstrom, destroying and building up reputations with rapidity. My conviction is clear that Grant ought not to change his present position

[1] Indian Commission.

to that of President; and if he declines, then by all odds Chase is the safest man for the country. He is wise, politic, and safe. Our finances, the public credit, and the general interests of all parts of the country will be safe with him. His opinions are advanced on the suffrage question, but this waived, he would be a most conservative President. He is not a partizan, scarcely enough so for his own interests; still, if Grant wishes to be President, all other candidates will have to stand aside. I see nothing in his way unless he is foolish enough to connect his future with the Democratic party. This party cannot dictate the next President. They would deaden any man they praise. Even Grant could not overcome any fellowship with them. If they should take a wise course in future political questions, their course during the war will bar their way. You may not think so, but I know it. The strength is with the Republicans, not of the Butler stripe, but with just that kind of men who would be satisfied with the position of Grant. The suffrage and reconstruction questions will be settled before the election, and in such a way as to secure the Republican party an even chance in every Southern State except Kentucky. . . .

I agree with you that Indian wars will not cease until all the Indian tribes are absorbed in our population, and can be controlled by constables instead of soldiers.

I mean to remain as quiet as possible this fall. I am not now in high favor with the Radicals, and can afford to wait awhile. The election in Ohio will go as usual. The suffrage amendment will be adopted by a close vote, and that will settle forever the negro question in Ohio. A reaction and struggle may occur in the South, but no change will occur in the loyal States until they divide on financial questions. This is inevitable after the next election. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS, OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
September 12, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . As to politics, I hardly know if I should approach Grant, as I can hardly judge of the influences that have operated on him since we were together last November. In accepting the acting office of Secretary of War, I doubt not he realized the delicacy of his position, and was willing to risk the chances. It is not for the interest of the United States that in a temporary political office he should sink his character as a military officer. In the former he should be in harmony with the executive, but in the latter he should be simply a high sheriff to execute the process of the court. My belief is that Congress cannot qualify the President's right to command the army and navy. He is the constitutional commander-in-chief. But Congress can make rules and laws for the government of the army, and thereby control the President as such commander-in-chief. In trying to arraign the President and General Grant in antagonism Congress did wrong, and reaction is sure to result. It damages all parties, because few people take the trouble to study out the right; yet time moves along so rapidly, and the election of a new President will soon settle these and all kindred questions.

Your course has been fair, and you cannot wish to alter or amend it. Our country ought not to be ruled by the extreme views of Sumner or Stevens any more than by the extreme views of Calhoun, Yancey and Co., that have produced our civil war. There is some just middle course, and events will flow into it whether any one man or set of men is wise enough to foresee it and lay down its maxims. I think Chase is the ablest man of his school, and I would personally prefer him to Wade, Colfax, or any of the men whose names I notice in this connection. Whether the precedent of a chief-justice being a political aspirant may not be bad, I don't know. This is the Mexican rule, and has resulted in anarchy.

I don't think Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, or any real military man wants to be President. All see that however pure or exalted their past reputations may have been, it don't shield them from the lies and aspersions of a besotted press. He[1] writes me in the most unreserved confidence, and never has said a word that looks like wanting the office of President, His whole nature is to smooth over troubles, and he waits with the most seeming indifference under false and unjust assertions till the right time, when the truth peeps out so as to defy contradiction. . . . Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

HOT WATER AND IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

EARLY in October, 1867, General Sherman was again summoned to Washington by the President.

WASHINGTON, October 11, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: I have no doubt you have been duly concerned about my being summoned to Washington.

It was imprudently done by the President without going through Grant. But I think I have smoothed it over so that Grant does not feel hurt. I cannot place myself in a situation even partially antagonistic with Grant. We must work together. Mr. Johnson has not offered me anything, only has talked over every subject, and because I listen to him patiently

[1] Grant.

and make short and decisive answers, he says he would like to have me here. Still he does not oppose my going back home. . . . On Monday I will start for St. Louis by the Atlantic and G. W. road, and pass Mansfield Tuesday. Can't you meet me and ride some miles? I have been away from home so much, and must go right along to Fort Laramie, that I cannot well stop at Cleveland or Mansfield, and would like to see you for an hour or so to hear your views of the coming events. . . . Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

And on his return to St. Louis he continues:

. . . I have always talked kindly to the President, and advised Grant to do so. I do think that it is best for all hands that his administration be allowed to run out its course without threatened or attempted violence. Whoever begins violent proceedings will lose in the long run. Johnson is not a man of action, but of theory, and so long as your party is in doubt as to the true mode of procedure, it would be at great risk that an attempt be made to displace the President by a simple law of Congress. This is as much as I have ever said to anybody. I have never by word or inference given anybody the right to class me in opposition to, or in support of, Congress.

On the contrary, I told Mr. Johnson that from the nature of things he could not dispense with a Congress to make laws and appropriate money, and suggested to him to receive and make overtures to such men as Fessenden, Trumbull, Sherman, Morgan, and Morton, who, though differing with him in abstract views of constitutional law and practice, were not destructive; that if the Congressional plan of reconstruction succeeded, he could do nothing, and if it failed, or led to confusion, the future developed results in his favor, etc., and that is pretty much all I have ever said or done. At the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee on the 13th inst., I shall be forced to speak, if here, and though I can confine myself purely to the military events of the past, I can make the opportunity of stating that in no event will I be drawn into the complications of the civil politics of this country.

If Congress could meet and confine itself to current and committee business, I feel certain that everything will work along quietly till the nominations are made, and a new Presidential election will likely settle the principle if negroes are to be voters in the States without the consent of the whites.

This is more a question of prejudice than principle, but a voter has as much right to his prejudices as to his vote. . . . Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, November 1, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER: I see no real occasion for trouble with Johnson. The great error of his life was in not acquiescing in, and supporting, the amendment of the first session of Thirty-ninth Congress. This he could easily have carried. It referred the suffrage question to each State, and if adopted long ago, the whole controversy would have culminated; or if further opposed by the extreme Radicals, they could be easily beaten. Now I see nothing short of universal suffrage and universal amnesty as the basis. When you come on I suggest that you give out that you go on to make your annual report, and settle Indian affairs. Give us notice when you will be on, and come directly to my house, where we will make you one of the family. Grant, I think, is inevitably a candidate. He allows himself to drift into a position where he can't decline if he would, and I feel sure he don't want to decline. My judgment is that Chase is better for the country, and for Grant himself, but I will not quarrel with what I cannot control. JOHN SHERMAN.

And later he writes:

If you can keep free from committals to Johnson, you will, surely as you live, be called upon to act as President. The danger now is that the mistakes of the Republicans may drift the Democratic party into power. If so, the Rebellion is triumphant, and no man active in suppressing it will be trusted or honored. Grant is not injured by his correspondence with Johnson, but no doubt feels annoyed. . . .

ST. LOUIS, February 14, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . . I am again in the midst of trouble occasioned by a telegram from Grant saying that the order is out for me to come to the command of the Military Division of the Atlantic, headquarters at Washington. The President repeatedly asked me to accept of some such position, but I thought I had fought it off successfully, though he again and again reverted to it. Now it seems he has ordered it, and it is full of trouble for me. I wrote him one or two letters in Washington which I thought positive enough, but have now written another, and if it fails in its object, I might as well cast about for new employment. There is not room on board of one ship for more than one captain. If Grant intends to run for President, I would be willing to come on, because my duties would then be so clearly defined that I think I could steer clear of the breakers; but now it would be impossible. The President would make use of me to beget violence, a condition of things that ought not to exist now. He has no right to

use us for such purposes, though he is commander-in-chief. I did suppose his passage with Grant would end there, but now it seems he will fight him as he has been doing Congress. I don't object if he does so himself, and don't rope me in. . . .

If the President forces me into a false position out of seeming favor, I must defend myself. It is mortifying, but none the less inevitable. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

A few days after this General Sherman went to Washington in response to the President's order, and while there had several interviews with the President relating to the change of his command. He objected very strongly to any such change, because he felt that he could not hold a command in Washington without interfering with Grant's interests, and because he had a rooted objection to living in Washington in the midst of the turmoil of politics. These objections were embodied in three letters which General Sherman wrote, and showed to Grant before he sent them to the President. One of them found its way into the public press, and created a disturbance which called forth the following letters:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 22, 1868.

Hon. J. SHERMAN, U. S. Senate.

DEAR SIR: The "National Intelligencer" of this morning contains a private note which General Sherman sent to the President whilst he was in Washington, dictated by the purest kindness and a disposition to preserve harmony, and not intended for publication. It seems to me the publication of that letter is calculated to place the general in a wrong light before the public, taken in connection with what correspondents have said before, evidently getting their inspiration from the White House. As General Sherman afterward wrote a semi-official note to the President, furnishing me a copy, and still later a purely official one, sent through me, which placed him in his true position, and which have not been published, though called for by the House, I take the liberty of sending you these letters to give you the opportunity of consulting General Sherman as to what action to take upon them. In all matters where I am not personally interested I would not hesitate to advise General Sherman how I would act in his place. But in this instance, after the correspondence I have had with Mr. Johnson, I may not see General Sherman's interest in the same light that others see it, or that I would see it in if no such correspondence had occurred. I am clear in this however: the correspondence here inclosed to you should not be made public except by the President, or with the full sanction of General Sherman. Probably the letter on the 31st of January,[1] marked confidential, should not be given out at all. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

The following letter was addressed to the editor of the "National Intelligencer":

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, February 22, 1868.

GENTLEMEN: The publication in your paper yesterday of General Sherman's note to the President, and its simultaneous transmission by telegraph, unaccompanied by subsequent letters withheld by the President because they were "private," is so unfair as to justify severe censure upon the person who furnished you this letter, whoever he may be. Upon its face it is an informal, private note dictated by the purest motives, a desire to preserve harmony, and not intended for publication. How any gentlemen receiving such a note could first allow vague but false suggestions of its contents to be given out, and then to print it, and withhold other letters because they were "private," with a view to create the impression that General Sherman, in referring to "ulterior measures," suggested the violent expulsion of a high officer from his office, passes my comprehension. Still I know that General Sherman is so sensitive upon questions of official propriety in publishing papers, that he would rather suffer from this false inference than correct it by publishing another private note — and as I knew that this letter was not the only one written by General Sherman to the President about Mr. Stanton, I applied to the President for his consent to publish subsequent letters. This consent was freely given by the President, and I therefore send copies to you, and ask their publication.

These copies are furnished me from official sources, for while I knew General Sherman's opinions, yet he did not show me either of the letters to the President. During his stay here he was nervously anxious to promote harmony,—to avoid strife,—and certainly never suggested or countenanced resistance to law, or violence in any form. He no doubt left Washington with his old repugnance to politics, politicians, and newspapers very much increased by his visit here. JOHN SHERMAN.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
Feb. 23, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your letters and telegrams, and did not answer because events were moving so rapidly that I could say nothing but might be upset before you got the letter.

Now you can congratulate yourself upon being clear of the worst complications we have

[1] See General Sherman's "Memoirs."

ever had. Impeachment seems to be a foregone conclusion so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, based upon the alleged *forcible* expulsion of Stanton. No one disputes the right of the President to raise a question of law upon his right to remove Stanton, but the forcible removal of a man in office, claiming to be in lawfully, is like the forcible ejectment of a tenant when his right of possession is in dispute. It is a trespass, an assault, a riot, or a crime, according to the result of the force. It is strange the President can contemplate such a thing, when Stanton is already stripped of power, and the courts are open to the President to try his right of removal. The President is acting very badly with respect to you. He creates the impression that you acted disingenuously with him. He has published your short, private note before you went to Annapolis, and yet refuses to publish your formal one subsequently sent him, because it was "private." The truth is he is a slave to his passions and resentments. No man can confide in him, and you ought to feel happy at your extrication from all near connection with him. . . . Grant is anxious to have your letters published, since the note referred to was published. I will see Grant and the President this evening, and if the latter freely consents, I will do it informally; but if he doubts or hesitates, I will not, without your express directions. In these times of loose confidence, it is better to submit for a time to a wrong construction than to betray confidential communications. Grant will unquestionably be nominated. Chase acquiesces, and I see no reason to doubt his election. Affectionately,

JOHN SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 25, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: I am in possession of all the news up to date, the passage of the impeachment resolution, etc., but I don't yet know if the nomination of T. Ewing, Sr., was a real thing, or meant to compromise a difficulty.

The publication of my short note of Jan. 18 is nothing to me. I have the original draft which I sent through Grant's hands, with his indorsement back to me. At the time this note must have been given to the reporter the President had an elaborate letter from me, in which I discussed the whole case, and advised against the very course he has pursued; but I don't want that letter or any other to be drawn out to complicate a case already bad enough. You may always safely represent me by saying that I will not make up a final opinion till called on to act, and I want nothing to do with these controversies until the time comes for the actual fight, which I hope to God may be avoided. If the Democratic party intend to fight on this impeachment, which I believe they do not, you may count 200,000 men against you in the South. The negroes are no match for them. On this question the whites there will be more united than on the old issue of union and secession. I do not think the President should be suspended during trial, and if possible the Republican party should not vote on all side questions as a unit. They should act as judges, and not as partizans. The vote in the House, being a strictly party vote, looks bad, for it augurs a prejudiced jury. Those who adhere closest to the law in this crisis are the best patriots. While the floating politicians here share the excitement at Washington, the people generally manifest little interest in the game going on at Washington. Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 25th is received. I need not say to you that the new events transpiring here are narrowly watched by me. So far as I am concerned, I mean to give Johnson a fair and impartial trial, and to decide nothing until required to do so, and after full argument. I regard him as a foolish and stubborn man, doing even right things in a wrong way, and in a position where the evil that he does is immensely increased by his manner of doing it. He clearly designed to have first Grant and then you involved in Lorenzo Thomas's position, and in this he is actuated by his resentment against Stanton. How easy it would have been if he had followed your advice to have made Stanton anxious to resign, or, what is worse, to have made his position ridiculous. By his infernal folly we are drifting into turbulent waters. The only way is to keep cool, and act conscientiously. I congratulate you on your lucky extrication. I do not anticipate civil war, for our proceeding is unquestionably lawful, and if the judgment is against the President, his term is just as clearly out as if the 4th of March, 1869, was come. The result, if he is convicted, would cast the undivided responsibility of reconstruction upon the Republican party, and would unquestionably secure the full admission of all the States by July next, and avoid the dangerous questions that may otherwise arise out of the Southern vote in the Presidential election. It is now clear that Grant will be a candidate, and his election seems quite as clear. The action of North Carolina removed the last doubt of his nomination. Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, March 14, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I don't know what Grant means by his silence in the midst of the very great indications of his receiving the no-

mination in May. Doubtless he intends to hold aloof from the expression of any opinion till the actual nomination is made, when if he accepts with a strong radical platform I will be surprised. My notion is that he thinks that the Democrats ought not to succeed to power, and that he would be willing to stand a sacrifice rather than see that result. . . . I notice that your Republicans have divided on some of the side questions on impeachment, and am glad you concede to the President the largest limits in his defense that are offered. I don't see what the Republicans can gain by shoving matters to an extent that looks like a foregone conclusion. No matter what men may think of Mr. Johnson, his office is one that ought to have a pretty wide latitude of opinion. Nevertheless, the trial is one that will be closely and sternly criticized by all the civilized world. . . . Affectionately yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 24, 1868.

I have a private letter from Grant as late as March 18, but he says not a word of his political intentions. So far as I know, he would yet be glad of a change that would enable him to remain as now. . . .

On June 11 General Sherman writes:

. . . Of course I have noticed Grant's acceptance. I take it for granted he will be elected, and I must come to Washington. I shall not, however, commit myself to this promotion till he is not only elected, but until he vacates, and I am appointed and confirmed.

And in July he writes again:

Of course Grant will be elected. I have just traveled with him for two weeks, and the curiosity to see him exhausted his and my patience. He is now cached down at his ranch eleven miles below the city.

In September John Sherman writes from Philadelphia:

Grant will surely be elected. If not, we will have the devil to pay, and will have to fight all our old political issues over again. All indications are now in favor of the overwhelming defeat of Seymour on account of the rebel and copperhead stand of the New York convention. . . .

And later he writes from Washington:

. . . I resume at once the canvass, and am working very hard. The election of Grant seems our only salvation from serious trouble.

GENERAL GRANT A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

JOHN SHERMAN spent the summer of 1868 working hard in the canvass for the State elections in Ohio. He writes on October 14 from Mansfield:

The October election is now over, but I do not yet know precise results. I write supposing that the Republicans have carried Ohio and Pennsylvania, and perhaps Indiana. Grant is much stronger than our State or Congressional ticket, and will get thousands of floating Democratic votes. I regard his election as a foregone conclusion. This canvass has been very hard upon us, and I will now take a rest. If you would like to join me we can go to the Lake, and have some fine sport hunting and fishing. This relaxation will do us both good.

And on October 30 General Sherman writes from St. Louis assuming that Grant will be elected.

The election[1] is so near at hand that further speculations are unnecessary. I have written to Grant that I can readily adjust my interests to his plans; but if he has none fixed, I prefer he should go on and exercise his office of commander-in-chief till the last moment, stepping from one office to the other on the 4th of March next, and calling me there at the last moment. I have told him I don't want to be in Washington till I can assume the command, and exercise the positive duties of commander-in-chief. . . . Yours affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

AFTER GRANT'S FIRST ELECTION.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 23, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I know that Grant esteems you highly, and will respect anything you may ask. He may offer you the Treasury Department, but I think not. He will think you more valuable in the Senate, as the Governor of Ohio and the legislature would fill your vacancy with a Democrat.

Don't approach Grant in person if you want anything. Put it in plain writing so emphatic that he will know you are in earnest, and not yielding to personal importunity. Affectionately yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I never expected to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury, as you suggest he might, for if he thought of it, I could not accept by reason of the political compli-

[1] The Presidential election.— EDITOR.

cation of the Ohio legislature. I would be gratified with the offer and opportunity to decline, but I suppose in this matter he will not choose to deal in compliments. . . . Affectionately, JOHN SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,

ST. LOUIS, MO., December 20, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Grant and I at Chicago had one or two stolen interviews in which he said he would leave me, as I wished, at St. Louis till the last minute, viz., March 4, and he assured me that he would oppose, if it came to him, any change as to the law in the matter of the office of general, or the diminution of salary. The only trouble is in my successor. Halleck is out of the question; Meade comes next on the list, but is not a favorite. Sheridan comes next in order, and is Grant's preference, *I think*. Thomas could not be passed over if by the accidents of war Sheridan had not *already* got *over him*. Thomas is universally esteemed, but was not made a regular major-general till his battle of Nashville, whereas Sheridan, at least thirteen years younger in service, was made a major-general for his Winchester battle the summer previous. So I think Sheridan will be chosen by Grant as lieutenant-general. Say not a word of this, as Grant will not wish to act till the last minute of time.

We had the most enthusiastic meeting at Chicago possible, and on the whole it was the best meeting we ever had, or ever will have again. All persons, Grant included, volunteered the most fulsome eulogies of my short address of welcome, which is badly reported in the telegraphic despatches; but it was carefully written out, and will be correctly printed when the whole proceedings are booked. Yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION IN THE SOUTH.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . My visit South was in every sense agreeable. My old friends in Alexandria did all they could to make us welcome, and I was not allowed to pay a cent on steamboat, at the hotel, or anywhere. I visited several plantations, and saw negroes at work for wages, and seemingly as free and as conscious of their freedom as the blacks of Ohio. Boyd [1] was perfectly grateful for the books you sent him, which were in the library and marked with your name. I found my own portrait in full uniform in the main hall, and in the library many books on our side of the war. Boyd asked me for army and navy registers, coast surveys, and railroad surveys, and other national books that I have and will send him. Of course they have their old prejudices, and labor to prevent their cause from sinking into one of pure malignity; but as to the future, he promised me to teach his pupils to love and honor the whole country. He preserves all my old letters, and we looked over many, in every one of which I took the highest national grounds, and predicted the ruin of their country.

The marble tablet, which was built over the main door, on which was cut the inscription, "By the liberality of the General Government, The Union — Esto perpetua," was taken out, and was found broken in pieces. I saw the deposition to that effect in Boyd's possession, but he could not say if Vallas [2] did it of himself, or on the order of the board of supervisors.

You remember attention was called to that inscription by my original letter of resignation, and it is probable the rebels made Vallas take it out. Anyhow, Boyd has ordered an iron casting of same size and same inscription, and promised me to place it over the door in lieu of the marble, too much broken up to be replaced.

In New Orleans I was cautioned against going to Alexandria, which was burned down at the time of the Banks expedition; but I never received more marked attention by all classes, and not a word or look reached me but what was most respectful and gratifying. In like manner I had the most pressing invitations to stop at Jackson and Canton, Mississippi, both of which places were destroyed by me. I do think some political power might be given to the young men who served in the rebel army, for they are a better class than the adventurers who have gone South purely for office. Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

[1] Successor to General Sherman as president of Louisiana State Military School.

[2] Former Superintendent.

In May, 1869, General Sherman took command of the army, succeeding General Grant, and moved to Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 12, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I now do both duties, commander-in-chief and Secretary of War. The truth is, the offices both united are easier of execution than either separate, because the statutes do not clearly define the spheres of each, and a natural conflict or suspicion arises; united in one person settles all disputes. In the present attitude of things it would be a good thing to dispense with a Secretary of War, and unite army and navy in one representative in the cabinet, and let the internal revenue go into the cabinet. . . . Yours, W. T. SHERMAN.

POLITICAL AND MILITARY FRICTION.

FORT RICHARDSON, TEXAS, May 18, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER: I have been skirting the frontier of Texas from San Antonio to this place. Now for the first time we meet mails coming from the direction of St. Louis, and have New York "Heralds" of May 1, 2, and 3. I see the "Herald" is out in full blast for me as President. You may say for me, and publish it too, that in no event and under no circumstances will I ever be a candidate for President or any other political office; and I mean every word of it. . . . Affectionately, etc.,

W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . I saw General Grant when he was here some days ago, and we talked about that letter sent him, and my published declination of a nomination by either party. I told him plainly that the South would go against him *en masse*, though he counts on South Carolina, Louisiana, and Arkansas; but I repeated my conviction that all that was vital at the South was against him, and that negroes were generally quiescent, and could not be relied on as voters when local questions became mixed up with political matters. I think, however, he will be renominated and reëlected, unless by personally doing small things to alienate his party adherence at the North. . . .

My office has been by law stripped of all the influence and prestige it possessed under Grant, and even in matters of discipline and army control I am neglected, overlooked, or snubbed. I have called General Grant's attention to the fact several times, but got no satisfactory redress.

The old regulations of 1853, made by Jeff Davis, in hostility to General Scott, are now strictly construed and enforced; and in these regulations the War Department is everything, and the name of general, lieutenant-general, or commander-in-chief even, does not appear in the book. Consequently orders go to parts of the army supposed to be under my command, of which I know nothing till I read them in the newspapers; and when I call the attention of the Secretary to it he simply refers to some paragraph of the Army Regulations. Some five years ago, there was a law to revise these regulations and to make them conform to the new order of things, and to utilize the experiences of the war. A board was appointed here in Washington, composed of Sherman, Sheridan, and Auger, that did so revise them, and they were submitted to Congress with the approval of General Grant, but no action was taken. But now a new board is ordered to prepare another set, and this board is composed of a set of officers hardly qualified to revise the judgment of the former board. I propose patiently to await the action of this board, though now that war is remote, there is little chance of Congress giving the army a thought at all; and if these new regulations are framed, as I suppose, to cripple the power of the General, and foster the heads of staff departments, I will simply notify the President that I cannot undertake to command an army with all its staff independent of the commander-in-chief, and ask him to allow me quietly to remove to St. Louis, to do such special matters as may be committed to me by the President, and leave the army to be governed and commanded, as now, by the Secretary of War in person. This cannot occur for twelve months. I have said nothing of this to anybody, and will not do anything hasty or rash; but I do think that because some newspapers berate Grant about his military surroundings, he feels disposed to go to the other extreme. . . . Affectionately, W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, July 16, 1871.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . He will be nominated and, I hope, elected. So will I; and it is better for the country that in our relative position we are independent of each other. I hope you and he will preserve your ancient cordiality; for though he seems willing to strip your office of its power, yet I have no doubt he feels as warm an attachment for you as from his temperament he can to any one. You have been forbearing to him, but lose nothing by it. I have seen nothing in the course of the Republican party unfriendly to you. I know you have hosts of friends in our party, who would resent any marked injustice to you. . . . Affectionately yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE.

PARIS, FRANCE, July 16, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Of course I have watched the progress of political events as they appear from this standpoint, and feel amazed to see the turn things have taken. Grant, who never was a Republican, is your candidate; and Greeley, who never was a Democrat, but quite the reverse, is the Democratic candidate. I infer that Grant will be reëlected, though several shrewd judges insist that Greeley will be our next President. Choosing between the two candidates on national grounds, I surely prefer Grant; as to platforms and parties, of course, I regard these as mere traps to catch flies, but with General Grant as President there will likely be more stability and quietude, which the country needs. . . . Affectionately yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Aug. 4, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Just now all interest is centered upon the Presidential election. As you say, the Republicans are running a Democrat, and the Democrats a Republican, and there is not an essential difference in the platform of principle. The chief interest I feel in the canvass is the preservation of the Republican party, which I think essential to secure the fair enforcements of the results of the war. General Grant has so managed matters as to gain the very bitter and active hostility of many of the leading Republicans, and the personal indifference of most of the residue. He will, however, be fairly supported by the great mass of the Republicans, and I still hope and believe will be elected. The defections among Republicans will be made up of Democrats who will not vote for Greeley.

The whole canvass is so extraordinary that no result can be anticipated. You will notice that Sumner, Thurman, Banks, and others are for Greeley, who is probably the most unfit man for President, except Train, that has ever been mentioned. I intend to support Grant fairly and fully, as best for the country and Republican party. . . . Affectionately yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

CONSOLATION.

O MY belovèd, sweet each hour I know
Because it brings me closer unto you!
Boughs make me blithe, and blades give comfort true.
When down our sea-worn lanes red leaves drop slow,
Soon on the stalk will not the green leaf show?
When blows the crocus as long since it blew,
Or willows bud by reedy wells we knew—
As went the old, will not the young year go?
Ah, once, drew the dark day of parting near!
Each weather was more bitter than the last,
And fair or sear an added sorrow bore:
But now, belovèd, breaks that time of cheer
When I shall see you, hear you, hold you fast;
And each is sweeter than the one before.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

IN EXTREMITY.

COME, science, do thy worst or little best;
Come, patient critic, with thy searching doubt
From scripture wonder pluck the warrant out;
And every hope that harbors in the breast
Be of all right and title dispossessed,
Till, where heaven was, the dark shall rim about
A greater darkness, and the fool shall flout
All thought or dream of the immortal rest.

But thou, my Shakspere, hast not tasted death:
God were not good if thou hadst failed to know
What joy and blessing from thy spirit flow
For all men drawing glad or painful breath.
And where thou art all human life must be,
Heart of thy heart, through all eternity.

John White Chadwick.

THE PRINCESS ANNE.

THE reign of Queen Anne is one of the most illustrious in English history. In literature it has been common to call it the Augustan age. In politics it has all the interest of a transition period—less agitating, but not less important, than the actual era of revolution. In war it proved, with the exception of the great European wars of the beginning of this century, the most glorious for English arms of any period since Henry V. set up his rights of conquest over France. Opinions change as to the advantage of such superiorities, and, still more, as to the glory which is purchased by bloodshed; yet, according to the received nomenclature, and in the language of all ages, the time of Marlborough can be characterized only by the word glorious. A great general, statesmen of eminence, great poets, men of letters of the first distinction—these are points in which this period cannot easily be excelled.

But in the midst of its agitations, and of all its exuberant life,—the wars abroad, the intrigues at home, the secret correspondences, the plots, the breathless hopes and fears,—it is half ludicrous, half pathetic, to turn to the harmless figure of Queen Anne in the center of the scene—a fat, placid, middle-aged woman full of infirmities, with little about her of the picturesque yet artificial brightness of her time, and no gleam of reflection to answer to the wit and genius that have made her age illustrious. Anne was one of the sovereigns who may, without too great a strain of hyperbole, be allowed to have been beloved in her day. She did nothing to repel the popular devotion. She was the best of wives, the most sadly disappointed of childless mothers. She made pecuniary sacrifices to the weal of her kingdom such as few kings or queens have thought of making. Added to that, she was a Stuart, Protestant, and safe, combining all the rights of the family with those of orthodoxy and constitutionalism, without even so much offense as lay in a foreign accent. There was indeed nothing foreign about her, a circumstance in her favor which she shared with that other great English queen regnant who, like her, was English on both sides of the lineage.

All these points made her popular, and, it might be permissible to say, beloved. If she had been indifferent to her father's dethronement, at least she had not shocked popular feeling by any immediate triumph in succeeding him, as Mary had done; and after grim William, with his Dutch accent and likings, her mild Anglicism was delightful to the people. But the historians have not been kind to Anne. They have lavished ill names upon her: "A stupid woman," "A very weak woman, always governed blindly by some female favorite"—nobody has a civil word to say for her. Yet there is a mixture of the amusing and the tragic in the appearance of this passive figure seated on high, presiding over all the great events of the epoch, with her humble feminine history, her long anguish of motherhood, her hopes so often raised and so often shattered, her stifled family feeling, her profound and helpless sense of misfortune.

There is one high light in the picture, however, though only one, and it comes from one of the rarest and highest sentiments of humanity—the passion of friendship, of which women are popularly supposed to be incapable, but which was never exhibited in more complete and disinterested form than in the life of this poor queen. It is sad that it should have ended in disloyalty and estrangement; but, curiously enough, it is not the breach of this close union, but the union itself, which has exposed Anne to the censure and contempt of all her biographers and historians. Yet her friend was as fitted to call forth such devotion as ever woman was. Seldom has there been a more brilliant figure in history than that of the great duchess, a woman beloved and hated as few have ever been: on one side holding in absolute devotion to her the greatest hero of the time, and on the other rousing to the height of adoration the mild and obtuse nature of her mistress; keeping her place, on no ground but that of her own sense and spirit, amid all intrigues and opposition for many of the most remarkable years of English history; and defending herself with such fire and eloquence when attacked, that her plea is as interesting and vivid as any controversy of to-day. It is impossible to read it without taking a side, with more or less vehemence, in the exciting quarrel. To us the unfailing vivacity and spirit of the woman, the dauntless stand she makes, her determination not to be overcome, make her appearance always enlivening. And art could not have designed a more complete contrast than that of the homely figure by her side, with appealing eyes fixed upon her, a little bewildered, not always quick to understand—a woman born for other uses, but exposed all her harmless

FROM MEZZOTINT BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER THE PAINTING BY W. WISSING AND I. VANDERVAART. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.

ENGRAVED FROM LIFE BY DAVID LOGGAN. FROM PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN

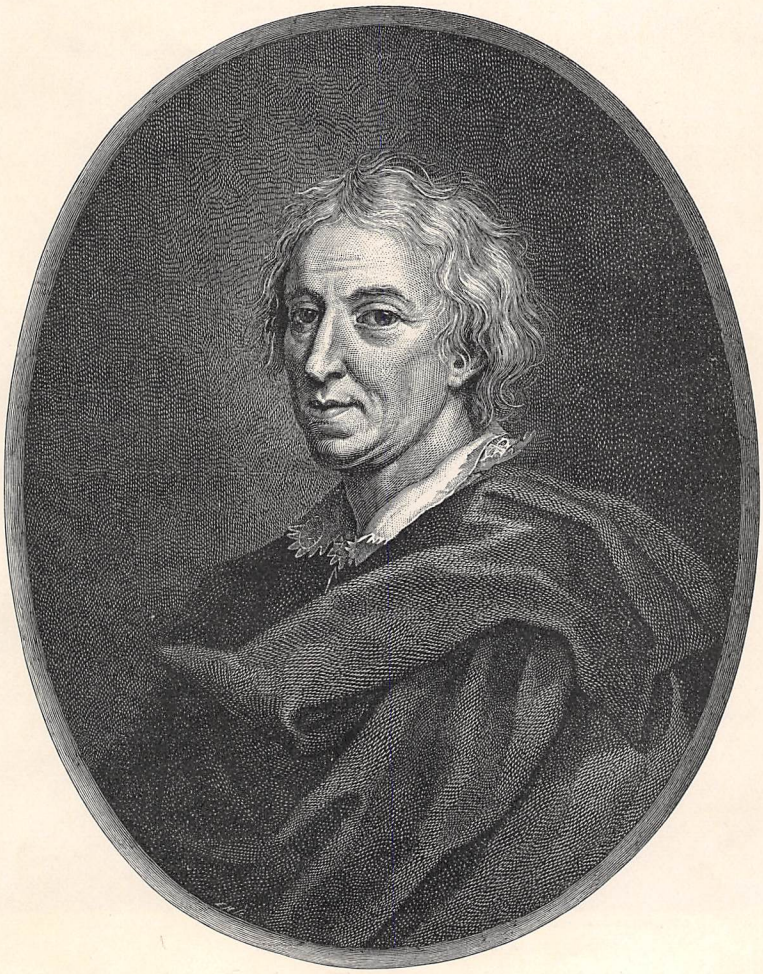
HENRY COMPTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

life to the fierce light that always beats upon a throne.

The tragedy of Anne's life, unlike that of her friend, had no utterance, and there was nothing romantic in her appearance or surroundings to attract the lovers of the picturesque. Yet in the blank of her humble intellect she discharged not amiss the duties that were so much too great for her, and if she was disloyal to her friend in the end, that betrayal only adds another touch of pathos to the spectacle of helplessness and human weakness. It is only the favored few of mankind who are wiser and better, not feebler and less noble, as life draws toward its end.

Like Elizabeth, Anne was the daughter of a subject. Her mother, Anne Hyde, the daughter of the great Clarendon, though naturally subjected to the hot criticism of the moment, on account of that virtue which refused anything less from her prince than the position of wife, was not a woman of much individual character, nor did she live long enough to influence much the training of her daughters. There was an interval of three years in age between Mary and Anne. The elder was like the Stuarts, with something of their natural grace of manner; the younger was a fair English child, rosy and plump and blooming: in later life they became more like each other. But the chief thing they inherited from their mother was what is called in fine language "a tendency to embonpoint," with, it is said, a love of good eating which encouraged the peculiarity.

The religious training of the princesses is the first thing we hear of. They were put under the charge of a most orthodox tutor, Compton, Bishop of London, with much haste and ostentation, their uncle, Charles II., probably feeling with his usual cynicism that the sop of two extra-Protestant princesses would please the people, and that the souls of a couple of girls could not be of much importance one way or another. How they fared in respect to the other features of education is not recorded. Lord Dartmouth, in his notes on Bishop Burnet's history, informs us that King Charles II., struck by the melodious voice of the little Princess Anne, had her trained in elocution by Mrs. Barry, an actress: an early recognition of what continued to be one of her most conspicuous gifts during the whole of her life. The residence of the girls was chiefly at Richmond, where they were under the charge of Lady Frances Villiers, who had a number of daughters of her own, one of whom, Elizabeth, went with Mary to Holland, and was, in some respects, her evil genius. We have, unfortunately, no court chronicle to throw any light upon the lively scene at Richmond, where this little bevy of girls grew up together, conning their divinity, whatever other lessons might be neglected, taking the air upon the river in their barges, following the hounds in the colder season—for this robust exercise seems to have been part of their training. When their youthful seclusion was broken by such a great event as the court mask, in which they played their little parts,—Mrs. Blogge, the saintly beauty, John Evelyn's friend, Godolphin's wife, acting the chief character, in a blaze of diamonds,—or by that state visit to the city when King Charles in all his glory took the girls, his heirs, with him, no doubt the old withdrawing-rooms and galle-



ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN. AFTER COPPERPLATE BY F. BARTOLOZZI IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

JOHN EVELYN.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER.

ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

ries of Richmond rang with the story for weeks after. Princess Mary, her mind perhaps beginning to own a little agitation as to royal suitors, would have other distractions; but as to the Princess Anne, it soon came to be her chief holiday when the young Duchess of York, her stepmother, came from town in her chariot, or by water in a great gilded barge breasting up the stream, to pay the young ladies a visit. For in the train of that princess was the young maid of honor, a delightful, brilliant *espiègle*, full of spirit and wilfulness, who bore the undistinguished name of Sarah Jennings, and brought with her such life and stir and movement as dispersed the dullness wherever she went.

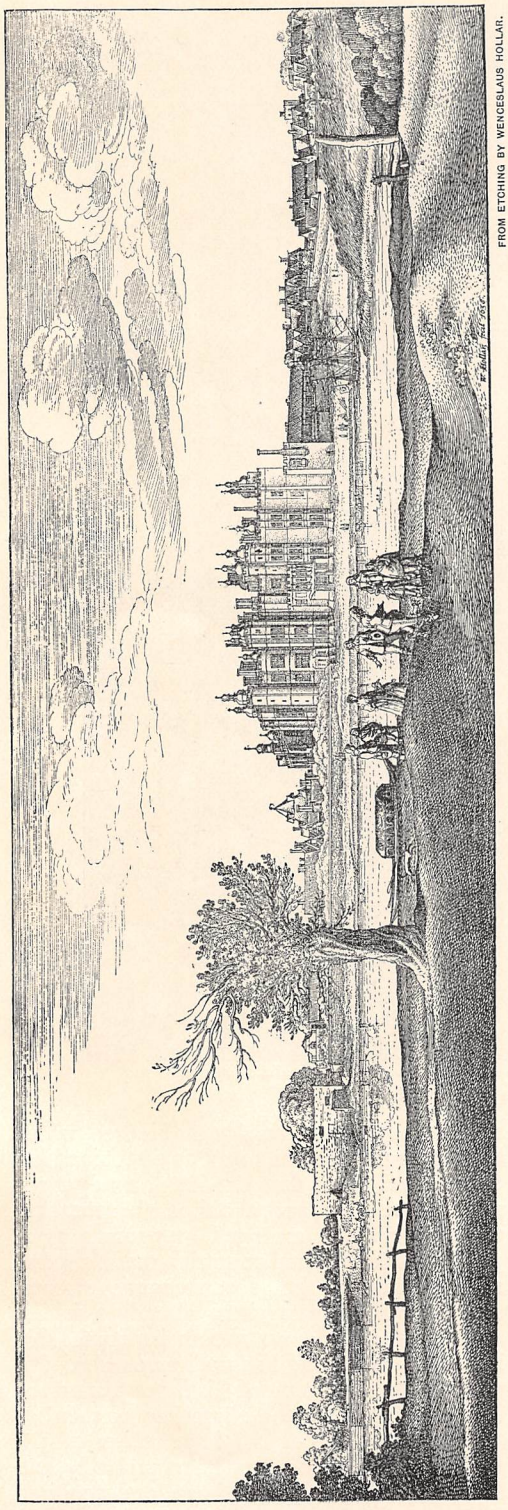
There is no such love as a young girl's adoration for a beautiful young woman, a little older than herself, whom she can admire, and imitate, and cling to, and dream of with visionary passion. This was the kind of sentiment with which the little princess regarded the bright and animated creature in her young stepmother's train. Mary of Modena was herself only a few years older than her stepchildren. They were all young together, accustomed to the perpetual gaiety of the court of Charles II., though, let us hope, kept apart from its license; and no shadow of fate seems to have fallen upon the group of girls in these early peaceful days. Anne, in particular, would seem to have been left to

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL. AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

hang upon the arm and bask in the smiles of her stepmother's young lady-in-waiting, at her pleasure, with many a laugh at the premature favoritism. "We had used to play together when she was a child," said the great duchess long after. "She even then expressed a particular fondness for me; this inclination increased with our years. I was often at court, and the princess always distinguished me by the pleasure she took to honor me preferably to others with her conversation and confidence. In all her parties for amusement, I was sure by her choice to be one."

Mistress Sarah was one of the actors in the mask above referred to. She was in the most intimate circle of the Duke of York's household, closely linked to all its members in that relationship, almost as close as kindred, which binds a court together. And no doubt it added to her attractions that she had already a romantic love-story, and, at a time when matches were everywhere arranged by parents, as at present in Continental countries, made a secret marriage, under the most romantic circumstances, with a young hero already a soldier of distinction. He was not an irreproachable hero. Court scandal had not spared him. He was said to have founded his fortune upon the bounty of one of the shameless women of Charles's court. But the imagination of the period was not over-delicate, and probably, had he not become so great a man, and acquired so many enemies, we should have heard little



FROM ETCHING BY WENCESLAUS HOLLAR.

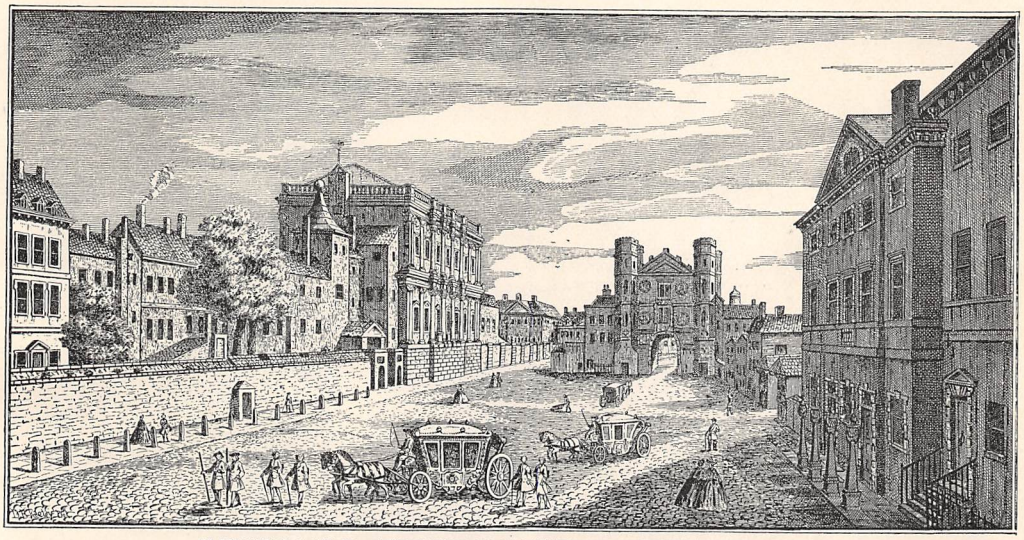
RICHMOND PALACE IN 1638.

of John Churchill's early vices. He was attached to the Duke of York's service, as Sarah Jennings was to that of the Duchess. He had served abroad with distinction. In 1672, when France and England for once in a way were allies against Holland, he had served under the great Turenne, who called him "my handsome Englishman," and vaunted his gallantry. He was only twenty-two when he thus gave proofs of his future greatness. When, after various other exploits, he returned and resumed his court service, the brilliant maid of honor whom the little princess adored attained a complete dominion over the spirit of the young soldier. There were difficulties about the marriage, for he had no fortune, and his provident parents had secured an heiress for him. But it was at length accomplished, and so secretly that even the bride was never quite certain of the date, in the presence and with the favor of Mary of Modena herself.

When the Princess Mary married, and went to Holland with her husband, the position of her sister at home became a more important one. Anne was not without some experience of travel, and had those educational advantages which the sight of foreign countries is said to bring. She went to The Hague to visit her sister. She accompanied her father, sturdy little Protestant as she was, when he was in disgrace for his religious views, and spent some time in Brussels, from which place she wrote to one of the ladies of the court a letter which has been preserved,—with just as much and as little reason as any other letter of a fifteen-year-old girl with her eyes about her, at a distance of two hundred years,—in which the young lady describes a ball she had seen, herself *incognita*, at which some gentlemen "danced *extreamly* well"—"as well if not better than the Duke of Monmouth or Sir E. Villiers—which I think is very *extrordinary*," says the girl, no doubt sincerely believing that the best of all things was to be found at home.

After these unusual dissipations, Anne remained in the shade until she married, in 1683, George, Prince of Denmark, a perfectly inoffensive and insignificant person, to whom she gave, during the rest of her life, a faithful, humdrum, but unbroken attachment, such as shows to little advantage in print, but makes the happiness of many a home. This marriage was another sacrifice to the Protestantism of England, and from that point of view pleased the people much. King Charles, glad to satisfy the country by any act which cost him nothing, thought it "very convenient and suitable." James,

unwilling but powerless, grumbled to himself that "he had little encouragement in the conduct of the Prince of Orange to marry another daughter in the same interest," but made no effort against it. The prince himself produced no very great impression one way or another, as indeed he was little fitted to do. "He has the Danish countenance, blonde," says Evelyn in his diary; "of few words; spoke French but ill; seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant." He had never any occasion to show his valor during his long residence in England, but there was no harm in the dull George, and Anne does not seem ever to have been dissatisfied with her heavy, honest goodman.



RE-DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. AFTER COPPERPLATE BY J. MAURER, IN THE COLLECTION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF WHITEHALL, 1740.

Marriage had the advantage of giving her a household and court of her own, and enabled her at once to secure for herself the companionship of her always beloved friend.

The prince was dull, the princess had not many resources. They settled down in homely virtue, close to the court with all its scandals and gaieties. The Cockpit, which was Anne's residence, had been built as a royal playhouse, first for the sport indicated by its name, then for the more refined amusements of the theater, but afterward had been turned into a private residence, and bought by Charles II. for his niece on her marriage. It formed part of the old palace of Whitehall, and must have been within sight and sound of the constant gaieties going on in that lawless household, in the best of which the princess and her attendant would have their natural share. No doubt to hear Lady Churchill's lively, satirical remarks upon all this, and the flow of her brilliant malice, must have kept the household lively, and have brightened the dull days and tedious waitings of maternity, into which Anne was immediately plunged, drawing a laugh even from stupid George in the chimney-corner.

And though the remarks might be too broad for modern liking, and the fun somewhat unsavory, we cannot but think that amidst the noisy and picturesque life, full of corruption, yet so gay and sparkling to the spectator, of that wild Restoration era, this little household of the Cockpit is not without its claims upon our attention. There was not in all Charles's court so splendid a couple as the young Churchills; he, already one of the most distinguished soldiers of the age, she a beautiful young woman overflowing with wit and energy. And Princess Anne was very young; in full possession of that *beauté de diable*, which so long as it lasts has its own charm — the beauty of color and freshness and youthful contour. She had a beautiful voice, the prettiest hands, and the most affectionate heart. If she were not clever, that matters but little to a girl of twenty, taught by love to be receptive, and called upon for no effort of genius. Honest George behind backs was not much more than a piece of still life, but an inoffensive and amiable one, taking nothing upon himself. If there was calculation in the steadfastness with which the abler pair possessed themselves of the confidence, and held fast to the service, of their royal friends, it would be hard to assert that there was not some affection too, at least on the part of Sarah, who had known every thought of her little princess's heart since she was a child, and could not but be flattered and pleased by the love showered

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SAMUEL COOPER, IN THE GALLERY OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

CHARLES II.

upon her. At all events, in Anne there was no unworthy sentiment; everything about her appeals to our tenderness. The impetuosity of her affection,—her rush, so to speak, into the arms of her friend,—her pretty, youthful sentiment, so fresh and natural, her humility and simplicity—all are pleasant to contemplate. Little more than a year after her marriage, after the closer union had begun, she writes thus:

If you will let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me "your highness" at every word, but to be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg of you to do: and if it ever were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself—I am all impatience for Wednesday: till then farewell.

Upon this there ensued a little sentimental bargain between the two young women. It was not according to the manners of the time that they should call each other Anne and Sarah, and the fashion of the Aramintas and

Dorindas had not yet arrived from Paris. They managed the transformation necessary in a curiously matter-of-fact and English way:

> She grew uneasy to be treated by me with the form and ceremony due to her rank; nor could she bear from me the sound of words which implied in them distance and superiority. It was this turn of mind which made her one day propose to me that whenever I should happen to be absent from her we might in all our letters write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names her fancy hit upon — and she left me to choose by which of them I should be called. My frank, open temper led me naturally to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship.

Very likely these were the names in some young-lady book which had been in the princess's childish library,—something a generation before the "Spectator,"—in which rural virtues and the claims of friendship were the chief subjects. Historians have not been able to contain themselves for angry ridicule of this little friendly treaty. To us it seems a pretty incident. The princess was twenty, the bedchamber woman twenty-four. To their own consciousness their friendly traffic had not attained the importance of a historical fact.

The locality in which the royal houses in London stood was very different then from its appearance now. Whitehall at present is a great thoroughfare, full of life and movement, with only one remnant of the old palace — once the Banqueting-Hall, where the window from which Charles I. is supposed to have passed to the scaffold is pointed out to strangers — still presenting a bit of gloomy, stately front to the street.

St. James's Park opposite is screened off and separated now by the Horse Guards and other public buildings, a long and heavy line which forms one side of the way. But in those days there were neither public buildings nor busy streets. The palace, straggling and irregular, with walls and roofs on many different levels, stood like a sort of royal village between the river and the park; with the turrets of St. James twinkling in the distance, in the sunshine, over the trees of the Mall, where King Charles with all his dogs and gentlemen would go forth daily for his saunter or his game. The Cockpit was one of the outlying portions of Whitehall, being situated upon the edge of the park.

Anne had been married only two years when King Charles died. Then the aspect of affairs changed. The mass in the private chapel, and the presence here and there of somebody who looked like a priest, at once started into prominence, and began to alarm the gazers more than the dissolute amusements of the court had ever done. James was not virtuous any more than his brother, but his immoralities were not his chief characteristics. He was a more dangerous king than Charles, who was merely selfish, dissolute, and pleasure-loving. James was more: he was a bigoted Roman Catholic, eager to raise his faith to its old supremacy; and the mere thought that the door which had been so bolted and barred against popery was now set open filled all England with the wildest panic. Men saw the dungeons of the Inquisition, the fires of Smithfield, before them as soon as the proscribed priest was readmitted, and mass once more openly said at an unconcealed altar. The terror, the unanimity, are things to wonder at. Sancroft and his bishops were not constitutionalists. The personal rule of the king had nothing in it that alarmed them; but the idea of the reintroduction of popery awoke such a panic in their bosoms as drove them, in spite of their own tenets, into resistance, and, for the first time absolutely unanimous, England was at their back. When we take history piecemeal, and read it through the individual lives of the chief actors, we perceive with the strangest sensations of surprise that at this great crisis not one of the leaders of the nation was sure what he wanted or what he feared, or was even entirely sincere in his adherence to one party against another. They were the courtiers of James, and invited William; they were William's ministers, and kept up a correspondence with James. The best of them was not without a treacherous side. Yet while almost every individual of note was subject to this strange uncertainty, this confused and troubled vacillation, there was such a sweep of national conviction, so strong a current of the general will, that the supposed leaders of opinion were carried away by it, and were compelled to assume and act upon a conviction which was England's, but which individually they did not possess. Scarcely one of these men was whole-hearted, or had any determined principle in the matter. But in the mass of the nation behind them was a force of conviction, of panic, of determination, that carried them off their feet. The chief names of England appear little more than straws upon the current, indicating its course, but forced along by its fierce sweep and impetus, and not by any impulse of their own.

The Princess Anne occupied a very different position from that of these bewildered statesmen. She had been brought up in the strictest sect of her religion, Protestant almost more than Christian, a churchwoman above all. Though her mother had been a Roman Catholic, and

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JAMES II. IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

her father was one, and though many of her relations belonged to the old Church, Anne was a Protestant of the most unyielding kind. "Attempts," Lady Marlborough tells us, "were made to draw his daughter into his designs. The king, indeed, used no harshness with her; he only discovered his wishes by putting into her hands some books and papers which he hoped might induce her to a change of religion, and had she had any inclination that way, the chaplains about were such divines as could have said but little in defense of their own religion, or to secure her against the pretenses of popery, recommended to her by a father and a king." But Anne required no persuasion to increase her fear of popery, and her narrow devotion to the Church outside of which she knew of no salvation. Both of James's daughters, indeed, feared popery more than they loved their father. There seems not the slightest reason to suppose that Anne was insincere in her anxiety for the Church, or that the panic which she shared with the whole country was affected or unreal. It is impossible that she could expect her own position to be improved by the substitution of her sister and her sister's husband for her father, who had always been kind to her. The Churchills, whose church principles were not perhaps so undeniable, and whose regard for their own interest was great, are more difficult to divine; and yet it appears an unnecessary thing to refer their action to unworthy motives. It is asserted by some that they had some visionary plan, after they had overturned the existing economy by the help of William, of bringing in their princess by a side wind, and of reigning through her over the startled and subjugated nation. But granting that such a scheme might have been conceived in the fertile and restless brain of a young and sanguine woman, it seems impossible to imagine that Churchill, a man of some experience in the world, and with some knowledge of William, could even for a moment have believed that the grave and ambitious prince who was so near the throne could have been persuaded or forced to waive his wife's claims, as well as those still more imperative ones which his position of deliverer gave him, in order to advance the fortunes of any one else, least of all of the sister-in-law whom he despised.

It is unnecessary here to enter into the history of what is called the Great Revolution. It is the modern turning-point of English history, and no doubt is one of the reasons why we have been exempted in later days from the agitations of those desperate and bloody revolutions which have shaken all neighboring nations. Glorious and happy, however, scarcely seem to be fit words to describe this extraordinary event. A more painful era does not exist in history. There is scarcely an individual in the front of affairs who was not guilty of treachery at one time or another. They betrayed one another on every hand; they were perplexed, uncertain, full of continual alarms. The king who went away was a gloomy bigot; the king who came was a cold and melancholy alien. Enthusiasm there was none, nor even conviction, except of the necessity of doing something to effect a wide-reaching and undeniable change.

The part which the ladies at the Cockpit played brings the hurry and excitement of the movement to a crisis. Both in their way were anxious for their respective husbands, absent in the suite of James, and still in his power. When the report came that Lord Feversham had begged of James "on his knees two hours" to order the arrest of Churchill, Mrs. Freeman must have needed all her courage; while the faithful Morley wept, yet tried to emulate the braver woman, wondering in her excitement what her own heavy prince was doing, and eager for William's advance, which, somehow or other, was to bring peace and quiet. Her heavy prince meanwhile was moving about with the perplexed and unhappy king, uttering out of his blond mustache, with an atrocious accent, his dull wonder, "Est-il possible?" as every new desertion was announced, till, mounting heavily one evening after dinner, warmed and encouraged by a good deal of King James's wine, and riding through the cold and dark, he in his turn deserted too. When this event happened, the excitement at the Cockpit was overwhelming. The princess was "in a great fright." "She sent for me," says Lady Churchill, "told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father she would jump out of a window." King James was coming back to London, sad and wroth, and perhaps the rumor that he would have her arrested lent additional terrors to the idea of encountering his angry countenance. Lady Churchill went immediately to Bishop Compton, the princess's early tutor and confidential adviser, and instant means were taken to secure her flight. That very night, after her attendants were in bed, Anne rose in the dark, and with her beloved Sarah's arm and support, stole down the back stairs to where the bishop in a hackney-coach was waiting for her. Other princesses in similar situations have owned to a thrill of pleasure in such an adventure. No doubt at least she breathed the freer when she was out of the palace where King James with his dark countenance might have come any day to demand from her an account of her husband's behavior, or to upbraid her with her own want of affection. Anyhow, the sweep of the current had now reached her tremulous feet, and she,

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE. AFTER PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER.

QUEEN MARY OF MODENA.

like many stronger persons, had no power to resist it.

Anne's position was very much changed by the Revolution. If any ambitious hopes had been entertained or plans formed by her household, they were speedily and very completely brought to an end. The dull royal pair, with their two brilliant guides and counselors, now found themselves confronted by another couple of very different mark — the serious, somewhat gloomy, determined, and self-concentrated Dutchman, and the new Queen Mary, a person far more attractive and imposing than Anne, two people full of character and power. Even Churchill and Sarah were thrown into the shade — much more good Anne and George; and it is evident there was no love lost between the heads of the two parties. The Churchills, however, served the new sovereigns signally by persuading the princess to yield her own rights, and to consent to the conjoint reign, and to William's life sovereignty — no small concession on the part of the next heir, and one which only the passive character of Anne could have made to appear insignificant. But this sacrifice was no sooner accomplished than there commenced a petty war between Whitehall and the Cockpit, in which perhaps Mary and Lady Churchill (now Marlborough) were the chief combatants, but which henceforth, until her sister's death, became the principal feature in Anne's life. If her friend was to blame for em-

broiling Anne with the queen, it can scarcely be believed that the princess's case would have been more satisfactory had she been left in her helplessness to the tender mercies of William, and entirely dependent upon his kindness, which must have happened had there been no bold and strong adviser in the matter. There was no generosity in the treatment which Anne received from the royal pair. She had made a sacrifice to the security of their throne which deserved some grace in return. But her innocent fancy for the palace at Richmond, where the sisters had been brought up together, was not indulged, nor could there be much excuse, even if she were in the wrong, for the squabblings about her lodging at Whitehall. But she cannot be said to have been in the wrong in the next question which occurred, which was the settlement of her own income. This she had previously drawn from her father, according to the existing custom in the royal family, and James had always been liberal and kind to her. But it was a different thing to depend upon the somewhat grudging hand of an economical brother-in-law, who had a number of foreign dependents to provide for, and a great deal to do with the money granted to him. Parliament finally voted Anne a revenue of fifty thousand pounds a year, as a sort of compromise between the thirty thousand pounds which King William grudged her, and the unreasonably large sum which some of her supporters hoped to obtain; but the king and queen never forgave her, and still less her advisers, for what they chose to consider a want of confidence in themselves.

It is scarcely possible to believe that Mary, a queen who was not without some of the absolutism of the Stuart mind, should have failed to feel a certain exasperation with the bold woman who thus upheld her sister's little separate court and interest, and was neither to be flattered nor frightened into subservience. And very likely this little separate court was a thorn in the side of the royal pair, keeping constant watch upon all their actions, maintaining a perpetual criticism. What the precise occurrence was which brought about the final explosion is not known, but one day, after a stormy scene in which the queen had in vain demanded from her sister the dismissal of Lady Marlborough, an event occurred which took away everybody's breath.

This was the sudden dismissal of Lord Marlborough from all his offices, without reason assigned, at least so far as the public knew. He was lieutenant-general of the army, and he was a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber. Up to this time there had been nothing to find fault with in his conduct. William was too good a soldier himself not to appreciate Marlborough's military talents, and he had behaved, if not with any enthusiasm for the new order of affairs, with good taste at least in very difficult circumstances. In short, his public aspect up to this time would seem on the face of it to have been irreproachable. This being the case, his sudden dismissal from court filled his friends with astonishment and dismay; nobody understood its why or wherefore. "An incident happened which I unwillingly mention," says Bishop Burnet, "because it cannot be told without some reflection on the memory of the queen, whom I always honored beyond all the persons whom I have ever known." It was reported to be Marlborough's intention to move in the House of Lords an address to William, requesting him to dismiss the foreign servants who surrounded him, and of whom the English were bitterly jealous. Such a scheme of reprisals would have had a certain humor in its summary reversal of the position, and no doubt Sarah herself must have had some hand in its construction if it ever existed. William was as little likely to give up Bentinck and Keppel as Anne was to sacrifice the friends whom she loved, and a breach between the parliament and the king would have been, it was hoped, the natural result — to be followed by a *coup d'état* in which James might be replaced under stringent conditions upon the throne.

Whether, however, this supposed proposal was or was not the reason of Marlborough's dismissal, it is clear enough that he had resumed a secret correspondence with the banished king at Saint-Germain, whom not very long before he had deserted. But so had most of the statesmen who surrounded William, even the admiral in whose hands the English reputation at sea was soon to be placed. The sins of the others were winked at, while Marlborough was thus made an example of; perhaps because he was the most dangerous, perhaps because he had involved the princess in his treachery, persuading her to send a letter and to make affectionate overtures to her father. It is possible that it was this very letter which Burnet says was intercepted; inclosed, most likely, in one from Marlborough more distinct in its offers. Here is Anne's simple performance, a thing not likely to do either harm or good:

> I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission, and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortunes of your condition, and sensible as I ought to be of my own unhappiness: as to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recall what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible that it would

have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late — of being less suspected of insincerity than perhaps they would have been at any time before. It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them in a free disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

These involved and halting sentences by themselves could afford but little satisfaction to the anxious banished court at Saint-Germain. To say so much yet to say so little, though easy to a confused intelligence not knowing very well what it meant, is a thing which would have taxed the powers of the most astute conspirators. But there could be little doubt that a penitent princess thus ready to implore her father's pardon would be a powerful auxiliary, with the country just then in the stage of natural disappointment which is prone to follow a great crisis, and that Marlborough was doubly dangerous with such a card in his hands to play.

A little pause occurred after his dismissal. The court by this time had gone to Kensington, out of sight and hearing of the Cockpit, Whitehall having been burned in the previous year. The princess continued, no doubt in no very friendly mood, to take her way to the suburban palace in the evenings and to make one at her sister's game of basset, showing, by her abstraction and the traces of tears about her eyes, her state of depression yet revolt. But about three weeks after that great event something suggested to Lady Marlborough the idea of accompanying her princess to the royal presence. It was strictly within her right to do so, in attendance on her mistress, and perhaps it was considered in the family council at the Cockpit that the existing state of affairs could not go on, and that it was best to end it one way or another. One can imagine the stir in the antechambers, the suppressed excitement in the drawing-room, when the princess, less subdued than for some weeks past, her eyes no longer red, nor the corners of her mouth drooping, came suddenly in out of the night, with the well-known buoyant figure after her, proud head erect and eyes aflame, her mistress's train upon her arm, but the air of a triumphant queen on her countenance. There would be a pause of consternation, and for a moment it would seem as if Mary, thus defied, must burst forth in wrath upon the culprit. What glances must have passed between the court ladies behind their fans! what whispers in the corners! The queen in the midst, pale with anger, restraining herself with difficulty; the princess, perhaps, beginning to quake; but Sarah, undaunted, knowing no reason why she should not be there, "since to attend the princess was only paying her duty where it was owing."

But next morning brought, as they must have foreseen, a royal missive meant to carry dismay and terror, in which Mary commanded her sister to dismiss her friend and make instant submission. "I tell you plainly Lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances in which her lord is," the queen

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BANQUETING-HALL, WHITEHALL.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER. FROM MEZZOTINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY JOHN SMITH, AFTER PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

wrote; "never anybody was suffered to live at court in my Lord Marlborough's circumstances."

Thus the situation was brought to a climax. It was not to be expected, however, that Anne would submit to a mandate which in reality would have taken from her all power to choose her own friends; and her affections were so firmly fixed upon her beloved companion that it is evident that life without Sarah would have been a blank to her. She answered in a letter studiously compiled in defense both of herself and her retainer, entreating her sister to "recall your severe command," and declaring that there is no misery "that I cannot readily resolve to suffer rather than the thought of parting with her." But things had gone too far to be stopped by any such appeal. The letter was answered by the Lord Chamberlain in person with a message forbidding Lady Marlborough to continue at the Cockpit. The princess's spirit was roused. She wrote to her sister that she herself would be "obliged to retire," since such were the terms of her continuance, and sent immediately to the Duke of Somerset to ask for a lease of Sion House. It is said that William so far interfered in the squabble, in which, indeed, he had been influential all along, as to ask the duke to refuse this trifling favor. But of all English noble houses the proud Somersets were the last to be dictated to, and Anne established herself triumphantly in her banishment on the banks of the Thames with her favorite at her side.

A child was born a little later, and the queen paid Anne an angry visit of ceremony a day

FROM COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING BY CORNELIS VERMEULEN, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ADRIAAN VANDER WERFF.

WILLIAM III.

or two after the event, saying nothing to her but on the vexed subject. "I have made the first step by coming to you," Mary said, approaching the bed where the poor princess lay sad and suffering, for her baby had died soon after its birth, "and I now expect you should make the next by removing Lady Marlborough." The princess, "trembling, and as white as her sheet," stammered forth her plaintive protest that this was the only thing in which she had disobliged her sister, and that "it was unreasonable to ask it of her," whereupon Mary, without another word, left the room and the house. It was the last time they ever met, unlikely as such a thing seemed. Anne made various overtures of reconciliation, but, as unconditional obedience was promised in none, Mary's heart was not softened. The only justification that can be offered for the queen's behavior was that the sisters had been long separated, and had little but the formal tie of relationship to bind them to each other. Anne was only a child when Mary left England; both were married and surrounded by other affections when they met again. They had so much natural resemblance, that each seems to have been capable of but one passion. It was Mary's good fortune to love her husband with all her heart, but to all appearance no one else. She had not a friend among all the ladies who had shared her life for years; no intimate or companion who could give her any solace when he was absent. All this explains to a certain extent her coldness to Anne, but it does not excuse the paltry and cruel persecution to which the younger sister was henceforward exposed. Every honor that belonged to her rank was taken from her, from the sentry at her door to the text upon her cushion at church. She was allowed no guard; when she went into the country the rural mayors were forbidden to present addresses to her, and to pay the usual honors which mayors delight to render. The great court-ladies were given to understand that whoever visited her would not be received by the queen. A more irritating and miserable persecution could not be, nor one more lowering to the character of the chief performer in it.

Anne was only recovering from the illness that followed her confinement, and with which her sister's angry visit was supposed to have something to do, when another blow fell upon the band of friends. Marlborough was suddenly arrested, and sent to the Tower. There was reason enough perhaps for his previous disgrace in the secret relations with Saint-Germain which he was known to have resumed; but the charge afterward made was a purely fictitious one, and he and the other great personages involved had little difficulty in proving their innocence. The correspondence which took place while Lady Marlborough was in town with her husband on this occasion reveals Anne very clearly in her affectionate simplicity.

I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the tower: and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it; for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they hinder you from coming to me: though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot imagine. I am just told by pretty good hands that as soon as the wind turns westerly there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 't is easy to you, pray let me see you before the wind changes: for afterward one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another. But let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me, so I can have the satisfaction of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman; and I swear I would live on bread and water between four walls with her without repining; for so long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be a real mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next if ever she proves false to you.

Whether the wind proving "westerly" was a phrase understood between the correspondents, or if it had anything to do with the event of the impending battle on which the fate of England was hanging, it is difficult to tell. If it was used in the latter sense, the victorious battle of La Hogue, by which all recent discomfitures were redeemed, soon restored the government to calm and the consciousness of triumph, and made conspiracy comparatively insignificant. Before this great deliverance was known, Anne had written a submissive letter to her sister, informing her that she had now recovered her strength "well enough to go abroad," and asking leave to pay her respects to the queen; to which Mary returned a stern answer, declaring that such civilities were unnecessary so long as her sister declined to do the thing required of her. Anne sent a copy of this letter to Lady Marlborough, announcing, as she was now "at liberty to go where I please by the queen refusing to see me," her intention of coming to London to see her friend; but this intention does not seem to have been carried out.

Anne was, however, pursued by the royal displeasure even in her invalid journey to Bath, and no less a person than Lord Nottingham, the Lord Chamberlain, was employed to warn the mayor of that city that his civilities to the princess were ill-timed. Such a disclosure of the family quarrel evinced a determination and

bitterness which perhaps frightened even Lady Marlborough, courageous as she was; and she seems to have offered and even pressed her resignation as a means of making peace. But nothing altered the devotion of her faithful princess.

I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home, and now I have this opportunity of writing she must give me leave to tell her if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature. If you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all; then she began to pick quarrels; and if they should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds, have I not lived upon as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true, indeed, the king was so kind to pay my debts), and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make and be glad of that pretence to do it? Never fancy, my dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince, too, that it would have been so however, for Caliban is capable of doing nothing but injustice: therefore rest satisfied you are noways the cause, and let me beg once more for God's sake that you would not mention parting more, no, not so much as think of it, and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

Such are the letters which Lord Macaulay describes as expressing "the sentiments of a fury in the style of a fishwoman." It was not, indeed, pretty to call great William Caliban, but Anne was fond of nicknames, and the king's personal appearance was not his strong point. We are all so ready to believe that when a woman is involved she must be the offender, that most readers will have set down the insults to which Anne was subject to the account of Mary. But it is curious to note that in these letters all the blame is thrown upon the harsh brother-in-law, the Dutch monster, the alien who made so many strangers into English noblemen, and who singled out Marlborough, among all the other courtiers who had been as little steadfast to him, as the object of a pertinacious persecution. The princess says nothing of her sister. It is Caliban who is capable of nothing but injustice. It is he who will laugh if he gets the better of her. Anne's style is perhaps not quite worthy of the Augustan age, but it is, at least, very intelligible, and full of little individual turns which are more characteristic than the smoother graces.

All these miserable disputes, however, were ended in a moment when brought into the cold twilight of a death-chamber, where even kings and queens are constrained to see things at their true value. Of all the royal personages in the kingdom, Mary's would have seemed to any outside spectator the soundest and safest life. William had never been healthy, and was consumed by the responsibilities and troubles into which he had plunged. Anne had these ever-succeeding maternities to keep her at a low level; but Mary was young, vigorous, and happy — happy at least in her devotion to her husband and his love for her. It was she, however, who, to the awe and consternation of the world, was cut down in her prime after a few days' illness, in the midst of her greatness. Such a catastrophe no one could behold without the profoundest impulse of pity. Whatever she had done a week before, there she lay now, helpless, all her splendors gone from her, the promise of a long career ended, and her partner left heartbroken upon the solitary throne to which she had given him the right. Anne, like the rest of the world, was shocked and startled by the sudden calamity. She sent anxious messages, asking to be admitted to her sister's bedside, and when all was over, partly, no doubt, from policy, but we may at least be permitted to believe partly from good feeling, presented herself at Kensington Palace to show, at least, that rancor was not in her heart. Unfortunately there was no reconciliation between the sisters; but when the forlorn and solitary king was roused from his misery to receive his sister-in-law's message, a sort of peace was patched up between them over that unthought-of grave. There was no longer any public quarrel or manifestation of animosity, and with this melancholy event the first half of Anne's history may be brought to an end.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

TO-MORROW.

WITH half averted face she stood
And answered to his questioning eyes,
"'T is nothing. It is but my mood;
'T is not the day for sweet replies.

"Perchance to-morrow"—Ah, who knows
What fate may with to-morrow come?
For aye some questioning eyes may close,
Some lips may be forever dumb.

Walter Learned.

MARGARET FULLER.

THE generation has not yet entirely passed away for whom Margaret Fuller was a shining light among lights. We have personal memoirs, the eloquent tributes of friends, biographies transmitting faithfully, and even tenderly, every incident and phase of her career; and yet, for the women of to-day, Margaret Fuller is little more than a name, or else a myth, vague, unsubstantial, and not quite seriously to be considered. How may we explain this discrepancy? Is it we who underrate, or did her contemporaries overrate her? Both questions might be solved, perhaps, if one could in any measure restore her personality, bring back the personal element with which all of her qualities, and all of her defects, were so highly charged; for it was to personality that she owed her power, and it is from the vanishing of personality that her power has ceased to exist.

Born in the first decade of our century,— May 23, 1810, at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts,— she belongs by all natural right and inheritance to the epoch of most marked and vital interest in the history of American culture and thought. We have grown accustomed to attach but little respect — some ridicule even — to the so-called transcendental movement in New England, mainly on account of the little knot of reformers, with their crudities and exaggerations, who made themselves its exponents — attempting to put into too literal practice, and realize in too external and material a fashion, their somewhat cloudy ideals; but we must not forget that springing from this source and around it cluster some of the names we have most cause to be proud of in our life and literature. Emerson himself was the fountainhead of this "wave of spirituality," as it has been called. His pages are steeped with it; we hear only of the soul, the soul, the over-soul! And thus with Margaret Fuller also, if we have read her story aright, the key to her character, and the secret of her strong individual influence and fiery sympathies, was this same quality of soul — the power of soul to receive, the power to evoke. "All the good I have ever done has been by calling on every nature for its highest," she tells us. This, then, is the clue, and this the claim, that bears out the testimony of her friends,— the wisest and noblest of her day,— and that sets her among the starry spirits whose light should not be permitted to die out.

She was the eldest of eight children, and her childhood does not seem to have been a happy one. Her education was superintended by her father, with unusual success so far as her mental training and development were concerned, but with a singular disregard of the ordinary rules of health and the peculiar susceptibilities of his pupil. Innumerable were the tasks imposed upon her, and far beyond her years. At six she began to read Latin, and her studies were prolonged late into the night, so that she went to bed in a fever of excitement, a prey to violent dreams and somnambulism, often walking the house in her sleep. Overstimulated in every direction, there was but little outlet in her New England home and surroundings for her prematurely aroused faculties; and she found nothing congenial around her. "I liked nothing about us," she says, "except the tall, graceful elms before the house, and the dear little garden behind, . . . full of choice flowers, and fruit-trees. . . . Here I felt at home. A gate opened thence into the fields,— a wooden gate, made of boards, in a high, unpainted board wall, and embowered in the clematis creeper. This gate I used to open to see the sunset heaven; beyond this black frame I did not step, for I liked to look at the deep gold behind it. How exquisitely happy I was in its beauty, and how I loved the silvery wreaths of my protecting vine!" In this garden were spent the best hours of her lonely childhood. She wandered among the flowers, gathered them, and pressed them to her heart, cherishing them with passionate feelings, and ardently longing "to be as beautiful and as perfect as they." Unguessed by those around her, buried deep in her heart, was this world of her own — an intense inner life, with the germs of that spiritual experience which was to give her insight into the hearts of others, and to be her best possession and best gift to the world. Indoors her companions were books. Surrounded by her silent friends, Margaret loved to sit at the window, and gaze out on the fields and slopes. A vague sadness often filled her, tears came to her eyes, and she felt herself stirred by longings and aspirations which her child-heart could not understand.

Three authors powerfully impressed her imagination at this early period — Shakspere, Cervantes, and Molière. Ever memorable, she tells us, was the day on which she first took in her hand a volume of Shakspere — "Romeo and Juliet." She was eight years old. It was Sunday,— a day on which the reading of a novel or a play was expressly forbidden,— a cold winter afternoon. Seated before the parlor fire, absorbed in her book, twice she was discovered, twice reprimanded, and finally sent off to bed in disgrace. She describes how,

alone and in the dark, she conjured up the scenes she had been witnessing — the glow, the freedom, the very life she longed to live.

Of still greater significance was an event which broke in upon the child's solitary life, and awakened, while at the same time it absorbed, all the latent energies of her being. This was her first friendship. It is not surprising, in a life like hers, where friendship was to play so commanding a part, that her first experience should have had almost the shock of passion; and it is easy to detect the note of exaggeration which colder natures can hardly comprehend. "The first sight of her was an apparition," she says. . . . "This woman came to me, a star from the east, a morning star, and I worshiped her. . . . Like a guardian spirit, she led me through the fields and groves, and every tree, every bird greeted me, and said what I felt: 'This is the first angel of your life.'" But the friend, who was a stranger, sailed for her home across the sea, and Margaret was left alone again. "Melancholy enfolded me," she says, "as joy had done." A settled dullness fell upon her. The books, the garden, lost their charm. "The fiery temper of the soul had been aroused, not to be pacified by dreams or shadows, but rather to consume what lay around it." Her health broke down, and, greatly to her chagrin, she was sent to boarding-school for change of scene and surroundings. Nothing could be more curious than the chapter of her school life, if her version of it, called "Mariana," is to be relied on as correct. She seems to have played about like a flame among her companions, at first charming them by her scintillations of passion and wit, her bursts into song and wild dances, her altogether unexpected and unique individuality. But after a while they tired of her caprices and extravagances, her absolute and domineering personality. A crisis came that opened as an abyss, she tells us, the dangers and violence of an ungoverned nature, made her aware of the higher and lower possibilities, and brought into being her better self, giving new impulse and illumination to her whole life.

At fifteen she left school, and for eight years lived with her family at Cambridge, near the college. The wayward, fanciful, ecstatic girl settled down at once to a life of constant and untiring study. Rising before five, she studied French and Italian literature, English philosophy and metaphysics, Greek and music; and before retiring at eleven, wrote characteristic essays in her journal. The love of knowledge was "prodigiously developed," and she had learned to believe that "nothing, not even perfection, is unattainable." During this period she passed from girlhood into womanhood; and in regard to her personal appearance, all accounts agree that it was not prepossessing. She is described as a "blooming girl," with a tendency to stoutness, which she anxiously tried to conceal, a florid complexion, and reddish blonde hair. She was very near-sighted, and her eyes, which were usually half shut, had a way of opening suddenly with a keen, rapid glance, and then closing again. There was also something peculiar about the movements of her neck, which is described as long and flexile, arching and undulating in swan-like fashion. In her whole person and bearing there seems to have been something inscrutable and a little disquieting — a want of measure and repose, too constant and intense a play of expression, too high a pitch of being, and an excess of temperament that startled and disconcerted many people. W. H. Channing characterized her as a bacchante, and Emerson found somewhat "foreign and exotic about her, as though one were making up a friendship with a cultivated Spaniard or a Turk." All the more wonderful was the spell she cast over those who approached her, even if they were at first repelled by her.

It was at Cambridge that she formed many of the friendships so memorable in her life. She drew around her, says Emerson, every superior man and woman within her range. At nineteen she met James Freeman Clarke, who speaks of her friendship as a "gift of the gods," "an influence like no other." With him she studied German, and was initiated into German thought and literature, which powerfully impressed itself upon her culture. It was conversation, however, which was her forte,— her "natural element," she calls it,— not alone in *tête-à-tête*, when her judgment was often biased and personal, but in a large circle, which seemed especially to inspire her. According to Emerson, it is impossible to give a true report of these conversations. A sort of electric current seemed to flash between speaker and hearer, and each was enkindled. A beautiful destiny seemed to hover near, the commonplace fell away, hope sprang anew, and life was worth living. All flocked around her — the young, the old, the brilliant, the obscure; no title was needed to her esteem except some inward and upward striving, some glimpse of the ideal. "Let me be Theodora," she says, "the bearer of heavenly gifts to my fellows"; and this she became, ever giving, as she called out, the best. Says Emerson again: "She extorted the secret of life, which cannot be told without setting heart and mind in a glow, and thus had the best of those she saw. Whatever romance, whatever virtue, whatever impressive experience — this came to her."

But through all these years of first youth, with their intellectual ferment, and ardor of friendships, was there not a deeper depth, a

higher height, where Margaret's spirit soared "alone and lonely" still? No human heart had her confidence, she says, but she took refuge in her journal, whose pages she burned when they had done their work. "For years, to write there, instead of speaking, had enabled me to soothe myself; and the Spirit was often my friend, when I sought no other. Once again, I am willing to take up the cross of loneliness. Resolves are idle, but the anguish of my soul has been deep." And suddenly this passionate cry: "Of a disposition that requires the most refined, the most exalted tenderness, without charms to inspire it—poor Mignon! fear not the transition through death; no penal fires can have in store worse torments than thou art familiar with already."

But the storm and stress passed, or at least Margaret so believed. "I have been a chosen one," she says; "the lesson of renunciation was early, fully taught. . . . The great Spirit wished to leave me no refuge but itself." Outwardly, the current of her life also changed. The home in Cambridge was broken up, and Mr. Fuller took his family to Groton, a village about forty miles from Boston. The trial was a hard one for Margaret, who was torn from the literary and intellectual center where she had herself become a center, and from all the activities and interests that made her life at its moment of fullest expansion and unfolding. She plunged into study and work. She was planning a trip abroad, and in order to make good to the family any expense, she now undertook the education of the four younger children. Five hours a day, often eight, were given up to teaching; then sewing and housework. In the intervals of relaxation she found solace with Goethe, whose guidance she followed into realms of the "Wahren, Guten, und Schönen." She also tried her hand at original composition, not, however, to her own satisfaction; and in the midst of these numberless duties there was constant illness in the family,—her brother, her mother, her grandmother,—and finally she herself succumbed to the strain, and fell desperately ill, to recover only in time for a sudden and unexpected blow—the death of her father.

In the face of this trial, her courage and moral force were a support to all those around her. While her father's form still lay among them, she called the younger children together, and, kneeling, dedicated herself to love and service for them, with the solemn prayer that she might be equal to the duties and responsibilities that awaited her. Sorrow to her meant only the stepping-stone to the larger and deeper life. The family found themselves in more straitened circumstances than ever, and it was Margaret who took charge of everything. The trip to Europe was definitely given up—a most tempting one with cherished friends, Miss Martineau among them, to whom she had become warmly attached in Cambridge.

From this time forward Margaret's life was one of constant trial and sacrifice. Leaving Groton, she taught Latin and French in Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, also forming classes of her own in French, German, and Italian; and at the end of some months accepted the position of principal of a large school in Providence, where she had charge of about sixty girls and boys. Her intercourse with her pupils was touched by that human and personal quality which characterized all her relations; and in regard to her aims she says, "General activity of mind, accuracy in processes, constant looking for principles, and search after the good and beautiful, are the habits I strive to develop."

Her friendship with Emerson dates from this period. During her summer vacation, she made her first visit to Concord. Repelled at first, Mr. Emerson said, "We shall never get far"; but he did not long hold out against her persistent efforts to please him, and her real claim to his favor. All prejudice disappeared before her generous and vitalizing personality. "When she came to Concord," he says, "she was already rich in friends, rich in experience, rich in culture. . . . She had outward calmness and dignity, and had come to the ambition to be filled with all nobleness." She spent a fortnight in his household, and thenceforth became an established friend and frequent inmate, for she suited each and all.

But constant and genuine as the affection was, there were radical differences of organization between the well-balanced sage of Concord and the high-strung, over-strung woman, whose measure of expectancy was in proportion to her bounty. "I remember," says Emerson, "at the very time when I, slow and cold, had come fully to admire her genius, and was congratulating myself on the solid good understanding that subsisted between us, I was surprised with hearing it taxed by her with superficiality and halfness. She stigmatized our friendship as commercial. It seemed her magnanimity was not met, but I prized her only for the thoughts and pictures she brought me—so many thoughts, so many facts yesterday, so many to-day. When there was an end of things to tell, the game was up." Such susceptibilities were outside of Emerson's apprehension. "When I found she lived at a rate so much faster than mine," he says, "and which was violent compared with mine, I foreboded rash and painful crises, and a feeling as if a voice cried, 'Stand from under!' and as if, a little further on, this destiny was threatened with jars and reverses which no friendship could avert or console. This feeling partly wore off on better acquaintance, but remained

latent; and I had always an impression that her energy was too much a force of blood, and, therefore, never felt the security for her peace which belongs to more purely intellectual natures." Margaret's own words bear out this criticism: "Oh, that my friends would teach me that simple art of not too much! . . . I am too fiery. . . . The intensity of passion which so often unfits me for life, or rather for *life here*, is to be moderated, not into dullness or languor, but a gentler, steadier energy. . . . With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome; but that is not the half of the work. The life, the life! O my God, shall the life never be sweet? . . . I am deeply homesick, yet where is that home? . . . I would be gone, but whither?" Thus the inward strife, the restless questioning, goes on, and she finds that the work of renunciation must be done again and again. Nowhere do we come upon any fixed and central fact, any decisive thought or emotion that could control the life and give it lasting satisfaction and repose. The religion of the day did not appeal to her: "the churches seemed empty and dead, the preachers no longer fired by the Word made God." Nor was her own faith the "consuming fire" that can make of sacrifice a radiant thing, and shed over earth "the light that never was on sea or land." True to her own ideal of Good and Duty, she followed wherever it led, filled the place and did the work assigned her; but there was always an impulse unfulfilled, and a reaching out to realms yet undiscovered.

After two years of school life Margaret found more congenial employment in a class for conversation, organized among the most cultivated and distinguished women of Boston. Margaret's aim was not to teach, but to stimulate and suggest thought, to open out higher and wider possibilities, and to raise the standard and value of living. The subjects were broad in their scope: Greek mythology, Beauty, Poetry, Genius, the Fine Arts, What is Life? Woman, Faith, Education, etc. We do not glean much from any account that comes down to us. It all sounds rather cloudy and attenuated, and of the nature of rhapsody and improvisation, whose success depended upon the *rapport* between the speaker and her audience. But certain it is that the success was decisive, and the conversations were kept up for six consecutive winters. Among the ladies present were many dear friends of Margaret. The following unpublished letter to one of them will show the influence she exerted in her circle.

SUNDAY, Sept. 1, 1844.

Sunday is to me, in my way, a very holy day. If there are words that require to be spoken with the assurance of pure love and calmness, I wait to see if I can speak them on that day. Therefore I have deferred answering your note. If you can feel towards me as a mother, after knowing me so long, I should not be afraid to accept the sacred trust, only I should say, "My child, my dear daughter, we are all children together." We are all incompetent to perform any duty well, except by keeping the heart bowed to receive instruction *every moment* from the only wisdom. I may have seen more, thought more, may be advanced in mental age beyond you, as you beyond your A ——, and she, in turn, knows more than the flowers, so that she can water them when they cannot get water for themselves. But though we are not useless to one another, we cannot be very useful to one another, either, other than by clearing petty obstructions from the path which leads to our common home, and cheering one another with assurances of mutual hope. The Virgin was made worthy to be the mother of Jesus by her purity. We do not suppose she foresaw intellectually all that was needed for his career. But she commended him to the Spirit that had given him to her. With like desire, if not from the same consecrated life, I could wish good to thee, who, I believe, in thy own wishes, and a heart uncorrupted though perhaps frail, worthy of great good. I advise you not to deal too severely with yourself. There is probably a morbid tinge in you. . . . Treat it as I do my headache demons,— evade rather than fight with it. Do not spend time in self-blame so much as solicit the communion of noble and beautiful presences. No doubt you were married too young, and have got to bear a great deal in growing to earthly womanhood with your children. But that is nothing, either to you or to them, compared with the evils of fancying one's self really grown up because a certain number of years are passed. The children may have fair play, if not the highest advantages. You do really need some employment that will balance your life, and be your serene oratory when you need one.

During these full years, Margaret also accomplished much literary work. She published her translation of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," the "Letters of Caroline von Günderode to Bettina," and a descriptive tour of Lakes Superior and Michigan, called "Summer on the Lakes." But her most important work was in connection with "The Dial," a little quarterly journal of local renown, the organ of the transcendentalists and of the community at Brook Farm. For four years Margaret gave this her earnest and disinterested efforts, and in its pages first appeared "The Great Lawsuit," which she afterward enlarged into her volume of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," a noble and spirited plea, far in advance of the ideas of the times. She now began to feel the need, however, of a larger field of thought and action. Her home was breaking up; her brothers had left college, and entered upon their separate careers; her sister was married; and her mother visited in turn the scattered

children. Margaret's fidelity and devotion had been fully recognized. We cannot refrain from quoting her brother's tribute.

> When, now, with the experience of a man, I look back upon her wise guardianship over our childhood, her indefatigable labors for our education, her constant supervision in our family affairs, her minute instruction as to the management of multifarious details, her painful conscientiousness in every duty, and then reflect on her native inaptitude and even disgust for practical affairs, on her sacrifice — in the very flower of her genius — of her favorite pursuits, on her incessant drudgery and waste of health, on her patient bearing of burdens and courageous conflict with difficult circumstances, her character stands before me as heroic.

Feeling herself free, she accepted a position on the staff of the "New York Tribune," and went to live in New York, in the family of the editor, Horace Greeley. In entering upon a literary career, however, there is a note of depression and disappointment. "Let me use the slow pen," she says, while in former years she would have "wielded the sceptre or the lyre." Least of all did journalism appeal to her; but she valued it for the larger hearing it gave her, the opportunity to arouse and educate public opinion, and to take part in the life and movement of the times. She warmly espoused the cause of reform in every direction, and made herself the champion of truth and human rights at any cost. For the first time, a woman's voice was raised in defense of the outcast and degraded of her own sex — "women like myself," says Margaret, "save that they are the victims of wrong and misfortune." Not content with merely passive service, she engaged in active benevolent work, visited the prisons and charitable institutions, and talked freely with the inmates. It was on the common ground of womanhood that she approached these unfortunate creatures, true to her unalterable faith in awakening whatever divine spark might be there. She was surprised herself at the results — the touching traits and the possibilities that still survived in beings so forlorn and degraded. Many of them expressed a wish to see her alone, in order to confide to her the secret of their ruined lives; nor can we doubt that Margaret, on her side, gained new spiritual insight from these tragic revelations. Her sympathies expanded. No longer absorbed by individualities, she felt the large, the universal needs of humanity. She, the friend of persons, became the friend of the impersonal and of the spirit, wherever and however housed.

Her connection with the "Tribune" lasted over a year and a half, and at the end of that time she was able to put into execution her long-cherished dream, and sailed for Europe with friends in the month of August, 1846. She visited England, Scotland, and France, meeting many people of note — among them Martineau, Wordsworth, who received her most hospitably, and Carlyle, who, alas! thus records the fact in his journal: "Yesternight there came a bevy of Americans from Emerson, one Margaret Fuller, the chief figure of them, a strange, lilting, lean old maid, not nearly such a bore as I expected." This was his fling; but later on he learned to do her full justice and honor, and his letters to Emerson have many tributes to her rare and high worth. We quote his elegiac words in memory of her tragic death:

> Poor Margaret, that is a strange tragedy, that history of hers; and has many traits of the Heroic in it, though it is as wild as the prophecy of a Sibyl. Such a predetermination to *eat* this big Universe as her oyster or her egg, and to be absolute empress of all height and glory in it that her heart could conceive, I have not before seen in any human soul. Her "mountain-me"[1] indeed; but her courage, too, is high and clear, her chivalrous nobleness indeed is great, her veracity, in its deepest sense, *à toute épreuve*.

But it was in Italy that Margaret Fuller found her heart, her home, as she expressed it. "Italy receives me as a long-lost child," she says.

She visited all the important cities, but it was Rome, "The City of the Soul," which claimed her soul, and which yielded its soul in return. From her window on the Corso she watched the varied and picturesque life flit by — a procession of monks chanting a requiem, followed by a gay troop of the *Trasteverini* in their peasant costume, with colors flying and drums beating. Each day she could make some delightful excursion, always to a new point of interest.

And in addition to all the external movement and stimulus, there had occurred an event of private and personal importance, and of lasting influence upon her destiny. Shortly after her arrival in Rome, she met Ossoli, — "a strange, almost fateful, meeting," she calls it, — after vespers at St. Peter's, where she was wandering in search of her companions, from whom she found herself separated. A young man came forward and offered to assist her. This was the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. Two months afterward he asked her to marry him. She refused, — although she loved him, she says, — for the connection seemed in every way unfit. He was seven years her junior, and intellectually as wide apart from her, without talent or culture of any sort. She did what she could to discourage him, but he persisted, and, finally convinced that he loved her, and would be miserable without her, she consented, and was secretly married to him in December, 1847.

[1] An expression which Emerson had used in his biography of her.

Not even to her mother, nor her most intimate friends, did Margaret confide the marriage. Owing to complicated family affairs, Ossoli's prospects would have been ruined had the connection been made known at that time; and shortly afterward Margaret writes: "I enter upon a sphere of my destiny so difficult that I, at present, see no way out, except through the gate of death. I have no reason to hope I shall not reap what I have sown, and do not. Yet how I shall undertake it, I cannot guess; it is all a dark and sad enigma. The beautiful forms of art charm no more, and a love in which there is all fondness but no help flatters in vain." Unhappy and enigmatic words into which it is difficult to read the whole and true meaning.

The new year dawned,—the year 1848,—which rang like a tocsin-call throughout Europe. Italy was the battle-field. Margaret was swept out of herself by the storm of public events. It was a time she had always dreamed of, and she rejoiced to be in the midst of it. Margaret threw herself into the struggle, and took active part, encouraging and stimulating the leaders. Kindled herself, she knew how to kindle others. Casting aside all family allegiance and tradition, Ossoli took up the liberal cause, and joined the Civic Guard in the service of the Republic. Spring burst with unwonted splendor over Italy, and Margaret writes with enthusiasm: "Nature seems in sympathy with the great events that are transpiring. . . . The Italian heavens wear again their deep blue, the sun is glorious, the melancholy lustres are stealing again over the Campagna, and hundreds of larks sing unwearied above its ruins." But her own fortunes were still dark and tangled; some heavy cloud of depression and disappointment seemed to hang over her,—disappointment with herself,—for she wrote to Emerson: "I do not prize myself, or expect others to prize me. Some years ago, I thought you very unjust, because you did not lend faith to my spiritual experiences; but I see you were quite right. . . . Those were glorious hours, and angels certainly visited me; but there must have been too much earth, too much taint of weakness and folly, so that baptism did not suffice."

On account of her health, she was obliged to leave Rome very early, and she passed the summer at Rieti, a remote and secluded spot high up among the snow-covered peaks of the Abruzzi, where Ossoli could come to her occasionally for a Sunday. Except for these flying visits, she was absolutely alone —or, indeed, worse than alone, for the natives of the place were little better than robbers and brigands. Her apartment was separated from the rest of the house, the loggia overhanging the mountain stream, which, swollen by fierce storms, became a rushing torrent, over which the lightning flashed. Unable to sleep, Margaret paced up and down the narrow space night after night. Ossoli's guard was ordered to Bologna. He hesitated, for this would have cut him off entirely from Margaret; but she wrote to him with Spartan firmness: "Do what is for your honor. If honor requires it, go. I will try to sustain myself. . . . At least we have had some hours of peace together, if now it is all over. . . . Not often does destiny demand a greater price for some happy hours." But the trial was averted. The guard remained in Rome, and Ossoli could come to her. He arrived on Sunday, and on Thursday following, September 5, 1848, her child was born. The very next day Ossoli was obliged to leave her again at the mercy of cruel and grasping people. Desperate and forlorn indeed was Margaret's condition; but her baby was her treasure and her consolation. "If he lives and is well," she writes, "it will compensate for everything. He grows more beautiful each hour. . . . When he smiles in his sleep, how it makes my heart beat!" But even this happiness was soon to be denied her. The future loomed up dark with care and anxiety. Their only means of support depended upon what she could gain from her writings. For this she must be in Rome; and, in order to preserve secrecy, the baby must be left behind in charge of such a nurse as could be found. Ossoli arrived, and in November she started with him for Rome. Twice she was able to return and visit the child: once in December, when she found him well and hearty, but having had a severe attack of smallpox, which happily had not disfigured him. The house was dreadfully cold, the wind coming in in all directions, but the poor mother fondly hoped he would be all the stronger for being exposed so much in these early days. And again in March, after three long, anxious months, she saw him. "What cruel sacrifices have I made," she says, "to guard my secret for the present, and to have the mode of disclosure at my own option. It will indeed be just like all the rest, if these sacrifices are made in vain."

In the mean while all Italy was in a ferment, and Rome the scene of the most exciting events. The minister Rossi was stabbed in the back as he descended from his carriage to enter the Chamber of Deputies. The troops and the people walked the streets singing, "Happy the hand which rids the world of a tyrant." From her window Margaret saw the storming of the Quirinal. "Who would have believed," she says, "that the people would assail the palace of the good-natured Pio Nono? I was on Monte Cavallo yesterday, and saw the broken windows, the burnt doors, the walls marked by shot, just beneath the loggia on which we have

seen him giving the benediction." Mazzini arrived, summoned back with enthusiasm after seventeen years of exile. He went at once to see Margaret, and talked over everything. Heart and soul she had given herself to the cause. "Freely would I give my life to aid him!" she exclaims. The Republic was proclaimed, but how brief the dream! The tide of war turned; the Austrian arms were everywhere successful; and from all the Italian cities, from north to south, fugitives and refugees came pouring in upon Rome, which was their last rallying-place. In April, 1849, the French army appeared before the gates, and laid siege to the city.

And now it was that Margaret's fate became inextricably interwoven with the destinies of a nation. Bound by public as well as private ties to the cause of her adoption, her own personal drama made part of the world-drama which was being enacted around her. She immediately offered her services as nurse, and was given charge of a hospital, which she organized rapidly and with great skill. Her husband was stationed with his men on the walls of the Vatican Gardens. The attack opened, and from her loggia Margaret witnessed "a terrible, a real battle," lasting from four in the morning until nightfall. The loss on the Italian side was about three hundred killed and wounded; on the French, much greater. Margaret now spent all her time at the hospital — seven and eight hours a day, and often the entire night, in the midst of frightful scenes of death and suffering. Here she was at her best: her heroic soul, her tender woman's heart, shone out, lighting the dark valley of the shadow for some, bringing life-giving comfort and help to others. How touching are the incidents she records! "One fair young man, who is made a cripple for life, clasped my hand as he saw me crying over the spasms I could not relieve, and faintly cried: '*Viva l'Italia!*' . . . 'God is good,' 'God knows,' they often said to me when I had not a word to cheer them." "How long will the Signora stay?" "When will the Signora come again?" they eagerly asked, raising themselves on their elbows for a last glimpse of her as she passed along. In addition to all this fatigue and excitement, she had the still greater strain of personal anxiety and apprehension. Ossoli's post was one of great danger, which he could not be persuaded to leave either for food or rest. For days she was without news of him. Then, in the burning sun, carrying provisions with her, she walked across the Vatican grounds to the blood-stained wall, where she exchanged a few hurried words with him. From their child they could hear nothing, until finally, after days of agonizing suspense, a letter arrived from the nurse, saying that unless they should immediately send her in advance a certain sum of money, she would altogether abandon Angelo. They succeeded in forwarding the money, with the gravest doubt, however, as to its ever reaching her, on account of the distracted state of the country.

In the midst of her private woes, Margaret has a lament for Rome, which was being destroyed: "her glorious oaks; her villas, haunts of sacred beauty that seemed the possession of the world forever. . . . O Rome, *my* country! Could I imagine that the triumph of what I held dear was to heap such desolation on thy head!" And, again, this one quiet picture:

> The Palace of the Pope on the Quirinal is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens I walk with them — one with his sling, another with his crutch. . . . A day or two since we sat in the Pope's little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going gloriously down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow; and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit, — with noble hope for man, with reverence for woman.

They were in the last days of June; the bombardment was very heavy, shot and shell falling in every part of the city. Ossoli had command of a battery on the Pincian Hill, "the highest and most exposed position in Rome, and directly in the line of the bombs from the French camp." Margaret felt that the moment had come when she must take her place by her husband's side, and share the dangers of the coming night with him. Before doing this, she sent for Mr. Cass, the American *chargé d'affaires*, informed him of her marriage, and placed in his hands a packet of important papers which, in the event of her death, he was to transmit to friends in America — the certificate of her marriage, and of the birth and baptism of her child. After this, Ossoli came for her, and at the "Ave Maria" they walked up the Pincian Hill to meet their fate together. The cannonading, however, was not renewed that night, and at break of day she returned to her apartment with her husband. On the same day — July 1, 1849 — the French troops entered Rome. The gates were opened, and Margaret and Ossoli flew to their child! Amid the roar of the cannon she had seemed to hear him calling to her, and always crying. She arrived barely in time to save him. "He was worn to a skeleton; his sweet, childish grace all gone! Everything I had endured seemed light to what I felt when I saw him, too weak to smile or lift

his wasted little hands." But by incessant care they brought him back to life. "Who knows if that be a deed of love," says Margaret, "in this hard world of ours!" Four weeks she watched him, day and night, before she saw him smile again "that poor, wan, feeble smile." Then new courage dawned in her heart again, and she resolved "to live day by day, hour by hour, for his dear sake." With the child completely restored, they journeyed by way of Perugia to Florence. Like a clear space among driven clouds is this brief chapter of Margaret's stormy life. How keen her delight again! "The pure mountain air is such perfect elixir, the walks are so beautiful." They travel through Tuscany, where "the purple grape hangs garlanded from tree to tree," and the fields are bright with men and women harvesting.

In October they were settled in Florence, and the marriage was made public. Very difficult was the announcement. "It half killed me to make it," says Margaret; in all her letters we feel how conscious she is of an awkward situation, and of possible disapproval. To some of her friends she writes even brusquely, and almost as if challenging resentment. But, with scarcely an exception, all responded generously with sympathy and confidence in regard to her motives and reserve. To her mother Margaret was especially grateful for the loving spirit in which she received the news, rejoicing that she should not die feeling that her daughter would be left with no one to love her with the devotion she needed, expressing no regret as to their poverty, but offering to share with them her humble means. About Ossoli Margaret writes frankly enough that he was not in any respect such a man as her friends would expect her to choose — without fortune or education, and "of all that is contained in books absolutely ignorant." Whatever the seeming incongruities, however, the union between Margaret and her husband was a deep and true one. "My love for Ossoli," she says, "is most pure and tender; nor has any one, except my mother and little children, loved me so genuinely as he does. To some I have been obliged to make myself known; others have loved me with a mixture of fancy and enthusiasm excited by my talent at embellishing life. But Ossoli loves me from simple affinity; he loves to be with me, and to serve and soothe me. . . . In him I have found a home."

But even more than the wife, Margaret was the mother, and she threw herself into this new relation with naïve, almost childlike fervor. "What shall I say of him? All might seem hyperbole," she says. "In him I find satisfaction for the first time to the deep wants of my heart." And again: "So sweet is this unimpassioned love; it knows no dark reactions, it does not idealize, and cannot be daunted by the faults of its object. Nothing but a child can take the worst bitterness out of life, and break the spell of loneliness." Thus, motherhood was the goal for her, the clue to all life's mazes. Her whole being was refreshed and born anew with the life of her child. Her letters take on a clear, fresh ring, different from anything we have heard before, as she prattles of his baby ways and doings; and we hardly recognize the tragic, sibylline Margaret, whose freed, joyous spirit soars and sings like a bird.

We should love to linger over those halcyon days, with the happy group basking amid the sunshine and flowers and splendor of Italy. But there were grave cares and preoccupations, of course; and Margaret had the prescience of the unfortunate — of those to whom gifts have been shown and then denied. "Who knows how long this brief interval will last?" she asks; "perhaps all we shall ever know of peace." They could not remain in Italy. Ossoli was entirely without prospects or career, and upon Margaret all their future depended. She had written with great care, and in touch with the very life, the "History of Italy," which was now almost ready for publication.

America offered the best field, and many reasons now conspired to draw her toward her home. The following letter (also unpublished) to the friend of her early days sums up so well the difficulties and uncertainties of the situation that we transcribe it almost in full.

FLORENCE, CASA LIBRI, PIAZZA MARIA NOVELLA, evening of 29th Nov., 1849.

It is an evening of cold, statue-like moonlight, such as we have in New England, such as I do not remember in all my life of Italy. That light falls most holy on the Bride of Michael Angelo,— the church to be near which I live in this piazza,— and great has been the delight of looking at it, and its background of mountains, every morning and evening. . . . I crossed the river for my afternoon walk, to see Mr. and Mrs. Browning. They have a beautiful little baby, two or three months younger than mine, so we have this in common with so many other sympathies. . . .

Now Ossoli is gone out, and I am alone in my little room, beside a bright fire. I have your letter before me, and I am thinking how much I wish for you instead. Though your letter is very dear, and does me good, you are one of the persons I have wished so much might know about me without being told. I have thought a great deal about you, and things you used to tell me, and remembered little traits and pictures of your children that would surprise you. How pleasant it would be to talk over all these now and here; for you are quite right, it is in Italy we should have met. . . . I wish I did know how to write to you about myself, but it is exceedingly diffi-

cult. I have lived in a much more full and true way than was possible in our country, and each day has been so rich in joys and pains, actions and sufferings, to say nothing of themes of observation, I have never yet had time to know the sum total—to reflect. My strength has been taxed to the uttermost to live. I have been deeply humiliated finding myself inferior to many noble occasions, but precious lessons have been given, and made me somewhat better, I think, than when you knew me. My relation to Ossoli has been like retiring to one of those gentle, lovely places in the woods—something of the violet has been breathed into my life, and will never pass away. It troubles me to think of going to America. I fear he will grow melancholy-eyed and pale there, and indeed nothing can be more unfit and ill-fated outwardly than all the externals of our relation. I can only hope that true tenderness will soothe some of them away. I have, however, no regrets; we acted as seemed best at the time. If we can find a shelter for our little one, and tend him together, life will be very precious amid very uncongenial circumstances. I thought I knew before what is the mother's heart, I had felt so much love that seemed so holy and soft, that longed to purify, to protect, to solace *infinitely*; but it was nothing to what I feel now, and that sense for pure nature, for the eager, spontaneous life of childhood, was very partial in me before. My little one seems nothing remarkable. I have no special visions about him; but to be with him, to take care of and play with him, gives me such delight, and does me so much good, that it is only now I feel poverty a great evil, that it is to disturb me in these days, fetter me with toils for which I do not feel inclined, and harass with care the purest feelings of my life. Should I succeed in cutting my way through the thorns, and stand in a clear place at last, I shall be tired out and aged perhaps, or my little one will be dead. This last seems to me very probable, for Heaven has thus far always reclaimed the children I most loved. You ask my plans: they are very unsettled; there is no chance that we can return to Rome, or Ossoli get anything from a little property he has there, at present. I had a promise of employment here, but the promiser seems to have forgotten it. I suppose I will have to return to the U. S. I want to see my mother, and some of you, my dear ones; and if we had a little money and could live in obscure quiet, I should not be sorry to leave Italy till she has strength to rise again, and stay several years in America. I should like to refresh my sympathy with her great interests and great hopes. I should like to do anything I could for people there; but to go into the market, and hire myself out, will be hard as it never was before: my mind has been very high-wrought, and requires just the peace and gradual renovation it would find in still, domestic life. I hardly know how I am to get there, either; even in the most economical way, direct from Leghorn or Genoa, is two hundred dollars for us both. I am very sick, and suffer extremely in the head at sea. I suppose it would be worse with these poor accommodations than it was in the steamer, and Ossoli is untried. We cannot afford to take a servant, and what would become of the baby if we were both sick? . . . I never think of the voyage without fearing the baby will die in it. . . . These things look formidable in the distance, however they may diminish nearer.

Such were the hard facts and the misgivings when it was finally decided that they should take passage in a merchant ship, the *Elizabeth*, sailing from Leghorn, May 17, 1850. From the very first Margaret was beset by gloomy fears and forebodings. She had long had a presentiment that the year 1850 would bring some crisis in her destiny; and Ossoli, in his youth, had been warned by a fortune-teller to beware of the sea. Very strange and pathetic are her last words to her friends:

It seems to me that my future upon earth will soon close. . . . Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn. . . . I shall embark more composedly in our merchant ship, praying fervently indeed that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness or amid the howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.

Her parting words to her mother were: "Should anything hinder our meeting upon earth, think of your daughter as one who always wished at least to do her duty, and who always cherished you, according as her mind opened to discover excellence."

The day arrived, and the *Elizabeth* stood ready, stanch and trim, quite a new vessel; and yet, at the last moment, Margaret faltered, again overcome by nervous fears, and unable to make up her mind to go on board.

We, too, at this distance, shrink at setting out with her on that fatal voyage, with its record of doom. First, the captain stricken with malignant smallpox; his death and burial at sea, off Gibraltar; the body wrapped in a flag and lowered deep into the deep. Margaret consoles and cares for the widow. Then little Angelino seized with the dread disease, lying at the point of death for days, and rescued again only by tireless watching and care. Contrary winds detain them, so that two long summer months wear away before they near their journey's end. On Thursday, July 18, the *Elizabeth* was off the Jersey coast. The passengers were told to pack their trunks, and prepare to land the next morning. At nine in the evening the wind arose, and at midnight it was a hurricane. The ship tossed and pitched all night, flying—no one knew where or how swiftly—with the wind and tide, headlong to destruction. At four o'clock on Friday morning, July 19, she struck off Fire Island beach. First a

jar, then a crash, and the thunder of the seas breaking over them. One hates to rehearse the horrors of that awful dawn and awakening, yet how else may we realize the test of the souls which confronted them? The passengers meet in the gray twilight, exchanging hurried words, calm but desperate. And now, for twelve mortal hours, amid the wrack of tempest and fury of unchained elements, that doomed band of human beings awaited death — a hundred deaths. We have a glimpse of Margaret singing her terrified child to sleep through the howling storm. Land was in sight, actually within a hundred yards, only the raging breakers between. Through the gray cloud of rain and spray they could see the gray sand-hills, with people moving on the beach, and a wagon drawn up, but not a hand lifted to save them, not a life-boat sent to the rescue. Morning — noon — afternoon — how endless, and yet how swiftly passing! The wreck was going to pieces, plank by plank. A single mast remained, with a fragment of the deck that rose and fell with every wave. Here the desperate group were clinging. The last moment came. Some plunged into the sea, and succeeded in swimming to the shore; others trusted to a frail plank and rope. The last vision of Margaret was at the foot of the mast, in her white night-dress, with her bright hair streaming over her shoulders. Ossoli hung for an instant to the rigging, but the next wave caught him, and he sank, never to reappear. Neither his body nor Margaret's was ever recovered. Only the little body of Angelino was washed ashore some minutes later, still warm, but stripped of every shred of clothing. One has almost a regret that the sea gave him up, and that he should not sleep with his parents beneath the waves, in whose still depths, no less than in the fixed and stable earth, there is peace.

In the face of such a tragedy it is difficult to to sum up coldly, and it seems almost a cruelty to call up the living figure of Margaret again from her hard-won rest. So vast a pity fills the heart, that silence seems most fitting in the presence of calamity that human knowledge cannot reconcile or explain. But it is just here that mortal puts on immortality, and the deathless spirit shines out victorious and disenthralled. Thus Margaret Fuller lives for us again, and for all time. As far as possible, in these pages she has been made to speak for herself, and tell her own story; and in doing so she has revealed her real self: wherein she conquered, and wherein she falls short. We have seen her in every relation — as daughter, sister, and friend, wife, and mother, faithful in each, and true to the high ideals. To say this, is it not to say that life was rich, rounded, and fully expressed? Not quite so, in Margaret's case; for we cannot help feeling a lack somewhere — something inadequate, unlived, and unfulfilled. Again and again in her journals we come upon her longings for a "home," as she puts it. "A wandering Intelligence," she styles herself, driven from spot to spot, from person to person, resting nowhere; for truly she had found no inward abiding-place safe from the jars and shiftings of destiny. Had she been born a man, she might have been satisfied to command through the intellect, and to concentrate her energies in that direction. As a woman she needed what nature had denied her — the external symmetry and charm that would seem the necessary and appropriate vesture of so beautiful and aspiring a soul. Or, rather, if we would go deeper, we will find that the lack of symmetry and poise was within as well as without, and indeed pervaded her whole being. Opposing forces were constantly at war within her — the intellect and the emotions, the large, unasking sympathies, and the close, hungry, human affections. "Her brain was all heart," as Frederick Robertson said about her; and so her point of view was always confused and colored with personality. Despite her Puritan conscience and discipline, she was, perhaps, a bacchante, with something lawless, chaotic, and unregulated, over which she herself never had perfect control. For so complex a nature as hers, what was needed was some large, unifying principle that could coördinate all the facts of life, and bring them into harmony and accord; in other words, some deep spiritual conviction, that inner vision and touch of the divine which opens out horizons always luminous, and deeps where there is forever peace. Lacking this, her ideals were always human, her kingdom was of the earth, and she never gained that full mastery and knowledge of the truth which alone can make us free — free of self and the limitations of sense. Nevertheless, her destiny, though incomplete, was a high one, and worthy to be crowned with martyrdom.

Once again we see her against a background of storm-cloud, with bright robe and gleaming tresses, like the warrior-maidens of the sky, fighting the good fight, and privileged to take part in the great struggle where great ideas are liberated to bear fruit for mankind. And still once more she glides before our vision, an angel of mercy and compassion, bringing gifts of tender sympathy and healing, and leaving with the world a sense of ministry and consecration.

Josephine Lazarus.

PAINTED BY THOMAS HICKS. OWNED BY THE ESTATE OF GEORGE CABOT WARD. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, MARCHIONESS OSSOLI.

"I 'S NIVER 'FEARED FOR MY OULD MAN."

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

AN' so yez afther marryin';
Your dancin' days 'll be over,
Wid hard work ever crowdin',
An' Paddy a rantin' rover!"

"I 's niver 'feared for my ould man:
Th' way t' his heart I 'll pave
Wid shmiles an' praties plenty,
An' a kiss or so, by your l'ave."

"Yez beauty will be fadin',
An' Paddy won't mind at all;
Oh, he 'll be gallivantin',
However your heart may call!"

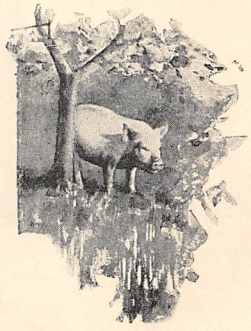
"I 's niver 'feared for my ould man:
Th' way t' his heart I 'll pave
Wid a cl'anly boord an' hearthstone,
An' a kiss or so, by your l'ave."

DAY

" Perhaps ye 'll be afther keepin'
Paddy whin first ye 're wed,
But think o' th' days a-comin',
Whin gray hairs crown your head ! "

" I 's niver 'feared for my ould man :
Th' way t' his heart I 'll pave
Wid a crowd o' merry children,
An' a kiss or so, by your l'ave."

" Yez a poor deludhed creethure,
Yez jist ez blind ez th' pig ;
Go 'long an' marry poor Paddy,
An' run yez sorrowful rig ! "



" I 's niver 'feared for my ould man :
Th' way t' his heart I 'll pave
Wid th' blissid love I have for him,
An' a kiss or so, by your l'ave."

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

IX.

DEED was pitching his effects into his trunk with nervous haste. If he paused for a moment to gaze at the confused heap, the ache at his heart reasserted itself, and he turned from his work, and went to stare miserably out of the hotel window. In these moments he tasted despair.

He had paid Philip. That was done with. He had made short work of his protestations; he knew on which side to place him now. He had gone Jasper's way. Deed told himself that he ought to be glad. He might have gone on trusting him as he had trusted Jasper, until he had confided enough to his honor to make the trust worth abusing; and a sickening breach of faith, like Jasper's, must have followed in due course. It was better to know the worst now. As he remembered what the worst was, he turned from the window dizzily, and sank into a chair, groaning aloud.

He no longer had a son. The misery of the words filled up the world's space. But a more hateful pain lay within the loss — that they had lost themselves to him. He could have borne that they should die — even if their deaths had trodden on each other's heels as their falsities had done. But that they should live as ingrates and traitors to his love was a pain beyond the worst that death can bring.

What was it, he asked himself, as he sat crouched miserably in his chair, with his head in his hands, that made ingratitude so intolerable, so damnable, so unforgivable a thing? Was it that it cut into the best of a man? Was it because the loving acts on which gratitude follows proceed from the richest, the tenderest, the secretest corners of a man's nature that the agony of an answering baseness, where one has a right to look for an answering love, is so unendurable? Of course it was a pain to receive a blow in the face, and doubly a pain where one must rather expect a kiss; but did that explain all the degrading, the soul-nauseating, horror of ingratitude? The pang of it was part of the stock of familiar allusion; it must have been felt since men first loved and served one another; shredded echoes of quotation floated into his head and out again, as he sat writhing under the torture of it.

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart; . . .

And Lear's cry — he had never felt its awful force before —

. . . that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Common! Why it was in the school speakers! Every one had felt the wound! And yet none of all the millions who had suffered from it could say what it was — what peculiar, stinging, maddening touch lay in it to make the hurt of it beyond all other hurts. Ah, well, what difference could it make to them or him! They knew the pain, and he knew it. The pain was enough.

He got up, and went restlessly about his packing again. Where were the good hours of seven days ago? he asked himself, as he folded his dress-coat. He smiled sadly for the thought, and for the idea of taking a dress-coat on such a journey. It was useless to take it, but it was equally foolish to leave it; he did not expect to return immediately, and he did not wish to give it to the hotel people. He thought he should go on a long journey, to Florida, to Cannes, to Egypt,—anywhere away from memory,—when he had found the men at Burro Peak City who had once wanted to buy the "Lady Bountiful," and had made his sale. The hotel people might prove ungrateful, he said to himself with a sorry laugh. "Ungrateful!" he repeated, in the aimless need we feel to keep up a conversation with ourselves when we are miserable. The word flooded his heart with the recurrent ache; he dropped the coat listlessly into the tray, and returned to the window. Ah, where was the man of those good hours of a week ago? He remembered vaguely that he had once been happy, as souls in hell may recall their days of earth: it was an unreal memory, as if it had been another's happiness. Who was the man who had ridden up to a certain door in Maverick a week before, with life at his feet, and all the sweet airs of earth blowing for him? Not he. That man had two sons who loved him, and whom he loved.

Deed looked sadly on the spectacle of the

street, crowded with men to whom life still meant something — men who had not lost their sons, perhaps, or had never known what it was to have sons, and to love them as one's soul. Why did they go up and down? It fatigued his sight, this restless motion of which he had once been part — before his quarrel with Margaret, before Jasper had turned traitor, before Philip had cut the last tie that bound him to life, and set him adrift among the unfriended men to whom nothing matters. What was it all about? What was it for?

He remembered that they lived in a different world,—his world of a week ago,—and that they understood what it was all for, no doubt, as he would have understood then. They understood; but his present feeling would be as incomprehensible to them as theirs was to him. Would he have understood it himself a week ago? All happiness and unhappiness suddenly seemed to him to be shut up to themselves in chambers desolately aloof from each other, and from every other state of feeling. One sensation must forever be as solitary, as incommunicable, as the other. The unbearable sense of loneliness which the thought gave him made him shut his eyes against the sight of the going and coming in the street. The best sympathy, he knew, would be powerless to guess deeper than the outer envelop of his feeling; and these men, if they would imagine his misery ever so vaguely, must not merely be unhappy themselves, but must be enough like him to understand him; and he did not understand himself.

Could any of all the strange chances that brought men to a mining camp from the earth's dust-bins and coal-holes, leaving every color of human experience behind them, have drawn here one man enough like himself to understand how, a week ago, in the crazy satisfaction of an impulse of passion, he could have forsaken a happiness filling and overflowing in the moment of his folly all his hopes? Was there one who could do an incurable wrong in such besotted confidence in one hour, and know it for what it was in the next? With others did the remorse follow instantly upon the fatuity? With so much wisdom after the event, did others find none before?

But he knew very well that no one in his place could have done Margaret the unforgivable wrong he had done her. It was left for him to make a loving woman, guilty only of endeavoring to save him from himself, the victim of an infernal suspicion; and upon the head of it to abandon her on their wedding-day. It was an insensate cruelty; and now it was his punishment to long hopelessly for a forgiveness which he should never insult her to ask. A moment later, thinking how Margaret would judge the expedient he had been driven to that morning in order to raise money to pay Philip, a sharp doubt of his innocence insinuated itself, and he would have been glad to undo it. But that was past praying for; and on the whole, it was as safe and fair as it seemed, probably. The $25,000 which he had borrowed at his bank in the morning on the security of some Iron Silver stock — part of the Brackett estate of which he was one of two trustees — was a temporary accommodation from an estate which owed thrice that sum to his care, and one which could cost it nothing. If he could have sold his Burro Peak mine, the "Lady Bountiful," in Leadville, he need not have called on it; but they did not know the "Lady Bountiful" in Leadville, and the men at Burro Peak who did, and who had offered him $60,000 for it a year ago (when he had refused) were a four-days' journey from Leadville, beyond the telegraph and the railway, beyond even the stage-coach. As it was, he had simply borrowed $25,000 until he could lay his hands on his own money — a matter of ten days, as he reckoned it. He could n't wait ten days to pay Philip. He had found it irksome enough to wait for the opening of banking hours on the morrow of their quarrel; he had itched to have the money in his fingers when he had given him his bitter promise; and he had risen the next morning with his pride engaged to its last crazy and obstinate fiber in the resolve to keep the letter of that promise. He had kept it.

He turned to his packing once more, with a curse for Jasper on his lips. In the little space of a week he had lost all that made life worth while, and of all this devilish fatality of loss Jasper was the origin. The ruinous righting of himself which, in its endless ramifications, had now pursued him to the last covert of his happiness — whom else had he to thank for it but Jasper? Through him he had been brought to the madness which separated him from Margaret; through him he had just parted with Philip as a stranger; through him, worst of all, he had laid himself open to the unbearable reproach from which he had just freed himself with Philip, at a cost of which he preferred not to think. He saw all that had happened since the moment he had opened Jasper's letter as one piece of wretchedness, wrong-doing, and shame, and of every inch of it he saw Jasper as the author. He longed, in the fury that seized at the thought, to lay his hand on his throat, and to crush out the life he had given him.

But his helpless rage against Jasper and Philip ended always in a remorseful thought. In the bitterest pain he suffered through their falsity, it was a negative mitigation of his grief to know that he had not himself to blame. But

as to Margaret, it was his shame and torment to know that his own act had lost her to him. In this blackest hour of his life he knew that but for himself she might have been by. The single happiness which might have remained to help him turn his eyes patiently toward the future had been done to death by his own folly. He cursed himself.

She would never look at him again. He knew that. He would be ashamed if she did. He would not have ventured to lift his eyes to her face if they had met in the street; yet he longed for her presence at this moment as never before. He would have gone half round the world for a touch of her hand; and he had cast away the right to take it as any stranger might.

"Fool! fool!" he roared to the unanswering air as he paced the room. He flung his arms aloft in the last abasement of his misery.

His arms relaxed. He sank into the chair. Tears smarted in his eyes.

Margaret, when she stole into the room five minutes later, found him so.

X.

"YES," said Beatrice to her husband, a week after this,—she repeated it because, after all, perhaps she was not quite sure of it,—"it was the very best thing she could have done."

This thought about Margaret's impulsive flight to Deed, and her marriage, had been reached by a circuitous route; but she clung to it now. When Margaret had come down-stairs with her bag packed, after her ride with Ernfield, and had asked to have her trunk sent after her to the station, Beatrice had not discredited herself by a question. She divined, in the moment of pause which she suffered to elapse before she spoke, just what had happened, and all the feeling that was making a tumult in Margaret's breast at the moment, and casting her into Deed's arms; and after an awful moment of reflection, in which she reconciled herself to the odious surrender which Margaret was making, and taught herself to like it, and then to delight in it,—particularly to delight in it as the act of Margaret,—she fell upon her neck. She said it was the best, the wisest, the most womanly, uncharacteristic, human, every-day thing that Margaret had ever done, and that she deserved a triple kiss of farewell and approval.

She had her qualms when she had gone. Her jealousy for the integrity of the unassailable, the righteous, position which Margaret had maintained since the event—which would have crushed another woman—returned upon her with a rush; and it suddenly seemed wholly wrong—what she had done?

It had all been a burning matter with Beatrice since it had happened. She had felt more than she could ever say about it. If she had said everything she thought, she would have said that a man who could do what Deed had done deserved forgiveness at no woman's hands. Of course any woman would forgive him if she loved him; but that was another matter. If he was to be forgiven, however, surely he should come suing for pardon on his knees. In this light it became something perilously like a point of honor, involving the whole sex, that Margaret should not be the first to seek a reconciliation.

Beatrice simply could not bear to think that, without any merit or motion on his part, he should win back a happiness which he had not deserved. But she saw that, after all, this did not count. If women went into the question of men's deserts, where would they bring up? It was the wrong way of approaching the question altogether. The right way was one which she explained to her husband, who smiled at her over his lifted coffee-cup—they were at breakfast—when she made known to him the conclusion at which she had finally arrived about Margaret.

"How is it the best thing she could have done?" he demanded. "She did n't do it on your advice, Trix," he said, with a twinkling eye.

"I don't care," returned Beatrice, valiantly. "She did right, if there was any right left to do in such a case. It was the womanly thing to do."

"Yes," owned Vertner, "it was the weak thing."

"To be sure," assented Beatrice, accepting this version of her meaning courageously; "and that 's its strong point." Vertner laughed. "No; but I mean it," persisted his wife. "In the dreadful situations women are always getting into since they took to masterfulness and self-sufficiency, there 's just one way out that 's sure to be right; and that 's the weak way."

"When in doubt throw away all your trumps."

"When in doubt be a woman. Of course she abandoned her position. She threw away all her advantage. But her advantage was really too great—don't you see? she had to get rid of it. It was a bother. I suppose there is such a thing as being more in the right than you know what to do with. It did n't make her happy, and it must always have kept him from making the advance. I see that now. I used to want him to grovel. But I don't see that it would have done her any real good. It would have been a poor victory at best; and what she has done, if she has done it in the way I suppose she has, would be a triumph."

"Oh, you need n't trouble yourself to men-

tion that when a woman does do the magnanimous, a man is wincing for it somewhere. I believe you."

"Hush, Ned! You know she acted from the purest motives."

"Nonsense, my dear! You would n't go and accuse any woman of pure motives, I hope — pure and simple motives. Let us admit that she acted from the purest adulterated motives possible. It 's a handsome admission."

Beatrice was silent. She was thinking of something else. "I don't know," she said, after a moment, doubtfully, "whether I quite like the mere act of her return to Mr. Deed. But that was inevitable; and I 've always thought that it 's a mistake that we ought to leave to men to be deterred by the look of an act. Don't you know, Ned? Nothing seems very right, let alone very heroic, when you are doing it? Taking the train, getting to the hotel, finding the number of his room — I 'm afraid she found it all hard because it must all have seemed so small. She was doing a fine thing; and there ought to have been some very good music by a concealed orchestra, scenery by the best artists, and electric lights. Don't you think so? But when they were in each other's arms, and forgiving each other everything, and agreeing to forget that they had ever tried to forget each other, or do without each other, are n't you sure that she saw that it was the right thing to do even if it was the weak thing, and the absurd thing, and the — "

"Crawfish thing?" suggested Vertner. "I don't know. You would n't be up to any such game, Trix."

"I should n't have got into the situation originally. But if I had — "

"You would have done me up with a weakness to which Mrs. Deed's was hearty."

"Well, it would have been a different kind. I should have tried to select something that you would understand."

"Thanks. And do you suppose Deed understands?"

"I 'm sure he does. No woman would do such a thing for a man who she was not sure would understand. He would understand, and would be humbled into the dust by it."

"And you picture her spending the years to come consoling him for the humiliation her brilliant weakness has caused — dusting him off?"

"I picture them both as very happy," returned Beatrice, with dignity. Her husband laughed.

When Vertner came home to their one o'clock dinner, she perceived by the look on his face that he had heard something which he did not mean to tell her.

"What makes you like this business, Trix?" he asked her, abruptly, as if they had not discussed the question.

"Don't you?" she asked, with quick suspicion. Like a good wife, she kept a rational scorn for her husband's ideas about certain things — the sort of things which only women understood; but she had a respect for his perceptions about character. As Vertner said, he lived "by sizing people up," and could n't afford to make mistakes — and, at the moment, she had a still greater respect for his news.

"I like my bread and butter better," said Vertner non-committally, biting delicately at a mushroom.

It was one of the peculiarities of the Vertner household that their table, in the face of every sort of obstacle, maintained an almost Eastern decency and good cheer. As Vertner told Beatrice, they "would have fresh artichokes if they had to buy up all the canned goods in Maverick to find 'em." In a country where every one lived by grace of the tin can, the Vertners did not manage their good table without the use of an energy, ardor, and inventive skill which would have gone a long way in felling the forests of a hardier sort of pioneering. Vertner did not leave it all to his wife; he had studied household providing since his marriage, as he studied a number of other unrelated and unexpected things. In most of the other things he, more or less remotely, "saw a dollar"; but in this he saw an instinct for propriety, for excellence, for "having things right," as he called it, which did not follow him always into other departments.

"O Ned, do let us have *something* free from your wretched mighty dollar." There was the weariness in her tone which implies an old and hopeless subject between man and wife. "What can there be in Margaret's marriage to affect the price of corner lots?"

She would not have been the loyal wife to him she was if, in accepting him, she had not accepted, without premeditation, the larger half of his theories. But even when she talked unconsciously in the too alluring, too natural, slang, which was so native to the life he led, and either so shockingly or so admirably expressive of it (she was not always sure which), she was sorrowfully conscious of her reserves. She might easily have nagged him with them, but not merely her good sense, but a feeling of obligation to his honesty in having told her as much of his way of life as a man can convey to the woman who has not yet married him, withheld her. She could not say that she had not been warned. Yet, in her young girl's ideals there had never been any arrangement made for trimming her life by the market for her husband's new scheme. There was always a

new scheme in the Vertner household, and they had it for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

"Corner lots are all right," said Vertner. "The trouble is deeper down. Deed has left me with a flooded mine on my hands. If he had stayed where he was, I could have talked him into that pumping machinery."

"Then I 'm glad he did n't. You have enough mines, Ned," said she. It was the kind of inapposite wisdom which does not torment a man less for being based upon a feeling to which he partly assents, and not at all on the facts which he knows contradict it.

"Have I? I sha'n't have enough mines, my dear, until one of them is a money-maker. I 've got too many holes in the ground; but I 'm mighty short of mines. This one I 'm working with Deed — or should be if I was — has a vein in sight that —" He went on to tell her the seductive story of the assay, and of the wealth at their feet, to which she had listened in the case of a dozen other mines. She knew how each of these other mines had turned out, and he knew; but there is a tameless sublimity of faith known to the man who has once owned a mine, and to the man's family, which acknowledges no past, and is as gaily independent of experience as the clouds that forage the air for the other clouds in which they lose themselves.

"But where has Mr. Deed gone?" asked Beatrice at the end of his recital, as enthusiastic now as her husband.

"How should I know? A man does n't generally give away the itinerary of his wedding-journey from the steps of the county court-house. Besides, in this case there was n't time. I don't see but they were married by a dynamo. Philip and I were both in the hotel office. He had just had his final row with his father. They had given each other that full material for the understanding of each other's character so valuable in family rows the night before; and this was rather quiet — not actually, but by comparison. Deed paid Philip some money that he did n't want, that he hated and abhorred, and which he straightway took to the First National and deposited to his father's credit. Those being the facts, Deed naturally supposed Philip was hankering for it, that he was basely longing for it at any cost to him, and that he was suspecting him of having tried to do him out of it: a thoroughly good misunderstanding like that (without a fact in sight) is just the basis for a gorgeous family row. You know Deed's temper. It 's like Barnum's rarities — the hottest, the most ungovernable, the most totally unreasonable temper ever seen in captivity. It 's to his credit that he does keep it in captivity most of the time, so that you might think his disposition a good sort. But when it blazes — look out! That 's all. It was on the blaze this time; and when you remember that Philip himself has n't the most — well not the most angelic — well, you can believe it was a rumpus. Philip refused the money, of course, and obliged his father to insult him to get him to take it. Then they parted forever; and an hour afterward, when Philip was just starting up-stairs for the reconciliation that follows such fool rows, he stood aside to let his father pass, with a lady on his arm. Deed did n't look at him. The porters put some luggage on a carriage in waiting, the hotel clerk threw an old shoe after them, and I went back and inquired at the desk, and found out that Philip had a new mother. They had been out to St. George's between the time when Philip came out of the hotel hot against his father and came to hunt me, and the time when Phil, like the sensible fellow he is, went back to make it all up."

"Well, I 'm glad they were married in church, anyway," said Beatrice, "and the haste would n't make any difference to Margaret. She would n't care any more what she was married in than — than a cassowary."

"Yes," said Vertner, wickedly; "that indifference of the cassowary to an appropriate wedding-dress, and that vile carelessness about orange blossoms, is just one of those facts of natural history that lend a charm to — "

But his wife had finished her dinner, and she came over and shook him.

He grew serious when she asked him for his news. "It 's not my news, Trix," he said. "You must n't ask me." He fell into one of the moods of sober thoughtfulness in which his new schemes were usually imagined, and in which Beatrice was always careful not to disturb him. It was not a scheme to-day, she saw, however. His face was almost sad, and his musing was apparently often balked by some thought at recollection of which he would make a wry face, and clench his fist.

Vertner's trouble was the practical disappearance of Deed — or, rather, certain circumstances accompanying his disappearance known only to Philip and himself. In the midst of his wretchedness about this miserable business (it tormented him more than anything that had ever happened to himself, not only because if he had raised the money in time it would n't have happened, but because he really liked Deed, to whom he owed his present position in Colorado) only one thing consoled him: that they had not yet got hold of it in the town, and so could not be discussing it. What Vertner feared was that it would get into the papers. It had not represented itself as a disappearance to the town, thus far.

It merely seemed to the gossip of Maverick that Deed was taking an unusually long wedding-journey.

There were, besides, other things still to talk of connected with Deed, and especially other things connected with Margaret and her marriage, from which it is doubtful if the town chatter would really have liked to be called while so much remained unsaid. Margaret's action, as being the most sensational occurrence in what began to be known as "this Deed business," — overtopping even Deed's desertion of her on their wedding-day,— needed most of the discussion, and it had held the attention of the ladies steadily since her sudden departure for Leadville, and the announcement of the marriage in the Leadville papers of the following day. In that matter they felt that they had been trifled with. If Miss Derwenter had the high strain of forgiveness somewhere about her enabling her to pardon a man who had publicly deserted her on her wedding-day, why, in the name of nameless things, had n't she found it out earlier? Was it for this that she had flaunted her preference for Doctor Ernfield in the face of the town? And what, pray, did she mean by her actions with that gentleman? If she had really cared for Deed all along, her encouragement of Ernfield was simply shameless. The probability was that she had set herself to captivate Ernfield in the hope of breaking her fall; and that when she found Ernfield obdurate she had turned to her first lover.

At all events, when the ladies had been put to the trouble of arriving — after a week's fluttering among other opinions — at the belief that the affair between her and Deed was to be regarded as definitively "off," the necessity of revising this belief was irksome. The sense of the hardship of the situation of public opinion was liberally voiced wherever women met, and occasionally where men met. The ladies usually began with the admission that, so far as Margaret's "carrying-on" with Dr. Ernfield went,— it was by this phrase that they referred to the relation which Margaret had imagined so innocent; it was merciful that she was not in Maverick at this time to hear what was said of it,— she could not be blamed. What the ladies objected to was her playing fast and loose, and off and on, as they said. "She did n't seem to know *which* she wanted, so far as I can see," said Mrs. McDermott, whose husband dealt in hats on Mesa street.

"She got to know at the last," suggested one of the ladies, grimly, as Dr. Ernfield, on horseback, passed the church in which the ladies were gathered.

"Yes," laughed Mrs. McDermott; "all of a sudden, as you might say. No doubt Dr. Ernfield gave her cause."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. B. Frank Butler, "I 'm sure you can't say the poor thing was to blame for turning 'most any way for refuge just at first, when Mr. Deed deserted her on her wedding-day — going off as casual as you please. And I 'm not so sure, either, that I blame her for turning the other way for refuge, just at the last. There was n't really anything left for her but that, if she wanted to marry at all; and as to her flirting with Dr. Ernfield,— if you call it that,— I don't know what I *would* call it m'self — who can say anything against a woman that ain't past marriageable age, for allowing the attentions of a pleasant and agreeable young man that any one can see is dead in love with her?"

She lifted her coarsely pretty little head out of the collar of her sealskin sack at this, bridling; and it was evident that Mrs. Butler would not have been guilty of a wasteful discretion in such a case.

XI.

"SEE here," said Vertner to Philip, when he met him in Mesa street in the afternoon, after his talk with Beatrice (Philip had come down with him from Leadville on the day that the evidence of Deed's marriage had been offered them), "I 've been thinking this thing out."

"You have n't thought it out in any shape that 's going to wipe out my asininity, Vertner," returned Philip. "I 'm at the bottom of this thing, I tell you. You can't get me out from under it. I maddened my father, and if I had had a grain of sense — or had had the sense to use the sixteenth part of a grain that I sometimes have when there 's nothing to use it on — I should have seen that I must madden him. Taking Jasper's part at that! Well, the thing *was n't* square. I suppose I had to protest. But think of its being Jasper! As if I did n't owe him enough!"

"*Now* you 're shouting," assented Vertner, cordially. "With a fellow like Jasper in sight, it 's rank extravagance to waste your curses on yourself. And I would n't go messing with this question of responsibility, either. *I* don't believe we were meant to settle that," he asserted, with his emphatic nod. Vertner had a turn for philosophy in his odd hours, and a sense of his responsibility to religion, to which, when his wife asked him, he gave proper financial expression. He secretly regarded the clergy as a kind of lame ducks whom it was the duty of men blessed with the capacity for turning a penny to help along. It was only

vaguely conceivable, under his theory, that they would be in the business if they had known how to rustle for themselves. "The moment you get to portioning out blame, and saying where this would n't have happened if so and so, and how that would have been all right if What's-his-name," he went on, "you wind yourself into one of those snarls where the more you wind the more you snarl. The simplest way is the woman's way: scrape all the mud in the affair into one ball, and fling it at the person concerned in the business that you like least. And the worst possible way is to be a pig about the sackcloth, and snatch it all for your own wear. Better turn over most of the sackcloth in this little matter to Jasper, I guess. He deserves it, and it won't trouble him. He 'll keep it on the shelf in the original package. There 's something about that brother of yours, you know, Deed, that simply takes your admiration by the collar. You can't resist his talent; and it would be a shame to try."

"Oh, I don't try," said Philip, with a lack-luster face.

He drew Vertner into a doorway out of the confusion of the street, crowded at this hour with the ranchmen and miners who had come into town for the day for supplies, for their mail, or for mining or cattle dickers, or for mere liquid sociability, and had not yet set out on their return. Their freighted burros and saddled ponies pawed the roadway in a long range on each side the street. Sometimes one of the ponies would lift a hoof to the board sidewalk, which ran at the level of his knees above the road, and hammer about on the boards until a man would come from a neighboring saloon and order him to "Whoa there, you—!"

"Well, that 's right," said Vertner, heartily, in response to Philip's negative, as they sheltered themselves in the doorway. "If you are a miserable man, and your father an utterly wretched one; if he has seen Jasper play him the lowest trick ingratitude could invent; if he has seen you apparently do the same, and has come within *that* of losing a wife, and now has had to make his wedding-journey a flight from justice—"

"Oh, shut up, Vertner!"

"—An opportunity for parley with the law, then. I don't care what you call it (it 's what he thinks it that makes the difference, is n't it?)—if, I say, one of the first families in Lone Creek County has come to this in a week, it 's a glorious satisfaction to know that the hand that pulled the strings belongs to a Jim-dandy of a talent. There 's something nothing less than bang-up about— Oh, I say, Phil!" he exclaimed remorsefully, as his companion turned away. He clapped his hand upon his shoulder. "I don't mean that guff. I thought—" He caught his eye with a look like pleading in his own. "I thought the other view might comfort you a bit. The tragic we have always with us—expressive of the feelings, but wearing, you know."

He blundered on, until Philip stopped him with: "Oh, I know, Vertner. Don't think I don't understand that you 've been my best friend in all this, and are sticking by me like the brick you are. Whatever rot I may talk, don't forget that. And when we find my father—"

"Which will be the day after to-morrow," interrupted Vertner, cheerfully.

"What? Have you heard?"

Vertner rolled his lips over the cigar in his mouth. "Well, there is a sort of clue. But I suppose I have to own that I 'm cribbing the date from the general stock of hopefulness. We 'll find him, though, wherever he is gone."

"Find him? Well, if I thought we should n't!—" Philip set his teeth in a manner peculiar to him, which Vertner had learned to respect. When it had been a question in Chile of throwing a bridge across a mountain gorge, and there had been a call for a volunteer to take the first line across, he remembered that Philip had said quietly, "I 'll do it," with that tightening of the muscles of the jaw.

"I suppose he *is* suffering," said Vertner, meditatively. "And it 's so utterly useless."

"Suffering! A man who never stained his name with so much as the shadow of wrong, a man whom all the State trusts! Think what he will be supposing that he has done! When I think of that, and think that I am responsible for the thing!—"

"Oh, confound your responsibility!" exclaimed Vertner. "Did n't I say I 'd get that money for you? Did n't I lead you to rely on me for it?"

"Stuff!"

"And did I get it?"

"Yes."

"Did I get it in time to do any good?"

"No; but—"

"Well, then!" said Vertner, conclusively.

This money, which had come too late, was one of the collateral misfortunes for which Philip blamed himself most severely in the trouble with his father. He knew that Vertner, in the failure of all other chances, had humiliated himself before a man who he had been sure from the beginning would lend him the amount if he would consent to ask him; and so had obtained it at a price he would not have paid willingly for any personal good. The act, useless as it proved in the event, bound him to Vertner, Philip felt, by a peculiar tie. He had always known him for a good fellow; he had

not supposed him quite so good a fellow as all that. He himself knew what it was to borrow money where it was lent grudgingly. Some people were great duffers about money, he thought.

Of course neither Philip nor Vertner was in a position to know of the intention with which Deed had pledged the stock at the bank in Leadville; but they had been rightly sure (at first) that he must have gone away with the expectation of finding money elsewhere, and of returning to redeem the securities before a question could arise. They had guessed so much as this; but as the weeks passed, and he did not return, they were forced to believe that other resources (if he had really gone to seek them) had failed him, and that, recognizing that he could not come back, he had at least not taken pains to make his whereabouts known.

"I should n't care that we could n't come at him," said Philip, "if we could only let him know."

"Yes; after the pains you took to explain to that receiving teller that your father had asked you to step around and redeem that stock for him, and the pretty way you manœuvered the return of the actual stock itself to Deed's tin box in the bank, where the cotrustee can find it any day he has an unnatural longing for the sight, and after the way you deposited the other $25,000 to your father's private account, it 's a pity to have him glooming around in some Canadian watering-place, taking himself for an absconding trustee."

"See here, Vertner —" began Philip, hotly.

"Oh, well," cried Vertner, "that is n't the only pity. What gives me a pain is to have to think that we went and wasted a good joke on that bank teller."

"What joke?" asked Philip, impatiently.

"The joke of paying back into his old bank the same money your father had just borrowed from it." He quizzed Philip's serious face with his audacious smile.

XII.

It had been Vertner's thought — mixed, like many of his thoughts, of kindly intention and an eye to business — to ask Philip and Cutter to take charge of the "Snow Find." As Vertner said, it would "bear a little more finding, and they were the men to do it." Beatrice had expressed herself freely about the double meaning which this last clause wore in her husband's mind, without shaking him from his purpose. He said it was really one of the best mines in the State; that it would be another "Iron Silver" if you gave it time — and money. The money he hoped Cutter would get from his father after a while. Cutter's father was not always rich, he knew; but he often was. It was the intermittent stockbroker way. And Cutter, as he worked the mine for himself, would soon have the best of all possible evidence of its magnificent promise. Vertner had visions of fetching the father out in a special car to see the "Snow Find" for himself, if it came to that. The thing was a bonanza. Vertner even began, in the rosy dreams which he allowed to curl up out of the accomplished fact of the installation of the two young men in charge of the mine, to see the making of a man of business in Cutter. Even Cutter laughed at this, and Philip roared; but Vertner said he knew what he was about, which was strictly true; and he proved himself in earnest about working the mine by advancing Philip a month's salary when he asked for it. The creditors at Piñon, whom Philip had been unable to silence, as he had hoped, with his father's aid, were growing impudent about the debts they had urged him to contract with servility; and money was a necessity. He sent all that he could spare out of the salary to his creditors, after lending Sandy Dikes $5, losing $25 on a horse-race at Pueblo for which Cutter had given him a tip, and paying his share in a little monthly pension which he had got half a dozen others at Piñon to join him in arranging for Doulton. (Doulton's claim had caved in on him, and there was to be an amputation; they were paying the pension until Mrs. Doulton could get along on the profits of the saloon she had opened since the accident.) There was also a book for which he had heard Miss Maurice express a wish; and when the bill for it came from Denver, it was higher than he had expected. He told Vertner after the first week that he would have to raise his salary; and Vertner, who was generous and understood, and who was shrewd and remembered Cutter, yielded readily enough.

He offered to raise Cutter's salary also, but Cutter said he should want to get out of the country just as badly if he had $25 more a month as he should without it; he added that he was n't worth what he was getting, which he did not believe. He thought himself a good sort of mining engineer now; and if his present wisdom on the subject of mining were matched against the ignorance he had brought to Colorado in a Pullman, there was something in this estimate of himself.

The "Snow Find" was the mine which Deed had left on Vertner's hands, full of water; and until he could find the money to purchase machinery to pump the water out, he had determined to bend his energies — or rather to let Philip and Cutter bend their energies — to working a new lead, away from the water. The new lead was actually a productive one when

Philip and Cutter began upon it; and they were now taking out ore which paid fairly.

When Beatrice questioned his motives now, Vertner unscrupulously silenced her with the magnanimous half of them. She could not deny, when it was put to her with Vertner's cogency of statement, that Philip had been miserable, restless, and tormented; running off on every fresh clue to the end of the State (at ten cents a mile — a subject for legislation, if there was one, Vertner said), and coming back weary, disheartened, and discouraged. She admitted that an occupation which would give him an interest, and prevent him from brooding upon this business of his father's disappearance, was a praiseworthy idea; and she praised Vertner for it, when she was not condemning him for including Cutter in the matter.

"And do you suppose Philip would have gone up there into the hills without him?" Vertner asked securely. "A cabin in the hills, strictly by yourself, would cure any one of the blues. You ought to prescribe for *all* the misery, Trix. Confining yourself to Philip is a limitation of talent."

"I suppose he does feel that he is doing the best thing he could do, until his father is found, in working at this mine for him," she admitted irrelevantly, in the need of admitting something. "And if it *should* happen that it turns out as rich as you expect, Ned, why, what a splendid thing it will be for him to be able to turn it over to his father on his return, and say—"

"I don't think he 'll have to say much. Deed will be glad enough of anything he can raise in the shape of money, by the time he gets back, unless I 'm a particularly bad guesser."

"Yes; but he would n't take it from Philip— not after what has passed between them; not after his casting him off like that, and vowing that he would never see him again. You said that yourself, Ned."

"Yes," assented Vertner, yawning,— it was the end of the evening, and he had finished his Denver newspaper, and was stretched cozily in his deep chair before the fire,— "I said that he said it. But Deed's vows are n't always 'good until used,' you know. The very passion he expends in making them seems to have a tendency to wear them out early."

"I don't think this one will wear out. What he thought Philip had done was too bad. It had the touch of ingratitude about it that no one can forgive in any wrong. I know I could n't. And I think Philip is doing just the right thing. It will show his father—"

"That he underrated that mine?" quizzed Vertner, with a laugh, as he rose lazily in preparation for bed. "It will, it will, my dear! That is, it will if Cutter senior is the man I take him for."

"Ned!"

Vertner smiled the smile of satisfied sophistication at her through his half-closed eyes, as he stretched his arms in a final yawn. "Come," he said, "are you ever going to bed?"

PHILIP was glad of the work Vertner offered him at the "Snow Find" because he needed money,— he always needed money, and the search for his father was an added channel of expenditure now, and a further hindrance to the payment of his debts at Piñon,— but he liked, besides, to feel that his work was doing something more for him than earning the salary Vertner was giving him. It was pleasant to feel that each bucketful of ore that he saw lifted out of the "Snow Find" was of direct advantage to his father. Until he could find him, the next best thing was to be doing something for him. Meanwhile he spent a large part of his salary in following up clues of Deed. They all turned out alike; after an absence of a day or two he would return with downcast face, and resume work at the mine silently; and Cutter could not find heart to question him. Even Vertner's light spirit would sometimes droop before their repeated failures; though he always waked the following morning with a fresh idea, which Philip followed out or pooh-poohed, as it happened, but which no longer excited any buoyancy in him. It was maddening to think that his father was making himself unhappy somewhere for the absurdly simple reason that they did not know his address.

The habit of seeing a great deal of Dorothy, and thinking much of her when he was not with her, went along curiously with his unhappiness about his father. He could not talk to her of his father's disappearance, of course, but to see her was to forget his trouble, and he and Cutter both found time from their duties at the "Snow Find," though they could not go together, to ride with her. It sometimes happened that Philip and Dorothy rode alone; but it usually fell out that Dick Messiter and Beatrice were of the party. Beatrice was very fond of riding, and Vertner had been buying her a horse lately with the profits of a little "flier" in a Leadville mining stock.

Dorothy and Beatrice became fast friends in the intimacy of these rides; and Philip, though he imagined, alternately, furtherances and failures in Dorothy's kindness for him day by day, was really in the unvarying enjoyment of the type of good will a woman sometimes gives to a man whom she trusts. All their relation took its color from those days in the cave, during which they had learned to know each other; and this should have satisfied Philip for the moment. Perhaps it might have; but he was obliged to remember that Messiter had shared

those days as well, and that, with him, they had succeeded many earlier days the quality of which it was easy to imagine. It seemed impossible that there had been a time, before the snow had made them acquainted, when he had not known Dorothy, whose existence now was of the fiber of his own life. But such a time had been, and Messiter had plainly been master of its opportunities. He saw him too clearly for the good fellow he was to believe anything else; indeed he liked him too well to believe anything else.

Messiter, who still remained, simulating an echo of his early usefulness in settling the Maurices' house by inventing things to do for Dorothy, would have smiled sadly at this account of his favor with her. He would have said that for those who liked the unafraid, untroubled liking she showed him, it would probably be the sort of thing they liked. Some persons might enjoy the privilege of gazing into those gay, candid, tender, thoughtful eyes,—the eyes which were all these by turns to him, but, in his presence, never shy, nor downcast, nor in any kind of happy difficulties. But, for his part, he must have professed that the absence of all hesitations, all embarrassments, had its gloomy side. It was the kind of relation, he knew, which young men and young women were always pretending to themselves and to each other was their ideal of all that was blessed and comfortable. Had he not gammoned young girls with just such talk on the rocks at Mount Desert, at nineteen? But he found nothing in the situation, as it presented itself, either blessed or comfortable, though he stayed on.

In spite of these lover's doubts, it would be a mistake to suppose that this was not a happy time for all of them. It was clouded for Philip by the continued fruitlessness of all efforts to find his father, as well as by the fluctuations of Dorothy's feeling toward him, which he was partly conscious of spinning out of his fancy, but constantly ready to credit afresh. Yet he was happy enough to fear a change—to look forward to Jasper's return with a fierce repression of his imagination. How would he and Dorothy meet? What was their present relation? Where would they take up the thread? Was there a tolerable relation toward Dorothy for him if Jasper still existed for her? These were the questions which he refused to ask himself. They were hints at the threshold of a whole torturing region of speculation, which to enter was to invite useless misery and the need for an immediate decision. Philip hated unpleasant thoughts, and detested immediate decisions; if the banks a mile ahead concealed the enemy, why, there was still the mile. It might never be completed, for one thing. If it were, one would find something to do when the time came. It was partly a reasonable confidence in himself, but chiefly a constitutional unwillingness to face disagreeable facts, which caused him meanwhile to lounge at the stern of the boat, finding the river water smooth and lulling under his hand.

Messiter's sunny temper not being for clouds of any kind, he found what happiness he could in the immediate and agreeable fact that he was permitted to be constantly by Dorothy's side; while Beatrice, having settled Margaret's trouble to her satisfaction, had crossed her off her list, so to say, and, for the moment, concerned herself only intermittently about her (of course she knew nothing of her husband's concern), awaiting calmly her return to Maverick, flushed with her bridal happiness, and filled with new ideas about things. She fancied her greatly changed; it would only show how marriage was the one thing for all women—even for those who did not seem at all to have been intended for its blessings. She fancied Margaret's severity, her primness, her "niceness" about certain matters, as smoothed and softened into the real niceness against which not even Ned could say anything.

Dorothy had begun to plan for the future of her father and herself in Maverick. The people of the church had been charmed by his first sermon, and, as a matter of fact, it was a capital sermon. Their liking for it suggested to a number of minds at once that Maurice should be called to the vacant pulpit of St. John's in the Wilderness. As Beatrice said, it was a long time since they had had a regular service, but the lapse had not been due to the unwillingness of the congregation to support a clergyman. It was rather that there were varying ideals in the congregation. But Maurice fitted, in a degree, into all these expectations and wishes. He was a widower, he was not young, his graceful, good-humored, flattering manner commended him to every one, and especially to those who sought a successful parish visitor. He was a High Churchman, holding with dignity to his ritual, but careful to avoid grounds of offense, and he preached undeniably good sermons. He was, besides, a trained and enthusiastic musician: on his first trial-Sunday the lady who played the organ fell ill at the last moment, and until a substitute discovered herself, after the second lesson, he himself accompanied the choir he had rehearsed during the week.

It had ended, after some negotiation, in his being summoned. Maurice had told them frankly that he could not refer them to his last parish, giving them his own version of the occurrence which had caused him to leave Laughing Valley City; but when the vestry had heard favorably about him from the Dakota parish to which he referred them, and had

definitely offered him the post, he told them, with some inward trembling,—for his resources were of the slightest, and if this opportunity should fail him he did not know where he should turn,—that if he was to remain with them they must grant him a higher salary. The vestry was reluctant; he firm. It ended in their advancing the salary $100. It was more than they had ever paid before, they said; but perhaps they had never had so good a clergyman. Maurice smiled, and did not attempt to deny it. He did not believe there were many men of his sort to be had for $800 a year.

He was now making ready to preach certain sermons selected by Dorothy from a considerable collection sent over the mountains on a burro by the ladies at Laughing Valley City, and was occupied in going about making the acquaintance of his new flock.

His portly yet shapely and well-carried figure, his round, rubicund, smiling, only half-clerical face, his fortunate voice, his admirable manner, soon began to be familiar in Maverick. It pleased Dorothy to see how popular her father had already become. She looked forward with pleasure to remaining a long time in Maverick. Perhaps he would set about raising funds to build a more permanent church. She remembered that the parish in which her father had remained longest was one in which he had built a new church. But there seemed no elements of discord here, none of the foolish, tiresome people who had made trouble in other parishes. Perhaps they should remain forever. Perhaps—it was a new country, a fairly large town, there was an opportunity—perhaps he might one day be bishop of the diocese.

Dorothy's plans were made with a pencil and a little memorandum-pad, from which she tore a number of sheets without finding a comfortable relation between her father's salary (after adding their trifling income to it) and the prices prevailing in Maverick for rent, food, and clothing. She avoided troubling her father about practical questions when she could; but before they left the hotel, where they had been staying since their arrivel, she felt that she must set the result of her calculations before him. When she attacked him on the subject at breakfast one morning, he smiled cheerfully.

"Oh, we shall get along, I think. We shall get along." He rubbed his large, carefully kept hands together, after spreading his napkin over his ample form. "Have you included your mother's legacy in your calculations, Dorothy?"

"Oh, yes. But with your salary it only makes a little over a thousand dollars. I 'm afraid we ought not to have taken so expensive a house."

His smile revealed the even glitter of perfect teeth beneath a mustache which had been criticized as jaunty for a clergyman. "Why, my dear, we could n't live in an unplastered house, could we?"

His smile and tone made it seem preposterous, but Dorothy said doubtfully: "I don't know. Perhaps when we found that we could get nothing plastered under $400, we ought to have felt that we must take one of the others."

"Oh, no. Why, even at Laughing Valley we had a plastered house. Surely it does n't seem an unreasonable ambition—a plastered house. And even if it were, depend upon it, the clergy get what they insist on. A man's needs are measured by the account he gives of them; and in turn he is measured by his needs. If a clergyman shows himself content with a hovel, he not only won't get a decent dwelling, but when it comes to a question of some other need, he will be thought as capable of doing without whatever it may be that he wants as he showed himself of doing without the house. I have always found that I got what I wanted by taking the proper stand. I have found that people of a certain class respect the inability of a gentleman to do without things which they have never felt the need of."

"But, father—" protested Dorothy, and paused. She had been about to ask if the price of having all that one wanted might not be that some one else should have less than he wanted—less than his own, perhaps. She was glad not to have said it. An observation which seems true in the largest bearing may be quite false to the little fact which suggests it, and which one is tempted to try by it. Her father was right, of course. He was always right.

Philip and Cutter, in their cabin at the "Snow Find," often discussed Maurice. They agreed that it was a pity that Dorothy should have such a man for a father, or that he should happen to have such a daughter; but they avoided the discussion of Dorothy herself by tacit agreement. As Philip drew on his town-going boots for the fifth time during a single week, however, and began to rummage in his chest for a white shirt, Cutter made no further effort to contain himself.

"You are not going in for a boiled shirt!" he exclaimed, as Philip exchanged the loose flannel of the West for the Eastern affectation. Cutter—in pursuit of his loyalty to the civilization which had produced him—had never disused it, though the washerwoman at Piñon had forced him to go to a Chinaman by returning the first white shirts he sent her, contemptuously, rough-dried. "Oh, I say, this is too much! Do you know, I 've had an idea once or twice lately, Deed, that you are rather

hard hit. Tremendously nice girl!" he murmured to the cigarette he was lighting.

"Oh, yes; she 's nice enough, if that 's all," owned Philip, rummaging in his army chest for some collars, which he fished out at last, limp and yellow from their confinement of a year. "Do you suppose there are any memories in New York long enough to recall the time when this was the preëminently preëminent shape in collars?" he asked, holding up a bundle of them.

"Stocks may have come in again, for all I know," answered Cutter. "Ask somebody more in the way of that sort of information, Crusoe, my boy, than Man Friday. But, I say, Deed, she *is* nice."

"I think I remember agreeing with you in that observation," said Philip. "But I 'll sign a treaty with you to regard her as nice, if that does n't satisfy you. I 'll give bonds, I 'll mortgage myself as security for her niceness, if you like. Come!" The eagerness of his manner was a trifle out of key with this sort of easiness; but Cutter forbore his gibes.

"I say, I 'm awfully glad for you, old man." He had got himself on his feet, and wrung Philip's hand.

"Are you? What a romantic dog you are, Cutter! It 's uncommonly good of you." He turned to the reconsideration of the collars. "I wish I saw any cause to be glad."

"Don't you? Then it 's because you are infernally ungrateful. I 'm bound to say that I do."

"Yes," said Philip, with a weary smile; "it is you, I believe, who look for big things from the 'Little Cipher.' You 've got such a lot of faith, Cutter. It makes a cheerful companion of you. But you are hideously unreliable, you know. You 'll be wanting to convince me that it is the honorable obligation of a beggar to go and propose marriage to somebody or other, next. Jasper has furnished me with just the sort of situation for you to try your abominable cheerfulness on. Turn it on, Cutter. Rub up your lamp, and get to work. I 'm ready for any lie, if there 's hope in it."

"Pshaw! There are paying properties in the world besides the ranch your brother has swindled you out of your share in. You forget the 'Pay Ore.'"

"Oh, no, I don't—not when I 'm in high spirits, and don't need what hope there is in it. But a man can't live on a hope like that, Cutter; and if he could, a woman could n't, and no man could ask her to. And if he could ask her, he could n't ask her father to let her." Cutter smiled at this reference to Maurice, who was a kind of joke between them; and Philip smiled with him ruefully. The idea of Maurice allowing his daughter to marry any one but a rich man struck them both as humorous; yet Cutter had to say, to console Philip, rather than because he believed it:

"I don't know. There 's some good in the old fraud, after all."

"Oh, don't go turning your cheerfulness on Maurice! You haven't got the candle-power."

"You might let me illuminate a little, and try," laughed Cutter. "But it *is* a somber subject, that 's a fact. You 'll have to elope."

"Shut up, Cutter!"

"Well, then, you 'll have to wait for his consent. Put it either way. I 'm only trying to please you; and a dash of gray in the groom's hair is n't so bad, if you come to that."

"Oh, drop it! Your despair is worse than your cheerfulness."

"Well, it does seem to fit the facts of the case a little closer."

"Oh, you 're right. You 're right. It does, and I know it when I 'm not with her; but when I am— D— it, man, I love her! I *can't* lose her!"

"Now you 're talking sense."

"Am I? It strikes me as a good deal more like the other thing. No; I always come around to a clear sight of the situation—Jasper has fixed me out. It 's as if he knew I must meet and care for the girl he once— Bah!" Philip turned on his heel.

"See here, have you given up your faith in the 'Pay Ore'?"

"No," growled Philip; "and I have n't given up my faith in the coming Brotherhood of Man; but I would n't ask a girl to go to housekeeping on it."

This was no reason why they should not thresh out together again, for the hundredth time, the actual grounds for faith in the future of the "Pay Ore." They said together again, and managed to say it without smiling, that the ore-bearing vein was there; that they were taking out good mineral all around the "Pay Ore" on the Hill; that it was a question of finding out which way the vein dipped, and a question of the capital and patience necessary to reach it; and they agreed that Ryan had the capital and the patience. Philip ridiculed Cutter's faith, as he always did when they spoke of this subject together; but it was a way of playing his own hope, and they both knew it. Philip hoped rather easily, and most easily as a refuge from despair. He liked to be comfortable, and despair was uncomfortable. If he sometimes chose skepticism for an outward seeming, it was by way of hedging: one's hopes did not always come off, and a sophisticated doubt looked better on the record afterward.

"You 'll live to see Ryan with his pick in that vein, yet," Cutter concluded. He had

got to the end of his mining engineer's argument, and was indulging his gift of amiable prophecy.

"Shall I?" retorted Philip. "It will be a pretty tableau. But I don't know why we trouble ourselves about it, unless it is to avoid the point."

"What *is* the point?" He looked steadily at Philip, who smiled without amusement. "Oh!" he exclaimed with intelligence. "Well, yes—" Cutter smiled. "But don't you think—?"

"No, sir; I don't."

Cutter bent forward. "Why, what 's the trouble?"

"Usual trouble. Another fellow."

"What? You think she cares for that—"

"That gentleman, as you were about to call him, Mr. Cutter, is a great sight too good for any shoe-string tying of mine."

"Oh, look here — Well, Messiter is a good fellow. I admit it. But what of it? Abstract considerations of that sort don't hold in a case of this kind."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Cutter," exclaimed Philip, as he buttoned one of the collars about his neck. "I forgot that you were an expert in these things. Well, what does hold? Out with it! Let 's have the latest! Don't put me off with any of your moldy, out-of-date decisions. Give me the brand-newest opinion there is—something that can't be reversed before I can get her assent to it—Court of Appeals, preferably."

Cutter pulled at his mustache, thoughtfully, and blew some smoke in Philip's direction.

"Well, *you* might hold, for one thing. I have a notion she likes you."

"Thanks," returned Philip, dryly. "I believe the worst of us have a kindness for our coolies, our dragomen, our slaves. *Would n't* a woman like a man who made a profession, a calling, a vocation of her; who revered her boots; whose idea of happiness was being stepped on by them; who spent his nights in dreaming new ways to be an ass for her sake, and his days in carrying out his dreams? *Would n't* she? I should hope so."

"You *have* been going it a little strong with her this last fortnight. I suppose she has been rather enjoying the spectacle."

"See here, Cutter," said Philip, hotly, "if you think Miss Maurice capable of torturing a man for her amusement merely, you never were more mistaken in your life. She 's not that sort. The fineness, the dignity, the genuineness and truth of that girl, Cutter— Oh, the devil!"

Cutter was laughing.

THE servant at the Maurices' cottage said that Miss Maurice was in the parlor. The house on which Dorothy and her father had finally fixed was the usual frame shell of the newer towns of the West. There were better houses in Maverick,—the Vertners lived, by comparison, in a mansion,—but there were cruder buildings too—log cabins chinked with mortar, and houses constructed out of disused packing-boxes, and roofed with canvas. On the ground floor, besides the kitchen and the dining-room, there was only the pleasant little room at the front of the house; and it was this that the maid-servant called a "parlor." It was, in fact, Dorothy's sitting-room and sewing-room, though Maurice spoke of it as their drawing-room. As Philip turned the knob on the door of this room, he felt a hand upon it on the other side, and, releasing his own grasp, the door opened. Jasper stood before him in the act of bidding farewell to Dorothy. He lifted his head, and, seeing Philip in the doorway, stretched out his hand to him with his courtly smile. Philip, drawing back to let him pass, kept his gaze fixed on his face, looking him in the eye motionlessly, with a black glance of scorn. He would not see the hand. Flushing to his temples, Jasper gave a contemptuous little laugh, and walked by him, turning once more to bow to Miss Maurice.

When Philip had got himself through the door and into the room, he went up to Dorothy in a dazed way, and offered her his hand. He thought he perceived a kind of reluctance, which she conquered in the imperceptible moment that passed before she took his hand in the frank and hearty clasp that had been from the beginning one of the little things he had liked best in her. Then she asked him quickly if he had seen her type-writer.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

"WRIT IN WATER."

RIVER or sea, the voice is still the same,
Each curving water-lip the word repeats,
Forever rumoring the poet's name,
And murmuring melodiously—"Keats."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Words are Deeds, and May be Crimes.

THE CENTURY has never undertaken any duty with more serious consideration, and under a greater sense of responsibility, than the publication, in the present number, of Judge Gary's account of the trial and condemnation of the Chicago Anarchists. We believe that a better knowledge of that momentous event will be beneficial to civilization and conducive to good order throughout the world. The solemn statement of Judge Gary is prepared not only for the profession of the law: it is submitted not merely to the judgment of experts, but to the opinion of mankind — and, as Lowell says, "All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends."

A study of the testimony and finding shows that not only philosophically, but legally, words are deeds, and that for words leading to crime a man must suffer the extreme penalty of the law. We are willing to give up pages of the magazine to the partly fanatical and partly purely vicious ravings of the anarchists, not merely with a view to showing the nature of the evidence on which they were convicted, but also in order that the minds of men may be familiarized with these phrases; so that wherever they are heard it may be understood that this sort of language is likely to be but the spluttering of the end of a fuse, or the signal for the throwing of a yet more deadly bomb of dynamite.

But perhaps the most important part of the paper is the appeal of the writer (himself trained in manual labor) to working-men everywhere to avoid being led by professional lawbreakers and anarchists into a position of antagonism to the community. In a free country, where the people make their own laws, and where public sympathy is on the side of justice in every labor contest, so long as that side remains untainted by crime — in such a country the quickest way to reform is not the way of violence and cowardly cruelty, and destruction of government, but the path of honor, patriotism, and common sense.

There is nothing so radical as justice. It is the one safe cure for all social and political evils.

A Memorable Advance in Forest-Preservation.

THE people of the United States in general, and of the State of California in particular, owe Secretary John W. Noble, of the Harrison administration, an eternal debt of gratitude for his intelligent, zealous, and invaluable services to the cause of forest-preservation. We have had occasion more than once to express our hearty appreciation of his efforts in this direction, and we rejoice at a fresh opportunity to do so which comes in the establishment of a memorable series of forest reservations, performed on the eve of his departure from office.

By this policy, accomplished by President Harrison's proclamation in accordance with the powers conferred upon him by Congress in 1891, there has been made, first of all, a new reservation south of and adjoining the Yosemite National Park by the addition of over four million acres, comprising that portion of the Sierra Nevada which is at once the most mountainous and most grandly beautiful in the United States. It contains over six thousand square miles, with an altitude ranging from 3000 to 15,000 feet, composed almost entirely of lofty mountains and great cañons, and reaching the highest elevation in the Union, outside of Alaska. It includes the wonderful King's River Cañon, called by Mr. John Muir "a rival of the Yosemite," in his article with that title in THE CENTURY for November, 1891, and by him there suggested as a national reservation. This is, however, but a fraction of Secretary Noble's far-reaching reserve, which includes nearly if not quite all the big-tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) forests not before reserved, and has in addition the finest forests of sugar-pine, cedar, and other valuable trees known to the world. In addition to all these attractions and treasures, it is the source of the water-supply of the San Joaquin Valley, and as such the reservoir of the new wealth which irrigation has developed in the arid lands of that now beautiful region. Mr. Cleveland's administration will probably continue this policy by making another reserve of the northern sierra, from the Yosemite National Park to Mount Shasta.

But this is not all. Three other extensive mountain reserves on the Pacific slope have been created by the same wise policy,— one extending from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, one thence eastward to the San Gargonia Pass, and the third, in the State of Washington, embracing Mount Rainier,— the three aggregating about 2,500,000 acres. Hardly less important is the reservation of the territory contiguous to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which has also been effected by Secretary Noble's forethought. The record thus made by the late administration, like the accomplishment of International Copyright, will reflect credit upon it when other seemingly more important features are dimmed by time.

The chief gain is, primarily, to California. By this series of official acts President Harrison and Secretary Noble have completed the reservation of a chain of forest uplands that now includes all the elevated region which furnishes the water-supply for the productive regions of California south of San Francisco. The value of this great preserve, extending almost continuously for nearly the entire length of the State, and comprising in all between six and seven millions of acres, cannot be estimated. Californians who have seen what they had supposed to be barren and utterly worthless lands transformed into bounteous acres under the magic touch of irrigation, know that the value to the State of having its water-supply secured for all time against destruction or impairment is incomputable.

The establishment of these reservations will add strength to the movement now in progress at Sacramento to recede the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove to the United States. The necessity of more securely guarding these two great treasures ought now to be more apparent than ever to the people of California. They ought to see the wisdom of allowing control of the entire tract to be consolidated in the hands of the General Government. In this way alone can it be secured for all time against the ravages of ignorance, the greed of "rings," and the onslaughts of vandalism. If the effort to procure voluntary recession shall fail, it will be the duty of Congress to repeal the grant of 1864. For this course it is certain that a congressional inquiry will reveal only too substantial grounds. Once the valley is in the hands of the Government, the services of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted should be secured to lay down the principles on which it should be treated. Meantime he should be selected to act as adviser to the bureau in charge of which the scenic portions of the new parks shall be placed.

That the vandals are always on the watch was shown anew by the attack which was made upon the Yellowstone National Park in the late Congress. Cooke City, a small mining-camp situated on the northeast corner of this park, had two bills before Congress which ought to have been embodied in a single measure, and entitled "An act to mutilate the Yellowstone National Park, rob it of its most beautiful natural scenery, and ruin it as a game-preserve." One of the bills gave Cooke City the right to build a railway across the Park, and the other, in order to evade the technical objection to a railway within the Park, proposed to cut off all that portion of the Park including and lying outside the line of railway, restoring it to the public by making the railway line the new boundary. In exchange for the tract thus cut from the park it was proposed to add another tract, somewhat larger, but which is an inaccessible mountain region, which tourists could never visit, and which heavy winter snows render incapable of supporting game. It was proposed by the Cooke City vandals to substitute this practically valueless region for what is undoubtedly the most beautiful portion of the Park, to run a railway along the route which is destined by nature as the great scenic route of the Park, and to drive all game away from the best pasturage by putting a railway through the center of it. The only defense of this outrageous proposal was that the Cooke City mines are in need of a railway outlet. Granting the paramount importance of this need, the proposal to ruin the Park in its behalf is disposed of by the fact that a railway outlet can be secured in several other directions, outside the Park. There is, in fact, no possible excuse for this vandalism, and no Congress ought to listen to its advocates for a moment.

The policy set on foot by the Harrison administration should also be of use in the establishment or management of State reserves. In regard to the preservation of the Adirondack forest in New York State, a very great advance was made in 1892, when the legislature passed an act creating the Adirondack Park. This was the final result of a long and discouraging struggle. Originally the Adirondack wilderness comprised 12,000 square miles, but this area has been reduced by clearings, till it now contains only about 5600 square miles, or about 3,700,000 acres. Of these 3,700,000 acres, about 900,000 are owned by the State, but not in an unbroken tract. In fact fully one half of the State's lands were, at the time the Park was authorized, situated in detached places around the borders of the wilderness. Under the Park Act the commissioners have power to sell some portions, and with the money thus obtained buy new ones, and thus create a solid tract which shall be owned by the State, and, in the language of the act, "be forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as ground open for the free use of all the people for their health or pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the head waters of the chief rivers of the State, and a future timber supply." By this act the State, it is believed by the commissioners, will be able to increase its acreage, and, by consolidating its holdings, will be able to adopt and carry out a rational system of forestry, which will preserve and protect the forests, and make them a blessing to all its people. About 8000 acres have already been purchased under the act.

What the National Government has done for the Pacific Slope, and what New York has done for the Adirondacks, New Hampshire is called upon to do for the White Mountains. A loud cry of alarm in their behalf has been sent forth during the past few months, and, unless it be heeded before the present year rolls away, the chief natural glory of New England may have been ruined forever. The danger lies in the fact that the White Mountains are owned by private persons, Mount Washington itself being to-day private property. Experience everywhere has shown that private ownership cannot be depended on to preserve natural beauty in scenery which has a high market value. Year by year the lumbermen have been cutting their way into the White Mountain region till now they threaten to destroy those tracts which are its greatest glory, and which constitute the chief charm for the thousands of visitors who resort thither year after year from all quarters of the land. Contracts were made several months ago under which the Pemigewasset wilderness, that magnificent stretch of pathless forest, was to be invaded by the destroyer with his gangs of cutters and his steam sawmill. Another assault was also planned upon the region about the Flume, and still another upon Albany Intervale. These attacks, if carried out, would completely strip the mountains of their magnificent and imposing vesture, depriving the region of its glory and beauty, and taking from the rivers of the State their supply of water. Small wonder that the threat of such appalling devastation — nay more, such desecration — aroused the whole country, and that appeals were sent from all quarters of the land to have the hand of the destroyer stayed.

The alarm was first sounded by Mr. J. B. Harrison of Franklin Falls, N. H., the leader in the successful movement by which Niagara Falls was made a State reservation. He has done a great deal to arouse the people of the country to the danger, and to induce them to bring pressure upon the people of New Hampshire to act at once, and save from annihilation their greatest treasure, not merely in its natural beauty, but in its power to attract visitors and money to the State. He started a fund which received contributions from public-spirited persons everywhere, and expressions of warm sympathy which have done a great deal to arouse the astonishingly lethargic public opinion of New

Hampshire to the need of action. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, was one of the first to respond with a contribution to the fund, saying of its object:

> The saving of the forests of New Hampshire is not a mere local interest. It is of national concern,—nay, it is more than this,—it is a patriotic duty. Each generation is a trustee of the natural wealth and beauty of its native land for the generations to come. We are not owners in fee, and we have no right to squander the inheritance which belongs to others equally with ourselves.

That might well be applied to every movement for forest-preservation, and it ought to be made the text for missionary work in all parts of the land, for there appears to be no quarter in which the destroyer is not at work. Simultaneously with the plea for the White Mountains one was heard for aid to save the beautiful forests in Southern Kentucky and Tennessee, in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap. A tanning company is working for the ruin of this region by removing the bark from thousands of trees, leaving their trunks to rot upon the ground, and making great rents in the forests thousands of acres in extent.

This wide-spread raid upon American forests ought to have the effect of greatly arousing public sentiment throughout the country to the need of national concentration of effort for forest-preservation. It ought to result in the creation of active interest in the work which the American Forestry Association is seeking to accomplish—that is, the "advancement of educational, legislative, or other 'measures'" tending to the promotion of an interest in the preservation, renewal, and management of our forests. A great deal has been accomplished by this association, but a great deal more will be accomplished if all persons interested in its useful and most genuinely patriotic work will become members of it, and give it all the aid in their power. Public sentiment is visibly aroused, but it is only by unity and systematic direction of effort that results can be achieved.

Parks in and near Large Cities.

AN act was passed by the Massachusetts legislature of 1892 which ought to be imitated by the legislature of every other State which contains one or more large cities. It provides for the appointment by the governor of three men, to constitute a board of metropolitan park commissioners, whose duty it shall be to "consider the advisability of laying out ample open spaces, for the use of the public, in the towns and cities in the vicinity of Boston," and to make a report, accompanied by maps and plans, to the next session of the legislature. Governor Russell appointed Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, Philip A. Chase of Lynn, and William de las Casas of Malden as members of the commission, and they proceeded immediately to a vigorous prosecution of the work assigned them.

It is the intention of the commission to ascertain first what is the present public holding of every community within twelve miles of the State House. The next step will be to inquire what more is needed. All public beaches near Boston will be examined with a view to seeing what rights the public already has in them, and what additional rights and improvements are desirable. River borders, like those of the Charles River, will be examined with a view to ascertaining if the river can be made a pleasure waterway with public rights upon its banks. Finally, the question of making a State reservation of about four thousand acres of Blue Hills, the highest tract of land near Boston, will be considered, and a recommendation made.

It is easy to see at a glance what a public-spirited movement this is, and what important and far-reaching results may be the outcome. It is a very necessary movement for Massachusetts to make, for the most desirable portions of the waterways and beaches about Boston are being so rapidly absorbed for private dwellings and summer residences, that the public is in a fair way to be shut out entirely from enjoyment of them. It is the purpose of the commission to evolve a comprehensive plan for saving open places here and there in all directions about the city, to be set apart for public uses and pleasure-grounds for all time, and to urge its adoption by the legislature.

At the same time, the interior needs of Boston itself ought not to be neglected. In this direction a good example has been set by New York, which all other cities would do well to follow. Not only have large tracts in the upper and newer sections of New York been acquired and set apart for park usage, but liberal provision has been made for constructing in the most densely populated districts of the older city an indefinite number of small parks, which will bring the benefits of light and air to the inhabitants of the crowded tenement-houses. Under an act of the legislature passed in 1887, one million dollars a year is available for this purpose, the city being authorized to issue bonds to that amount annually for an indefinite period. In accordance with the terms of this act, work is at present in progress on two small parks, and proceedings have been instituted for the acquisition by the city of the land necessary for the construction of four others, all situated in portions of the city in which their advent will be an inestimable blessing to thousands of poor people, old and young, to whom the large and remote parks of the city are virtually inaccessible because of the time and money required in reaching them. No more worthy or humane use of public money could be devised than such expenditure of it as this. It beautifies the city, and at the same time adds immeasurably to the happiness and health of the most helpless portion of its inhabitants.

What the commission is doing for Boston and its suburbs another organization, called the Trustees of Public Reservations, is seeking to do for the whole State of Massachusetts. It has issued a public appeal in which the scope of its work is defined as follows:

> TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
>
> In your part of Massachusetts are there any beautiful beaches, bluffs, hilltops, ravines, groves, river-banks, or roadsides?
>
> Would it not be well to secure for the public the most interesting of these places before their beauty is destroyed, or they become fenced in for private gain or pleasure?
>
> Owners of such places, by giving them into the keeping of the Trustees of Public Reservations, will enhance the value of adjacent real estate. Neighbors of such places, by giving them into the charge of the trustees, may profitably increase the attractiveness of their district. Men and women of Massachusetts who have gained wealth within or without her borders, can find no more acceptable way of benefiting their native land than by dedicating one or more of her places of beauty to the enjoyment of all, forever.

It would be difficult to conceive of projects more deserving approval than these we have mentioned. We have urged many times, in this and other departments of THE CENTURY, the great public value of park-creation and -preservation. Every city in the country ought to have a commission like that of Boston appointed to secure park-preserves in its suburbs. The time to secure such preserves is before the suburbs are closely built up and before the land becomes too valuable to be spared for such use. There are suburbs within the vicinity of New York and other large cities which have been allowed to be built up solidly without leaving a single large open space for public uses. This is a blunder which will be seen to be more and more grievous as time goes on. Other cities ought to see to it that so far as they are concerned the blunder shall not be committed.

In regard to the preservation of spots of great natural beauty in the States at large,— that is, in parts remote from large cities,— the matter of public ownership and public preservation is comparatively a simple one. The actual value of such places is usually not great, and the cost of acquiring them for public use would not be high. The value of their acquisition and preservation as a means for cultivating the esthetic sense of the people cannot be overestimated. Every picturesque hillside, rocky bluff, tumbling waterfall, shady ravine, cool grove, or sandy beach set aside for public enjoyment would be a constant object-lesson in natural beauty to all beholders — an object-lesson which local pride would be constantly enforcing. Aside from its esthetic usefulness, by enhancing the attractiveness of a community possessing it, it would add greatly to the marketable value of all adjoining property. There is scarcely a village in the land which has not within its borders at least one spot of this kind whose natural beauty well entitles it to preservation. What an immeasurable gain it would be to us as a people, if all these spots could be spared destruction, and set apart forever for public use and enjoyment! Why should not the example of Massachusetts be followed by that of every other State in the Union? The obvious advantages of the proposal are so great that if a few zealous persons take up the work of advocacy, there can be no doubt of speedy and hearty public approval.

The World's Fair and Landscape-Gardening.

THE most remarkable point about the Chicago Fair is its beauty as a whole. Its great artistic success has been achieved because, at the very outset, before any of its buildings was planned, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted was commissioned to lay out the site, and determine their positions and the character of the means of access to them.

This fact, we think, is now fully understood, not only by artists, but by a large part of the public. It cannot fail to be recognized by every intelligent person who visits Chicago this summer; and it will undoubtedly do more than anything else has ever done, or than any achievement of another kind possibly could do, to make Americans understand that the art which, for want of a more broadly inclusive term, we call the art of gardening (or landscape-gardening, although this word is quite as inadequate) deserves to rank with architecture, painting, and sculpture as a genuine fine art — as an art of design in a very noble sense. The Fair will do this; it will show how important the assistance of the artist in gardening may be to the architect, and also that his help should be secured before the architect goes to work, and not, as is our common practice when we employ him at all, to "touch up" architectural results after they are finished.

Thus the Fair will be of great advantage to American art; or would be, but for a most unfortunate state of things. The Fair will stimulate our desire to employ landscape-architects; but unfortunately landscape-architects at all deserving of the name are very difficult to find. One can count on the fingers of a single hand the trained and tasteful workers in this department whom the United States possess. This was recently proved by the way in which the untimely death of Mr. Codman, Mr. Olmsted's young partner, was lamented as a public calamity. In any branch of art the death of so capable and energetic a man would have been a serious loss; but in his branch it has left a blank as great as though a score of our prominent painters or architects had died.

Probably more young Americans do not enter this profession because we have no regular schools of landscape-design, and it is consequently hard to determine how one may secure the best training. Therefore, in pointing out the probability that, for once, our demand for good artistic work may exceed the available supply, we hope to attract the serious attention not only of young men about to engage in their life's work, but also of the directors of our educational institutions, and of liberal citizens anxious to work for the public good. The establishment of a department of gardening art in connection with one of our universities or great technical schools would be both a novel and an extremely useful way of investing money for the benefit of the American people. It might best be established, perhaps, in Boston or Cambridge, owing to the neighborhood of the Arnold Arboretum, and to the fact that a more intelligent popular interest in such matters can be noted here than elsewhere in America — doubtless because of the influence of Mr. Olmsted and Professor Sargent, and of the late H. H. Richardson, who was the first among our architects practically to recognize the inestimable advantage of a brotherly accord between his profession and that of the landscape-architect. But in any place where facilities for acquiring at least the rudiments of architectural, engineering, and botanical knowledge already exist, a school of landscape-design would be of very great public benefit.

Arbor Day.

THE CENTURY needs to make no apology for devoting a considerable space in the present number to a day which, to the credit of our people, is coming to be celebrated more and more throughout the country. Mr. Bunner's poem and Mrs. Robbins's account of that unique institution the Arnold Arboretum, though bearing more directly, do not bear more importantly upon Arbor Day than the editorials in this department dealing with other phases of the subject, such as forest-reservation, landscape-gardening, and the establishment of city and suburban parks; for it would be but saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung to direct the energies of our people through laborious national organizations to the observation of Arbor Day, even with its

countless rows of newly planted saplings, if at the same time we were to neglect as a nation the agencies already at hand to preserve against greed and vandalism the magnificent endowments which nature has committed to our care.

Therefore too much stress cannot be laid upon the far-reaching influence of the policy inaugurated by Secretary Noble, with President Harrison's cordial approval, whereby are saved for all time the chief of those great natural monuments which remain the property of the Government. The work of the Massachusetts Metropolitan Park Commission and of the Trustees of Public Reservations, as above set forth, comes more nearly home to every citizen or villager, and finds a corollary in the crying need of professional instruction in the care of natural scenery—a subject to which we call attention, and which may well commend itself to our universities. The massing of these topics makes a comprehensive showing of some of the intelligent and patriotic efforts now on foot for the conservation of natural scenery, and, we hope, will serve to stimulate those who see in these movements another step forward in the prosperity of our people, both as local communities and as a nation.

Since the above was written the cause of forestry has met with new encouragement in the appointment, as Secretary of Agriculture, of Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, whose connection with Arbor Day is well known.

OPEN LETTERS.

Governmental Care for Working-men.

I. OHIO'S FREE PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT OFFICES.

ON the first Monday in January of each year, simultaneously with the gathering of the State legislature, the Ohio Trades and Labor Assembly meets in annual session at Columbus.

The delegates have for their constituency the entire trades-union element of Ohio. Their deliberations, which continue throughout the week, are devoted chiefly to the discussion of labor legislation. Measures looking to the improvement of the wage-worker's condition are formulated into bills, and existing or proposed laws judged inimical to his interests are condemned. The time and place of meeting are fixed by the Assembly with the design of bringing its proceedings prominently to the notice of the law-making powers of the State. But lest the impression made should prove too transitory for any practical results, a lobbying committee is appointed, whose duty it is to remain at the capital during the session of the legislature, and urge consideration of the reforms that have been decided upon by the organization.

A number of meritorious enactments owe their places on the statute-books to this influence. These consist mostly of measures throwing safeguards about employees whose occupations endanger life and limb, improving the sanitary condition of factories, and regulating child labor.

A noteworthy departure was made, however, from the ordinary line of labor legislation in 1890, when the trades-union element secured the passage of a law creating free public employment offices, to be operated under State auspices. This experiment, being without precedent and involving great possibilities, has attracted wide-spread interest on the part of labor reformers and students of social problems. Over two years of history have now been made by these institutions—sufficient to determine their practicability.

The agitation of this question dates from 1889. During the Paris Exposition, through the liberality of the Scripps League of newspapers,[1] a delegation of American working-men was given an opportunity of studying the wage question abroad. Among the party was Honorable W. T. Lewis, at present Commissioner of the Ohio Bureau of Labor Statistics, but at that time a national officer in the coal-miners' organization of the United States. While in Paris, Mr. Lewis became deeply interested in the Free Intelligence Office of that city, and made it the object of close observation. Upon returning to his home in Ohio, he brought the matter to the attention of the trades-unions of the State, which espoused the idea of giving the system a local application.

The Free Intelligence Office of Paris is supported jointly by the government and the municipality. It consists of a department, presided over by a secretary, for each of the principal trades, and one for unclassified trades and minor occupations, collectively. Branch offices in all the principal centers of industry throughout the country coöperate with headquarters, thus forming a complete system of labor intelligence.

To come within the most liberal provisions that could be expected of a State legislature, it was necessary to modify this plan until little but the bare principle remained. The Ohio law, as passed, was very simple. The offices were attached to the Labor Commissioner's department, and that official proceeded to appoint a superintendent and a clerk, the latter a female, for each of the five cities whose municipal grade brought them within the requirements of the statutes, namely, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, and Dayton. The State was to defray all expenses except the salaries of the superintendents and clerks, which were to be fixed and paid by the several cities. A delay was experienced in each instance in getting the matter through the municipal board; but as soon as possible quarters were opened in the business center of each city, and the work of receiving applications began. The names, addresses, and occupations of those seeking work were registered in a book, and a separate record was made of the wants of employers. The superintendent was forbidden to accept from applicants remuneration in any form. On the other hand, though required to exercise an intelligent discrimination in the discharge of his duties, he assumed no responsibility as to the character of applicants or the payment of wages. No one was guaranteed a situation. Those

[1] The "Cincinnati Post," the "Detroit News," and the "St. Louis Chronicle," published by E. W. Scripps.

registering for employment were sent merely as available persons to vacancies in their particular lines of work. This, in brief, is the manner in which the public employment system was inaugurated. Practically there has been no change in the method of operation.

A statement of the work accomplished at the outset by each office, from the date of opening in 1890 to January 1, 1891, is herewith given:

The Toledo office, in 27 weeks, registered 7021 applications, of which 3053 were from employees, and 3968 from employers; positions were secured for 1826 persons.

The Dayton office, in 26 weeks, registered 6289 applications, of which 4027 were from employees, and 2262 from employers; positions were secured for 817 persons.

The Cleveland office, in 25 weeks, registered 8220 applications, of which 3800 were from employees, and 4420 from employers; positions were secured for 2180 persons.

The Cincinnati office, in 23 weeks, registered 12,171 applications, of which 6581 were from employees, and 5590 from employers; positions were secured for 2956 persons.

The Columbus office, in 17 weeks, registered 4589 applications, of which 2675 were from employees, and 1914 from employers; positions were secured for 1209 persons.

In all, 20,136 applicants were registered, 18,154 calls were received from employers, and 8988 persons were furnished employment.

During the year 1891, there were 57,579 applications filed with the five offices, 34,371 by employees, and 23,208 by employers; 15,525 persons were furnished employment. In 1892 there were 49,159 applications filed, 26,957 by employees and 22,202 by employers; 13,845 persons were furnished employment. The falling off in 1892 was confined to the fore part of the year, and was due to certain contingencies in the management of the offices for which proper provision had not been made. From the date of the opening of the first office, June 26, 1890, to January 1, 1893, a total of 81,464 applicants registered for situations, 54,507 being males and 26,957 females; 63,564 calls for help were made by employers, 29,395 being for males, and 34,169 for females; 38,358 persons were placed in positions, 18,529 being males, and 19,829 females. Of the total number of applicants for situations 47 per cent. have been furnished employment, and of the total number of wants of both employees and employers 52.8 per cent. have been supplied. Eliminating from the list of applicants for work a transient class, who after registering never call again, and giving the offices credit for those who procure situations through intelligence received from these sources at second hand, a much better showing would be made. The proportion of common labor and domestic help to the total number of situations procured has steadily decreased, while the trades and other skilled occupations have shown a constant gain.

The figures given represent a vast saving of individual effort. The wants of capital and labor have been in a measure concentrated and fitted together, resulting in economy of time and energy to both industrial factors. From a practical business point of view, the usefulness of the public employment system has been demonstrated in the extensive and continuous use made of it by the general public.

On the humane side of the question, also, the most gratifying results are seen. According to a conservative estimate, $100,000 are annually saved to the working people of the State by forcing the private intelligence bureaus from the field. Though always in disrepute, an investigation of this evil disclosed a state of affairs much worse than had been credited. Through systematic misrepresentation money was taken from the pockets of those who could least afford to spare it, and but little, if anything, was given in return. These institutions have entirely disappeared in three of the cities where the free offices are in operation, and must eventually go out of existence altogether. Working people have been quick to perceive in the public employment office something that has a tendency to do away with the humiliation of seeking the means of livelihood from door to door. They appreciate the independence of being able to meet the employer on common ground. The paths to industry are made more accessible. Under stress of circumstances, applicants of high education and abilities often eagerly accept some menial work which they would shrink from personally soliciting.

The employment office is a democratic institution, embracing among its patrons all classes of people. Being a public office, operated by the State, there is no atmosphere of charity surrounding it. The superintendent, whose duties consist, in part, in gathering information for the annual report of the department with which he is connected, is afforded peculiar opportunities for studying the labor question. He is in constant touch with all branches of wage-workers, and gains a knowledge of their conditions of life which could be learned in no other way. The five free public employment offices of Ohio cost less than $10,000 a year, including the salaries of superintendents and clerks, paid by the cities. The hindrances incident to any new departure having been to a large extent overcome, much greater results for this outlay will be realized in the future.

Labor organizations all over the country have watched the progress of the Ohio experiment with deep solicitude. Much interest has also been manifested by charitable organizations in various cities. Letters of inquiry come from nearly every part of the United States and Canada, many of them bearing the signatures of prominent officials, including representatives of foreign governments.

Now that the experimental stage has been passed, action is being taken to introduce the system in other States. A year ago Governor Boies, of Iowa, in his annual message to the legislature, recommended its adoption. The labor commissioners of all the principal States of the Union, assembled in national convention at Denver, Colorado, last May, passed resolutions urging the general establishing of free public employment offices. Other organizations have since then expressed themselves to the same effect. The most advanced sentiment appears in Pennsylvania and Missouri, but from present indications a number of State legislatures will be called upon to consider the question in the near future.

C. C. Johnston.

II. AN EXAMPLE FROM GERMANY.

FOR the care and protection of work-people in Germany, effort is being made in two different directions: by many employers of labor spontaneously, and by the government under a very thorough system of inspection.

And first, certain employers have sought to improve the condition of their working-men in a very practical way. The necessaries of life are purchased wholesale, and are sold to the employees at actual cost, sometimes even below it. From government reports for 1890, just published, the following details are taken.

In the district of Düsseldorf large quantities of bread were provided and sold at cost. Forty-two firms are named who purchased between five and six million pounds of potatoes, and fifty-nine firms who purchased over twelve thousand tons of coal, all of which was resold at cost. The great Baden Aniline and Soda Manufacturing Company has established stores for selling provisions at low rates, which are maintained at an annual loss of 30,000 marks (over seven thousand dollars). The Mansfeld Copper Works in 1890 employed 17,687 workmen, and sold to them over nine million pounds of rye-meal at a rate amounting to 107,000 marks ($26,000) less than cost. A similar system is carried out by Krupp, who also for the better housing of his workmen has built at Essen 3677 family dwellings and five barracks, the latter with accommodation for from 2000 to 3000 workmen. The Baden company above mentioned has established a sanitarium in the country, to which those of their workmen whose health requires it are sent for a time in the summer.

The arrangement above mentioned for supplying work-people with the necessaries of life at wholesale cash prices much deserves to be imitated, especially in this country, where the difference between wholesale and retail prices is excessive. And when this system is compared with the companies' stores in the coal and iron regions, carried on upon the well-known "pluck-me-store" system, the contrast is very striking.

This voluntary action on the part of employers in one direction has been supplemented in another by a complete system of government inspection.

It happens unfortunately that many branches of industry are attended with more or less danger to the health and life of the work-people employed in them. Protection against such dangers cannot be safely left to the employer. All precautionary measures involve expense, and the employer who will not use them can produce his wares more cheaply and compete favorably with those who do. Consequently, the matter is one that belongs properly to government direction.

The first step taken in Germany was to appoint commissions, which investigated all the dangerous trades, and reported very fully on the evils found, and their remedies. The entire empire was then divided into fifty-one districts, for each of which a competent inspector was appointed. These inspectors have a right to examine every part of all the factories and work-shops, and to require the establishment of all such reforms as they judge necessary. They confer not only with the employer, but with the workmen. A few instances will serve to show the beneficial effects which have resulted from this system.

In the district of Alsace-Lorraine 663 factories were inspected, out of which 286 were reported as having insufficient ventilation. Out of these 286 factories 209 were for textile industries. Much improvement was being made by the adoption of the system of ventilating with warm and moist air. The introduction of electrical lighting has done much to improve the atmosphere of the work-rooms.

In the manufacture of mirrors great improvement in the health of the work-people has been brought about by the use of silver instead of mercury for coating glass. In the town of Fürth the mirror factory is reported as using silver exclusively for the mirrors sent to North America, and for about two thirds of its entire product. At this factory the number of days of illness caused by mercurial poisoning in 1885 was 4074; in 1889 it was 1003. In 1890 this was reduced to 148, and since May, 1890, there have been no cases at all. When the serious nature of mercurial poisoning is considered, the great improvement brought about, partly by the use of a less poisonous metal and partly by better methods, can be understood.

In the district of Cassel-Wiesbaden the manufacture of chrome gave rise to sickness among the work-people. By improved methods the number of sick days was reduced in one year from 2865 to 899, so that at present the time lost by sickness by those actually engaged in the factory barely exceeds the proportion of loss among the outdoor workmen, masons, carpenters, laborers, etc.

In the great lead-works at Tarnowitz in the district of Oppeln, efforts have been made to check the malignant lead-poisoning caused by the escape of lead fumes. This has been done by connecting all the different furnaces with a powerful ventilator, which draws out the fumes by exhaustion and forces them into a tall chimney. Arrangements are also made for purifying the gases from the lead which they contain. The effect of these changes on the health of the work-people has been very remarkable. The number of sick days has been reduced to *one sixth* of what it was formerly.

In the manufacture of phosphorus matches, the cases of constitutional injury by phosphorus poisoning have been very greatly reduced in number.

The manufacture of mineral fertilizers is attended with danger in all cases where the phosphate rock contains fluor-spar. Such rock when treated with sulphuric acid disengages vapors of hydrofluoric acid which are very injurious to the lungs and also destructive to vegetation. At a factory in the district of Breslau-Liegnitz this danger is completely overcome, and even a profit is made, by bringing the hydrofluoric vapors into combination, and thus obtaining artificial cryolite.

The fouling of streams by the drainage of factories is in all manufacturing districts a source of much trouble. The chemicals used are for the most part injurious to the water in every way, rendering it unfit for drinking, and tending to destroy all animal life contained in it. As a single example it may be mentioned that it has been ascertained by actual trial that one part of burnt lime introduced into 100,000 parts of water in a river is sufficient to kill all the fish contained in it. Stringent measures have been taken in Germany to diminish this evil, though in some cases, and particularly in the manufacture of beet-sugar, it has proved very difficult to find effectual means. But by the use of chemicals it

can be accomplished. The Ströbnitz factory, which works up 70,000 tons of beets each season, and whose waste water amounts to over 1000 gallons per minute, purifies this so thoroughly that a specimen taken by the inspector remained three weeks in a warm room odorless. In some cases it has proved that waste waters containing organic matter which were very injurious to streams by reason of the fermentation which they set up, were found on the other hand very useful to fertilization by means of irrigation. For example, a starch factory on the river Werra caused much damage by fouling the water with the waste products of the manufacture. But when these products were carried to the neighboring farms their fertilizing qualities proved so valuable that the demand for them could hardly be met.

These facts, all derived from official sources (the reports of the inspectors epitomized in the "Chemiker Zeitung"), serve to show what valuable reforms can be effected through the agency of intelligent inspection. The need for such reforms is fully as great here as it was in Germany. The work that meets the eye of the general public is for the most part very healthy. Masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, and generally all mechanics connected with the building trades, have nothing to complain of. Laboring work in cities and in the country is healthy. Where there is unhealthy work and dangerous, it generally goes on in factories and buildings of which the public know little, and to which visitors would not be welcome. In this country, as well as in Germany, there are more persons wanting work than there is work to be done, and consequently there are always people willing and ready to accept any employment, however dangerous. Nor can the humanity of employers always be trusted to supply safeguards, however simple. One or two instances that have come under my observation may serve to illustrate this. There is a factory at which farmers' forks are made in large quantity. These forks require to be ground: this grinding fills the air with small particles of iron, which are inhaled by the workmen, and cause what is known as grinder's consumption. Several of the workmen have died in consequence, leaving families to be cared for by charitable neighbors. The neighbors have urged the owner to introduce a simple and inexpensive contrivance for arresting the particles of iron by means of a magnet, a device in successful use elsewhere—for example, at the Yale Lock Works. The owner refused, although it was shown to him that at the establishment just named the iron saved very nearly paid for the very small cost of the arrangement, and he continues to expose his work-people to this danger.

Some time ago I had occasion to visit a factory at which a chemical is made, the production of which is accompanied by the escape of very poisonous vapors. The work was too dangerous to be carried on in any closed space. It was therefore done out of doors, but no chimney had been built to carry the vapors into the upper air, and they were allowed to spread freely through the inhabited neighborhood. Various accidents had happened; a man who attended to the machine for a short time found his lungs destroyed. The foreman said to me that he had not been able to get anybody to take his place, and was running the machine himself. A few days previous some one venturing into its neighborhood at night did not come back. Search was made for him, and he was found on the ground insensible. Besides this, from what I noticed respecting other poisonous exhalations, I was surprised that any one could work there and survive.

In many textile factories ventilation is purposely excluded, because the work is found to be more perfect when executed in a hot and damp atmosphere. In this way the air becomes so tainted and oppressive that a person not accustomed to it is soon overcome. In some factories the system of introducing a constant supply of air which is warm and damp, but at least fresh and pure, has been adopted. It should be general.

In all these cases those who entirely refuse to adopt precautionary measures can, as already remarked, of course, work a little more cheaply than those who do, thus obtaining a most undeserved advantage. This is one of the many reasons which make the intervention of government a necessity.

It is unfortunately true that in our country the difficulties are exceptionally great. The matter does not fall within the province of the National Government, but must be dealt with by a great number of separate States. Uniformity as it exists in Germany is hardly obtainable. Moreover, manufacturers can always make themselves heard, and are likely to declare that if strict rules are made in any one State, they will establish themselves in some other State where the system is more lax. The working people, whose voice should be heard in this matter emphatically, are often prevented from accomplishing anything by the incapacity of those whom they have selected as leaders.

It is therefore the intelligent people throughout the country who must be made, if possible, to see the importance of this matter, and the injustice of a system under which a workman is tempted, through the stress of necessity, to accept, more or less ignorantly, work which endangers his health and may destroy his ability for self-support. The hope for better things lies in an enlightened public opinion, such as will constrain our State governments to adopt a general system of inspection.

M. Carey Lea.

American Artists Series.

GEORGE INNESS.

WHILE it is doubtless true that we have not yet a distinctive national art,—that is, an art which is spontaneous and indigenous,—it is also true that we have among our artists several who, though not without having profited by the world's best art, are American in the fact that their art is peculiarly their own, and uninfluenced by special schools and fads of Europe.

The man among American painters who is preëminent in this respect is George Inness. His art is entirely his own, and does not contain a hint of the succession of landscape-painters. It is reminiscent of nothing but nature, of which it represents every mood, every season, and every time of day. So rich is his treasury of nature's secrets, so poetic and fertile his brain, so great his power of execution, that although his output is probably as large as that of any other living artist, he never repeats himself, never paints twice just the same mood of nature, the same atmosphere or envelop. Surely, if Alfred Stevens is correct that "art is nature seen through the prism of emotion," then Inness can properly claim to be ranked

among the world's great artists. For each of his canvases gives out some new thought, some freshly distilled essence, some transmutation of the nature of common eyesight into the refined, poetic, and prismatic.

George Inness was born in Newburgh, N.Y., in 1825. He was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design in 1853, and a full Academician in 1868.

Mr. Inness's art, as was to be expected from a man of his originality, has gone through many phases, and there is a wide difference between his early work and that of the last few years.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

WE may justly be proud of our little band of sculptors, and we can with good reason lay claim to a rank second to that of France in the picturesque quality of our sculpture, that is, in a certain quality akin to color, —a warmth, a fire, in modeling. Of course our sculpture is largely influenced by that of France. Why should it not be? For French sculpture, although often marred by fleshliness, partakes very largely of the best characteristics of both the Greek and the Renaissance, with a modernness all its own. It is more difficult to recognize individuality in sculpture than in painting, for it has more — many more — limitations, and the sculptor is often hampered by his conditions.

Daniel Chester French is a sculptor who can claim a fair amount of individualism. He has been little influenced by modern foreign work, although he has profited by the quality of modernness in French sculpture. Like George Inness, his art education has been in the main acquired in his own country. Born in Exeter, N. H., in 1850, he studied under Dr. Rimmer for a short period, under J. Q. A. Ward in the same town in 1870, and did not go abroad until his style was formed, and he had seen one of his works (the statue of the "Minute Man") erected at Concord Bridge in 1875. In fact, the whole period of his foreign art-study is covered by the two years spent in the studio of Thomas Ball in Florence, and one year in Paris.

Mr. French's best-known works are the "Minute Man," modeled in 1874, "John Hancock" in 1883, "Dr. Gallaudet and his First Deaf-mute Pupil" in 1888, "Lewis Cass" in 1887 (now at the Capitol at Washington), "Thomas Starr King," the Milmore Memorial in 1891, for which he gained a medal of the third class in the Paris Salon, and his colossal statue of "The Republic" for the World's Fair.

Mr. French's work is characterized by sensitiveness and tenderness. Like a good deal of the work of the Renaissance, its modeling is earnest, delicate, and unchallenging, and, as is shown in the beautiful Milmore Memorial engraved in this magazine, it possesses true poetic feeling.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"One White May Morning."

ONE white May morning odorous as June
I wandered with my dearest, dreaming bliss
Incomparable, if only I might kiss
Her peaceful brow as lightly as the moon
Doth kiss the lilies of a calm lagoon
When early evening first begins to miss
Its yellow sunshine; so I told her this,
Timid amid the still, serene forenoon.

Then she made answer, with a tender smile
(A soft wild rosebud, such as might beguile
The heart of Love himself, could he but see
How winning-sweet her eyelids drooped, the while
The rosebud blossomed swiftly, blushingly),
"Am I not better than a kiss? Take me!"

Charles Winfred Douglas.

Not a Boston Girl.

I SEAL the letter, write her name,—
It 's very dear to me,—
And then I add, beneath the same,
Two letters — M and D.

I see you smile in quick disdain.
You think of glasses, too,
And little curls. It 's very plain
What "M.D." means to you.

But she is neither stern nor cold,
As you perhaps may think.
She 's young and fair, not grim and old,
Nor does she scatter ink

On notes of lessons that are said
Before a learned class;
And from her dainty lips of red
No long orations pass.

The only studies that she reads
Are letters that I write;
The only lectures that she heeds
Are those that I indite.

You wonder how it all may be,
And do not understand?
She lives in Baltimore. "Md."
Means, simply,— "Maryland."

James G. Burnett.

The Singer's Excuse.

I READ our sweetest singers' words,
I hear the music of their voices;
The century 's a cage of birds,
The multiplying flock rejoices.
"Too many far," the critics scold,
"Too many," the faint-hearted falter;
Remonstrance, haughty-browed and cold,
The swelling chorus cannot alter.

What vibrant string forgets to ring
When kindred sounds are near it throbbing?
Thou canst not scorn, Apollo, king!
The lowliest reed thy breath sets sobbing.
The molten feeling in us lies,—
The heart to word and rhyme must coin it.
Ah! who can hear the anthem rise
Without a throat that aches to join it?

Oh, some may sing for all the years,
And some for but the fleeting minute,
But singing keeps at bay our fears,
And each and all have comfort in it!

Oh, some may sing for all mankind,
And some for but a single hearer;
And one the greater praise may find,
And one — to one at least — be dearer.

Mary Russell Bartlett.

A Problem for the Scientists.

Oh, the thoughts, the revelations, of our age that lie enshrined
In the caldron of man's mind;
How they seethe and how they simmer, how they swim and how they swirl,
How they wriggle, how they wrestle, how they whisk and how they whirl!
Yet when now the puppy Science opens wide his ten-days' eyes,
Will no trenchant man arise
Who will fathom why to-morrow, as ten thousand years ago,
When she means a Yes emphatic, will a woman answer No!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

Bruddeh Isaac's Discourse.

My breddren, somewhah in de 'Sa'ms, King David says, "All men am liahs"; an' den he says, "Reputations am ohfen got widout deservin'." I want to invite youh t'oughts dis mawnin' to de 'speyance ob one ob de liahs, showin' de trufe ob de secon' tex', "Reputations am ohfen got widout deservin'."

Ananias was a man — *an'* — he was a liah. But he wahn't a great liah. He wahn't eben a right smaht liah. Des a cawmon, onery eb'ry-day liah. An' yit, my breddren, look at Ananias to-day! See de magnillikent reputation ez a liah ob dat man! Why, he am de patron saint ob liahs, an' wuz befo' you an' me wuz bohn — 'way back, long 'fo' de wah.

Now, my breddren, we ain' tole dat Ananias was a habituous liah; we ain' tole dat he eveh pehfohmed on'y de one lie; an' yit he made de biggest reputation dat a liah or a man — de same t'ing, my breddren — ebeh made. Why, my breddren, you or me tells mo' lies an' bigger lies eb'ry dey ob our lives, an' yit what soht ob reputations hab we? De mos' ob us none at all.

Probehly we ain' got de winnin' ways ob ole Ananias. We sut'n'y kyan't mek a leetle lie go ez fur ez he did. But, my breddren, it wahn't his winnin' ways alone dat raised ole Ananias to de penuckle ob fame. It wuz his 'mediate death. He might have lived to be ez ole ez George Washin'ton an' nebeh tole anudder lie. His dyin' when he did wuz de makin' ob him.

An' now, my breddren, dey is some lessons to be learned fum all dis. If bruddeh Caleb obeh dah am notable fo' gin'rosity; if sisteh Dinah is notable fo' her meekness; don't you be discou'aged, my po' "bruddeh No-'count," 'kase you is n't notable fo' anyt'ing. Remembeh dat reputations am ohfen got widout deservin'; remembeh ole Ananias wid his mise'bul picayune lie, an' do de bes' you kin.

An' you white folks in de back ob de church, if bruddeh Samule says he t'anks de Lawd he 's hones'; if bruddeh 'Rastus tells you he hates de sight ob chicken pie, remembeh dat King David says, "All men am liahs," an' keep youh hen-house locked.

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Homesick Westerner.

I am blessed if I ain't hungry just to sniff the smells the prairie
Stirs up when the ground in springtime is as sweet as a bouquet,
And the meadow-larks are singing on the fence-posts — oh, there 's nary,
Nary bird of any feather that can sing as well as they.

Sing! I tell you what, these Yankees don't know wild songs, never heard one
Pouring forth like molten sunshine in a current full and strong,
Till it sweeps all indoor concerts out of mind — ah, there 's a bird, one
That knows how to use his throttle till it really makes a song.

Whew! the thought of that big fellow telling all creation round him
How he feels about the subject of green ground and high, bright sky,
Sets the section corn-field rustling in my ears, and then (confound him!)
Sets me blinking over something that has got into my eye.

There 's a music in that rustling beats what any mother's daughter
Ever sung in any opera,— that 's as sure as you are born!
And if you are Western-bred there 's no breeze from off salt water
That smells half so satisfying as a mile of Indian corn.

Pretty landscapes made to order here, down East, they 're always praising,
And they call our prairies "dreary," "tame," or "very stupid plains";
But they never rode full gallop past the osage hedges, raising
Hoofing flakes of black mud flying, running race with wild storm-rains.

And they never tried the pleasure of the great dash through the slough-lands
When the prairie creek boils over in a foaming lake of brown,
When the hickory grove is budding, just beyond the buckwheat plow-lands,
And the sky 's all turned to beet-red where the sun 's been going down.

And they never pulled the bridle, by the wild crab-apples halting,
When the little knotty trees were full of buds and blossoms pink,
And the air was crammed with sweetness, while the bees were somersaulting
Round the honey-cups half crazy till they got a chance to drink.

What 's the use! The oats are planted in ten million acres loamy,
And the wheat 's all up and sprouting as if working by the day,
And the poplars are done tasseling: our old place might not seem homy,
And I 'm down East,— got a job here,— and can't seem to get away.

Minna Smith.

Two Friends.

I.

Two friends I had, whom in my heart I bore,
And one — the dearer — him I wounded sore,—
Not wholly with intent to do him wrong,
But, for all that, the shaft went straight and strong.
Contrite I cried, when once that it had sped,
"Forgive, O friend, forgive, or strike me dead!"
No word spoke he, but went his silent way,
And soon between us a world's wideness lay.
The shifting seas reveal no wanderer's track;
Years rolled their round, and brought an exile back.
To me? Ah, no! I knew, when then we met,
This friend forgave — but he could not forget.

II.

Much to the other giving from my store,
With but the one regret it was not more,—
Not the poor dole that affluence rudely flings,
From my scant store it was the gift of kings,—
Too soon it came that with a change of lot,
And mended fortunes, my friend knew me not.
First a cold nod; then the inquiring bow
That says: We 've met, but when, and where, and how?
Until I wondered, were this really he
Who but as yesterday had good from me:
Of ill the memory sure would longer live—
This friend forgot; but he could not forgive.

MORAL.

Heaven in its bounty friends unto me sent;
From some I borrowed and to others lent.
Now this I say: If thou wouldst keep a friend,
Of him then borrow — wouldst thou lose him, lend.

Charles Henry Webb.

Crumbs from Dinner-parties.

HAPPINESS has been defined as having things; better still, as having what you want; still better, as being able to do without what you want.

HEAVEN on earth? It is doing work that you like to do, and being well paid for it.

THE provoking part of housekeeping care is that no one notices if the right thing is done; they only notice when it is left undone.

SOME people with faults are like the robins Lowell speaks of: they destroy your cherries, but, on the whole, you would rather have the robins than the cherries.

SOME people's virtue is like that of the little slum boy who virtuously brushed his hair with extreme neatness at a lady's house to which he had been invited for the afternoon. The temptation to use a silver hair-brush, not his own, was strong enough to overcome his usual aversion to the cares of the toilet.

EVERY man has as many reputations as he has friends.

I AM not too proud to walk, but I am too proud to ride in a shabby *coupé!*

HE is perfectly harmless as an enemy, but very dangerous as a friend.

LEARN to forgive your neighbor as easily as you forgive yourself.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

Good-by to the Cradle.

GOOD-BY to the cradle, the dear wooden cradle,
The rude hand of Progress has thrust it aside:
No more to its motion, o'er Sleep's fairy ocean,
Our play-weary wayfarers peacefully glide;
No more by the rhythm of slow-moving rocker
Their sweet, dreamy fancies are fostered and fed;
No more to low singing the cradle goes swinging —
The child of this era is put into bed!

Good-by to the cradle, the dear wooden cradle,—
It lent to the twilight a mystical charm:
When bees left the clover, when playtime was over,
How safe seemed this shelter from danger and harm;
How soft seemed the pillow, how distant the ceiling,
How weird were the voices that whispered around;
What dreams would come flocking as, rocking and rocking,
We floated away into slumber profound.

Good-by to the cradle, the old wooden cradle,
The babe of the day does not know it by sight;
When day leaves the border, with system and order
The child goes to bed, and we put out the light.
I bow to Progression; I ask no concession,
Though strewn be her pathway with wrecks of the Past.
So off with old lumber, that sweet ark of slumber,
The dear wooden cradle, is ruthlessly cast.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Conjecture.

SUPPOSE this letter that I toss aside,
Half smiling at its tenderness, should be
By some strange lot of death the very last
He wrote to me?

Oh, not till now was any page of his
Thus startled with a sudden, burning tear.
Love! pardon that my heart woke not until
It knew this fear.

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

E Pluribus Unum.

SOME years ago he used to write,
In stanzas of this fashion,
Brief sentimental ditties, quite
Devoid — and full — of passion.
His models were the usual four,—
Praed, Locker, Dobson, Bunner;
His muse — selected from a score —
Was modern and — a stunner!

The dear muse — ah! she did n't know
A saga from a sonnet;
Such knowledge found no room below
Her small, bewitching bonnet.
She only knew she loved the man
Whose songs of love she carried
Safe in her heart — and so it ran —
A year — until they married.

He settled down, and soon the rhymes
Became distinctly fewer:
He still pursued the muse at times,
A less impetuous wooer.
He loved more wisely, not less well,
Without a song to show it;
And yesterday I heard him tell
The truth: *I 'm not a poet.*

Unum.

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